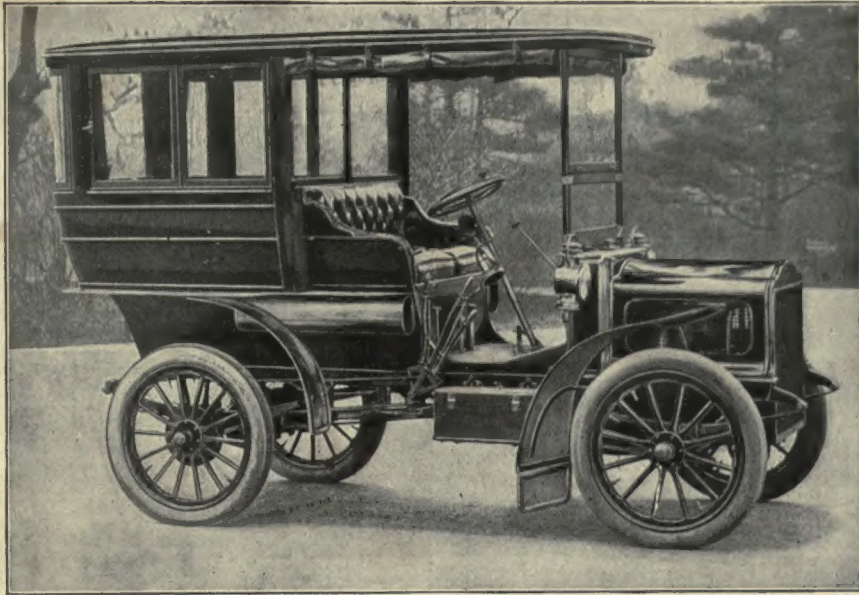


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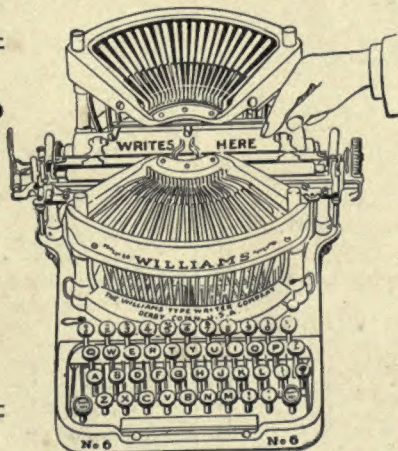
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TO CONTRIBUTORS

ARTICLES—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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New Dramatic Books

THE SIN OF DAVID; poetic play in three acts.

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS, author of "Ulysses," etc. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Stephen Phillips is a master of modern verse and is unfailingly interesting from the literary point of view; but in this instance the story is so simple and the complications so few that the practical dramatic value of the play is not conspicuous. The period of the action is that of the English civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament. Sir Hubert Lisle assumes command of the Parliamentary forces in the Fenland. One of his first acts was to confirm the sentence of death on an officer who had betrayed or forced a maid. This is purely incidental, and in the nature of a prologue; the beginning of the action being that he immediately falls in love with the young wife of Colonel Mardyke, who chafes under the restraints of a master whom, in the disparity of their years, she does not love. Sir Hubert yields to the temptation of sending this husband to certain death in a mission which he confides to his valor. The third act finds Sir Hubert and Miriam, the wife, married; five years have elapsed; they are happy in devotion to their child. The child dies. They accept the bereavement as a penalty, and determine

"That though the child shall not return to us,
Yet shall we two together go to him."

For the first time they are truly man and wife. The subject is not unworthy, the sentiment is true, but from a dramatic point of view the play finally lapses into mere verbal expression. Indeed, is not this phrasing and fine writing an evil when considered with reference to the drama? Is not the consciousness of the author of his swinging style the very converse of drama? Sir Hubert prays that his child, his son, be spared:

"What crime committed save the being born?
Then must my sin cancel for him the light,
Put out the recent sunbeam, and make blank
The murmurs and the splendors of the world?"

Miriam says:

"This bosom, very snow from hills of Hell,
This flesh which still I wear whispered you on?"

Again:

"Away! to live with all dumb things that yearn.
I'll nest with thee, thou mother bird returned,
I feel thy dreadful circlings in my blood.
I'll be the friend of the robbed lioness;
Above me, lo! the unhindered desert moon!"

This, no doubt, is very fine in sound, but it is many an unhindered moon since women have been friendly with robbed lionesses and men with Hyrcan tigers. But it makes good reading; it is brave and exalted; it is "building the lofty line." Simply that we may hear what it sounds like on the stage, we should like some manager to make the experiment of producing the play and the lines on the stage. In "Herod," Phillips has written a drama of real power; in "The Sin of David" he has fallen too much and too often into verbalism.

THE FLORENTINES. A play. By MAURICE V. SAMUELS. New York: Brentano's. 1904.

This is an uncommonly good play in verse and actable into the bargain. Mr. Samuels does not play with words for the sake of fine writing, yet many of the passages are in the manner of the deft artificer in precious stones, Benvenuto Cellini, about whom the action of the play turns. The character of the braggart of a genius, skilled with his sword, fond of adventure, fearing neither man nor rank, a great spirit in every way, is well sustained. The dramatic story is effective. The Duke of Florence entrusts a valuable stone to Benvenuto for his workmanship. It is stolen by his model, who is jealous of his intention to finish his statue by having the Duke's ward sit for him, her arm only being needed as a model. Her lover, his friend, misunderstands the situation; Benvenuto is accused as a thief, and various complications ensue. The first act is slow in action, and would have to be cut and changed for production, but, on the whole, the play, in its printed form, has a right to challenge attention.

HISTORY OF THE LONDON STAGE FROM 1576 TO 1903. By H. BARTON BAKER. Second edition in one volume. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a very interesting book and should have a place in every theatrical library. It practically tells the whole story of theatricals in England from the middle of the sixteenth century down

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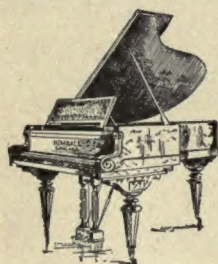
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JUDITH OF BETHULIA. A tragedy in blank verse. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. 98 pages. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A critical review of this play, which is now issued in handsome book form, will be found on page 1 of this issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. In a preface, Mr. Aldrich informs us that the piece was written for Miss Nance O'Neil, and is in part a dramatization of his narrative poem, "Judith and Holofernes." He adds, however, that although it contains lines and passages from the story, the drama is essentially a distinct work, dealing with characters, incidents and situations not to be found in the poem or in the apocryphal episode upon which both pieces are based. An instance of the difficulties dramatic authors often encounter in carrying out their ideas on the stage is found in the poet's explicit stage directions at the end of Act III. Judith, after cutting off Holofernes' head, issues from the tent, throwing away the bloody sword. Marah goes into the tent. Judith stands motionless for a moment with both hands pressed against her eyes as if to shut out some appalling spectacle. Marah emerges from the pavilion bearing the head of Holofernes enveloped in the mantle. When it came to carrying out these suggestions of the author, it was, of course, found that it was impracticable to do so, and the scene on the stage closes with Judith's line to Marah: "'Tis done, do thou!"

Fox, Duffield & Co. will shortly issue a collection of "Letters of Henrik Ibsen." The translation into English is the work of John Nilsen Laurvik, and a preliminary installment of it appears in the current number of *The International Quarterly*. The entire collection, which has been made by a son of the great dramatist, covers a period of about fifty years, from 1849 to 1898. Among those to whom letters are addressed are King Charles of Sweden, Georg Brandes, the Danish critic; Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, William Archer, and Edmond Gosse, as well as an interesting circle of less celebrated friends.**Books Received**

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. A miracle play. Adapted to modern conditions by CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY. New York: Fox Duffield & Company.

A FRIEND AT COURT. A romance. By JESSIE EMERSON MOFFAT. New York: William Ritchie.

LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By WILLIAM J. ROLFE, Litt. D. 538 pages. Illustrated. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.

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THE THEATRE

Vol. V., No. 47

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1905

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



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JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET

Some Recent Plays

NANCE O'NEIL, who was seen lately at Daly's in a number of important rôles, is practically a new comer to metropolitan audiences, yet in some respects this actress stands by herself, superior to any woman player on our stage to-day. In the old-fashioned style of acting—elocution and posture—she is even without a rival. What, then, prevents the enthusiastic submission of the public to her? An actress, to be successful, must make an appeal wider than to one locality. What no doubt proves a serious obstacle to her general acceptance is the misapplication of her own qualities and merits. Assuredly, she has temperament, judgment and good sense back of all this art, but the consciousness of that art overwhelms her, making her mechanical. Let her retain the art, but add to it truth, thus rendering the art really subordinate and a means to an end only. Was there ever an orator who was merely or mainly an elocutionist? Once pitch the voice above the natural key, and artificiality takes the place of naturalness. In short, Miss O'Neil is giving too much attention to the externals. Otherwise, she is an exceedingly interesting figure on our stage, and a career of distinction is possible for her if she subordinates elocution, posture and gesture to spiritual intimacy with the characters she depicts. In that case, where now her face lacks mobility of expression, her eyes will speak and her countenance will be irradiated with the changeful demands of the soul.

On December 5, Miss O'Neil produced a scriptural tragedy in four acts by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, entitled "Judith of Bethulia." The cast was:

Holofernes, Charles Dalton; Bagoas, Chas. Millward; Archior, Louis Massen; Ozias, Joseph Wheelock; Charmis, George Friend; Nathan, Arthur H. Sawyer; Joachin, Gilbert Aymar; Abner, W. C. Thorne; An Archer, Walter Hill; First Captain, Joseph Gillon; Second Captain, Herbert Forrest; Marah, Gertrude Binley; Naomie, Clara Thompson; Arzael, Ricca Allen; Judith Nance O'Neil.

The poetic drama is particularly within the province of Miss O'Neil, and no inconsiderable success may be conceded to her as Judith. It was, however, a success limited by her own limitations and those of the play. Mr. Aldrich is not primarily a dramatist. His "Judith" is a story play. While much of it is in the nature of the dramatic, it is plain that he was not guided, in the writing, by those proper dramatic tendencies which tend to a complete, consistent and powerful result. A single example may be sufficient. The second act of the play makes little or no progress except in the way of acted story. It sees Judith started on her mission, and is largely taken up with an episode at the gate of the city as she is about to depart. The people are famished for water. Their desperation we have known from the very opening of the play. In the throng of maddened people Judith sees Naomie, an old woman, insanity in her eye, the token of past misery in her mass of unkempt gray locks. It is Judith's old

nurse. Reason is awakened in her for a moment, and in itself the scene of recognition has a certain pathos. But what of it? Nothing. Judith goes off accompanied by her young and comely maid. Now, what are the dramatic tendencies that should have made suggestion to the poet at this moment, not for theatrical effects only, but for true dramatic economy and results? Instead of the hand-maiden, this creature, filled with wrath against the oppressor, her former nurse, should have ventured with her in her perils. The hand-maiden is a mere dummy in the ensuing action. Imagine the possibilities with Naomie, with her flaming spirit, by her side! And so it is throughout the play; instead of action we too often have a mere condition of affairs. Judith goes to destroy Holofernes. The Bible has it so; but Bible or no Bible, the dramatist must always consider the best dramatic means. If Judith should go to the Assyrian camp by the divine command of the dream, trustful, and yet not having it as her resolve to slay Holofernes, and then should slay him in defense of her virtue, would it not be more dramatic? would she not have

more sympathy? would not the divine purpose be as truly carried out? would we not have that unexpectedness and that action which the drama demands? This is no attempt to reconstruct Mr. Aldrich's play, but only to point out that it lacks sustained interest because of dramatic defects. But this is the case with all the Judith plays. The subject has been tried several times. In the tent scene, where Judith inflames the passion of Holofernes by ministering wine and by chaste allurements, Miss O'Neil was seen at her best.

Miss O'Neil's production on Nov. 28th of Herman Sudermann's drama, "Johannesfeuer" (Fires of St. John), was the first performance of the play in America. The cast was:

Mr. Brauer, McKee Rankin; George Van Harten, Charles Dalton; Pastor Haffner, Louis Massen; Paul, Joseph Wheelock; Mrs. Brauer, Clara Thompson; Gertrude, Gertrude Binley; Gypsy Woman, Ricca Allen; Katie, Mrs. Scott; Marie, Nance O'Neil.

Sudermann usually only busies himself with the affairs of the world immediately about him. In "Die Ehre" he dealt a sledgehammer blow at false notions prevalent in Germany of "honor." That drama was, in every way, thoroughly of the times. But in the "Fires of St. John" it is impossible to discover purpose that rises much, if any, beyond the romantic. A child, Marie, has been adopted by a farmer's family. Her mother was a gypsy, and now that the girl has grown, the mother, a thieving creature, reappears. Marie cannot follow the instincts of love, and must cast her aside. The daughter of the family is about to marry the nephew of her father. Passion springs up be-

tween this nephew and Marie. It culminates on the night when the Fires of St. John are set upon the hills, according to an old custom. The symbolism is that these are unholy fires. Marriage



Photo Will Armstrong, Boston

NANCE O'NEIL AS JUDITH

between Marie and her lover would seem impossible. They determine that such is the hard case. Marie, with the passionate daring of her race, after a scene of real emotion, urges herself upon him. The consenting curtain falls. The young man marries the maid to whom he is plighted. What of it all? Nothing. We have only had a definition of the Fires of St. John. Marie is burned at the stake, having bound herself willingly thereto, by the Fires of St. John, while the young man escapes without penalty. The story of Marie is pitiful. Perhaps she deserved better. Perhaps the play is a cry against social inequality. The character of Marie is not forced on us by Sudermann idly or for the purpose of romance, and she always has our sympathy, but the play has no great significance. It is solidly built and is dramatic. At times, Miss O'Neil struck the right note of simplicity in her acting. If her performance had been free from classic influences her success would have been pronounced. McKee Rankin gave an excellent portrayal of the father, a plain, brusque, stern, affectionate, spirited ruler in his own household and over an estate requiring the exercise of authority. His hand was also to be seen in the control of the stage and details of the acting.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "The Usurper." Comedy drama in four acts by I. N. Morris. Produced Nov. 28, with this cast:

John Maddox, N. C. Goodwin; Basil, Lord Dulverton, Norman Tharp; Sir George Trevery, Eille Norwood; Rob Quentin, Felix Edwardes; Sergeant Dale, W. H. Post; Timmons, Neil O'Brien; Lady Dulverton, Ina Goldsmith; Beatrice Clive, Ruth Mackay; Polly Maddox, May Sargent; Rosina Briggs, Georgie Mendum; Margaret Quentin, Ethel Beale.

An undoubted and decisive element in the successful career of Nathaniel C. Goodwin is that he knows a play when he sees it. Those actors who do not possess this faculty of discernment fail. Very well; he has a play in "The Usurper," a play that acts, a play that gives him his scenes; but, with all his contributory skill, he has not been able to so modify and qualify it as to give it that degree of politeness which is required by his audiences. It is a melodrama, but he has sought to give quiet endings to the acts. He has done all that he could, and the play remains rubbish. A Western ranchman, who has made millions, and who has fallen in love with an English girl whom he chanced to meet in his early days, goes to England and leases the estate and castle of the girl's impoverished family. It is stipulated that the family remain to keep house. The girl is about to elope with an engaging rascal. She has promised to show the tower of the castle to the ranchman. In order to save her from the elopement he persuades the girl to show him the tower at once. Once in it he locks the door. The villain is "the author of the ruin" of the girl's maid. The maid's father has escaped from jail, and is determined to kill the villain; his daughter is keeping the convict in concealment in the tower. By means of a series of melodramatic complications the truth comes out, the girl is saved, so that the ranchman does not pay for his lease in vain. Mr. Goodwin infuses his humor into many of the scenes, but, on the whole, the play does not require further record.

PRINCESS THEATRE. "Richard III." Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Presented Dec. 5, with this cast:

Duke of Gloster, Robert B. Mantell; King Henry VI., Thomas Lingham; Earl of Richmond, W. J. Montgomery; Lord Stanley, Carl Ahrendt; Sir William Catesby, Frederick Forrest; Tressel, John C. Connery; Lord Mayor of London, Harry Keefer; Edward, Prince of Wales, Irene Hunt; Duke of York, Blanche Hunt; Duke of Norfolk, Harry Kerns; Sir Richard Radcliffe, George Macy; Earl of Oxford, Edward Foos; Sir James Blount, Wm. Hunt; Lieutenant of the Tower, David R. Young; Elizabeth, Queen to Edward IV., Lillian Kingsbury; Duchess of York, Eva Benton; Lady Anne, Marie Booth Russell.

The stage of the Princess Theatre is a small one, and hardly adapted to the exploitation of big theatrical effects. To present such heavy plays as "Richard III." and "Othello" on its boards is very nearly to court invidious criticism. Robert Mantell, however, braved the difficulties of such a venture and suffered from some of the inevitable consequences. His scenery, designed for larger playhouses, would not fit, and dire and dreadful at the

opening performances were some of the lighting mishaps and stage contretemps. At later presentations things worked more smoothly, and the merits of his crooked-backed tyrant were better understood and appreciated.

It is a robustious Richard which he presents. A good, old-time traditional Gloucester, such as was presented every Saturday night by an established favorite and tried performer in the palmy days when Shakespeare had a following on the Bowery and lower Broadway. It is never subtle, but always picturesque. The



MISS EVIE GREENE

As the Duchess of Dantolo in the operatic version of "Mme. Sans Gêne" to be seen shortly at Daly's

"make-up" is bold and sinister, the pantomime graceful and effective, and the costuming appropriate. Mr. Mantell's sonorous voice is heard to advantage in the soliloquies and the speciousness of his wooing of the easily-won Lady Anne is accomplished with considerable skill. In the combat scene there is passion and fire. Altogether it is a sound and commendable impersonation.

The supporting company hardly shines, but real pathos and power are evinced by Lillian Kingsbury as Elizabeth, and Marie Booth Russell, an extremely handsome and distinguished woman, plays Lady Anne with admirable refinement and grace. W. J. Montgomery was acceptable as Buckingham, and Eva Benton made an impressive Duchess of York.

The favorable impression made by Mr. Mantell and his company was repeated when, a few nights later, "Othello" was presented. Mr. Mantell portrayed the Moor in a strong and artistic manner, and Miss Kingsbury surprised everybody by her excellent performances of Emelia.

LYRIC THEATRE. "The Fortunes of the King." Melodrama in four acts, by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus and Leonidas Westerfelt. Produced Dec. 6, with this cast:

Charles Stuart, Mr. Hackett; Clement Lane, James L. Seeley; Lord Wilmot, Samuel Hardy; Sir George Villiers, Frederick Webber; The Earl of Derby, George Dickson; Col. William Carlos, Peter Lang; Gen. Henry Ireton, Robert Holmes; Capt. Mark Davereaux, William Courtleigh; Cornet Snakeley, M. J. Jordan; Richard Penderel, George Schaeffer; Humphrey Penderel, E. L. Duane; Jane Lane, Charlotte Walker; Drusilla Coningsby, Flora Bowley; Tabitha Penderel, Eleanor Sheldon.

James K. Hackett is once more appearing as a royal personage. It is quite apparent that he enjoys playing characters associated with crowns and tottering thrones, and it is equally patent that his following—and a large and enthusiastic one it is—equally enjoys him mid scenes of regal magnificence and adventure.

Mrs. Charles Avery Doremus and Mr. Leonidas Westerfelt are responsible for his latest historical (?) vehicle, which is known as "The Fortunes of the King" dealing as it does with the harried vicissitudes of that English monarch, yclept Charles II. The action takes place at Boscobel, Bristol and Shoreham, wherein the King, hunted by the Puritans, eludes them and later takes ship to France, where the expedition is subsequently fitted out that ultimately restores him to his throne.

It is at Boscobel that he meets his unhistorical fate. Masquerading as one Jones, Jane Lane, the sister of a proscribed royalist, saves him from capture at the hands of Capt. Mark Davereaux, one of Cromwell's Ironsides. He in turn saves her from his untoward persecutions, and after trick doors have

sprung, blades have flashed and marvelous escapes effected, the unsophisticated spectator is led to believe that the dashing Stuart later makes the devoted Jane his bride.

"The Fortunes of the King" is a play based upon sound and tried lines. It might truthfully be described as purely conventional, but it is put together with workmanlike finish. The situations are deftly handled and the effectiveness of the curtains sustained. The love scenes are not without charm, and the comic relief secures its purpose. Some of the language has a rather grandiloquent ring, but the piece is one that audiences will like,

and Mr. Hackett will need to look no further for an attraction to round out his season. The play is handsomely mounted, the stage management is clear and vigorous, and the costumes rich and harmonious.

It is almost superfluous to add that Mr. Hackett cuts a very dashing figure as the hunted king. He sweeps through his scenes of adventure with compelling force, and makes love with a romantic fervor that will make the matinee girl his still more devoted slave. He might, however, improve his diction. It is slovenly at times, and not always comprehensible. Charlotte Walker enacts the ingénue lead with winning graciousness and contributes not a little to the success of the performance. William Courtleigh is a handsome villain, and acts with his customary skill. The rest of the cast is entirely adequate.

MANHATTAN THEATRE. "Leah Kleschna." Play in five acts by C. M. S. McLellan. Produced Dec. 12, with this cast:

Paul Sylvaïne, John Mason; Kleschna, known as Monsieur Garnier, Charles Cartwright; Schram, William B. Mack; General Berton, Edward Donnelly; Raoul Berton, George Arliss; Valentin Favre, Etienne Girardot; Herr Linden, Robert V. Ferguson; Leah Kleschna, Mrs. Fiske; Madame Berton, Cecilia Radclyffe; Claire Berton, Emily Stevens; Sophie Chaponniere, Frances Welstead; Frieda, Marie Fedor; Charlotte, Mary Maddern.



Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore in "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace"

As the author of the book of that international musical comedy success, "The Belle of New York," C. M. S. McLellan gave indisputable pleasure to countless thousands. As the author of the new play, "Leah Kleschna," which Mrs. Fiske has produced with such consummate skill and appreciation at the Manhattan Theatre, Mr. McLellan will interest as many more, and at the same time achieve for himself a lasting place in the ranks of living, breathing, vital playwrights. It is not too much to say that his remarkable study of regeneration is not only the strongest drama of the season, but one which for its craftsmanship and character delineation must be included among the great dramatic efforts of modern times. It was a bold jump from "Glittering Gloria" to "Leah

Kleschna," but Mr. McLellan's saltatorial feat won out, and his latest work deserves to rank with Sudermann's "Magda," Sardou's "Diplomacy," or Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Already it is the talk of the dramatic season for thrilling suspense and absorbing interest. Something which compels the absolute attention must have merit, and as a consequence Manager Fiske is not likely to need a change of bill for the remainder of the year.

"Leah Kleschna" is something more than a moving drama. It is a document of human interest, it is a study of modern conditions with a sociological aspect which will entertain not only those who look merely for amusement, but that constantly growing body of citizens who realize the obligations placed upon them in their dealings with their fellow men. The exposition is masterly. The story is started with a few bold strokes. A line, a paragraph, is so carefully prepared that months of emotion and life in the make-up of a character are revealed with a certainty that requires nothing further. The plot begins with the rise of the curtain, and the complications unfold with a mechanical accuracy that is absolute, and yet the machinery never creaks. It marks the results of a man who has thoroughly mastered the details of his subject before putting pen to paper. The altruistic hero, with his advanced ideas for the regeneration of the fallen, suggests one of those protagonists so familiar in the plays of Dumas fils. But he is never pedantic and his humanity blends in splendidly with the scheme of a story dealing with the uplifting of a woman thief, daughter of a daring scoundrel, whose reformation and rescue are accomplished by her love of and admiration for this man. Dramatically, it is a succession of scenes that absorb, and while the final act is in its nature anti-climacteric, it is handled with such lucidity and brevity that the sentimental interest is preserved and the transition from the strenuously dramatic to the placid phase of poetical suggestion is perfectly accomplished.

Mrs. Fiske's work in the title rôle commands the heartiest praise. Her mannerisms will assert themselves—at times her rapid, jerky utterance made her quite unintelligible—but the temperamental characteristics of the rôle are manifested with all the assurance of a master of her craft. In its poise, strength and finish it is splendid accomplishment. John Mason, as Sylvaine, the altruistic politician, acts with a suppressed emotional force and dignity that robs the rôle of all didacticism; and as the arch-thief, Charles Cartwright, an English actor, plays with an ease and an airy insouciance that makes plausible his preda-

tory triumphs. Something positive for its pathetic strength and sustained portraiture should be noted of William B. Mack's impersonation of Schram, the thieving accomplice, whose undying devotion for Leah is a sentimental factor of moving beauty. George Arliss, as the decadent young Parisian, Raoul Berton, rounds out a quartet of rare dramatic merit. The minor rôles are, with perhaps a single exception, handled with nice intelligence. The stage management is always illuminative, and the scenic accessories of real artistic value.

GARRICK THEATRE. "Brother Jacques." Comedy in four acts by Henry Bernstein and Pierre Veber. Produced Dec. 5, with this cast:

Genevieve, Annie Russell; Madame Morange, Mrs. Chas. W. Walcott; Pauline, Greta Bennett; Valentine, Davenport Seymour; The Princess, Claire Winston; Jacques Jouvenin, Oswald Yorke; Marquis de Chantallard, Grant Stewart; Jean, Joseph Wheelock, Jr.

This is a slight French comedy that has been spoiled in the process of translation, for apparently it was "adapted" liberally before being dished up before a New York audience. The story in its main outlines is amusing enough—from the French point of view! Genevieve, a young woman possessed of millions, is sought in marriage by an impecunious young nobleman, or, rather, the suitor's scheming father does all the courting, his ninny of a son being too much of an imbecile for even such innocent pastime as spooning with young heiresses. Genevieve, a somewhat undecided virgin, entertains a sisterly regard for Jacques Jouvenin, a robust young man without fortune, but who hopes to eventually succeed in the rubber business. He is very chummy with Genevieve, and she always calls him Brother Jacques. He is well aware of the count's manoeuvres, and, although loving Genevieve well enough to marry her himself, urges the girl to accept the count for the sake of the title. Genevieve lets herself be persuaded and weds the imbecile count. The wedding breakfast is barely ended, however, when she regrets her bargain. She seeks an interview with her young husband—timid and bashful as a schoolgirl, although sophisticated enough to be supporting a chorus girl in Paris—and puts the case before him. He agrees with her that their union is ridiculous. She has prepared a plan. He shall take the train at once for Paris, join his amorita, and she will sue for a divorce on the ground of desertion. He consents with joy, taking a flying leap through



The Indian Squaw chorus in the musical comedy, "It Happened in Nordland," which inaugurated the new Lew Fields' Theatre, New York

a window, and Genevieve simulates a fit of hysterics before the frightened guests. All of which, of course, leaves the coast clear for the return of, and her marriage to, Brother Jacques.

This, to be sure, is not very strong meat for those playgoers who seek intellectual entertainment in the theatre; nor is it so uproariously funny for those who seek only to be amused. It is a mild, innocuous exhibition, wildly improbable and not too interesting in its characters and dialogue. The rôle of Genevieve fits Miss Annie Russell as it would fit any other actress of similar personality. There is very little to do except look sweet and demure, and this Miss Russell can always do to perfection. The imbecile husband—a possible type in French play; absolutely inconceivable as an American character—was greatly overdone by Joseph Wheelock, Jr., whose sense of humor, running as it does in one rut, is in danger of becoming monotonous. The part of Brother Jacques was acted in a conventional manner by Oswald Yorke.

CRITERION THEATRE. "The Second Fiddle." Comedy in three acts by Gordon Blake. Produced Nov. 21, with this cast:

Leopold, Louis Mann; Paula, Georgia Welles; Count Alfred, Percy Lyndal; Lorient, Edward See; Baron Sergius, William Hassan; Fanchonette, Dorothy Revell; Anatole, Thomas Davies; Cacolet, Charles Dade; Victor, the call-boy, George Gaston; Lizette, a milliner, Mary Bacon; Mme. Dupont, a concierge, Marie Bingham; Nina, premier danseuse, Gertrude Doremus; Huishi, Saito; Cabman, H. Williamson.

There is a strong family likeness between "The Second Fiddle" and "The Music Master," not only in the titles of both pieces, but also in the general outlines and incidents of their respective plots, so striking a likeness, in fact, as to suggest a common origin. In the Belasco production it is a man's wife who is stolen; in Louis Mann's play it is the manuscript of an opera which is purloined, and in each instance the villain is a gentleman highly esteemed in the community, and a piano is forcibly removed—in the one case for non-payment of dues, in the other to raise money for arrears of rent. The glaring improbability in the dramatic proposition of each piece is, in the Klein play, cleverly glossed over by Belasco's masterful stage management and David Warfield's beautiful acting, but in Mr. Mann's piece it stands out in all its naked crudity. With a little indulgence, one can accept the idea of a father making the sacrifice of his own happiness to see his newly-found daughter happily married to an honorable man; but we must draw the line at any sane composer of a successful opera permitting a blackguard to steal his work and pose as its author in order that the girl he (the composer) loves may succeed as a prima donna and marry the said blackguard. That is the chief trouble with Mr. Mann's play, the utter impossibility of its story. Otherwise, its first two acts are very entertaining, and in the title rôle Mr. Mann did some of the best German dialect comedy of his career. To be sure, he spoiled some of his best scenes by over-acting, rendering pathetic situations grotesque by carrying his caricature too far, but, on the whole, it was a delightful performance that went a long way to make amends for the shortcomings of the play. Georgia Welles was sympathetic as the heroine, and Marie Bingham contributed a clever bit as an irascible janitress.

LYCEUM THEATRE. "Mrs. Gorringer's Necklace." Comedy in four acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced Dec. 7. The cast:

Captain Mowbray, Charles Wyndham; Colonel Jardin, Alfred Bishop; David Cairn, Chas. Quartermaine; Mr. Jernigan, a detective, T. W. Rawson; Charles, Bertram Steer; Mrs. Jardin, Miss Vane Featherston; Isabel Kirk, Miss Lillias Waldegrave; Vicky Jardin, Miss Daisy Markham; Miss Potts, Miss Ethel Marryatt; Mrs. Gorringer, Miss Mary Moore.



EDWARD TERRY

Distinguished English actor of comic rôles who is now paying his first visit to New York. Terry's Theatre, London, whence he brings his company and productions, has belonged to and been occupied by him for a great many years, in the course of which time he has originated parts in such successful pieces as "Sweet Lavender," "Love in Idleness" and "The Woman Hater." "The House of Burnside," in which he has made his initial appearance here, is an adaptation by Louis N. Parker, who wrote "Rosemary."

It is the dialogue that saves this play from discredit. The author has a fresh and fanciful view of life, and he has constructed several situations that are rich in humor. But the plot itself is puerile. David Cairn, a guest at the country house of Colonel Jardin, steals a diamond necklace belonging to Mrs. Gorringer, another guest. His courage ebbs and he secretes the jewels in a jardinière wrapped in a handkerchief belonging to Captain Mowbray, a third guest. The handkerchief episode, with the fastening of suspicion upon Captain Mowbray, is very poor melodrama, which grows positively maudlin before the end of the play. Cairn and Captain Mowbray are in love with the Colonel's daughter, and a secret marriage between Cairn and her seemingly puts Mowbray out of the running. For the girl's sake, he permits the suspicion of theft to rest upon himself, and instead of revealing certain incidents that would point toward Cairn as the guilty man, he compels the misguided youth to confess the crime. After this confession, Cairn goes into the garden and kills himself.

Sir Charles Wyndham has in Captain Mowbray one of those gentle parts that become him well. He knows nicely how to express self-sacrifice

and nobility with humorous relief and charm of manner. His actions in renunciation were admirably attuned, and he appealed strongly to the sympathies of the audience, even in a rôle that is hedged about with impossibilities. But the honors of the production went to Mary Moore. Her acting in the part of Mrs. Gorringer—a shallow-brained, selfish, self-assertive, frivolous woman—was delicious comedy.

NEW YORK THEATRE. "Woodland." Musical fantasy by Pixley and Luders. Produced Nov. 21, with this cast:

King Eagle, Charles Dow Clark; Prince Eagle, Cheridah Simpson; Blue Jay, Harry Bulger; Robin Redbreast, Harry Fairleigh; Gen. Rooster, Frank Doane; Judge Owl, Stanley H. Forde; Dr. Raven, Frank D. Nelson; Cardinal Grosbeak, Harry N. Pyke; Miss Nightingale, Ida Brooks Hunt; Mrs. Polly Parrot, Ida Mülle; Lady Peacock, Emma Carus; Miss Turtle Dove, Margaret Sayre; Miss Jenny Wren, Helen Hale.

An exquisite as well as entertaining musical spectacle is this fantasy, in which all the performers impersonate birds of different species from the humble sparrow and tuneful lark to the lordly bird of paradise. Mr. Savage has always been very successful in discovering young, fresh voices combined with comely faces, and of these there are many in "Woodland." It is, indeed, seldom that one sees on the stage, in a piece of this character, voices of such musical quality and training. As entertainment, the piece leaves nothing to be desired; as a spectacle, it is a thing of beauty. The diverting comedy of Harry Bulger as Weary Willie, who would be King of the Forest, keeps the audience in constant good humor, while the graceful ballets, and the solo songs of the various birds are delightful to the eye and ear.

MRS. FISKE TRIUMPHS IN "LEAH KLESCHNA"



Schram (W. B. Mack) Leah (Mrs. Fiske) Kleschna (Chas. Cartwright) Raoul Berton (Geo. Arliss)
Act I. Kleschna, old-time crook, is planning to have Leah, his daughter, steal the Sylvaine jewels



Photos Byron, N. Y.
Act II. Leah breaks the safe to get the jewels and is caught by Paul Sylvaine



General Berton (Scott Cooper) Leah (Mrs. Fiske) Paul Sylvaine (John Mason)
Act III. Convinced that Leah was only a tool in her father's hands Sylvaine has let her go. After her departure it is found that the jewels have disappeared. They have really been stolen by Raoul, the degenerate son of General Berton, but appearances are against Leah, who is summoned to explain



Kleschna Leah
Act IV. Leah, disgusted with her past criminal life, decides to leave her father forever



Paul Sylvaine Leah
Act V. Now an honest toiler in the fields, Leah once more meets the deputy Sylvaine, who summons her to a life of happiness

BROADWAY THEATRE. "The Two Roses." Comedy-opera by Stanislaus Stange; music by Ludwig Englander. Produced Nov. 21, with this cast:

Rose Decourcelles, Fritz Scheff; Philip Merivale, Roland Cunningham; Andrew Oldfield, Clarence Handyside; Mrs. Oldfield, Josephine Bartlett; Ferdinand Day, Louis Harrison; Dr. Thomas Well, M. W. Whitney, Jr.

Like most operettas hastily thrown together to exploit any particular star, "The Two Roses" proved a colorless composition; utterly without inspiration and deficient both in humor and tune-fulness. The story, founded on "She Stoops to Conquer," introduces all the characters of Goldsmith's famous comedy, Fritz Scheff appearing as Squire Oldfield's ward. But the book was clumsily contrived, the lyrics were dull and Mr. Englander's music at no time rose above the level of mediocrity. Fritz Scheff, of course, was delightful in everything she did, her clear, fresh voice and vivacious acting completely captivating her auditors.



Louis Mann in his new play, "The Second Fiddle"

LEW FIELDS' THEATRE. "It Happened in Nordland." Musical extravaganza by MacDonough and Herbert. Produced Dec. 5.

Lew Fields' new, cozy little theatre on 42nd St. is likely to be very popular with those theatregoers who prefer light entertainment. The musical comedy now occupying its boards is a fantasy, the scenes of which are laid in a mythical country called Nordland. The plot, which deals with the mysterious elopement of the Queen, is not very deep, but it affords opportunity for the exhibition of a lot of spectacular costumes, and marches and dances by hosts of exceedingly-

ly handsome girls. With such old-time favorites as Marie Cahill, May Robson, Julius Steiger, Lew Fields, Harry Davenport, Joseph Herbert and others in the cast, the performance could hardly be other than enjoyable. Mr. MacDonough's book is bright and Victor Herbert's music contains some very successful numbers.

IN MEMORIAM—Mrs. G. H. Gilbert

SHE graced the stage, but with a finer grace
She showered on life the sweetness of her heart,
Enwreathing, in inseparable embrace,
The charm of nature with the charm of art.

Toilers there are who crave no loftier aim
Than the bright witchery that enchants the throng;
Yet here was one, fed with diviner flame,
Whose lovely life was as a lovely song.

Therefore the faith no earthly trials destroy,—
Sure of the rapture that awaits above,—
Sheds holier tears for her than those of joy
While crowning her with love's own crown of love.

December 8, 1904.

A. E. LANCASTER.

A FELLOW PLAYER'S TRIBUTE.

ONE dove-gray morning in Paris, Whistler, over his rice, chocolate, and a Mephisto-red geranium, thus judged Augustin Daly's comedians at the Vaudeville: "Rehan charms, Lewis fine Moselle, Drew never-failing, but Mrs. Gilbert—I should like to paint her."

Another day, in London, wiping his monocle with a remnant of Pompadour brocade, he remarked with rare gravity, "Cherry-pie time and a sweet old aunt, noon-napping in the shade of tall garden-flowers—that's Mrs. Gilbert."

It is ten o'clock Christmas Eve morning. Mr. Daly has called a rehearsal of "Taming the Shrew." The snow at the stage door creeps nearer the white knobs as if to turn them and enter like a ghost all a-cold. Mr. Daly, one leg hanging in oblivion, the other tucked among loose sheets of manuscript, is in the red-leather elbow-chair, near the T light, rather doubtful of the coming of all his players in so mad a storm, when, as from a fairy-trap, Mrs. Gilbert appears, chuckling like a child with its first carmine sled, the homely, smiling face, framed in waves of frost-jewelled hair, and the old arms bearing against her bosom Yule-tide presents for the great and for the lowly. Of course, the actors applaud, and a pretty protégée

shakes the snow from her brown hood, but the heroine laughs all of us lightly to silence, but none can say that rain or snow ever turned her from her duties there. And in her shopping, has she forgotten? No,—not even the brandy-mince pie for the Christmas table.

When Marie Geistinger sang her farewell in Germany, the audience arose, threw kisses, lace kerchiefs, and nosegays gathered near the Rhine. It may be that the people of New York are not so loyal, still, they may not so shortly forget as do the people of Berlin. We cannot forget Mrs. Gilbert in "A Night Off," into which she brought so much that is inimitable and refreshing. Her sweetly sincere voice still lingers in our jaded ears, and her face and that head-lace falling in soft lines upon her shoulders, we can still see as in a slowly vanishing dream. Into every character she infused a Dobson-like quaintness and exquisite reality that we shall miss for many a day.

After all, the actor departed, true stage-art never quite dies, it must remain one of the pleasures of memory, and is a gift from the gods, who give not dead fruits. GEORGE LE SOIR.



Sarony
Mrs. Gilbert in "The Lottery of Love" Daly's Theatre 1888



Berlin Photographic Co., New York

THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF HENRIK IBSEN

The Real Henrik Ibsen

THE world, which has endorsed the genius of Henrik Ibsen, knows very little about the personality of the man.

There is a general impression, however, outside his native Norway, that the dramatist is a gruff old fellow, with shaggy side whiskers, an intellectual giant who stalks through life mercilessly criticising his fellow men, without a heart, without a smile, without a drop of that milk of human kindness which makes the whole world kin.

Many years have passed since Ibsen, unannounced and unheralded, spoke the first words of his message; more than ten years have passed since he gave us his last. He has had his say about his fellow man, but his fellow man is by no means finished with him. There is little doubt that posterity will discuss the personality of Ibsen as we to-day discuss the personality of Shakespeare, only with this difference, we know more about Ibsen than we ever shall about the Swan of Avon.

The air in Scandinavia literally teems with anecdotes about the broad-shouldered Norseman, and in Christiania there is hardly a boy who is not ready to boast of having at least seen Dr. Ibsen, or even of having touched the tail of his long frock coat. A friend in the Norwegian capital told the writer that he and a companion were out walking one afternoon on one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the city, and so interested were they in their conversation that they paid no attention to the passersby until my friend collided violently with a robust person. Looking up, the two young men were horrified to see Dr. Ibsen glaring at them. They were about to make humble apologies when the

dramatist roared out: "Torsk!" The literal translation of this is "codfish;" it is worse than idiot, and is about the meanest word used to express stupidity.

Ibsen's plays contain no distinguishable portrait of their author, nor do they appear to be in any appreciable degree inspired by varying moods. They convey to us some idea of what the man might do in great crises, but life is not made up only of immense problems. There is a natural desire to see a great man now and then among little things, to know that after all he is one of us. The sombre creator of *Nora* has succeeded in surrounding his person with a gulf of dignity, across which but few men have sailed. There are probably not more than three or four people living whose acquaintance with the playwright, his character, his point of view, his domestic philosophy, his attitude toward the trivialities of the daily existence—is at all intimate.

Ibsen despises newspaper controversy. Even when his play, "Ghosts," was savagely attacked, when the press spared him no insult and called him madman, when clergymen deluged him with epistles of reproach, when all humanity shook their fist at him and when his friend, Georg Brandes, urged him to say a word in self-defense, Ibsen remained mute. Shortly afterwards he gave to the world "An Enemy of the People." That was his answer.

The hostile attitude of the English public a few years later opened the old wound. George Bernard Shaw has told us about it in his "Quintessence of Ibsenism," and Shaw was the cleverest of his champions. The fight, as we know, was desperate, but short, for the public concerned was limited. The greater public soon

lost patience and ranked the melancholy old man of the North among the chief attractions of the literary dime museum.

For the last two years, Sigurd Ibsen, the playwright's son, and others, have been collecting the letters of Ibsen, and these have recently appeared in book form simultaneously in Scandinavia, Germany and England. They are about to appear in America. These documents are of rare value to the student searching for the inner motive. If Ibsen is reserved in all other matters, he is frank in his letters, and the same fearlessness that characterizes the superb scenes of his masterpieces inspires him when he happens to be speaking as a mere individual, to a friend or an opponent. We learn from these letters that his own development took place under peculiar conditions. He has steeped himself as it were in isolated thought. He has lived for one aim—the perfection of every quality in his soul that could make for greatness. He is generally harsh in his opinion of other authors, and guilty, too, of reckless assertions, as the following letter may show:

"Dear Brandes: I hereby affirm that I have never in my whole life read a single volume by George Sand. I once started *Consuelo*, but hurriedly put it down, as it struck me as being the product of an amateurish philosopher, not that of a poet. But I read a few pages only at that time, and I may have been wrong.

"To Alexandre Dumas I owe absolutely nothing, as regards dramatic form, except that reading his plays has taught me to avoid quite a few rather tough discrepancies and misconceptions, which he not infrequently deals in."

This note, written in 1896, was a response to an inquiry by the Danish critic. The relation between Brandes and Ibsen is a little story in itself. They have met but three times, though they have known each other for almost forty years; each has with deep concern watched the growth of the other; each has, on more than one occasion, been of positive comfort to the other, for their trials have, after all, been of the same character. And yet there can be but slight affinity in their very different natures. To Brandes, words like Liberty, Future, Revolution, form a symphony of heart-uplifting sound, a stimulus to the power to strive, while in Ibsen's ear they have no meaning, no sense. These two great men have soberly and elaborately discussed in letters some of the greatest problems we know of, and though they have touched hands on some very vital issues, their sentiments have generally been at variance. In Brandes there is the spirit of the enthusiast who clings passionately to the fibres of youth; only serious maturity is the element that Ibsen considers it worth while to appeal to.

In this connection it will possibly be appropriate to quote from a letter Ibsen wrote to Brandes from Dresden in February, 1871, the most troubled year of Brandes' life:

"I have thought, it is true, that my silence would be apt to provoke you, but I confidently hope that our relation is such that no bond between us will be broken for that. Yes, I have the presentiment that a correspondence carried on without lapses between us would entail a danger of this sort. When we shall have faced each other, then, and not before, many things will appear otherwise, and much light be thrown upon phases that are now obscure to both of us. . . . In your previous letter you ironically admire my state of mental calm under present conditions; now in your friendly (?) note you make me a hater of liberty. The fact is, my spirit is at ease because I consider the prevailing misfortune of France the greatest piece of good luck that could possibly be attained by that nation. As to liberty, I think that question limits itself to a mere controversy on words."

An interesting characteristic of Ibsen is his politeness, his faculty for doing the right thing. Probably every writer of whatever ability, who happens to have dedicated a book to him, has received from the dramatist a letter of cordial appreciation. In Scandinavia, there is much talk about the distinguished Norseman's vanity, which could well be likened to that of Whitman. Ibsen's great personal principle is, that, to himself, his own work is the greatest thing in the world. This conviction, as he somewhere admits, has been an inexhaustible source of sustaining strength to him. Since the day when he first mastered his dramatic form, he has accepted aid of no one, he has borrowed nothing. The power of concentration, of self-centred effort, has never had a more illustrious example than Henrik Ibsen. He has done his work behind bolted doors, and some of us feel that portions of it have been written in the dark.

Like many superior intellects, the Norwegian playwright is indifferent to criticism. He prefers to be his own critic. We know, however, that he has always had a high opinion of Brandes' estimation of his productions. Regarding translations, Dr. Ibsen is quoted as saying one day in Berlin, to a visitor who found him writing "The Lady from the Sea," that all foreign versions of his books were poor. Yet, the playwright has called Edmund Gosse's translation of "Brand" masterful, and surely such a work must have been anything but easy to render into English.

Another illuminating quality of Ibsen may be found in his attitude toward women as an inspiration to the creative force of the other sex. He does not praise their value as an essential, elemental power of life in arts and letters. He ridiculed John Stuart Mill because of that philosopher's beautiful dedication in *On Liberty* to his deceased wife. Such sentiment sounds absurd to Ibsen, whose nature is so complete in itself, whose moods are those of reflection rather than feeling. Thought stimulates him, as feeling makes the ordinary poet vibrate. And yet Ibsen is nothing, after all, if not a poet.

It may interest the reader who cares for details of personality to know that Dr. Ibsen's hand-writing is clear and round. Strange to say, that of his son markedly resembles it. Scandinavian authors have not yet become addicted to the use of the typewriter. Who can, by the way (to be irreverent), fancy Henrik Ibsen pounding such a machine, or even dictating to some auburn-haired nymph the ponderous speeches that make a few of us think hard and the rest sigh with impatience?

As to his methods of work, the world has eagerly accepted all sorts of spurious comment. It has been said that in composing a drama the playwright invariably has before him a sort of checker-board, upon which are placed a number of corks or other objects, to represent the characters of the play and show their relative positions on the stage. It has also been related that Dr. Ibsen walks about like a man in a trance while composing a drama, and that his home, in such a circumstance, is like a house of mystery, where all the members of the family are afraid to speak above a whisper. This, however, is nonsense. Personally, Ibsen is a lover of the home, and a whole article could be written about his wife, a sister of Magdalena Thoresen, who died last year, and whose name as an author is dear to every reader of Scandinavian fiction. But Mrs. Ibsen is even more shy than her world-renowned husband. She perpetually keeps herself far in the background of their common life, thus forming a sharp contrast to Björnson's wife, who is often seen with her husband, and who, indeed, has her say in the business of his life. Ibsen has not uttered many sentences on personal matters for publication, but in the few references to his home-life, he has never omitted to speak of his wife in the warmest terms. We know, indeed, that she has made great sacrifices, that she has lavished tenderness and care on her distinguished husband, and that she, of all the world, understands him best.

Ibsen has only one son, Sigurd, who looks like one of the Vikings of old—a very cultured Viking, that is. The son was educated in Dresden, principally, and he is a man of rare political insight, backed by first-class scholarship. He was with his father during the critical days in Rome, many years ago, when Henrik Ibsen, strong in his silence, silent in his strength, was fighting the fight of his life against poverty. Once in a while clippings would be sent him from Scandinavia, which in those first years of his career shot arrows of poisonous criticism at him, and the growing Norseman would then sit down and, letting a mood overwhelm him, allow his bitterness to flow into the cup of purifying poetry. He never wrote better verse than certain poems that came from his pen in Rome. The prospects were gloomy and no light seemed to shine in the distance. Still, he had his friends, and among these was a young student, Schullerud by name, around whose memory there should be a perennial glory. For Schullerud *discovered*, before any one else, the immense genius of Henrik Ibsen. When publishers rejected the



NATHANIEL C. GOODWIN

One of the most distinguished actors on the American stage and immensely popular with the theatregoing public. He was born 48 years ago in Boston and went on the stage when he was thirteen at the Boston Museum. Then he gave readings of Shakespeare, thus showing early in life that love for the great Shakespeare plays in which it has always been his ambition to act. He appeared at Niblo's Garden, N. Y., when he was about eighteen and there he became identified with those comedy roles which the public has ever since insisted on his appearing in. Some of his most famous parts are: Chauncey Short in "A Gilded Fool," Sim Tazarus in "The Black Flag," Cruger in "An American Citizen," Nathan Hale, Teddy North in "The Cowboy and the Lady." This year he is appearing in a melodrama by I. N. Norris, entitled "The Usurper," and next season he is to star under the management of Charles Frohman.

author's manuscripts, and when despair, on such occasions, unnerved his hand, the young student invariably had the power to cheer his friend. "Don't worry," he would say, "we'll publish the books at our own expense; I've got the necessary money, thank heaven! and in a few years it will come back with enormous interest, and we'll all take a gay holiday on the proceeds." What a wise prophet! It touches the sensitive spirit with grief that this devoted friend died before ten people had seen what he was so ready to give his last cent to further.

Sigurd Ibsen has written a few novels—ambitious novels, dealing with conflicts of human passions, but they are not books of very mentionable merit. It was not, decidedly, as a novelist that Sigurd Ibsen was to distinguish himself. From his father he inherited that great psychological faculty which enables one to look into the minds of men. He is now Minister of State, a finely-trained diplomat, and one of the leading public men of Norway. It is rather remarkable that the four leading Norwegian authors, Ibsen, Björnson, Kielland, and Lie, all have sons of rare ability and accomplishment. For instance, Björn Björnson is director of the National Theatre in Christiania, while the sons of Kielland and Lie promise to become successful writers.

Several years ago some curious critic unearthed certain documents pertaining to Ibsen's early education. From these we learn that the playwright was poor as a student in the preparatory school he attended, and that he almost "flunked" his college examinations. Mathematics was a subject in which he took no interest whatever; in languages, however, he did fairly well. One of his first occupations was that of a theatrical manager in Bergen, the city of Grieg, who has adorned "Peer Gynt," with some of the sweetest music Norway has ever given to the world. Who does not know Solveig's song, or the wonderful composition written to Aase's death. The melody of the nature of Norway is in these pieces, which have all the freshness of simplicity and all the beauty of a pure spirit.

Henrik Ibsen is now a very wealthy man. He gets twenty per cent. of the gross receipts from each performance of any of his dramas. Books like "Peer Gynt" and "Brand" have run into ten or twelve large editions. "When We Who are Dead Awaken," by the way, had the poorest sale of any of his productions. Ibsen's works are exclusively published in Scandinavia by Gyldendal of Copenhagen, the largest publishers in Northern Europe.

The following note, written by Ibsen to Professor P. Hansen, the well-known authority on Danish literature, in 1879, somewhat illustrates one of the dramatist's moods:

"During the time I was engaged on the composition of 'Brand,' I kept a scorpion on the table in an empty beer glass. Now and then the animal got ill, and when that happened I used to throw a piece of soft fruit into the glass to see the creature pounce upon it and emit its poison, after which it would grow well. Is not the case something like this with ourselves? The natural laws also govern the spiritual life."

The god of his philosophy is implacable. He preaches the gospel of Free Will. He is the poet of the impulsive nature. Not a character of his most personal plays—"Hedda Gabler," "Ghosts," "The Master Builder," "The Doll's House," etc.—is what physicians would call normal. The principal persons who have problems to solve in these plays are high-strung natures who march through the world with delusions and a false philosophy. They are picturesque, because we see them at work, so to speak, we see them at home, among familiar things, in surroundings of

which no object is strange. To each other, therefore, these people must seem very natural; they get the mutual sense of recognition;—their cries, their extravagances, their blunt speech, all seem to be part of the world in which they move. But to the

uninitiated stranger they must appear somewhat deranged, and they do, provided one has not an alert eye for the dramatic quality with which they are all ready to overflow. Ibsen's world, then, is not the low-lofted chamber of triviality, nor even less the broad hall of average ambition. His characters are in the greatest sense—in the matter of temperament—Napoleonic, by which I mean that infinite conquest is their supreme desire. Solness wanted to build the grandest edifice in the world; Peer Gynt's aim was to immortalize himself by annihilating others; Lundborg had the artistic ideal, without the spiritual faith, and Brand, in his allegiance to duty, lost all the solid gifts of the earth.

Julius Paulson, a prominent Norwegian critic, has pointed out how Henrik Ibsen's dramas have helped many an actor to find himself, many an actress to rise to her full intellectual height. This is true, and it is in the same degree an established fact, that every modern dramatist of power is in Ibsen's debt for valuable instruction. Are Sudermann's dramas not of the same pattern of construction, or Pinero's? Even d'Annunzio, far away in sunny Italy, has here and there a rugged Scandinavian touch in details of artistic architecture—in "Gioconda," for instance.

Ibsen was never anything but a playwright. The historical drama represents his earliest work, which has, somewhat cleverly, been compared to that of Corneille. "Kongs-Emnerne (the translated title, "The Pretenders," seems only vaguely appropriate) and "Herremændene paa Helgoland" (The Lords of Helgoland) are now rarely produced. Relatively speaking, Ibsen's plays are seldom seen on the Scandinavian stage, but when it happens that "The Pillars of Society," "Ghosts," or "Hedda Gabler," are put on, one is always sure of an excellent audience. Of the foremost actors and actresses of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, all but two or three have reached their high-water mark in Ibsen rôles.

Henrik Ibsen has certainly set a big wheel in the machinery of the world in motion. Much has been done to brand him with the mark of immorality; one clergyman in Denmark, named Schach, has gone so far as to publish a series of heavy volumes denouncing Ibsen as being everything except what he really is. The same man goes each year to obscure places where the dramatist is nothing more than a name, and persuades certain little groups to keep their children from reading his works.

But such puerile criticism resembles a flea attacking an elephant. Henrik Ibsen has become a force the full influence of which is as yet immeasurable. Generations to come will find his point-of-view unique, and admire the masterpieces it has yielded. He cannot be compared to any other writer, being so far away from the circumference of the circle of authors who are amateurs compared to him. His productions sufficiently reveal all the significant stages of his development. Before his eye the drama of human forces always becomes intense and crucible, and Fate looms up in gloomy nooks to say its imperative word. We are of the earth, says Ibsen, but there is in us also the calm and motion of the sea, as well as the beauty and dreaminess of the heavens. In his own less tangible way, finally, he forever exhorts us in the words of Swinburne, "to grow strong in the strength of thy spirit and live out thy life as the light." PAUL HARBOE.



MR. OLE BANG

Young Norwegian famous as a reader of the Ibsen plays and now visiting America. He is a writer himself of plays and novels, but his reputation rests chiefly upon his extraordinary ability as a reader. Before coming to America last June he concluded one of the most successful series of Ibsen recitations ever known in Northern Europe. He will probably be heard in New York next month.



James Henry Hackett

FAMOUS FAMILIES OF AMERICAN PLAYERS

No. 5—THE HACKETTS



James Keteltas Hackett

WHILE as actors, the Hacketts are distinctly of our own blood and tradition—as a family, their name is rooted, not only in the line of Irish nobility, but through alliance with that of Holland. Edmund Hackett, the great-grandfather of the present representative, was responsible for this. He it was who stood heir to the barony in Ireland; he likewise who went to Amsterdam and married a daughter of Baron de Massau.

By this union, the issue was Thomas G. Hackett, to whom America is directly indebted for an invigorating force in her dramatic history. For after holding the rank of Lieutenant in the Life Guards of the Prince of Orange, he was forced, in 1794, to seek America as a likely place for regaining his broken health.

In 1799 he married a daughter of the Rev. Abraham Keteltas, of Jamaica, L. I., and the couple settled in New York, but only for a short while. The husband died in 1803, and Mrs. Hackett, with her small son, the future actor, who had been born March 15, 1800, returned to the Long Island home.

At the age of fifteen young James Henry Hackett entered Columbia College, and started a thorough classical course, but his work was soon interrupted by severe illness, which made him abandon his study in that direction. However, on recovering his strength, he took up law, and this proved so uncongenial, that the year 1817 found him in the counting-house of a relative; in trade he was destined to remain some years.

During this time the young man was gaining considerable ability as a mimic, and many of his friends must have been among the profession he finally adopted. In 1819 he married Catherine Leesugg, an actress of considerable popularity, who was equally as famed for her contralto voice. Soon after the wedding Hackett settled in Utica, N. Y., where he lived till 1825.

It might be well to say here a few words regarding Mrs. Hackett. As Miss Leesugg (born *circa* 1798), she made her American début on September 1, 1818, coming direct from the Birmingham Theatre. "Her forte," says Ireland, "was comedy; her merry, romping country lasses have never since been equalled, and her chambermaids were almost equally meritorious." That she was popular may be seen from the following jingle some young wag must have penned about her:

"There's sweet Miss Leesugg—by-the-by, she's not pretty;
She's a little too large and has not too much grace;
Yet there's something about her so witching and witty,
'Tis pleasure to gaze on her good-humored face."

In 1832 Mrs. Hackett retired from the stage, her last play being "Of Age To-morrow," but because of pecuniary difficulties she was forced to return May 19, 1838, in "Perfection," with her sister, Mrs. Sharp. She died at Jamaica on December 4, 1845. The son by this marriage was John K. Hackett, for so many years Recorder in the City of New York. Many anecdotes are told of him, revealing a strenuous kind of humor that was more startling than it was subtle. His connection with things theatrical is noted by Brander Matthews in the following record:

"Happy New Year, 1875. Grand entertainment at the Sing Sing Prison, to commence at 8 A. M. . . . N. B.—Tickets of admission may be had at the Court of General Sessions. John K. Hackett, Manager. No extra charge for reserved seats."

It was by another marriage, with Clara Cynthia Morgan, on March 27, 1864, that the present James K. Hackett was born.

To return to the career of the American comedian. When, in 1825, he left Utica, and his business troubles caused his wife's return to the stage, he himself turned to account his powers that had heretofore amused so many of his friends in private. His first public appearance was made on March 1, 1826, at the New York Park Theatre, as Justice Woodcock, a creditable but by no means distinctive beginning. At his wife's benefit on March 10, his rôle, Sylvester Daggerwood, resulted in striking imitations of Kean, Mathews, Hilson and Barnes. In his initial successes we find Mr. Hackett attempting many dialects. During June, 1826, he gave the Yankee story of "Jonathan and Uncle Ben," as well as assuming the part of Morbeau, in "Mons. Tonson."

His first decided hit, however, was as one of the Dromios in the "Comedy of Errors," where his twin brother, played by Barnes, was graphically imitated. This success, while invigorating, did not entirely please the young actor. As with so many of his contemporaries, he was always unsettled between his natural talents as a comedian on the one hand, and his strong tastes for tragedy on the other. In December, 1826, on the



Hackett the Elder as Palstaff

EDMUND HACKETT m. daughter Baron de Massau	
Thomas G. Hackett (d. 1803) m. daughter Rev. Abraham Keteltas	
James H. Hackett* (1800-1871)	
m. 1 (1819) Catherine Leesugg* (d. 1847)	m. 2 (1864) Clara Cynthia Morgan
	James K. Hackett*
John K. Hackett	m. (1897) Mary Mannering*
	Elise (b. 1904)
* Members of the family who became actors	

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE



Will Armstrong, Boston

EUGENE COWLES

This well known opera singer is now appearing temporarily in vaudeville

Theatre in "Richard." Barnes gave a benefit soon after, and Hackett was cast in a farce, "Two Sosias," adapted from Dryden's comedy, "Amphytrion." During the season of 1827-8, Othello, Iago, Gloster in "Jane Shore," Paris in "The Roman Actor," Montmorency in "Hundred Pound Note," and Tristram Fickle in "Weathercock" (a two-part comedy), constituted a varied repertoire. Over against Mr. Hackett's own statement that Falstaff was first played by him in Philadelphia, May 31, 1832, to Charles Kean's Hotspur, is often placed the disputed date, May 13, 1828. We shall agree upon the former as more than likely, though actors care little about exact dates, and note that on December 3, 1828, Coleman's comedy, "Who Wants a Guinea?" materially altered and named "Jonathan in England," was acted by him at his wife's benefit.

Then followed the dialect rôle of Sir Archy MacSarcasm, in the farce, "Love-a-la-Mode." It was on April 22, 1830, that Mr. Hackett produced the first dramatic version of "Rip Van Winkle" at the Park Theatre, which text was afterwards changed in London by Bayle Bernard.* Another Dutch piece on which Hackett expended much attention was "Three Dutch Governors," dramatized by Bernard from Irving's "Knickerbocker History," and played with but little success on September 26, 1837. Each act was devoted to a distinctive governor.

It is significant that in the actor families thus far written about, the representative members are known by the excellence of a single rôle. However much Booth's other Shakespearean personations may be treasured, he will ever remain one with the Melancholy Dane. It is hard to realize any other Rip than Jefferson, who has always been the very embodiment; and no one has the bravery or the innate creative fun to make a second Dunderbary, closely identified as it is with E. A. Sothorn. So with Hackett as the one great Falstaff† in "Henry IV."—summed up

eve of leaving for England, he essayed "Richard III."—not an original conception, but in minute imitation of Kean. Here it may also be stated that in 1840, at the Park Theatre, New York, he appeared as Lear three times, and as Hamlet to Mrs. Wood's Ophelia.

At Covent Garden, April 1, 1827, Hackett gave to the English public his Yankee stories and imitations, but his stay was a short one, for in September of the same year he was again at the New York Park

by Ireland's estimate: "The cream of English wit and cowardice;"—his must have been a study revealing the very essence of all this.

The actor did not confine himself alone to being an actor. As a star he succeeded in amassing somewhat of a fortune, and ever being of a scrupulous nature, his first idea was to readjust his business relations, and to clear those obligations he had incurred during his business troubles. He was, during several periods, a manager; in 1829, he controlled the Chatham Garden Theatre; in 1830, the Bowery, and in 1837, the National Theatre (Italian Opera House). At the time of the famous Astor Place riot, in 1849, he managed, with Macready, the Astor Place Opera House, and five years later (1854) he was starring a company of Italian singers at Castle Garden. During this time, despite his close connection with all things American, the actor, in addition to his 1832 trip to England, visited Drury Lane and Covent Garden in 1840, 1845, and 1851. His Falstaff was there received most favorably.

We have noted Hackett's ambition to become a tragedian. His Hamlet, Richard, and Lear were careful studies, and, as a critic has wisely said, they displayed "all the acumen of a scholar, and the nicest critical analysis." This estimate of the student nature which Mr. Hackett undoubtedly possessed is justified by his volume, "Notes and Comments on Shakespeare," published in 1863. A presentation copy sent by him to Lincoln elicited an interesting reply, which shows a keen taste on the part of the President:

"WASHINGTON, August 17, 1863.

"My dear Sir: Months ago I should have acknowledged the receipt of your book and accompanying kind note; and I now have to beg your pardon for not having done so.

"For one of my age, I have seen very little of the drama. The first presentation of Falstaff I ever saw was yours here, last winter or spring. Perhaps the best compliment I can pay is to say, as I truly can, I am very anxious to see it again. Some of Shakespeare's plays I have never read; while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any unprofessional reader. Among the latter are 'Lear,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Hamlet,' and especially 'Macbeth.' I think nothing equals 'Macbeth.' It is wonderful.

"Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in 'Hamlet,' commencing, 'Oh, my offense is rank,' surpasses that commencing, 'To be or not to be.' But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of 'Richard III.' Will you not soon visit Washington again? If you do, please call and let me make your personal acquaintance."

Another note following this is well worth quoting, since it shows a deep phase of Lincoln's character and temperament; Mr. Hackett had published the first letter, and its contents had brought forth considerable comment.

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 2, 1863.

"My note to you I certainly did not expect to see in print; yet I have not been much shocked by the newspaper comments upon it. Those comments constitute a fair specimen of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice; and have received a great deal of kindness not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it."

On December 28, 1871, Mr. Hackett died at his home in Jamaica. As a man, he was of active intellect and of courteous bearing. There are pictures of him that show resemblance to Washington Irving, and doubtless his temperament was as genial

It was two years before his



MISS JANET WALDORF

Is playing the part of Roma in "The Eternal City" this season

*The rôle of Rip was undertaken by many, none of whom surpassed Jefferson (vid. Winter); 1819, Irving's "Sketch Book" published.—1829, C. B. Parsons as Rip, Cincinnati (MS. bought, 1828).—1829, Oct. 30, William Chapman, Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia; cast including many of the Jeffersons.—1830, August 10, Hackett at Bowery Theatre, N. Y.—1831, August 15, Hackett at Park Theatre.—1833, Sept. 4, Hackett presents Bernard's version.—1833, July 24, Tom Flynn as Rip.—1834, Wm. Isherwood in J. H. Hewitt's version.—1850, January 7, Burke in his own version.—1865, Jefferson in the Burke-Boucicault-Jefferson version.

†Mr. Winter recalls the following Falstaffs in America: 1788, Harper; 1807, John E. Harwood; 1829, Hilson; 1832, Hackett.



Photos Byron, N. Y.

Charlotte Walker as Jane Lane James K. Hackett as Charles Stuart
Act II. "We are not filling this hat very fast"



Charlotte Walker
Act III. "I am not the King's soldier, but the Soldiers' King"

James K. Hackett



Frederick Webber as Sir Geo. Villiers
Sam'l Hardy as Lord Wilmot

Peter Lang as Will Carlos
Act IV. The King embarks in safety

Jas. T. Seeley as Clement Lane
Flora Rowley as Drusilla

JAMES K. HACKETT IN HIS NEW PLAY, "THE FORTUNES OF THE KING"

father's death that James K. Hackett was born, at Wolfe, one of the Thousand Islands (September 6, 1869). Throughout his school and college years he was known for his theatrical ambition; at eighteen he had given no mean interpretation of Touchstone; at twenty, his Othello met with favorable comment. Young Hackett took a Bachelor of Arts degree at the College of the City of New York in 1891, and began the study of law. However, he abandoned that, and March 28, 1892, found him in Philadelphia with A. M. Palmer's Stock Company, which was playing "The Broken Seal." For a short while thereafter Mr. Hackett became leading man to Lotta, and during the season of 1892-3 joined Daly's forces. During 1893-4 his repertoire as star included "The Arabian Nights" and "The Private Secretary." In rapid succession he supported Minnie Seligman; became leading man at the Queen's Theatre, Montreal; and on January 14, 1895, appeared at the Broadway Theatre with Kathryn Kidder. One more engagement followed with Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in "The Queen's Necklace;" then, in November, 1895, he joined Daniel Frohman's Stock Company, playing at the Lyceum in R. C. Carton's "The Home Secretary."

Mr. Hackett soon succeeded Herbert Kelcey as leading man at the Lyceum, and while playing in Pinero's "The Princess and

the Butterfly" (1897), he fell seriously ill. In January, 1898, it was announced that on the previous May 2 he had married Miss Mary Mannering. She had come over from England to appear November 23, 1896, in Esmond's "The Courtships of Leonie," in which Mr. Hackett had the chief male rôle.

Since becoming a star, Mr. Hackett's plays have been mostly of the romantic kind, typified by "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau." As he was one of the youngest leading men in American dramatic history, so is he one of the few actor-managers. Perhaps the most emphatic and determined position he has taken has been in regard to the so-called Theatrical Trust, against which he held out until quite recently, when he found it best to succumb. It is not our purpose to trace this through its stages, however significant it may be as to Mr. Hackett's future career.

To his fine presence and rich voice Mr. Hackett adds a vigor that becomes him in active pieces: As yet, he has given nothing by which one may definitely characterize him. The drama of external struggle and adventurous romantic feeling is a phase of play that will pass. Mr. Hackett has not essayed any rôle demanding his subtle treatment or very serious attention.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

A Theatre in the White House

DURING the administration of President Lincoln, Grover's Theatre, which occupied the site of the present National Theatre in Washington, was noted for the excellence of its stock companies and the completeness with which all plays were produced. Grover was a liberal manager, and in the organization of his companies selected the best performers obtainable, while in staging his productions he also spared no expense. Among the actors who appeared under his management were Lawrence Barrett, Frank Mordaunt, Frank Lawler, J. C. McCollom, A. W. Fenno, W. H. Crane, Barton Hill, Myles Levick, E. L. Tilton, Charles Barron, J. J. Prior, J. M. Ward, E. F. Thorne, Harry Pearson, O. B. Doud (afterwards Oliver Doud Byron), Thos. Brougham Baker, F. C. Wemyss, R. S. Meldrum, J. K. Mortimer, Dan Setchell, Sam Ryan, Walter Lennox, J. E. Whiting, Emily Jordan, Agnes Perry, Lotty Hough, Julia Irving, Susan Denin, Kate Denin, Mrs. J. L. Fannin, Laura Vernon, Ada Parker, and Ada and Minnie Monk.

Lincoln was a frequent visitor to Grover's Theatre, and usually occupied the President's box with Mrs. Lincoln and Secretary Seward. During the engagement of "Vestvali the Magnificent," in 1864, the President and his family attended the theatre as frequently as five nights in two weeks. The advertisements of the theatre often announced that certain plays would be performed "at the request of the President." This was noticeably the case during the engagement of J. W. Wal-lack and E. L. Davenport.

Tadd Lincoln, the President's son, a sprightly, intelligent little fellow of about eleven, who was a great favorite with all the visitors to the White House, often accompanied his father to the theatre, and at

other times went alone. On the very night of the assassination of the President at Ford's Theatre, little Tadd was in a box at Grover's Theatre. When Manager Hess announced that Mr. Lincoln had been shot, Tadd uttered a scream and dashed out of the box and from the theatre. Tadd and Manager Grover became

fast friends, and Tadd was soon ambitious to have a theatre of his own. Early in the year 1864, Room 38 of the President's Mansion was set aside for the purpose, and Tadd set to work to fit it up as a miniature theatre. A handsome stage was erected with gas footlights and appropriate scenery was provided. On either side of the stage, at the top, handsome vases filled with artificial flowers were placed. In the center stood a bust of the lamented Edward Dickinson Baker (a great friend of Master Lincoln's), who was killed at Ball's Bluff October 21, 1861. Immediately in front of the stage was a space partitioned off by a wicket fence. That portion of the theatre was set apart for spectators, and was furnished with settees, sofas, and cushioned chairs sufficient to accommodate a large-sized audience. His company of players was selected from the members of the company of the Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment, which was doing duty in the vicinity of the White House. To give effect to the pieces produced at his little theatre, the youthful manager called to his aid his friend Manager Grover, who furnished him with all the costumes and paraphernalia necessary for their proper production. Performances were given once or twice a week, the audiences being composed of the friends of Master Tadd, of both sexes, who attended at the invitation of the young manager.

Occasionally the President and Mrs. Lincoln honored the performance with their presence.

A. I. MUDD.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SON, TADDY



Picture made especially for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by BYRON, N. Y.

A FIRST NIGHT AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK
(FOR KEY SEE PAGE X)

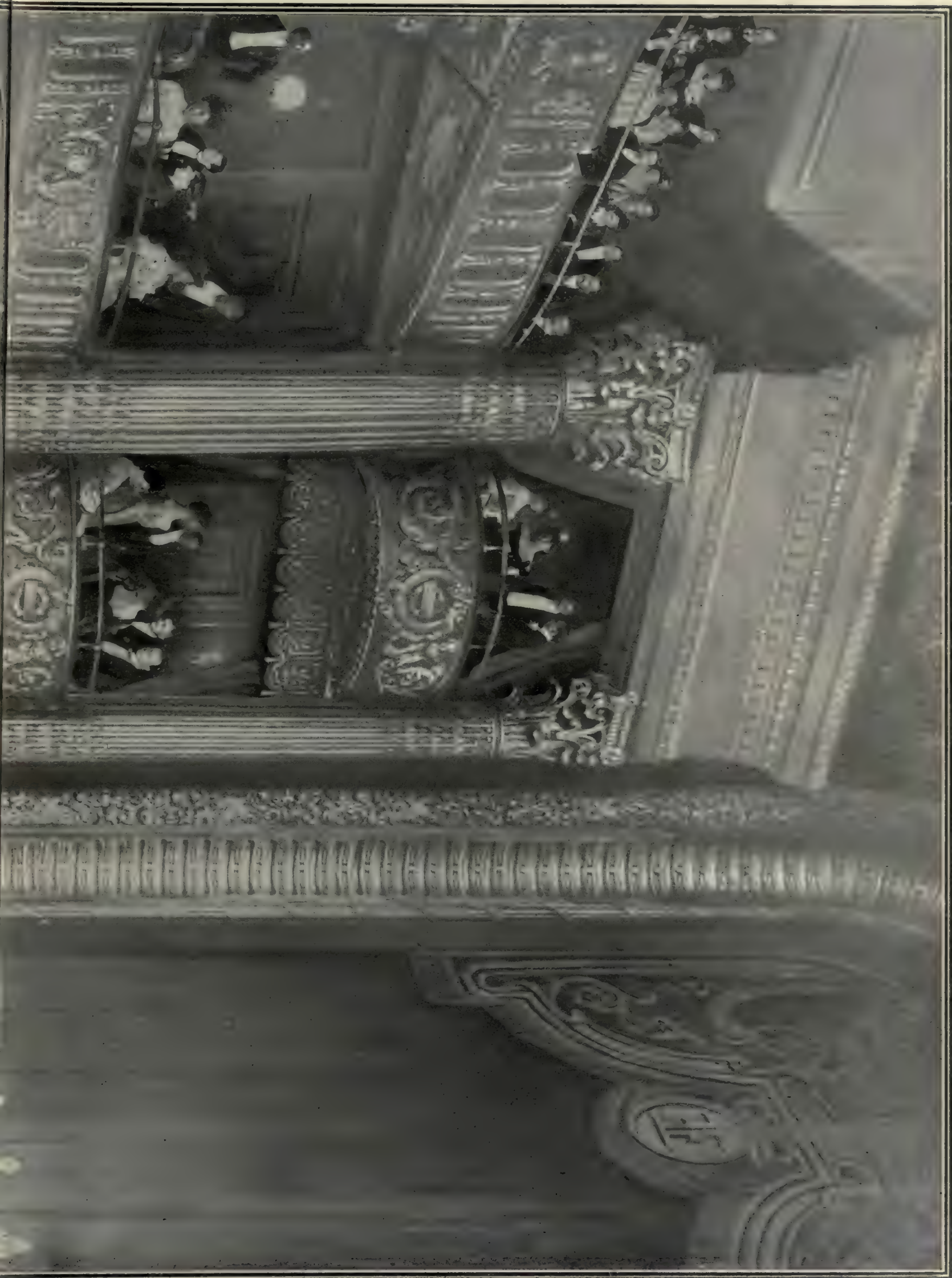




Photo taken especially for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE by Joseph Byron

"If you can do it, you can," says the actor

David Warfield—The Actor and the Man

(Chats with Players No. 34)

IT was only when David Warfield ran out of the room and brought me a framed print of a mischievous puppy hiding behind a log and ready to spring upon two blissfully innocent kittens, a dream in the sunshine, that the interview began.

The most difficult thing in interviewing is getting acquainted. One does not soon get acquainted with a dignified gentleman who sits resignedly at his desk checking off what parts he has played and expounding his views of the dramatic art. It was all very formal and unsatisfying until Mr. Warfield ran out after that framed print.

Such a wicked little dog with such an evil intent. The intent spoke from the full, black, rolling eyes, turned sidewise upon the blinking, unconscious kittens. It expressed itself in the slightly wrinkled muzzle and the gleam of one white, pointed tooth. In another tick of the clock he would be upon them and a shrill, puppyish bark would rudely rend their dreams. Surprised and unhappy kittens! Surprising and happy dog! It was an ordinary print, but full of suggestion and suspense.

"Look at those eyes," Mr. Warfield's laugh had a boyish, hearty ring. "Isn't it funny?" Again he laughed and again he said: "Isn't it funny?"

It had come at last, the waited-for flash of the personality, the glimpse of the real man.

Twenty or more years ago a boy stood looking into the window of a book shop in San Francisco and wept at sight of the picture of a boy who, about to leave home, was saying good-bye to his mother. The print was crude, but the boy had imagination, sensibilities, a heart. The pathos of the group made its appeal

through his brain to his heart. The boy, grown up, but with the same receptive brain and responsive heart, is now playing Herr Von Barwig in "The Music Master," and in him, the critics say, they have discovered a genius.

The critics, I think, are right. David Warfield has the child-likeness of genius. And he is dumb before that controlling something which he is too modest to name, but which those who see "The Music Master" believe is the divine spark vouchsafed to but few mortals.

"If you can do it, you can. If you can't, you can't." Like many another artist he is not glib about his art. It is the expression of an intangible, mysterious something within him that defies analysis, but is powerful to bring tears to hard eyes, to plant something strange and tender in empty hearts. He feels it, but cannot describe it except in his: "If you can do it, you can."

Thus simply he expressed one of his formulae of art.

"I try to do what people would do under the circumstances." That was another, and Mr. Warfield illustrated it.

"Suppose I were your lover, would I do this?"

He folded his arms tightly across his breast, drew his eyebrows together in a straight, ominous line, and glared appallingly down upon the interviewer. His right arm shot out threateningly toward the window of his apartment at the Ansonia, nine stories or more above Broadway.

"Fly with me!" he shouted.

We have all seen love-making done in this melodramatic way on the stage, perhaps even in the lunatic asylum. To realize its full absurdity one had to see Mr. Warfield sit common-sensically

down in a chair opposite, relax his leg muscles comfortably, lean slightly toward his *vis-à-vis*, and say calmly with matter-of-fact intonation, "Now, let us talk it over. Who hasn't been made love to in exactly that twentieth century, eminently satisfying manner?"

Without preliminaries or pyrotechnics, he had given a valuable lesson in acting.

In the man survive those qualities which made the boy weep at sight of the engraving in the shop window.

"I weep over my parts when I first read them," he admitted. "I don't work very hard. Believe me, I do not. This isn't a pose." And he returned to his original proposition. "If you can do it, you can, and if you can't, you can't."

That, to David Warfield's mind, summed up the situation, a most successful situation, the sum of varied but always upward tending circumstances in this instance. It was his version of the dramatic adage: "An actor is born, not made."

Those who meet him for the first time exclaim: "How much you are like Herr Von Barwig!" and Mr. Warfield smiles in quiet answer. He is of medium size. He has a simple carriage, sometimes that of a thoughtful, middle-aged man, occasionally with the spring and impulse of the boy in it. His face has the smoothness and fresh color of a boy's, and the reflectiveness of a man of books and dreams, although he declares: "I am not an educated man," and that dreams count for little. "A man must do and keep on doing" is his dictum.

David Warfield is like and unlike his beautiful creation, "Herr Von Barwig." The hair which he has permitted to grow long for the part is sprinkled thickly with gray, although he is only thirty-eight. His eyes are deep and gray and at times soft as a child's, the eyes of an idealist. His tread is soft, his voice low, his manners gentle, like Herr Von Barwig's, yet under all the gentleness is the glint of metal, the fibre of steel that would make of him a bitter foeman, a man of rock-like immovableness, of unalterable decision. Dominating, the romantic figure is ever the man practical.

The conjunction of David Warfield and David Belasco was a propitious one for the American stage. Yet the manner of its effecting was outwardly commonplace, and Mr. Warfield tells the story of it in simplest fashion.

"I received a letter from Mr. Belasco asking me to come to see him about a business matter. We had never met before. I was late, and it was nearly six o'clock when I found him in his office in Carnegie Hall. They were moving to another office downstairs. He had been packing and was in his shirt sleeves. He said: 'I think I can make a big proposition of you.' I said: 'All right.' We talked for half an hour. There was no hesitation on either side. I knew that this was what I wanted."

Because he had been uniquely successful in his creation of an East Side Jew, wise Mr. Belasco did not at once lift his new star out of the old dialect part which had made him famous, but of which he had tired. Rather, he am-

plified and deepened and sweetened Mr. Warfield's original conception, and engaged Charles Klein to embalm it in a play which he called "The Auctioneer," and helped him playing in it, even while Mr. Warfield chafed at the old restrictions, for two years. When his art had deepened and broadened and ripened to its present state, the actor was released from the old character. He was emancipated.

"I don't want to play another dialect rôle," Mr. Warfield, developed into Herr Von Barwig, declares. "Dialect hampers one. It is like playing in a strange tongue."

"It was odd," said Mr. Warfield, "that when we talked of the eventual next play, I said: 'I should like to play a high-class German, an educated man of great refinement.'" Mr. Belasco said nothing. He talks very little. But in good time we had Herr Von Barwig.

"We worked hard at rehearsals, but not in the way you imagine. The points and situations in 'The Music Master' came about naturally. The hard work was in cutting this and that and changing the play about. But the rehearsal of the play as it stands was simple. There was no strain, no terrible effort in any of the scenes or climaxes."

We were back again in mind at that original proposition, "If you can do it, you can," and Mr. Warfield illustrated his point of naturalism by referring to the scene in which he stands at the door of his daughter's bedroom, looking at the portrait of his wife, who had deserted him.

"A good friend of mine, a fellow Lamb, had said some very kind things to me about my work in the new play. He is a sincere admirer, and I knew he was speaking from his heart when he said: 'You missed just one thing. When you stood at the door looking at your wife's picture you should have done something.' I told him there was nothing to do. There was no shock of surprise about it. There had been gradual preparation in my mind for the situation through two acts. I knew my pupil was my daughter. I had believed it all along, and when I saw her old doll in the cabinet I knew. What would a man have done under those circumstances? Remember that he had not made up his

mind to claim the girl. I think he would have walked to the door and looked quietly at the picture. He had a daguerreotype at home, that he looked at every day. There was no quick, heart-breaking surprise in the situation. He simply stands there silently, steeped in the misery of her faithlessness. It would have been absurd to strike his forehead or breast with his clenched hand, or to groan or emit a melodramatic 'My Gawd!' I believe a man would stand there in silence, his body rigid with pain, but still silent. That, I think, is life, and to life I always go for my models."

From this pronunciamento we drifted back to the old, troublous days in San Francisco, when the boy, Dave Warfield, wanted to be an actor, and everybody and everything seemed to conspire in one great, looming obstacle called Fate to thwart him. From being



Otto Sarony Co.

"HAMLET" PLAYED BY YOUTHFUL STARS

New York recently saw a series of Shakesperian performances by the two youngest stars on the stage. The elder of these, David Brainard Gally, the boy tragedian, is less than 18 years of age. He is a nephew of the Rev. Merritt Gally and was born in New York in 1886. A protégé of Victory Bateman, who read Shakespeare with Master Gally from the time he was eight years of age until he made his professional début, this precocious youngster was fifteen years of age before he appeared behind the footlights, and then he became first a super in Robert Edeson's "Soldiers of Fortune." Later he was engaged by Edwin Waldman to play the part of Lorenzo in "The Merchant of Venice." This boy actor has a protégé of his own, a young girl with whom he practiced his Shakesperian scenes, and so proficient did Miss Isabelle Rea, now just sixteen, become that recently these two children have toured the West in a series of Shakesperian rôles.

an usher in the old Bush Street Theatre, he made two or three indifferent appearances, culminating in a boyish fiasco at the Wigwam, where the Warfield quiet method was labelled incompetence, and a drunken sailor led in a storm of hisses.

He came to New York with a small sum in his pocket, the residuum of a benefit fund from a few loyal admirers, and laid siege, still quietly, to the managers and agents. At his first interview, William A. Brady "could promise nothing," and, in Rialtese vernacular, "turned him down." A few weeks later, the young manager, meeting him on the street, said: "Can you play a jay?"

"Best thing I do," answered young Warfield, with certain pattings of an insistent conscience.

In "About Town," then, he played a jay, a jay very similar, by the way, to the present rôle in "The College Widow," except that the jay in the football play evolved into a beau, while young Warfield's remained hopelessly rustic. The young Californian afterwards played an Irish woman in "O'Dowd's Neighbors," an old man in "The Inspector," a country boy in "The Nutmeg Match." As Fouché in "Mme. Sans Gêne," and the Laird in "Trilby," his intelligent, repressed style began to attract attention. In "The Review" he played a burlesque detective, and in his several guises as such evolved the Jewish old-clothes man, than which there has never been a better stage characterization, because it was perfect. At the Casino for succeeding seasons, and later at Weber & Fields', he presented the character that people laughed at because they believed the motto is always "It is to laugh" at those houses, but in which the discerning recognized a yet stronger undertone of pathos. One of these was David Belasco.

"I had received offers to star from other managers," said Mr. Warfield. "Some of them were very prominent men, too, but I waited, and I am glad I did."

Again David Warfield resembled Herr Von Barwig, for at the conclusion of this speech he thrust his tongue roguishly out of the corner of his mouth and drew it back again, much as a prudent turtle manages his timid head.

The next rôle? Mr. Warfield looked thoughtful.

"I don't know," he said. "There are so many things we don't know until the time comes. Life is a series of steps, taken one at a time, as seems best at that time. I have played two character types, the Jew and the German. There are left two, the Italian and French. I don't care for French characters, and there is little to do in the Italian line. The German character appeals to me."

Something was said about the possibilities in the character of a great physician or chemist, and Mr. Warfield said: "Have you seen a picture called 'The Doctor?' A doctor sitting beside a child's bed watching the ebb and flow of its little life? Isn't it wonderful?"

He spoke with a little intake of breath like that of a child overcome by a brief emotion. He mentioned another picture that every one has seen, "The Vacant Chair," and his eyes dimmed for the moment. Mr. Warfield denied all hobbies. He is a pretty steady reader, yes.

He likes those novelists whose character studies proclaimed them masters. Dickens, Thackeray and Balzac, and Dickens he thinks greater than Thackeray, because his characters are natural, while those of Thackeray are clever, but complex, even artificial.

Learned commentators have written of David Warfield: "It is surprising to find that the man who has played the Jew better than any one else in the world is not of that race." But he is. He is of the race that has given us many superb dramatic artists.

"We are Jews," he said, "but born in America for as many generations as I know anything about. There have been no actors nor artists in the family. I can't account for my own tendencies. They exist; that is all. And I suppose we ought to be thankful if they are not very bad and not question the source. Don't you?"

The sharer of Mr. Warfield's sunny and sumptuous apartments at the An-

sonia is the beautiful California woman whom he married four years ago. She remains modestly and discreetly in the background, feeling, but never in any public way evincing, a just pride in her husband's eminence in his profession.

Mr. Warfield's departure from the simple life consists in excursions to the shops where Oriental rugs are exhibited to the many who admire and the few who can afford to buy. Being one of these latter, he surrounds himself with the exquisite fabrics into which Persians have woven the glory of their colors and Hindoos the mysticism of their dreams. The floor of his drawing-room is covered with them, and one overflow, but not discarded, rug of deepest rose hangs against the pale tinted background of the wall.

Into this sunshine-bathed room, with evidences of taste and competence everywhere, and a boyish face and alert, active figure dominantly in the foreground, it was strange that the shadows of age and professional retirement should enter. Yet our conversation opened the door for them.

"Indeed, I do think of growing old," said David Warfield, with sober face and accent. "I often think of it and I have determined what I shall do. I want no audiences tolerating my failing performances because 'He was a good actor when he was young,' giving me receptions when I come upon the stage because of what I once did."

He paused, his imagination filling in every detail of the mournful picture.

"It is like strewing flowers upon a corpse," he said. "I shall leave the stage in the full blaze of any glory I may attain."

ADA PATTERSON.



ROBERT MANTELL AS HAMLET

This sterling actor, who has not been seen in New York for several years, recently appeared at the Princess in Shakespearean repertoire. His first New York success was as Boris Ipanoff in "Fedora"



Photos by Ogawa, Tokio

HANKICHI

Graceful and highly accomplished Geisha who enjoys wide popularity in Tokio

The Geisha standing is the celebrated dancer, Koshimi; the one seated on the left is Yone Hachi, celebrated for her beautiful hands. They are in the small garden situated between the Geisha residence and the Tea House

O YEN

Geisha celebrated throughout Japan for her cherry-blossom dance

THE Geisha girl is, perhaps, the most interesting and the least understood abroad of all the national institutions of the Mikado's Empire. Nowhere in the world is there a woman exactly like her. She is not a mere waitress or attendant, as many writers have described her, nor is she a common dancer, entertainer or musician. She is far more than this. From her early childhood she is trained to be the companion of cultured persons. She is educated, accomplished, intellectual and refined, as well as beautiful and graceful. In her every step, gesture, expression, in the very costumes she wears, so elegant and harmonious in color, there is the fascination and living grace of the trained actress, taught for generations to delight the senses.

The Geisha girl is the belle of Japan, and without her Japanese social gatherings would lose much of their vivacity and charm. Lafcadio Hearn, the well-known writer on Japan, says in his pathetic story of Geisha life, "Kimiko": "To win any renown in her profession a Geisha must be pretty or very clever, and the famous ones are usually both—having been selected at a very early age by their trainers according to the promise of such qualities. Even the commoner class of singing girls must have some charm in their best years—if only that *beauté du diable* which inspired the Japanese proverb that even a devil is pretty at eighteen.

Although the Geisha is so cultivated and accomplished a woman, it cannot be said that she is quite respectable according to the conventional standards. She has, indeed, a moral code of her own. She belongs to a class which has no equivalent in any other country. The only approach in history is that of the Hetaera women—or cultured courtesans—who existed in the days of ancient Greece.

To fully understand the life of the Geisha one must first be familiar with the Japanese tea house or "Cha-ya," as the Japanese call it, for the Geisha and the tea house are inseparably connected. The "Cha-ya" is a remarkable institution, and a natural product of social life in Japan. It is not by any means the ordinary café or inn, accommodating every passing stranger, as the Western nations understand it. It is a common rendezvous

for gentlemen seeking recreation, and, in fact, may be likened to a club-house. The Japanese meet at these tea houses not only for the sake of amusement, but for many other purposes. The business man comes there to discuss the day's trading, politicians make it their headquarters, and it has often happened that momentous events in the history of Japan have sprung from tea-house meetings. In the tea houses foreigners who are paying short visits to the country become acquainted with the more cultured and advanced Japanese women, and it is at these affairs that the Geisha girls are introduced.

As the visitor approaches the tea house several girls attired in gay-colored kimonos issue from the main entrance exclaiming loudly: "Irassai!" This is intended as a polite form of greeting, and it means: "Condescend to enter." Then in an exquisitely polite manner they all bow low, murmuring a thousand compliments. It should be remembered, however, that this is the usual form of greeting, and the guest everywhere in Japan is received in the same manner. The Japanese guest slips off his shoes or sandals and follows the maid, who conducts him to one of the rooms in the tea house. The visitor then squats down on the velvet cushion lying on the soft matting and awaits developments. Very soon the girl attendants bring tobacco trays containing lighted charcoal and cups of green tea, together with pieces of kashi, or Japanese cake. Custom requires that the visitor should now present the "Chadani," or tip, to the tea house. This, of course has nothing to do with the bill, which he will ultimately pay for his entertainment. The visitor then calls for the Geisha. He desires to have the pleasure of her company, as he has not come to the tea house to enjoy his own society. Unless he has no special acquaintance among the Geishas, he bids the attendant summon all those attached to the "Cha-ya." So the attendant instructs a messenger, who runs off to summon each of the Geishas who reside in the neighborhood.

After only a few minutes' delay the Geishas make their appearance with their habitual air of amiability, grace and vivacity. Each as she enters utters the word "Konbanwa," which means good evening. She then proceeds to make herself at home, and



Ogawa, Tokio

O SHIN

Favorite Geisha much patronized by the young bloods of Tokio

is soon as intimate as if she had known you since childhood. All the Geishas sit before you while you smoke, each taking a *Samisen* (or guitar) in her hands—beautiful hands, like the hands of a waxen doll. Then each bows to you politely, thanking you for your kind summons.

You courteously reply by emptying your cup of *Saké* (Japanese brandy), which you plunge into a bowl of clean water on the tray, and then you present the cup to the Geisha whom you most admire, saying as you do so: "*Ippai agemasu*" (I present the cup to you). The favored Geisha receives your cup in her ever graceful manner, and with her dainty hands lifts it to her forehead, thanking you for your kind love. The attendant, standing by, immediately fills it with *Saké*. The Geisha sips a little of the *Saké*, then returns the cup to you with the words, "*Gohen-pai*" (I am

honored to return you the cup), which you receive back with marks of the greatest appreciation. While this exchange of cup courtesies is going on, one of the other Geishas lifts her *Samisen* to her knee and plays a melody, accompanying it with a love song which is delightful to the ear.

When you are tired of the song you may ask for dancing. Now, the dancing of the Geisha girl has nothing in common with the vulgar skirt dancing so popular in Europe and America. In Japan such an exhibition would be considered a barbaric vulgarity. The Geisha's dance consists mostly of a rhythmic, graceful movement, especially with the arms, and is so contrived and performed that it suggests the most beautiful poetic ideas. It is at times dramatic. Poems or dramas relating to history or legend are often recited by the Geishas, who express in striking and graceful attitudes the tragic or comic situations. From the viewpoint of true art, this excels any known form of dancing. At your request, the younger Geishas then proceed to the more dainty dancing, while the older Geishas sit in the background and play their *Samisens* and sing poetic little songs like this:

"The butterfly lives but its hour,
The frost stamps death upon the flower,
Dance on, dance on; such future fate is
thine,
These triumphs of Roses and Wine."

The younger Geishas, in their scarlet petticoats and flowing sleeves, fan and parasol in their hands, imitate the butterflies flitting from flower to flower, or the maple leaves scattered by the autumn wind.

Sometimes fast, sometimes slow, now backward, now forward, from right to left, now merrily, now sadly—the dancing girls glide over the soft matting, waving their flowing sleeves. When dancing, the Geisha looks lovelier than the white lily, more graceful than the hanging blossoms blown about in the breeze of spring. She is the living incarnation of the picturesque charm of all Japan.

One of the most famous of the dancers in Tokio is the Geisha girl named Koshimi, who is pictured in this article in the garden between her small house and the Cha-ya. Her every pose, whether dancing or at rest, is grace itself. Her costumes are always of the richest materials, and form delightful harmonies of color. Another Geisha, celebrated for her beautiful hands and the flower-like poetry of her face, is Yone Hachi. She is seen with the flower basket in the garden with Koshimi. Both

Geishas are attached to the same tea house. Her power of repartee is brilliant, and she has marked musical ability. She is capricious in her likes and dislikes, and is known as the most adorable coquette in Tokio. Other well-known Geisha girls are: O Yen, celebrated for her cherry blossom dance; O Shin, sprightly little Hankichi, and Koman (or cloud of hair). All are charming and talented young women.

In Tokio, the Geishas reside in certain quarters specially effected by them. For instance, the Shin-bashi and the Yanagibashi quarters in Tokio are famous for their Geisha girls, and here continual gaiety and strains of music are to be found. During the Taikoon dynasty, Deep River (Fukagawa) and Willowbridge (Yanagibashi) were the two leading district of Geisha society. But since the decline of Deep River, which followed the downfall of the Takhoun government, Willowbridge alone has maintained its ancient prosperity. This quarter is situated near the River Sumida, and its name is derived from that of the small bridge spanning the stream which runs into the Sumida. At the present, Willowbridge and Newbridge (Shinbashi) are the most flourishing Geisha districts. Newbridge is quite a new quarter. At the beginning of the reign of the present Mikado, it was only an obscure place containing a few Geisha houses, but in the course of a few years it established itself as a formidable rival of Willowbridge, and it is now regarded as the gayest spot in the metropolis.



Ogawa, Tokio

KOSHIMI

One of the most famous of the dancing Geishas



Ogawa, Tokio

Koman (or cloud of hair), so called because of her luxuriant hair

The characteristic Geisha street is

a narrow lane made up of tea houses, restaurants, Geisha residences, and other establishments of a lower order. All the Geisha houses are built in a fantastic style, small but picturesque, and all are surrounded with beautiful trees and plants and flowers. Over the entrance to each is hung a paper lantern, on which is inscribed in exquisitely wrought lettering in the Chinese ideographs the name of the Geisha and the name of the goddess to which the house is dedicated. In the evening all these lamps are lighted, making a beautiful effect, which Mr. Hearn has described as follows:

"You look down the Geisha street between two lines of these lanterns, lines converging far-off into one motionless bar of yellow light. Some of the lanterns are egg-shaped, some cylindrical; others four-sided or six-sided. The street is very quiet—silent as a display of cabinet work in some great exhibition after closing time. . . . Seen at night, this street is one of the queerest in the world. It is narrow as a gangway, and the dark, shining woodwork of the house fronts, all tightly closed—each having a tiny sliding door with paper panes that look like frosted glass—makes you think of first-class passenger cabins."

In the Newbridge quarter to-day one sees the bustling traffic of jinrikshaws, while pretty little girls in bright kimonas, obi and geta, flit here and there like so many humming-birds. In Tokio there are many persons who make a business of adopting, or rather purchasing, beautiful and healthy little girls of about five or six years old. They pay a small sum to the poor parents and take the girls to their homes to train them to become Geishas. This education of the Geishas is a work of infinite labor and patience, for it really consists in remodelling the work of nature. Coming originally of poor stock, no accomplishment or grace of the future Geisha comes natural to her. Everything must be changed. Neither her body, nor her mind, nor her glances, nor her language, nor her behaviour, nor her gestures—nothing about her remains as nature designed and intended. Everything about her is artificial. Kneaded, moulded, polished in every direction, she is finally brought to resemble in mind and figure the ideal beauty evolved by Japanese culture.

The first instruction the future Geisha receives is in ceremony and etiquette, and the flowery silk kimona, with full sleeves, is substituted for the humble cotton gown. Little lacquered geta or clogs with scarlet velvet bands are fastened to her little feet, forcing her to walk on tiptoe, with a step that is a compromise between a hop and a limp, and always with her toes turned in. She is instructed in every art likely to fascinate and charm. She is taught how to flirt and how to write love letters. She is taught how to "make-up" her face, her eye-brows are painted and her cheeks and neck covered with a white powder they call *Oshiroi*, and which gives her complexion the appearance of enamel. In a more advanced state of development, her rosy lips are tinted with *beni* and her glossy black hair is made still darker with cherry oil cosmetics. She then studies the names of every article

and preparation necessary to her toilette, and masters the complicated rules which decide what must be worn with different styles of dress. When the little creature becomes old enough to read and write, she is thoroughly versed in the works, especially the romances, of the famous writers, and she is taught to recite fluently from the classic poems and dramas. Then she is thoroughly instructed in music and becomes an expert at playing the guitar, the harp, the drum and the flute. Dancing and singing,

being her principal accomplishments, are taught most carefully, and to complete her education, careful initiation into the tea-drinking ceremonies is not neglected. The mysterious arts of flirtation and fascination she acquires from her elder companions, and her future success as a Geisha depends on her proficiency as a pupil. When she is sixteen she is considered of age to leave the nursery and appear in society as a full-fledged Geisha, and with sweet dreams of becoming one day a duchess or marchioness with unlimited pearls or diamonds, she makes her entrance into the world, where swarms of admirers await her.

When the fully equipped Geisha goes out to make a professional call, she is always escorted by a male attendant, known as a *hakoya*, who carries her guitar and "make-up" box. Her pay for entertaining is estimated at so much an hour. This entertainment consists, as we have said, of either dancing, playing, singing, or simply conversation or flirtation. Unless she is an independent Geisha, working for her own account, all the money earned in this way goes to the proprietress of the Geisha house, who takes the lion's share.

The popular Geisha has all her time booked long in advance, and she has thousands of admirers eager to secure her. If any outsider can even get a glimpse of her by a casual summons, he considers himself lucky.

The clever and beautiful Geisha soon becomes famous. No important social function is complete without her. The younger men talk of nothing else. She is the fountain head of all the romance of Japan. Her career may be likened to that of a comet. She suddenly rises from an unexplored part of the sky and her brilliancy at once attracts attention. She runs her brilliant course with great rapidity, gazed at by thousands of admiring eyes. But one day, at the height of her popularity, she suddenly disappears. Nobody speaks of her any more. Even her memory is forgotten. She may have fallen in love and retired into private married life, or she may have fascinated some nobleman or wealthy tradesman, who pays a large sum to her proprietress to resign all claims upon her, and makes her his mistress. The hardest time in the Geisha's life is when she first tries to give up her life of gaiety and perpetual excitement. She finds it irksome to accept the dull mediocrity of domesticity, and many who have sought retirement return to public life after a few months. Poor Geisha girl! You are only an ornament, a fancy, a frivolous toy of society, but you are beautiful, you are adorable, you are unique!

YONE NOGUCHI.



MISS DOROTHY REVELL
Now playing in "The Second Fiddle" with Louis Mann



Sarony

MRS. FISKE AS NORA

Copyright, 1904, Will Armstrong

NANCE O'NEIL AS HEDDA

Copyright, 1902, Life Publishing Co.

THE GIBSON GIRL

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

AS MAGDA

Sarony

VIRGINIA HARNED AS IRIS

Wanted—A New Type of Femininity

THE contemporary stage is practically monopolized by two types of women—the Ibsen Girl and the Gibson Girl.

The former harrows with her perpetual problems; the latter bores by her statuesque insipidity. Knowing these women only as I had seen them behind the footlights, I thought they might improve on closer acquaintance, so I called to see Hedda Gabler.

As Berta opened the door for me, Löwberg rushed past, and I caught a glimpse of the pistol peeping from his breast pocket; only when I entered the living room and saw Hedda upon her knees before the fire, tearing a manuscript to pieces, did I fully realize the situation. "Ibsen," I muttered; then held forth my hand in greeting. "I have it ready," she said coldly and in a level voice; "you'll find it in the drawer."

The pistol case was there, with one of its weapons missing; beside it was a phial marked "Subtlety." I cannot say that our talk was a pleasant one. Outside in the street the boys were vending Pastor Wagner's "The Simple Life," and before me was neither true woman nor fiend, but a bundle of nerves in clothes.

She asked me if I had ever jumped out of a window; I said, No. She opened the shutter and invited me to try, begging me to do it gracefully, adding something about vine-leaves in my hair! She wondered aloud whether at a distance of a hundred yards she could shoot me through the heart. It was all most uncomfortable, and I made haste to go. She was perfectly indifferent—even didn't inquire why I wanted the phial; and as Berta let me out, Hedda fired the remaining pistol, shattering the doorknob in the servant's hand.

Not far from Hedda's lived Magda, in a house much on the same order as the Tesman's; in fact, it is rumored that Sudermann watched Ibsen's construction of the Norwegian villa, and obtained many valuable suggestions. I had first gone to Magda's hotel, but there I learned that she was at home at the urgent invitation of her family. Over the main door of the room was a card reading: "No questions answered," and signed by Magda herself. Yet when we talked together she showed a willingness to discuss individuality and parental rule. One could not help pitying her; every time the father interrupted her, I understood why she was so assertive. "Here is what you want," she said, as I rose to go. I pocketed her phial marked "Subtlety" and I thanked her. There are some characters one cannot see humorously. The peculiar fun in Ibsen is the distorted isolation and unreality of his creeping passions; therefore I was peculiarly relieved when I called on Nora at the Doll's House.

She was dancing—this enigma—and munching cake when I entered. Like Charlotte in "The Sorrows of Werther," with her

bread cutting, so did Nora keep on munching. She talked to me about Christmas trees, unthinkingly wandering from point to point; she told me she resembled her papa, and would exhibit a case of heredity, if I would lend her my check-book. Then, as suddenly, she changed her tactics; she talked of her husband's tolerant treatment of her, and exhibited all those deeper phases that trouble nervous women. I was puzzled over this change, yet she excused her inconsistency in the name of "Subtlety," which label her phial likewise bore.

When I called on Iris I felt ashamed. I watched to see whether any one I knew was near. Unearthly noises came from a room as I stepped into the hall. Maldonado, the servant said, was throwing things around in a dreadful manner, and as for Iris, she was gone. I enquired about the phial I wanted, but none had been left for me, so I turned away. But down by the stoop, and in the gutter, I found the tiny bottle; it, too, was marked "Subtlety."

The next hour was spent far differently. In a gorgeously appointed home I found the Gibson Girl. A butler led me to where she sat, beautiful in the midst of her curves and gorgeous gown. There was nothing here to make nerves jump; my brain slept peacefully, while the scent of latest perfumes made me dream of flowers and the like. Her smile was a tired one; her vocabulary flowed between "grand" and "pretty," between "shopping" and "balls." The phial she handed me was not marked "Subtlety," but "Popularity," and there was nothing in it.

I pictured her face upon a million walls: straight nose, with perhaps a tilt at the tip—a frowning smile, a square jaw—and then wavy hair and ravishing shoulders. She could not fire pistols, but golf and dancing! At least that was healthy. And oh, yes—after her fourth season, she would marry one of the dress-suit puppets, and then go to card parties, and women's clubs. Thus night and day until the mortal coil was shuffled.

In my examination of this fluid—"Subtlety"—I find it rests largely upon impurity for its distinctive color. To the apothecary dramatist there seems to be no such chemical in its pure state. And the vapor of the Gibson type—a beautiful crust of femininity—waiting to be filled with humanity! Are there no phials I could put between these? I suggest this advertisement:

WANTED—A feminine type for the stage that you would like to meet off the stage; one to whom love means something more than candy or insane vine-leaves; one who is not ashamed to show her record up to date;—with some of the strength Sudermann and the like speak of,—with some of the grace and beauty Gibson draws; but, above all—and I say this in view of the calls I have just made—a woman whose home means peace.

Remember, too, that in building the New York Subway, the contractors carted away the dirt!

M. J. M.



Courtesy N. Y. World

Mme. Réjane and her Daughter, from a photograph taken on the voyage to America

Réjane as Herself

"Un Petit Entretien" with the Distinguished French Actress

"**I** L y a un peu de tout, dans les larmes d'une femme,"—There is a little of everything, in a woman's tears—says Sylvie Desnoyers, in "L'Hirondelle."

In her laughter, there is scarcely less. Some are born under a dancing star, like Beatrice in "Much Ado," and all the variations of their infinite moods are played in a key of mirth.

Such a woman is Gabrielle Réjane, the most exquisite, sparkling and versatile comedienne of her time. She is a Parisienne, and a prodigy of the Conservatoire. Her joyous and *débonair* temperament is moulded in art as perfectly as her piquante person is gowned by the modistes.

To see Réjane as herself, in "private" life (which is more a phrase than a reality in the case of an actress), is to confirm the impression derived from witnessing her stage performances. The sheer buoyancy of health, of sunny sanity, moral and physical, carries her lightly over the *risqué* passages in which her up-to-date Parisian comedies abound, and equally keeps her fresh and bright in the midst of the killing fatigues of her profession.

Take, for example, this, her second, visit to America—the first having been made some ten years ago, when "Madame Sans-Gêne" was a novelty. Arriving, with her daughter, Mlle. Germaine, by the transatlantic steamer, she spent one day in New York with her managers and the newspaper men—business is business, and at the same time Réjane seems really to think it great fun to be interviewed, doing all the talking herself—then off to Havana, one strenuous week there, with change of bill every night, and back to New York, *à la vapeur!* to play six nights a week and Thursday and Saturday matinees for a month, a new production almost every other evening, sometimes two pieces in one evening, the star in both. She carried out this schedule to the letter, never missing a performance, and at the same time contrived to recite at benefits, attend matinees at other theatres, and give those *chers amis journalistes* columns of "good copy" in the way of informal chats, for their Sunday papers.

Mme. Réjane and her daugh-

ter dwelt in the Hotel Astor, and made a little Paris of their apartments, where 10 A. M. was not considered too early for a morning call.

"Yes, no—all right—I love you—voilà tout!" said Madame, in passable English. It was all she knew, she told us; but her daughter spoke it like an Americaine, and would serve as guide.

"Yet we have been taking good lessons," Mademoiselle declared, in that pretty, chaperoning way she has with mamma—"went to see Julia Marlowe, and Edna May, and——"

"And that Concours Hippique, also," interjected the actress, with a smile of enthusiastic reminiscence.

"She means the Horse Show," explained Miss Demure.

"Ze Beauty-Clothes Show, Monsieur Hyde calls it, n'est-ce pas? How characteristic of this so extraordinaire New York! Never

have I seen such superb young women—and so independent. To one coming from Europe, it seems—how shall we say?—possibly a bit defiant. And yet, *ma foi!* what is the use of having liberty unless one may abuse it?"

Mlle. Germaine looked disapprovingly; but the vivacious Réjane was started in French now, and a pleasure it was to look and listen.

Her vivacity was as obviously real and temperamental as her clear complexion and snappy, dark eyes, her rebellious bronze hair—is it bronze, or chestnut? Without pretending to the least insight into the mysteries of Marcel waves, and that sort of thing, we cannot help feeling that somehow this mother of a seventeen-year-old girl has gotten the better of time—and we are glad of it.

"It is that I have the comedy spirit at heart," she suggests.

"And that, like sleep, 'knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,'" we observe, just to see Madame look puzzled and reproachful.

"Shakespeare, is it not?" comments the wise Mlle. Germaine. "'Romeo and Juliet' we have seen, you know, *chère Maman.*"

"Is Mademoiselle fond of the theatre?" we inquire, thinking of "Amoureuse," "La Passerelle," and "La Parisienne," as those plays are in French.



Sarony, N. Y.

MME. GABRIELLE RÉJANE

From her most recent photograph, taken in New York

"Naturally—when I am playing," says Réjane, unerringly divining our thought. "She is in front every evening. And, why not? Voyons, let us be frank. In France, certainly, a young lady of my daughter's age would not be permitted to see these plays indiscriminately at the theatre. Yet, what is to guarantee that she would not read them? for, as you know, they are always in circulation as published books, being works of art. To understand is to pardon. But how should any one—even the critics, like yourself, mon cher monsieur—understand such a pitiless, mordant satire as, for instance, Henri Becque's 'Parisienne,' unless it be interpreted as the author planned—on the stage? That is what lets in the light and sunshine, and they are always wholesome. Our Parisian playwrights are audacious—they choose those subjects and treat them in that light way, and we artistes have to play them in the same spirit, but it is not a spirit of wantonness. No! they are, or should be, so many lessons in modern life."

"Even 'Amoureuse?' where the lesson taught by the separation of the husband and wife in Act. II., is knocked into smithereens—what's the French for smithereens?—by their ignominious compromise in Act. III."

"Yes, I know. And I have always said that was—un peu trop fort. My idea is, that the final curtain should fall on Act II., where the unappreciated wife quits the husband who doesn't love her, for some one else who does—and it serves them both right, I mean the two men! That would be a logical ending, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, as to logic, Madame—your plays are all feministic, and don't need it."

"Thanks. Well, as I was saying, I don't see how these plays of our Vaudeville repertoire, when rendered with sufficient art to illumine and to entertain, could ever lead astray any one who was not far on the road already. Besides, as we all recognize, that splendid, self-reliant young womanhood of your United States is so well able to protect itself. That is how I wish my daughter to be."

We asked if Mademoiselle would follow in her mother's career and be a great actress.

"No—her own tastes and disposition have settled that. My daughter's artistic instincts take rather the literary direction. When we are at home in Paris, she attends the University lecture courses regularly. In London she goes much into society with Mme. Avril, of our company, whom you New Yorkers also

have been prompt to appreciate. There, now—there is a charming example in Mme. Avril, of a *mondaine* actress, whose elegance of manners and speech count in everything she does on the stage, but who in society carries not the faintest suggestion of the footlights."

Mme. Réjane was enthusiastic in discussing her proposal to found in conjunction with the Alliance Française, a sort of social-literary Paris Conservatoire in New York. She would be will-

ing to give a share of her personal time and attention to it, as would also her daughter and Mme. Avril, not to mention other distinguished French artistes of American affinities. Esperons!

Nine-tenths of Réjane's more subtle phases of expression — things not in the author's text, but flashed from the imagination of the actress, and flickering in ineffable shades across her sensitive face—are in the smiles, the poutings, the moves of her generous and mobile mouth. "Those two lips, in silence, are more eloquent than eyes," as Emma Calvé, her friend and fellow-artiste, once declared. Sem, the caricaturist, has drawn an instantly recogniz-

able travesty of Réjane, in which not a feature except the mouth appears. "Pretty," it may not be; roguish and fascinating it is ever, even in the luxurious languor of grief.

A jovial grimace was the only reply she would vouchsafe when questioned or quizzed about her "*mauvais quart d'heure*," when she was, theoretically, poisoned. It seems Madame's special and favorite pick-me-up is the pungent Astrakhan caviar. On the occasion of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to the Lyric Theatre, the fair comedienne was bent upon excelling herself; so, by way of fortifying for that impossible task, she discarded the caviar limit and bolted down about four times too much. As the curtain was about to rise, Réjane fell, in something like a faint. There was a panic, the doctor came, looked grave, until he saw the caviar-can, then laughed loudly and administered a glass of hot water. In fifteen or twenty minutes, Jacqueline of "La Passerelle" was herself again; and some said she actually did play with a trifle more of *diablerie* than usual that night.

Had Madame any preference amongst her many rôles?

No—she liked them all, in different ways, like so many people. The serious ones, like Sapho, Zaza, and the Pyrenean peasant woman in "La Robe Rouge," took a stronger hold upon her than the others, she thought, because of their intensity or range of emotion.

It is apparent, however, that Zaza holds a warm place in Mme. Réjane's affections, which she communicates to her audiences, sometimes even in spite of their disapproval. HENRY TYRRELL.



Sarony, N. Y.

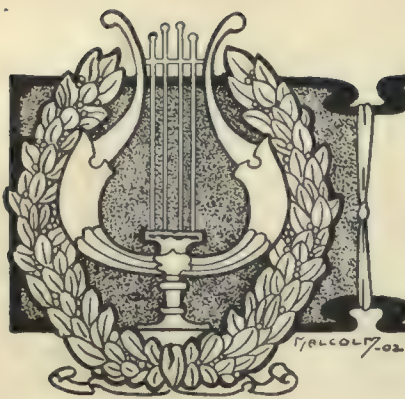
RÉJANE AS ZAZA



Reutlinger

MME. SUZANNE AVRIL

A popular member of Mme. Réjane's company



World of Music



THE season of grand opera began Nov. 21st at the Metropolitan Opera House with all its accustomed brilliance and éclat, the world's greatest singers and the kings of American finance combining to make the opening night one of unforgettable splendor. Mr. Conried has not yet succeeded in doing away with the star system. He finds it impossible, since society imposes upon him its own sweet will in the matter; but at least he has succeeded in giving the opera what it sadly needed under previous régimes—better ensemble and more liberal stage settings. It is, indeed, probable that Mr. Conried will eventually attain a degree of artistic excellence never before equalled in operatic annals. It will take time, but Mr. Conried has both the ideas and the necessary energy. He has already accomplished much which once seemed impossible. The operatic feast opened with "Aida," and swept triumphantly into what promises to be both a dignified and artistically successful season. The salient features so far have been the production of "Die Meistersinger," the revival of "Lucretia Borgia" and "La Gioconda," and we are further promised "Die Fledermaus." As far as costumes and scenery go, nothing but praise awaits the efforts of the conscientious, painstaking management. Among the principals, one holds the laurel wreath in one's hand in perplexity, not knowing whether to lay it at the feet of Sembrich and Caruso, queen and king of bel canto, or at the door of Olive Fremstad, who leaps from the subtlest of Kundry's to the most seductive Carmen or Venus; or upon the head of Herr Knotte triumphing in Wagnerian tenor rôles, or over the brow of our own Nordica, whose art glows more golden yearly; to the willowy Akté, the Finnish soprano, whose appearances this year have been more successful; the sweet-voiced Melba, the handsome tenor Saleza, the deep-toned Van Rooy, the doughty Journeet, or the noble Plançon. The "Parsifal" craze, which was based on nothing substantial, having somewhat subsided, the crowds on "Parsifal" days were less numerous this year, and next year Mr. Conried may see the necessity of reducing the present price—\$10 a seat—to the normal figure. Common sense would seem to dictate such a policy.



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FRANZ VON VECSEY

The phenomenal boy violinist who will be heard in New York next month. This boy's playing has astounded Europe. All the critics agree that he plays like a master and are unable to explain it. His concerts in London, Berlin and other cities have been attended by scenes of the greatest enthusiasm, women weeping and men almost frantic with excitement. He is only eleven years old, but his face, when serious, is said to resemble that of an old man. When his music is over, however, he will run and play like any ordinary boy of his age.

beyond all possible recital competitors, we had a concert given us by the great Sembrich, who presented one of her own flawlessly-arranged (except for the last group of songs) programmes, in her own flawless style. Her voice seems more of gold and pearls than ever, and she seems to have delved deeper into song psychology than any singer we have heard for many years, except, perhaps, Mme. Lilli Lehman, whose voice was gone.

In the concert field there were the customary appearances of the indefatigable Kneisel Quartette; the New York Symphony Orchestra, which ambitious title belongs to the band of men Walter Damrosch is striving to lead to success; Sousa's Band; the Mendelssohn Glee Club; Victor Herbert and his orchestra, whose Sunday night concerts at the Majestic Theatre are at present one of the pleasures of a large and musically appreciative public; the Russian Symphony Society; the Philharmonic Society, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Gustav Kogel, of Frankfurt, conducted the first of the Philharmonic concerts, at which Josef Hofmann was the soloist, playing Beethoven's G major concerto with such tonal beauty and refined sentiment that he fairly entranced his audience. Such piano playing is all but peerless. The second concert was in charge of Edouard Colonne, of Paris, and Anton Hekking, 'cellist, was the soloist.

The first two Boston Symphony Concerts occurred Nov. 3d and Nov. 5th. At the Saturday matinee, Mr. de Pachmann played Chopin's Concerto No. 2 in F minor. It was a chaste and continent if rather simian performance throughout. Just how Mr. Gericke, of classical and academic perspective, can bring himself to conduct for an exhibition of this kind is one of the rapt mysteries of nature, for one would hesitate to accuse him of being coquettish enough to foresee that de Pachmann's bizarre performance serve to high-light his

own gray and gentle excellences in a very striking manner.

On December 8th, Eugene Ysaye was the soloist. Many and weary have been the days since New York has heard such violin playing. We have much to forget and forgive about the fiddlers we have had recently with us. Ysaye's treatment of the Bach was so lofty, noble and glowing that he held his audience spellbound. We doubt if any one hearing that adagio will ever forget it. Bach ceased to be the musical pedant to be played by rule and mathematical precept, and he spoke the living, throbbing message animating the concerto, straight from a strong man's heart. Ysaye almost invariably gets his effects, crisply and cleanly, and there is a noticeable absence of "slithering" (no other word describes it) up and down the strings in a fatuous effort to portray passion, or secure a pure cantilena. The Bruch concerto went safe and sound, save

(Continued on page x.)



EUGENE YSAYE

The distinguished Belgian violinist is paying another visit to America and has again met with great success



VICTOR HERBERT

The well-known composer and conductor. Mr. Herbert's Sunday concerts in New York are very popular and he is the author of half a dozen successful comic operas on the stage this season



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THEATRE FASHIONS



BEGINNING with this issue, the THEATRE MAGAZINE starts a department devoted to the fashions of the stage. We think it will appeal to all our readers as an all-important phase of theatrical life and activity. After the production of every new play one hears enthusiastic accounts of the actresses' gowns, and much as most women would like to see these ravishing creations of the dressmaker's art, many are unable

to do so, especially those living in the country, who get little opportunity to go to the theatre. Ever since theatregoing became a great factor in our daily life, the latest fashions, both in men and women's attire, have been seen on the stage more quickly than anywhere else.

In France and other continental countries the new fashions are first introduced on the stage, and society women copy the gowns worn by the actresses. This is also true, in a lesser degree, of America. For each new production, our leading managers spare no expense to secure the latest models of the Paris dressmakers for their actresses' gowns. We believe, therefore, that an intelligent description of some of these sartorial masterpieces, accompanied by pictures showing the detail of each gown or wrap, will be much appreciated by our women readers, and we hope, too, to interest the men, as from time to time we shall show changes in fashion in the clothes worn by the actors. It is our intention, too, not to confine this department entirely to modern dress, but to depict historical costumes as well, thus giving the department archeological interest and value. This said, by the way of introduction, we pass on to review some of the most striking gowns seen on the stage this season.



(2) Long loose coat of chinchilla made for Julia Marlowe by George Boas, of Fifth Avenue

Putting aside the consideration of art with a very large "A," those of us who saw Madame Réjane in "Ma Cousine" were willing to forgive the execrable stage setting, yea, even unto the awful lace curtain draperies of the last act, for the sake of Madame's exquisite frocks and those worn by Mme. Avril of her company.

An out-of-door costume worn by the latter was of Mignonette green velvet, made with a short jacket and plain skirt cut rather longer than one sees here. A fringe of silvery chenille was the only trimming used on the skirt, while the jacket had a bolero effect of wide pleats, a bloused waistcoat of twine-colored lace and the sleeves, plain and flared below the elbow, were finished with a lace "flot."

In the same play, and during the act wherein the afore-mentioned lace curtains played havoc with one's imagination, Mme. Réjane made her entrance wearing a wrap of iridescent chiffon, which changed chameleon-wise from blue to green with her every movement. The effect was had by using layers of the filmy material in the two shades and was enhanced by the lustre of the orange satin lining. Such a combination of colors sounds daring in the extreme when put into cold, black type, but the mantle was very beautiful, nevertheless, made in the accepted fluffiness which such material requires.

Madame Réjane is especially happy in her selection of negligées, always a more difficult task to the woman with an inclination to embonpoint, since it is not permitted her to carry furbelows beyond the outline of her figure to any extent.

Two very fetching garments of this sort were shown, one in "La Paserelle" during the last act, the other at the rise of the curtain in "Ma Cousine."

Both were of soft cream lace over flesh-colored satin. The former made "princesse" with almost no fulness right down to the hem. Tight-fitting sleeves of the lace, ending several inches above the elbow and a square décolletage, just below which and to one side a choux of palest rose satin formed the only embellishment.

The other boudoir gown was made like a peignoir with flowing sleeves, slashed to show the arm and a flare at the hem of the garment. This also was lined with the pale flesh-colored satin much affected by the French actress.

Among the well-dressed plays of the season, "The Duke of Killicrankie" must be mentioned, the gowns of Miss Dale and Miss Brough being especially well thought out.

Miss Brough was seen in the first act wearing an evening gown of heavy white satin and point d'esprit, the bodice heavily embroidered with gold and silver paillette in chrysanthemum design. The blouse was noticeably full and the tight-fitting short sleeves were profusely embroidered, ending at the elbow in a fall of graduated ruffles in point d'esprit. The trained skirt, while simple in effect, was elaborately designed. It was of white satin, each gore being slashed out in a scroll pattern and outlined with gold and silver paillettes against a foundation of point d'esprit.

The net in turn was heavily pailletted. A heavy design of chrysanthemums began close to the hem of the skirt, extending irregularly upward and tracing across the net. A collar of pearls with a pendant of brilliants was worn, also a tiara-shaped comb of the latter jewels.

A good model for a stout figure was worn in the same act by Miss Lester, of light blue, figured satin, the décolletage was square with a V-shaped vest of chiffon in the same shade.

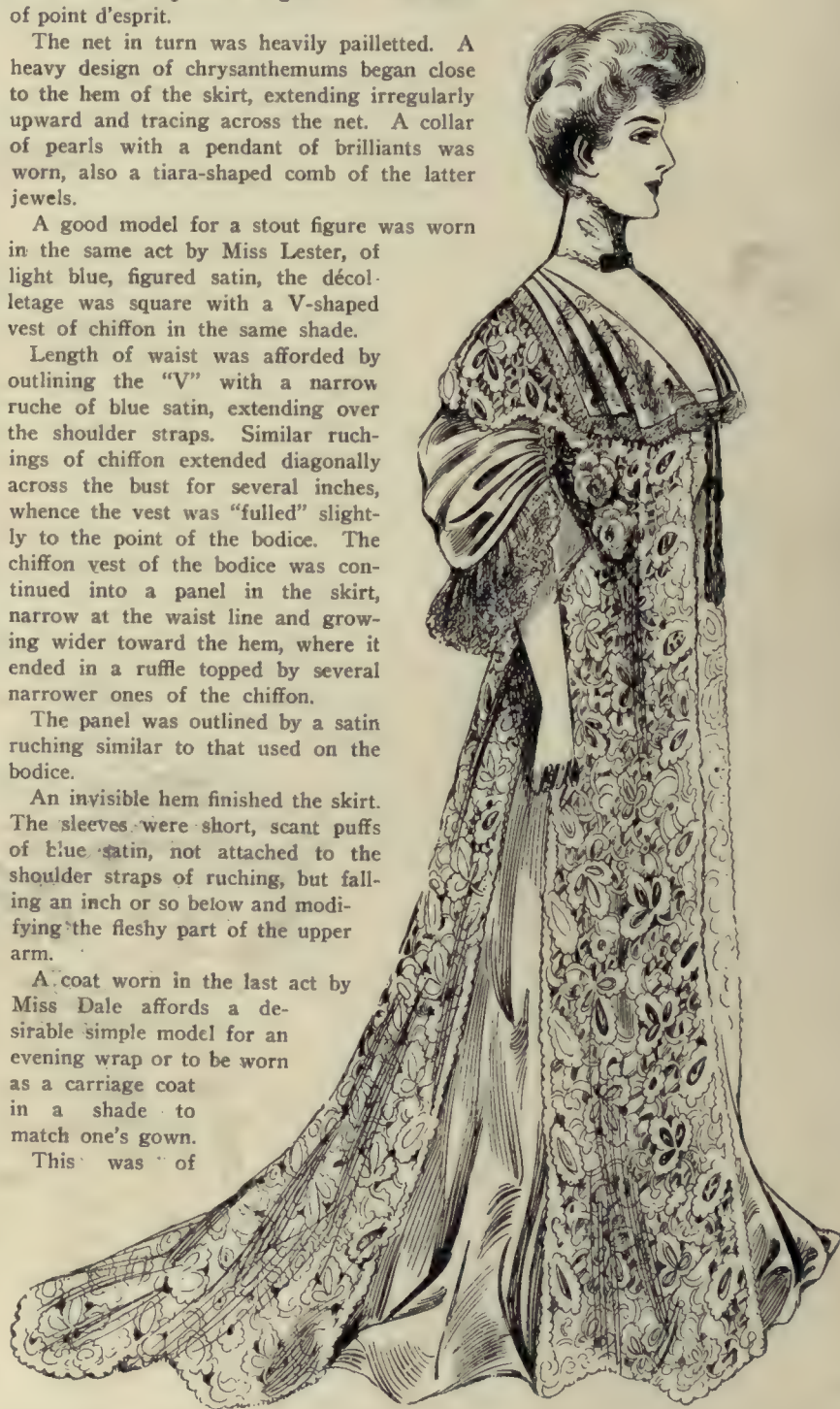
Length of waist was afforded by outlining the "V" with a narrow ruche of blue satin, extending over the shoulder straps. Similar ruchings of chiffon extended diagonally across the bust for several inches, whence the vest was "fulled" slightly to the point of the bodice. The chiffon vest of the bodice was continued into a panel in the skirt, narrow at the waist line and growing wider toward the hem, where it ended in a ruffle topped by several narrower ones of the chiffon.

The panel was outlined by a satin ruching similar to that used on the bodice.

An invisible hem finished the skirt. The sleeves were short, scant puffs of blue satin, not attached to the shoulder straps of ruching, but falling an inch or so below and modifying the fleshy part of the upper arm.

A coat worn in the last act by Miss Dale affords a desirable simple model for an evening wrap or to be worn as a carriage coat in a shade to match one's gown.

This was of



(1) Gown designed for Mlle. Brandès of the Comédie Française. Worn by her in her latest play, "L'Escalade"

pastel blue panne cloth, box-shape, in three-quarter length. The rolled collar formed revers of the same material finely tucked. The sleeves were very full, having a wide square cuff of the tucked cloth ornamented with an appliqued Maltese cross of the same material, and finished with a fall of lace.

Large pockets closed with pearl buttons added a smart finish, and the hem of the garment was formed by cutting the cloth out in the form of six Maltese crosses, these being appliqued upon a wide false hem of the tucked material. Pearl buttons were used on the front, which was double-breasted.

The opening of the opera season might be likened to the bursting of a great cocoon, from which myriad exquisite wraps and gowns flutter forth in wondrous color combinations and textures.

Nothing more beautiful than the Syrian scarfs has been shown in the year's novelties. These may be bought from twelve dollars up, although the smarter shops ask higher prices. Most of the scarfs are two and a half yards long and from twenty to twenty-four inches wide. In many colors of net, combined with gold and silver embroidery, they are designed into wraps of uncommon effectiveness over silk of contrasting or corresponding shades.

They may be made into kimonas also, with a lining of dainty silk. One which was attractive was of fawn-colored cord, embroidered in gold and lined with soft silk of palest blue. Another of black cord, with gold, had a scarlet silken lining.

It is said that next season's evening wraps will combine fur and chiffon in quite new effects, and that many of the filmiest wraps will be cozily lined with fur throughout.

Speaking of fur is a reminder of some gorgeous cloaks and short wraps which the season has shown. Among these, the one in the illustration (2) is a notable example. Made for Miss Julia Marlowe by Geo. Booss, of Fifth Avenue, it is a long, loose coat of chinchilla, with skins worked on diagonal lines. The inner sleeve and facing are of ermine and the lining of heavy white satin.

An exceedingly smart short wrap, made by the same firm for Miss Anna Fitzhugh, is of moire astrakhan, with edging and full cuffs of ermine. It is cut like a kimono jacket, collarless, with an edging of ermine and heavy embroidery. The lining is of exquisite Chinese embroidered brocade.

Miss Marguerite Clark wears a shawl of mink and ermine, from the same establishment. It is lined with gathered chiffon and has a stole and epaulettes of heavy embroidery. The deep cuffs are of ermine and a tied scarf of the same fur is worn.

A handsome evening wrap worn on the Paris stage is also shown in illustration (3). It is of black velvet, made very long, with facing and deep revers of ermine. The sleeves are wide with a flare, and gathered above the deep ermine cuff into a velvet choux.

The sleeves, shoulder and bodice of the garment are trimmed with silk passementerie. Chenille bows with long ends, tipped with ermine tails, embellish the revers, and the lining is chiffon over white satin with facing and sleeve garniture of Alençon lace.

Another wrap, shown in Illustration No. 4, which was made for a French actress, is a short jacket slightly bloused, made of sable with ermine vest and cravat. The sleeve, which is tight at the wrist, is edged with ermine, and has the now familiar fall of lace over the wrist.

Rather effective is the collar of venise lace worn unattached to the charming house gown in the illustration. It will be noticed that the décolletage is almost "V"-shaped, and the tiny bow of black velvet at the throat is the only touch of color, the rest of the frock and its garniture being in one tone—champagne. Panné velvet of that delicate shade is the foundation of the gown. The long panels are of Venise lace, the bertha forms wide revers, which fall away from the décolletage in folds that form pleats at the shoulder.

The lace panel continues across the top of the sleeve in an epaulette. The sleeve of champagne panné velvet is made very full and gathered to elbow length, where it is finished with a deep fall of Chantilly lace. A mantle of lace hangs from the shoulders at the back, extending over the train. The front and side panel of lace open over the princesse foundation of the velvet.

This gown was also designed for a French actress, Mlle. Brandès, and worn by her in her latest play, "L'Escalade." See Illustration No. 1.

An exquisite evening gown of pale pink satin and Valenciennes lace is being worn this season by Maxine Elliott. The bodice is slightly bloused and made with alternating panels of satin and lace. The garniture is an unconventional pattern in applique of rosebuds in pale pink chiffon and tender green leaves. A pointed girdle of satin finishes the bodice, the décolletage being cut square.

From the shoulder straps of satin, trimmed with the chiffon rosebuds, a lace sleeve falls to below the elbow, and is caught with a spray of rosebuds several inches below the shoulder strap, where it forms a short lace puff.

The skirt is panelled alternately of lace and satin, and a cross pattern of lace motifs is carried out from below the knees. The rosebuds are used again to fasten each joining of the inserts. Miss Elliott wears no ornament with this gown save a string of pearls at the throat.

A handsome Directoire coat of sable and black velvet is being worn this season by Miss Anna Held. The short bodice is of sable. The sleeves are full to below the elbows. A puff of black velvet ending in a ruffle and faced with a frill of lace carries the sleeve several inches below the elbow, and from thence a tight-fitting inner sleeve of gathered velvet, forming a ruffle at the wrist and ending in another frill of lace. The upper part of the jacket is cut like a bolero of sable, opening



(3) Handsome evening wrap worn on the Paris stage by Mme. LeBargy

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over a velvet vest with scalloped edge. Each scallop adorned with a large Directoire button. This in turn opens over a waistcoat of cream colored lace. The long skirt of the garment is gathered into the waist line. The lining is of heavy white satin.

The favorite fur garment of Miss Fritz Scheff this winter is a tight-fitting coat of moire astrakhan, cut three-quarter length. There is no trimming of any sort on the garment save the military frogs which fasten it. The collar is a simple rolled rever of the fur. The sleeves are full at the wrist and gathered into a deep cuff.

Theatre coiffures this season are noticeably elaborate. Many combs are used and hair ornaments which glitter with jewels. The fad for gems in trimming and to wear in the hair has given an impetus to business in shops where imitation gems are sold.

A short time ago it was thought exceedingly had taste to wear anything containing gems not of the first quality, but we are almost garish at present in the display of such adornment. Jewelled fans, opera glass bags and reticules all add to the glitter of theatre-going throngs.

To return to Mme. Réjane, for this actress' gowns were the talk of New York while she was here, most of her gowns are from Worth and Doucet, and it is said that she has brought no less than two hundred beautiful frocks with her for the American tour. The distinctiveness of French gowns lies chiefly in their trimming. Parisian modistes seem never to tire of adding embellishments, and always with so deft a hand that one is not conscious of this feature unless one examines the work minutely.

A beautiful gown worn by Réjane in "Zaza," is one of the most elaborate in her collection. It is built of cloth of silver with roses formed of pink satin ribbon, alternating with blue en applique. These blossoms are caught about the skirt with garlands and leaves in pale green tinted velvet, the ends of the garlands being finished with lover's knots of turquoise velvet edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.

About the bottom of the skirt are bands of zibeline with ribbon roses caught at intervals against the dark fur, the contrast being most effective. The corsage has clusters of roses caught with lover's knots of blue velvet, while the sleeves coming to the elbow are finished with frills of real Valenciennes lace.

A handsome coat worn in "La Passerelle," is of pale mauve cloth, handsomely trimmed with castro. This coat is sleeveless, having a cape à la militaire with a jabot of Irish point lace laid in pleats for a depth of some six inches, then flaring flounce-like to the waist. The skirt of the coat is finished with a heavy band of the castro about twelve inches in depth.



4. Jacket slightly bloused, made of sable, with ermine vest and cravat, made for Mlle. Yabne

ANNA MARBLE

Among the Amateurs

The first public performance of the season by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts was given at an Empire Theatre matinee on December 1. The bill was an ambitious one, including as its *pièce de résistance* no less important a novelty than Sudermann's four-act drama, "Johannisfeuer" (St. John's Fire). There was also presented a one-act piece by John Ernest McCann, entitled "Smoke."



MISS KARFUNKLE

As Francisquine in "The Strolling Players" (American Academy of Dramatic Arts)

The students gave a remarkably good performance of the longer piece, and their task was all the more difficult seeing that simultaneously Miss Nance O'Neill was presenting the same play at Daly's. The rôle of Marikke was acted by Miss Mary Lawton with an authority and power quite surprising in a novice. Miss Lawton, who made her début on any stage on this occasion, is a tall, handsome woman with much personal magnetism. Her handling of the character of Vogelreuter's foster daughter showed not only intelligence, but also considerable grasp of the technic of her art. She towered above her fellow students at all times both figuratively and literally, and several times during the performance touched real dramatic heights, making an appreciable impression on her audience. There can be no doubt as to the future career of this young woman on the stage. Willis D. Howe was acceptable as the father, and Miss Louise Coleman did a clever bit of character work as a Lithuanian vagrant.

The week previous there had been a trial performance by Mr. Sargent's pupils of four one-act plays at Carnegie Lyceum. One of these plays is a dramatic version of "I Pagliacci" ("The Strolling Players"). Edward Hemmer appeared as the mountebank who, in a fit of jealousy, kills his wife, and Miss Karfunkle was the flirtatious Francisquine. The piece may be seen later in public.

The Dilettante Players, a popular amateur dramatic organization of Brooklyn, announces a performance January 18 of Belasco and Fyles' stirring military drama, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The performance will be given at the Germania Theatre, Schermerhorn Street, at 8:15 o'clock P. M., and the representation will be followed by dancing. This will be the first time that this piece has been performed by amateurs. No expense will be spared to make its presentation complete in every particular. The principal rôles are in the hands, largely, of the leading players of the old original Sothorn Society, while leading players of the Amaranth, Marlowe, Jesters, Carroll, and La Tosca have been selected for the other parts. Special scenery has been secured through the courtesy of a local manager, and the costumes will conform strictly with those called for by the authors. At the close of the play a reception will be held, and Lloyd's Orchestra will, as usual, furnish music for those who care to dance. The full cast follows:

General Kennion, Anthony E. Wills; Major Burleigh, Charles Doscher; Lieut. Edgar Hawkesworth, John J. Ryan; Lieut. Morton Parlow, Louis Charles Wills; Dr. Arthur Penwick, Frank W. Norris; Dick Burleigh, Einar Petersen; Sergeant Dicks, Edmund Williams; Corporal Brandon, Albert E. Shaw; Orderly McGlynn, William

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ring. Hattie Delaro is in vaudeville. Harry Bergman is not acting at present.

F. J. W., Buffalo—Q.—Are the Sothern-Marlowe productions booked to appear in Buffalo?

A.—They are.

Q. (2)—What has Eben Plympton appeared in since Viola Allen's "Hunchback?"

A.—He has not appeared in any other production in this city since then. He is now in this city, and his address is Players' Club.

ODETTE—Q. (1)—Where can I address Miss Julia Marlowe?

A.—Care Chas. Frohman.

Q. (2)—Where is the "Amaranth Dramatic Society" of Brooklyn playing now?

A.—Nowhere at present.

Q. (3)—Where can I address its president?

A.—A letter will reach him by addressing it to Brooklyn.

Q. (4)—Is there a good school of acting in Brooklyn?

A.—None that we know, but there are many in this city.

Q. (5)—Can you name some of the good amateur dramatic societies in Brooklyn?

A.—The Amaranth is considered the best; the Dilettante Players is another.

V. R. LOEB, Ft. Smith, Ark.—Q.—In what company is Edwin Caldwell playing this season?

A.—He is at present in this city. He has not been engaged this season. A letter addressed to Room 7, 1358 Broadway, N. Y. City, will reach him.

X. Y. C.—Q.—Are E. H. Sothern's eyes blue or brown?

A.—They are hazel.

A Lady Scene Painter

Women have made their way into most professions, but so far as the writer has been able to discover there is only one lady scene-painter on this planet. This is Miss Grace N. Wishaar, and she is at present working in the American Theatre, New York. When seen by a *Tit-Bits* contributor she was busily employed on a platform (known as the "bridge" in the profession) 50 feet above the stage, painting an elaborate dado on a drop-scene. On being lowered she shook hands unaffectedly, declared that the "Green 'Un" was an old favorite of hers, and motioned me to a chair which stood among a perfect forest of paint-pots. The writer asked Miss Wishaar how long she had been painting scenery.

"I came here five years ago," she said, "and began my work as a scene-painter about six months later. I used to live in Seattle, where I studied art and had a few pupils, but as I found I did not make money quite so quickly as I desired, I determined to become a scene-painter. I visited every theatrical manager in New York asking for employment, but they either held up their hands in horror at the idea of a girl engaging in such work, or else dismissed me with a laugh. Then by good fortune I called on Mr. D. Frank Dodge, the well-known scene-painter, and he listened patiently to all I had to say. I told him what I could do, of my ambitions, and how one day I felt sure I should be able to paint scenery as well as any man. All I wanted was that he should give me a trial, and after thinking for a few minutes he said he would. He did not send me with letters of introduction to other scene-painters, but there and then employed me in his own studio, and I have been with him ever since.

"The work is intensely interesting," continued Miss Wishaar, "and, I consider, as instructive as what are sometimes erroneously called the 'higher forms of art.' When we receive an order for an important production, a consultation is held with the author of the play, and if the scenes are laid in another State, either I or Mr. Dodge take a journey to the particular locality and make sketches. If the scene is laid abroad, we have to read up a bit, and when the play is English, we get many a useful hint from that beautiful production, 'Country Life.'"

Miss Grace Wishaar is a very pretty girl of twenty-five, fair, and with an abundance of beautiful brown hair. She has been engaged in painting scenery for some of the biggest productions of the past four years, and her work has given the utmost satisfaction to managers, playwrights, critics, and the public. Miss Wishaar does not confine her work to New York, but goes, at Mr. Dodge's request, to all parts of the country.

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The Progressive Stage Society

The Progressive Stage Society, as already stated in these columns, was organized by a group of theatre enthusiasts who wish to present plays unhampered by box-office considerations. The expenses of each production are defrayed out of the dues, each subscription of fifty cents entitling the subscriber to one seat. They have already given two performances with volunteer talent—one at Carnegie Lyceum, when two plays, "The Scab," by Elsa Barker, and "Miner and Soldier," translated from the French of Mme. Tola Dorian, were seen. There was much merit in both of these performances, which were given under all kinds of difficulties. It was unwise to present in succession two pieces dealing with the labor question, as this might give rise to the belief that the Society is committed to socialistic propaganda.



JULIUS HOPP,
President of the Progressive Stage Society

but it was originally intended to have a comedy sandwiched in between the two serious plays, and this part of the programme miscarried. Miss Barker's piece, "The Scab," was well constructed and impressive in its realistic picture of the struggle between capital and labor, but some of the speeches were too long and the sympathies of the author too evident. It was well acted by Roy Dana Tracy, Anne Troop, Carline Carman, John de Persia and Charles James. In "The Miner and the Soldier," a piece written in the Hauptmann manner, there is a strong scene, showing a struggle between filial love and military duty. The soldier is stationed at the mouth of a mine which the striking miners have decided to destroy, and the man sent to blow it up is the sentry's own father. This was very impressive, and was well acted by J. H. Green and Willard Duncan Howe. Otherwise, the piece was gloomy.

The next production by the Society was Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," which had not yet been seen in this country. This performance is of too recent date to admit of review here.

Appropriate Music

Smithson, the stage manager of the traveling opera company, was evidently in a towering rage. "I declare," he stormed, "I never saw such wretchedly bad taste—such a scandalous violation of the dramatic unities, such an outrage on all sense of propriety!"

"What's the matter, old man?" asked his friend. "Some of 'em been gagging again?"

"No, sir!" fumed Smithson. "Worse—a hundred times worse! The opera we put on was 'William Tell,' and the curtain rose on the first scene, displaying the hat of the tyrant Gessler on a pole, to which the hero refuses to bow. I had told the leader of the local orchestra to play something appropriate. But what did that soulless scoundrel do but strike up, 'Where Did You Get That Hat?'"

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Some Letters Received

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Very sincerely yours,
A. H. HUMMEL.

Hotel Marie Antoinette,
NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1904.

The Christmas number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE appealed to me as being quite equal, if not superior, to the similar French publication in its *ensemble* of subjects, printed matter and illustrations, and it is a delight to feel we have an artistic publication embodying the highest dramatic and musical interests that attract the intellectual American without the usual attempt at this by *risqué* pictures of actresses in tights, etc. You deserve many compliments for having attained this superiority in the publication, so please accept the sincerest from

Yours very truly,
SARAH WOOD CLARK.
(Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark.)

159 West 95th St.
NEW YORK, Dec. 6, 1904.

It was only yesterday that I had a chance to go through the Christmas THEATRE, and I really must congratulate you on the best thing of the kind I have seen. I enjoyed every line of it, and the illustrating is finely done.

Yours faithfully,
J. I. C. CLARKE.

Fraternal News Publishing Co.,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1904.

I desire to extend to you my hearty congratulations on the success which you have scored with the Christmas number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and to express my appreciation not only of the exquisite appearance of the magazine, but also of the taste displayed in the selection of articles, the abundance of high-grade illustrations and, in a word, the general literary merit of the magazine. With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Respectfully yours,
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Managing Editor.



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TO CONTRIBUTORS

ARTICLES—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers.

R. L. D.—Q.—Kindly publish a picture of Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian."

A.—We published one in our June, 1904, number.

PHOEBUS.—Q. (1)—Have you had an interview with E. H. Sothern?

A.—Yes, in our March, 1903, issue.

Q. (2)—Will the Sothern-Marlowe Company act in New York this season?

A.—They have just ended an engagement in New York.

B. C., Toronto.—Q.—Please give me Miss Julia Marlowe's address.

A.—Care Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, this city.

S. R. C., New Haven, Conn.—Q.—Kindly tell me the whereabouts of Guy Bates Post?

A.—With the "Virginian" company. See the *Clipper* or *Mirror* for its route.

C. H. S., Sammonsville, N. Y.—Q. (1)—Can any one get an engagement on the stage without first going to a dramatic school?

A.—It is not necessary to have a dramatic school "education" to get on the stage. If you possess the least dramatic talent, get an engagement in a stock company in a subordinate position and work yourself up.

Q. (2)—Please give me James K. Hackett's address?

A.—Care Walter Lawrence, Madison Square Theatre, this city.

Q. (3)—Can you give me an address of any dramatic agent in New York?

A.—Col. T. Allston Brown, 1358 Broadway, City; E. L. Fernandez, Amsterdam Theatre; Gregory and Bellew, Holland Building, 1440 Broadway.

A. A. B., N. B., Canada.—Q. (1)—Kindly let me know where Mr. Carl Ekstrum is?

A.—You evidently mean Carl Ekstrom. We cannot locate him, although his last address was 114 West 45th St.

Q. (2)—Where can I obtain a photograph of him?

A.—We do not know.

L. B. O., Montgomery, Ala.—Q. (1)—Has Louis James retired?

A.—No. He is at present in "The Two Orphans."

Q. (2)—Is Mrs. Leslie Carter going to retire from the stage next season?

A.—We have no reason to imagine so.

Q. (3)—What is Mme. Marchesi's address?

A.—59 rue Joffroy, Paris, France.

Q. (4)—Is it possible to get Sarah Bernhardt's autograph?

A.—You might have trouble in getting it from Mme. Bernhardt, but no doubt some of the many collectors in this city have it for sale.

C. H., Columbia, Pa.—Q.—Where will a letter reach Goldwin Patton, starring in "The Only Way?"

A.—We believe the company has closed, so we cannot give the address desired.

G. E. P., Providence, R. I.—Q. (1)—Is Alan Dale, the dramatic editor of the *New York Journal* dead?

A.—Alan Dale appears to be alive, for he writes us: "As far as I am aware, I am still in this material world. Telepathy from various theatrical centres sometimes prompts me to believe that I am what so many wish. I'm sorry, but I seem healthy. I can't help it. I take every risk. I have been threatened with all sorts of picturesque deaths by those who deem me at least unnecessary. I know of one actor who was punched, and hurt, in the belief that he was Alan Dale. He wasn't. I was spared. Isn't it a pity? Yes, I am surely alive, or I was when I last took stock in myself. That was some time ago."

Q. (2)—Is there any way in which one can tell where an actor or actress will be each week?

A.—The only way is to consult the dramatic newspapers that publish routes of the different companies.

Q. (3)—What is the name of the song that Trepass sings in "The Virginian?"

A.—Write Kirke LaShelle, Knickerbocker Theatre, N. Y. City.

Q. (4)—What is Mrs. Woodward's name who is with Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe?

A.—We do not know her maiden name.

A. M. R.—Q.—Will Lillian Russell come to St. Louis this year?

A.—Yes, to the Garrick Theatre.

(Continued on page xiv.)

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A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By WILLIAM J. ROLFE. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.

In a selected limited library of Shakespeariana, this volume would secure an assured place. Mr. Rolfe is in no degree imaginative, and his speculations are confined to a discussion of facts. What is actually known of Shakespeare's life from documents and from reference to him is little, but a careful shifting and verification of numerous points that have been brought forward in recent years afford a certain newness of information. The statement made by George Stevens, who wrote somewhat more than a hundred years ago, has been commonly accepted as true, namely, that: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is, that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, married and had children there; went to London, where he commenced acting and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried."

This, of course, refers to facts of a personal nature, along with the incidental dates, and does not include the mass of notes upon his plays. Mr. Rolfe marshals all the known facts, which are considerably more than may be included in the five paragraphs cited. Much of it remains of peculiar interest only to the Shakespearian scholar, such as whether Shakespeare was born on April 22 or April 23, 1564; to whom the sonnets were addressed, the proper spelling of his name; whether he meant to slight his wife, in his will, by giving her the second best bed; the circumstances of his marriage; his first occupation at the Theatre in London; the probable truth as to his having held horses before the Theatre, and the like. Nearly all these discussions are familiar to those who have any knowledge of the literature of the subject, but Mr. Rolfe sustains the interest in them, and his own conclusions have an air of reality. Without attempting to go over the ground covered by the book, which is restricted, as far as possible, to the personal bearings of all the known facts, it may be said that the strong impression is left that Shakespeare was accepted in his greatness during his lifetime, that his prosperity was material, and that social distinction and advancement clearly belonged to his family by reason of his distinction. He disposes satisfactorily of the legend that Shakespeare came to an untimely death by reason of a drunken bout when visited by his friends, Drayton and Ben Jonson. It is more likely that the disease of which he died was induced by the wretched sanitary conditions of the immediate neighborhood of his home.

As an example of the minuteness of the research concerning Shakespeare, an example is to be found in the record of the quartos of "Titus Andronicus." Rolfe makes mention of the evidence, in Longbaine's dramatic poetry, that the play was first printed in quarto in London in 1594. It has been believed that no copy survived that edition, and this register of the quarto is so given by Rolfe. It happens that after the publication of this very life of Shakespeare, and in the month of January of this year, it is claimed that in a house of a countryman of Sweden has been discovered an almost perfect copy of this 1594 quarto of "Titus Andronicus." This newly discovered precious quarto will probably be taken to England and sold at auction at Sotheby's, where it is estimated that it will probably fetch £1,000, some suggesting that it will bring a much higher price, £2,000 or £3,000.

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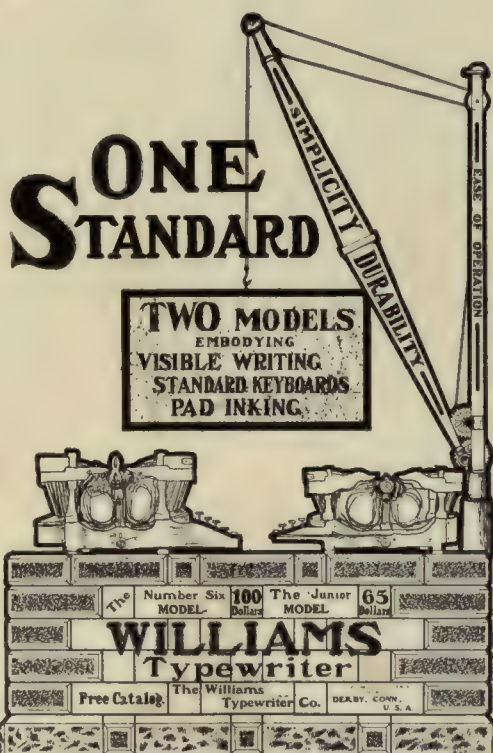
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THE THEATRE

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MRS. FISKE AS LEAH KLESCHNA

THE CURRENT PLAYS

BELASCO'S THEATRE. "Adrea." Tragic play in five acts by David Belasco and John Luther Long. Produced January 11. The cast was as follows:

Kaeso, Chas. A. Stevenson; Arkissus, Tyrone Power; Marcus Lecca, R. D. McLean; Holy Nagar, H. R. Roberts; Mimus, J. Harry Benrimo; Bevilaccas, Claude Gillinwater; Caius Valgus, Marshall Welch; Sylvestros, Gilmore Scott; Dyaixes, Louis Keller; Bram-Bora, Edward Brigham; Maslak, H. R. Pomeroy; Master of the Tower, H. G. Carlton; The Shade of Menethus, Charles Hungerford; Thryssos, Francis Powers; Crassus, Edwin Hardin; Iulia Doma, Edith Crane; Garda, Maria Davis; Myris, Corah Adams-Myll; Lefta, Lura Osborn; Lelit, Grace Noble; Adrea, Mrs. Leslie Carter.

A revolting crime of lust, committed against a blind, unsuspecting Princess, her awful retribution on recovering both her eyesight and her throne, her grief, abdication and voluntary return to her former wretchedness in expiation of the wrong no vengeance could right—this is the strong dramatic proposition presented in David Belasco's latest offering.

As a theatrical spectacle, "Adrea" will rank among the most splendid our stage has seen, as a production it is a work of art so complete in every detail from the Latin inscription on the curtain to the corium of the meanest Roman soldier, that even Belasco—the master craftsman—has surpassed himself; but as a play intended to touch the human heart, it falls short of its purpose.

The period is the fifth century of the Christian era—the most picturesque in world-history when the powerful Roman Empire was slowly crumbling before the inroads of the barbarian. The action takes place at the court of an imaginary kingdom. Menethus, the late king, has left two daughters, one Iulia, a treacherous wanton, the other, Adrea, a simple, virtuous girl, who has become blind. Previous to her affliction, which deprives her of the succession to the throne, Adrea has loved the barbarian chieftain, Kaeso. Her ambitious sister prompts Kaeso to desert Adrea and to deceive the blind girl into thinking she is to be married to him, whereas she is really to be given to the court jester, a hideous thing in red and white. This substitution is the danger spot in the play, and in the hands of an actress less capable might have raised a laugh. Kaeso is seen embracing the blind Adrea; they are to be married at once. Then, quickly, Kaeso's hemlet is placed on the head of the fool who leads Adrea to the nup-

tial chamber, while Kaeso and Iulia depart with boisterous laughter. A curtain falls on this equivocal situation. Presently, it is again raised, and the program tells us that, during the interval, a night has come and gone. In the gray dawn the fool emerges from the royal residence, grinning in insolent triumph, and also from the Palace presently issues the unhappy Adrea, whose instinct tells her she has been betrayed. In her agony, she prays to the gods, an electric storm comes on and a deafening thunderbolt dashes the jester senseless and restores her sight. Overcoming the first impulse to self-destruction—an impressive yet somewhat gruesome scene—Adrea claims the throne, and in Act II comes the brilliant coronation. Here was Belasco's opportunity. The pomp and circumstance of a semi-barbaric court, the symbols and curious weapons of forgotten dynasties, the tramp of armed men in strange-fashioned garb and headpiece, the smiles of courtesans and the cringing of slaves—all this mingled in a splendid, glittering pageant of pleasing sound and color. Here come the ambassadors of the then world-powers to pay homage to the new queen—the cultured Greek with wreath of gold encircling his classic brow, the haughty Persian with imposing beard and head-dress, a prince from India ablaze with precious stones, the black Ethiopian, insolent and opulent. The gray-bearded senators, headed by the statuesque Marcus, stand waiting near the throne. Present, also, are the false Kaeso and the handsome Arkissus, his brother-in-arms, both attired in the symbolic savage dress of their native hills. Presently arrives Queen Adrea, in a chariot drawn by Ethiopians and magnificently arrayed in a robe of cloth of gold. On her head the Senate places the crown and the ceremony is ended. Then follows the strong scene where the now powerful queen meets her betrayer face to face and pronounces his doom. She savagely orders him to be scourged and then thrown to the wild horses. Just as the terrible sentence is

about to be carried out, the old love awakens pity, and to spare Kaeso his horrible fate, she snatches a sword from a soldier and stabs him to the heart. Vengeance now satisfied, the old grief retakes possession of her bosom, and abdicating in favor of Kaeso's son, Adrea returns to sightless solitude and oblivion.

Here, it would seem, was abundant material for a fine drama, and differently handled the success of David Belasco



Mr. Crampton (Geo. Farren): "I'm quite helpless in this position." Mr. Valentine (Arnold Daly): "You'll be more helpless presently."

Scene in George Bernard Shaw's satirical comedy, "You Never Can Tell"

and John Luther Long's play might have been complete. It is constructed in the Sardou manner, but without that sureness of touch and convincing logic which have made the French dramatist supreme in his craft. It is well written and wonderfully staged, but its story is unwholesome and without real human interest, and its gloominess is unrelieved by the sunshine of either humor or poetry. "Its essence is rape, revenge, murder. The character of Adrea is in itself poetic, logical, sympathetic, human. There is reason for everything she does except one vital thing, on which rests the entire play—her inexplicable love for the unsympathetic Kaeso, as impersonated by the actor entrusted with the rôle (Mr. Stevenson). This is the weak part in the dramatic structure. Before her misfortune, she is seen as a modest, shrinking girl—the very antithesis of the uncouth and burly barbarian. One cannot conceive of such a woman loving such a man, and once the probabilities vanish it is all up with the play as an acceptable dramatic proposition. For this reason, the scene where Adrea is debating within herself as to whether she will or will not give her old lover to the horses, fails to hold the spectator as it logically should, for the audience does not really care a jot if the horses or the hangman get him. The quicker such an unpleasant person is out of the way the better. But if Kaeso had been a picturesque, younger man, whose comeliness and ardent wooing justified Adrea's passion for him—such a man, in short, as Tyrone Power might have portrayed—and whose one crime against Adrea had been prompted by the wicked Iulia, the effect would have been far different. The spectators would have felt concern in the young chieftain's fate, and awaited breathlessly Adrea's decision. This trick is known in the playwriting business as "dramatic suspense."

Mrs. Leslie Carter surprised every one by her performance of the name part. This actress—who began her theatrical career as a manufactured star—reveals in the arduous rôle many of the qualities that go to make a tragedienne of the first rank. There is no inspiration in her acting—the essentially earthy nature of the play hardly lends itself to that—but she has many fine moments, moments when she strikes the true note of deep poetic feeling, and that sublime exaltation which comes very near to great tragic acting. If there is fault to find with her performance, it is that she does not use sufficient self-restraint, and that she is at times too noisily emotional where a quieter method would enable her to make her points more effective. In other words, Mrs. Carter still lacks the quiet dignity, the repressed force, the subtle power of the artiste whose work springs directly from high mentality. The play makes no call on the finer qualities. It is all fuss and fury, violence and bloodshed, and in the portrayal of the mere hysterical woman, in the display of the more violent emotions, Mrs. Carter has always excelled. With many theatre-goers this is the most convincing kind of acting. Her diction is excellent, showing a vast improvement over her old reading, and in the first act, before the rape transforms her into a fury, she is sweet, lovely, gracious, her gentle tones and manner reminding one forcibly of Bernhardt. Her horror at the deception practised on her, her pantomime of delighted surprise when her sight is restored and she first sees her five fingers, was admirably indicated. In short, an excellent performance worth seeing.

Charles A. Stevenson was very bad as Kaeso, and Tyrone Power had very little to do as Arkissus. R. D. McLean made a superb-looking Marcus, and the others in the cast were generally competent.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "The Winter's Tale." Comedy by William Shakespeare. Revived December 26, with this cast:

Leontes, Henry Jewett; Mamillius, Dagmar De Vere; Camillo, Frank Vernon; Antigonus, James L. Carhart; Cleomenes, Carter Weaver; Dion, John Junior; Hermione and Perdita, Viola Allen; Paulina, Zeffie Tilbury; Emelia, Louise Jansen; Polixenes, Boyd Putnam; Florizel, James Young; Archidamus, Warner Oland; Old Shepherd, C. Leslie Allen; Clown, Sidney Bracy; Autolycus, Frank Currier.

"The Winter's Tale" is a play that we shall constantly see revived for the sake of what the managers call "a production," and

each production will necessarily differ in detail. The palaces will be decorated with polished marble from different quarries, one throne room will be more magnificent than another, the disposition of the entrances and exits will not be the same. Lovers of beautiful stage settings should rejoice that Shakespeare taxes all the resources of the managers, and that the limit as regards elaboration of production has not yet been reached.

Viola Allen's production is splendid in a scenic way, and it has merits in other ways. The play has been re-arranged with regard



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS

Leading lady of the Haymarket Theatre Company, London, who will appear in New York early next month in Cosmo Gordon Lenox's play, "The Prince Consort"



William Courtenay Fay Davis Louis Payne Margaret Illington
 Mrs. Leffingwell (Margaret Illington) is endeavoring to explain to her jealous husband her presence in the same room with Mr. Corbin (William Courtenay)

SCENE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' NEW PLAY, "MRS. LEFFINGWELL'S BOOTS"

for the true effect of the action. Thus, while, in the original, the abandonment of the babe on the desert shores of Bohemia is not shown until after the trial of Hermione, in Miss Allen's version this desertion is the third scene in the second act, and immediately precedes the scene in the palace of justice in which the oracle delivers the sentence: "The King shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found." We have seen that the babe did not perish. A re-arrangement of this sort is judicious and without a trace of sacrilege, the scenes themselves being religiously retained, though possibly the text itself is not always preserved as fully as it should be.

The most glaring inadequacy in the acting was the utter failure to impart the comedy spirit to the roguish character of Autolycus. It is often said that comparative criticism is unfair, and so it is if unfairly made. One's early impression of a performance may be fallacious for the gratification derived from it. On the other hand, the later performances may be so superior in definite points as to efface the early impression, or, at least, establish a new standard. To abandon all standards for a performance of Shakespeare would be absurd. To regard the latest performance as the best, because it is the latest, would be equally absurd. Shakespeare is too rich in meaning, in every line and word, to be the same thing by whomever performed or uttered. In elocution and variety of expression latter-day performances fall short of those given in the day when elocution was more of an art, when every actor was trained to the delivery of verse. The present performance can be commended, but not without reserve. There are some scenes that are exceedingly difficult to act, especially the first, in which appear Leontes, Polixenes and Hermione. Shakespeare bases the jealousy of Leontes upon a specific incident—Hermione's success in having Polixenes defer his leave-taking. It requires actors of uncommon skill to give it its proper force, to justify the suddenness of this portentous jealousy. This scene was not well done. On the other hand, the scene of the trial was exceedingly impressive and effective. As Perdita, Miss Allen was charming, and her acting would well sustain any comparative criticism.

Mr. Crampton, George Farren; Mr. McComas, William H. Thompson; Mr. Valentine, Arnold Daly; Mr. Bohun, Harry Harwood; Philip Clandon, Sumner Gard; William, John Findlay; Mrs. Clandon, Miss Jeffreys Lewis; Miss Clandon, Miss Drina de Wolfe; Dolly Clandon, Miss Mabel Talliaferro.

This, the latest of George Bernard Shaw's plays to be acted in America, is a farce pure and simple, and will never arouse the same serious discussion as "Candida." But the witty Irish author never writes anything that is commonplace. What matters it if things at the close resemble those at the beginning? The interim has been filled with exquisite fancy, trenchant observation, relentless satire, mordant irony and delicious fun. If one must criticize, it should be limited to the excess of brilliancy in the dialogue. Mr. Shaw, in his lightest moments, demands thought and intellectual co-operation. He is never knock-about. Subtle he is to point of the pin head's despair, but that patron, Heaven knows, can be accommodated elsewhere. New York, with its vast number of thinking men and women, will acknowledge with delight the managerial concession to their intelligence, and if signs go not awrong, the Garrick's capacity will be taxed for weeks to come.

The story of "You Never Can Tell" would, in its recital, convey but little of its literary or theatrical charm. It is in the exposition of its types, with their varying philosophies as to the meaning of life, the illuminative dialogue, sparkling with satiric wit and introspective perception; the clash of ideals from the differing viewpoints, and its frankly exquisite revelation of the weaknesses of British propriety, that it dazzles and delights. And how well these ideas are carried out by Mr. Daly and his associates! Taken altogether, it is one of the most nearly perfect presentations offered here in years. As the impulsive young dentist who finds himself suddenly introduced into the much domestically mixed household of the Crampton-Clandons, Mr. Daly is delightfully ingenuous. His love scene with Gloria, in which he sweeps away all her ideas of the new woman, are accomplished with cheerful dash and enthusiasm. And what admirable character and authority Miss Drina de Wolfe brings to this very feminine rôle! For refined delicacy of expression and grasp of its meaning, it would be difficult to imagine a better exponent.

The impetuous twins, perfect types of impudent but youthful irresponsibility are expressed with compelling humor by Mabel

GARRICK THEATRE. "You Never Can Tell." Comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Produced January 9, with this cast:

Talliaferro and Sumner Gard, while William H. Thompson enacts the family lawyer with all his accustomed finish and surety of touch. The irascible father who seeks the love of his children, separated from him by the incompatibility of himself and wife, is acted with more feeling and concern by George Farren than some Shawites will acknowledge belongs to the character. But it is a nice touch of serious relief. As the wife, with her advanced views, Miss Jeffreys Lewis shows the sterling artist she is and gives exquisite pleasure by the nicety of her diction. Perhaps William, "Balmy William," the waiter, is not quite acted as its author intended, but the obsequiousness of the rôle, the diplomacy and tact of the old waiter, are set forth with wonderful dramatic force by John Findlay. As his son, a prominent member of the bar, Harry Harwood invests the rôle with fine dictatorial bumpthousness. "You Never Can Tell" is a dramatic treat.

PRINCESS. "The House of Burnside." Play in three acts, adapted from the French by Louis N. Parker. Produced December 26, with this cast:

Richard Burnside, Edward Terry; Robert Parminster, William H. Day; Marion Burnside, Cynthia Brooke; Margaret, Beatrice Terry; Richard, Roy Lorraine; Mr. Williams, W. T. Lovell; John, W. H. Denny; Jack Morrow, A. Hylton Allen; Betty, Nelly Mortyne; Jenny, Clara Earle.

Edward Terry, who made his first appearance in New York in this adaptation of George Mitchell's play, "La Maison," has long been a popular and successful actor in London, and there can be little doubt that this finished comedian will quickly establish himself as great a favorite here. His strength lies in his mimetic art. He is apparently a master of the art of "make-up," and it is clear that his analysis of a part is minute. In short, he is a true actor, doing everything with a fine play of intellect. His voice has a limited range, but he uses every means of expression effectively, while his business and stage management bespeak authority.

The piece he selected for his opening here is essentially French in theme, and so far as any impression it may leave on American audiences, is writ in water. No doubt, pride of name in family and in business is deeply rooted in England, and the destruction of it by a bastard is no small matter, but this collision between vanity and humiliation is not edifying.

Richard Burnside's chief aim in life is to leave the established business house to one of his own name, his grandson. His son had died, leaving a widow and two children, the boy and a girl. It is brought to light that, by reason of the ill-treatment and neglect of her husband, the mother of these children had formed an intimacy with another man, news of whose death in South America leads to the discovery of the secret. He was the father of one of the children. Which one? This uncertainty completely upsets the head of the house. The mother, in her complete love for both the children, will not tell which is the illegitimate one. The situation is ineradicably French—if not Ibsenish! In the French mind, what a noble attitude for the mother! how pathetic her situation! To less sentimental and more practical minds, the dilemma of the old shipowner comes very near, at times, being comedy, and until the action of the play began to wade through this mud puddle, it was extremely interesting as an exposition of character.

SAVOY. "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." Comedy in three acts, by Augustus Thomas. Produced January 11, with this cast:

Mrs. Bonner, Dorothy Hammond; Mrs. Rumsey, Mrs. A. A. Adams; Doctor Rumsey, John Saville; Nora, Jessie Busley; Orton, Ernest Lawford; Mabel Ainslee, Fay Davis; Walter Corbin, William Courtenay; Howard Leffingwell, Louis Payne; Richard Ainslee, Vincent Serrano; Mrs. Leffingwell, Margaret Illington; Thomas Bonner, J. H. Barnes.

In a season where disaster has played such fell havoc with so many offerings, it would be grateful to write success down to Augustus Thomas' new comedy. But it would not be truthful to the historical record to say that "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" comes entirely within that category. It will please for a time without a doubt. It contains observation, thought, ingenuity and frequently effective dialogue, but for a man who wrote "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "The Other Girl," it shows a distinct falling off in technical accomplishment. The exposition is tediously drawn out; the resource to mechanical features for comic relief is a confession of weakness, nor can one possibly accept in a comedy moral regeneration accomplished by a ten-minute application of the principles of osteopathy. It is not necessary to tell the story *in extenso*. Suffice it to say, that it deals with jealousy fomented by blackmailing designs. There is a good motive in



Photo Byron, N. Y.

Ida Conquest

A young woman anxious to raise money so she may set herself up in housekeeping advertises herself as a tipster on horse races, and money comes in so fast they have to fill a clothes basket with it

SCENE IN "THE MONEY MAKERS" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

the fact that the blackmailer's sister is separated from her lover because gossip has linked his name with that of a married woman. Of course, the brother is responsible for this, but osteopathy is the god in the machine, and in the end everything is satisfactorily explained. The unities of time and place are perfectly preserved, and some very natural fun is extracted from a scene where a hostess at Larchmont attempts to give a dinner on the night of a blizzard. None of the expected ones arrive, and those driven there to necessity carry on the story of misunderstanding. It is not prudish to say that some of the dialogue is unduly frank.

Charles Frohman has supplied a most effective setting, and from his comprehensive list of players has given to the author a company of surpassing excellence. Dorothy Hammond makes an engaging hostess, and Mrs. A. A. Adams a gentle Mrs. Rumsey. John Saville, as the exponent of osteopathy, eliminates the proseness of his rôle by the graciousness of his personality and the naturalness of his bearing. Jessie Busley is deliciously droll as a servant, and Ernest Lawford is equally effective as an English butler hired for the one occasion. Fay Davis shows her skillful art to nice advantage, and as her black-mailing brother, Vincent Serrano plays with picturesque fervor. The maligned lover is acted with much natural charm by William Courtenay, and Louis Payne is splendidly capable as the jealous husband. His wife, the owner of the incriminating boots, is well presented by Margaret Illington, and J. H. Barnes adds further strength to an admirable cast.

CRITERION. "Cousin Billy." Comedy adapted from Labiche by Clyde Fitch. Produced Jan. 2. The cast:

Mr. William Jenks, Francis Wilson; Mrs. Meade, May Robson; Kitty Meade, Edith Barker; Howard Post, Edward Abeles; Paul Norton, William Lewers; Miss Carrie Green, Zelda Sears.

In the mechanics of farce, Eugene Labiche has long been recognized as one of the past masters of his art. "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" is a classic. But the very liberal adaptation of that most amusing bit of fooling which Clyde Fitch has converted for Francis Wilson's use under the title of "Cousin Billy" will do very little to revive an interest in the Frenchman's theatre or enhance very much the reputation of America's rapid-fire dramatist. At the best, this present offering is commonplace farce. The ingenuity of the original is but little used, and the value of the additions at best are only ephemeral and trivial in their accomplishment. It serves, however, as a medium, and will undoubtedly prove a successful one for the exploitation of Mr. Wilson's exaggerated farcical attainments. The title rôle is a conventional comic opera figure without the accompanying music. Nothing like it in life is to be found. It is buffoonery, pure and simple. Cousin Billy floats through the piece, a central figure of optimistic vanity and cheerful good humor. His plights are comic, his disasters laughable, his sentiment impossible. In the expression of such ideas,

the star's engaging smile, volatile legs and falsetto voice play their successful parts. The audience roars with delight, and under the circumstances criticism stands silent. The trials of European travel are exploited in Mr. Fitch's usual vein and the dialogue is not without moments of comical force.

Edith Barker plays the ward with engaging vivacity, and May Robson, as her mother, is drolly quaint and amusing. The rivals are acted by Edward Abeles and William Lewers. The former, whose motives are selfish and finally squelched, gives a performance of sustained interest, accomplished by much graceful technique. Zelda Sears, as a physical culturist dashing through Europe, contributes an effective bit of character.

BERKELEY LYCEUM. "Once Upon a Time." Comedy in three acts, by Genevieve G. Haines. Produced January 2, with this cast:

Dona Ana De Cerbados, Gertrude Coghlan; Concepcion, Mathilde Cottrelly; Don Fernando De Alva, Thomas Ricketts; Don Juan De Alva, Robert T. Haines; Don Guzman De Mendoza, E. J. Ratcliffe; Antonio, Arthur T. Hoyt; Malo, Albert S. Angeles; Pedro, Colin Campbell.

Because it introduced the Roman Catholic religion and its formalities in relations not properly subject to dramatic treatment, probably accounts for the failure of this play. The impression produced was positive and really not open to discussion, for it involved a matter of taste quite as much as it did any sentiment for the Church. To have the comedy woman, played with all the theatrical piquancy at the command of Mme. Cottrelly, light a cigarette with a wisp of paper from a candle of the altar, may have been a bit of business not originally in the mind of Mrs. Haines, and certainly not essential to the action of the play, but it illustrates the perversity of view that can contend that the play had in it the remotest reverence of spirit or intent. When an acolyte, a young man intended for the priesthood, is won away from his asceticism, from an exalted state of mind in spiritual things to the sensualities of an overwhelming love, what else can the underlying motive of the play be but Paganism and satire? Apart from this, Mrs. Haines supplied a number of scenes of delightful comedy, to which Mr. Haines responded in his acting with a delicate and artistic touch.

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. "Common Sense Bracket." Rural play by Charles W. Doty. Produced December 26, with this cast:

Bruce Bracket, Richard Golden; Newton Offutt, Theodore Babcock; Robert Offutt, Frank Gheen; Richard Saunders, H. S. Northrup; Silas Stubb, Richard Nesmith; Sol. Saunders, Charles B. Hawkins; Hiram Boggs, Charles Carter; Marlan Osgood, Florence Rockwell; Kate Offutt, Esther Lyon; Rachel Bracket, Agnes Scott.

The success of American authors with rural plays is a notable indication of the development of our drama. Hoyt's plays were essentially American. Before that period, the negro minstrel sketches were as exclusively American as farce proper was the peculiar province



Burr McIntosh

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS

Now appearing most successfully in the title rôle of "The Girl from Kay's"



MISS HELEN WARE

Lately seen as Celia in "The Kreutzer Sonata" and now appearing in Clyde Fitch's play "The Woman in the Case"



Byron

SCENE IN "THE CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO," AS PERFORMED BY JEWISH ACTORS IN THE NEW YORK GHETTO

of the French writers. In the emotional rural drama the highest point was reached by the late James A. Herne. The tendency of recent plays of the kind, by reason of the commercial instinct to please at any cost, is toward conventionalism. "Common Sense Bracket" is filled with obvious devices for theatrical and comic effect, but much of the character it depicts impresses you as having been obtained at first hand. The story of the play is less real than the fidelity to character and the bits of acting. Richard Golden possesses a quaint simplicity, is subdued in his methods, and abstains from mere caricature. Some of the types in the play are overdrawn and derive their origin from the comic papers, but, on the whole, the effect of naturalness is safely secured.

LIBERTY. "The Money Makers." Comedy in three acts by George Rollett. Produced January 16, with this cast:

Capt. Fitzgerald, Cyril Scott; Charlie Clifton, Brandon Hurst; A Butcher, Eugene O'Rourke; Uncle Mat, Fitz's uncle, Edmund Lyons; Bella, Lillian Thurgate; Mabel, Daisy Atherton; Mrs. Bannerman, Annie Wood; Fred, F. Owen Baxter; "Baby" Berkeley, Emil

Rigl; Inspector O'Hara, Herbert Ayling; Sergeant McPherson, Harry Nichols; Dot, Ida Conquest.

To be hypercritical is sometimes to be hypocritical. It is true, for example, that two and two, in "The Money Makers," do not always make four, but the piece affords many moments of enjoyment. It is improperly called a comedy. It is a farce. The play is weak in its facts, but strong in many of its comical happenings. A girl, in talking with her fiancé, learns that money can be made by furnishing tips on horses. The young man is to be absent from town. The girl gets him to let her and two girl companions occupy his chambers during his absence for an alleged masquerade. Her idea is to advertise and give tips from that address in order to make enough money to set up in housekeeping. The horse she gives is scratched and the victims of the tipster mob the chambers. It turns out finally that this is a mistake, and that the tip has won. The money orders have come in so fast that a waste basket is used to throw them in. The girls go to all sorts of extravagance with milliners, modistes and jewellers. All this



William Lewers Edith Barker May Robson

Edward Abeles Francis Wilson

In the clearing up of the farcical complications Cousin Billy (Mr. Wilson) is gently telling Howard Post (Mr. Abeles) that his "jolly" has failed, while the group on the left shows that the rival suitor has won

SCENE IN "COUSIN BILLY," CLYDE FITCH'S ADAPTATION FROM LABICHE

would be good farce if the action did not unnecessarily depart from dramatic fact. Everybody is paid from the waste basket without counting. A little discretion here would reduce it to fact and preserve some semblance of illusion. The tradesfolk could be referred to the basket to help themselves, but told to credit the balance to account. The play is a little amateurish, and yet it has passages of true force and skill. Cyril Scott alone would make the performance worth while. For animated comedy and genteel farce, he is an accession to our stage. Eugene O'Rourke, as the Butcher demanding the return of the money, furnishes a scene of true comedy. The company is a good one, and the venture, in spite of the ill wind of criticism, does not merit disaster.

DALY'S. "The Duchess of Dantzic." Light opera in three acts; book and lyrics by Henry Hamilton, music by Ivan Caryll. The cast:

Catherine Upscher, Evie Greene; Lisette, May Francis; Mathilde, Helena Byrne; Jacqueline, Evelyn Cottee; Therese, Ethel Forsythe; Louise, Agnes Matz; Vicompte de Bethune, Lawrence Rea; Captain Reignier, Philip H. Bracy; Napoleon Bonaparte, Holbrook Blinn; Francois Lefebvre, Lempriere Pringle; Sergeant Flageot, A. J. Evelyn; Corporal Gildon, Frank Greene; Papillon, Courtice Pounds; Empress Josephine, Olga Beatty Kingston; Caroline Murat, Elizabeth Firth; Renée, Adrienne Augarde.

The authors of this opera have succeeded notably in a difficult undertaking, and have produced a work that has dignity, beauty and interest. The difficulty involved was the preservation of the dramatic values of Sardou's "Madame Sans Gêne," which is the basis of the opera, without overweighting the score with action and dialogue. There are long intervals in which the music has no part, and the opera becomes straight drama, and very serious at that. It is a perilous experiment, which only excellent acting can make acceptable. Miss Evie Greene has the now familiar part of Mme. Sans Gêne, the laundress who rises with Lefebvre to share a dukedom with that favorite marshal of Napoleon. This actress has a singing voice of pleasing quality and some power, but it is chiefly in the purely dramatic passages that she discloses her talents. She acts with sincerity, vigor, charm; her speaking voice is capable of varied coloring to suit the shifting moods of the character; and in scenes like the affectionate farewell with her Lefebvre, she is convincing and vivid. Lawrence Rea, as the Bethune, makes much of a voice of limited powers, and acts with striking poise and manliness. Mr. Blinn's Napoleon has sufficient verisimilitude and no little impressiveness. Fortunately, Napoleon is not made to sing. It would not be easy to praise too highly Courtice Pounds' performance of the peddler and court milliner; he infuses into it a spirit of genuine comedy. Miss Augarde gives a dainty and modest Renée, and Mr. Pringle a stalwart Lefebvre. The chorus work in itself is a delight, for these girls can sing. Mr. Caryll's music, while hardly noteworthy, at least escapes frivolity, and, particularly in the military numbers, has at times a real uplift and always a pleasing maturity.

WEBER MUSIC HALL. "The College Widower." Burlesque in one act by Edgar Smith. Produced January 5, with this cast:

Professor Witheredloon, Aubrey Boucicault; "Stubby," Joseph M. Weber; "Ratty" McGown, Charles A. Bigelow; Mrs. Hiram Buttin, Harry Morris; Jim Witheredloon, Frank Mayne; The Town Policeman, Sam Marion; A "Theologue," W. Douglas Stevenson; Tilly Buttin, Marie Dressler; Hon. Ellen Slick, Aimee Angeles; "Babe" Slick, Alexandra Hall; Polly Mitchell, Bonnie Maginn.



From The Tatler

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW IN HIS LIBRARY

George Bernard Shaw, the brilliant author of "You Never Can Tell" and "Candida," is an Irishman who was born in "dear dirty Dublin" on July 26, 1856. In 1898 he married an Irish woman. In the interval he spent much time in Socialistic agitation and more or less humorous criticism of art and the drama. Since his marriage, however, he has obtained recognition as one of England's leading literary men. His volumes of plays published in recent years have demonstrated that he is one of the most subtle and one of the most brilliant and original writers of our age.

boys' college, and much fun ensues. Marie Dressler, as the half-back, was inimitably funny both in her ludicrous "make-up" and antics of face and gesture. Charles A. Bigelow was excellent as a broken-down football coach, and Aubrey Boucicault amusing as the professor. Joseph M. Weber, as usual, was a host of fun in the character of "Stubby."

CASINO. "Lady Teazle." Musical version of "The School for Scandal," by John Kendrick Bangs, Roderick Penfield, and A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced December 24, with this cast:

Sir Peter Teazle, W. T. Carleton; Sir Oliver Surface, Clarence Handyside; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Augustus Barrett; Sir Harvey Bumper, Jack Taylor; Joseph Surface, Stanley Hawkins; Charles Surface, Van Rensselaer Wheeler; Crabtree, Owen Westford; Careless, Albert Wilder; Mopes, Edmund Lawrence; Snake, John Dunsmuir; Trip, Joseph's servant, Albert McGuckin; Mrs. Candour, Miss Phoebe Coyne; Maria, Miss Elsa Ryan; Mollie, Miss Nellie McCoy; Lady Sneerwell, Miss Lucille Saunders; Lady Teazle, Miss Lillian Russell.

When one stops to think that it took only one to write "The School for Scandal," and three to produce "Lady Teazle," one marvels! And a singular thing is that the only part of this musical version which is really good is Sheridan, pure and simple. For example, the scene between Lady Teazle and Sir Peter, the supper, the auctioning off of the pictures, the screen episode, all these scenes are Sheridan. Messrs. Bangs and Penfield have

(Continued on page xi.)



1. The egg falls from the wall. 2. Nora Sarony as Columbine. 3. The cook and the cat. 4. Feeding the ogre. 5. A cat and dog life. 6. The phantom Pierrots

Scenes in the pantomime extravaganza "Humpty Dumpty," New Amsterdam Theatre, New York



Miss Duncan in the nun-like garb she wears in private life

Isadora Duncan and Her Greek Barefoot Dances

By GERTRUDE NORMAN



Isadora Duncan

ly over her serious, serene, Greek-like head, serving only to add to her already extraordinary fame and wide-spreading influence.

Poets, painters, sculptors, composers, authors, scientists and philosophers, all have come forward to see this slender, simple girl, who, by the sheer force of creative genius is doing much to revive a lost art and resuscitate the beauties of Greek culture, which made Greece supreme among the nations, physically and artistically.

Most of the criticism directed against Isadora Duncan has come from Americans and English, some declaring it "a sacrilege to dance Beethoven." They were not so particular about Chopin. Others objected to her costume, in that she was an American girl. They would not have been so shocked if she had belonged to any other nation, and they forgot entirely that in almost any comic opera or vaudeville house in England or America one sees costumes of such suggestive indecency and immodesty as often to offend the least fastidious. The fair, frank costumes of Greece, in their noble simplicity and austerity of line, worn by a delicate and unconscious artist, can contain no trace of indecency. The writer must frankly admit seeing nothing in Miss Duncan's costume but completion and exquisiteness.

Reverential dancing can hold nothing in it that is degrading. Nevertheless, one can quite comprehend the fear and horror that must possess true worshippers of Beethoven and Chopin when they first hear of this interpretation by dancing of their soul's idols. For Beethoven, of all composers, tends to reflection, a *looking inward*, the introspective mood of the soul in profound meditation. But those who most revere have nothing to fear. Miss Duncan creates a temple of motion in music, as noble as a gallery of wonderful sculpture and which "awakens in us all the noblest aspirations and sensations of power and beauty." No theatricalism or gaudiness attends these interpretations. It is dancing such as we in America have never seen and know nothing of. It is dancing that aids reflection, and in it one finds a new, to us, poem of art expression. After having seen her, one breathes with Pater, "Truly this artist is but a quiet handmaid of the soul."

Some six years ago, when in New York, the writer first saw Miss Duncan dance. The impression made at that time was vivid and lasting. She interpreted before a small audience "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. Most potently can I recall her persuasive personality, "the fascination of frail beauty," blending with a compelling Bacchante-like wildness of mood and temperament. Her rendering of that mad, sad and pessimistic song of Persia was remarkable. None but an unusual artist could have so expressed in gesture the following lines:

"O love, would you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire;
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire!"

Her art then was full of the neutral tints; the browns and purples of autumn sunsets. The glory and freshness of spring, of the dawn and of radiant sunrises, had not yet entered into it, to round it out to completion. After conversation with her, one was impressed with the ardent, energetic flame at the back of her frailness, and was fully aware that here was a *creative* artist, consumed with a tenacious love for her vocation, and that to her, dancing was of a much more profound and lofty significance than most of us even dreamed, and as capable of expressing all things in nature, art and the soul as fully as words, sculpture or music. Since then her sole determination has been to raise dancing up

and back from the mire into which it had fallen, to its old high level of symbolism, mystery and beauty. At last, after years of arduous application and systematic training and delving into the secrets of the masters of the antique world, the splendor of her dream has been most fully realized.

We have heard from time to time of her successes in Berlin (where some enthusiastic admirers desired to build her a temple in which she was to appear exclusively), of her success at Bayreuth, of her dancing in the ruined Temple of Dionysus, and of her return to the Greek dress, etc. Also of the frantic enthusiasm displayed by the public in Munich and Bayreuth, when the horses were taken from her carriage and she was dragged through the streets by a singing, cheering throng; but only in brief paragraphs of cable correspondents inclined to dwell more on the elements of eccentricity than on the earnest and serious attributes that so pervade the life and work of this remarkable young artist. That her way of life is curious to us there can be no denying. Any one who completely lives out their inner conviction and dream



From a painting by Kaulbach and reproduced by permission

Isadora Duncan dancing



Showing the classic attitudes Miss Duncan strikes when dancing

and up to their ideal of art and beauty must of necessity seem either extraordinarily courageous, remarkably clever, or else demented, to the multitude who are so apt to balk at the new and strange.

Imagine a pale, sweet and serious face, as inscrutable as the Monna Lisa's; a faint, wistful, elusive smile; in the large, soft eyes a limpid light, reflecting a serene and balanced mind; around the mouth and chin a look of childlike ingenuousness.

She emerges before the spectator so unobtrusively, so quietly, almost shrinkingly from behind the plain, blue curtains, stretched across the back of the stage, that one is barely conscious she is there. The scene at first is a little dim. One can conceive of nothing more exquisite or mysterious than this almost unseen entrance of hers, so quiet is it—"A little noiseless noise among the leaves, born of the very sigh that silence heaves."

The orchestra is hidden behind high palms on one side of the bare stage, on the other the piano. At either side are electric lights in large, opalescent discs, supported on tall tripods, which add an air of Greek simplicity to the scene.

Like Beatrice of Cenci, of whom Shelley wrote, she seems "to be one of those rare beings in whom *energy* and *gentleness* dwell together without destroying one another." There is nothing extraordinary unique in her appearance excepting, perhaps, her remarkable simplicity. Her arms hang close to her sides, her whole attitude suggests extreme attention, thought, waiting. Her dress, when she interpreted Gluck's "Iphigenie in Aulus," was of some soft, diaphanous material, falling in the perfect folds of the antique statues. The soft, brown hair, encompassed by a narrow white band, completes a picture as delicate and precise as the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles—or she might have stepped out of some ancient fresco, a pensive grace, a wanderer from a Grecian shore, with all the alert beauty of the dancing Mænad.

She waits quietly in the shadow. The music surrounds her, floods the air; the great audience waits breathless. Suddenly the har-

monies seem to fill her to overflowing, and "across her immobility and dream there passes a torrent of obscure forces." With one swift, agile bound the white figure leaps forward with the freest, most abandoned gesture imaginable, like some liberated bird, and she begins to dance.

We are transported back over thousands of years, and are attending some divine Greek orgie in a marble temple by the sea. It were impossible to describe in words the spirit and beauty of the dancing of this "nymph of the downward smile and side-long glance," or the winged fleetness of her feet. From the statues she has learned harmonious attitudes that are at once instinctive and

deliberate, and as she runs and bounds, beckons, entreats, advances, retreats, prays, sorrows, shedding innumerable gestures, each one diverse and more lovely than the former, our minds are quickened to intensest imagination; we need no scenery, play, no crowds to see

"The Mænads—with robes flowing
In the wind and loose dark hair
O'er their polished bosoms blowing,
Each their ribboned tambourine
Flying on the mountain sod,
With a lovely frightened mien."

She runs tip-toe with white arms spread, and then one catches a glimpse of fawns and Dryads, sirens, seraphs and Bacchantes. We hear the Phrygian lutes, Apollo's lyre and the harp of Callides. Greece, with all her beautiful mythology and fables, lives again for us, and under the touch of her magic invocations an ideal resurrection takes place.

Suddenly, in the whirl of the dance, a swift change crosses her, and in the "frightful silence of that altered mood" the face becomes full of awful grief, loss and pain; the gestures drip agony. With uplifted gaze, and the palms of her two hands raised and open before her, she walks with slow tragedy towards the invisible sacrificial altar.

She is music and poetry embodied in gesture. Other women may have mastered the technique of dancing; this one has absorbed its *soul*. Her magnetism is enormous, her



From a painting by Kaulbach and reproduced by permission

Showing how Miss Duncan first makes her appearance



Louise Galloway

Esther Lyon

Richard Golden

Agnes Scott

SCENE IN RICHARD GOLDEN'S NEW PLAY, "COMMON SENSE BRACKET"

poetical imagination luminous and vivid, and she possesses that rare power of being able to fuse so adequately the technical problem with the imaginative that one can form no guess as to where the one begins and the other leaves off.

Her exits are as lovely and mysterious as her entrances. After the quivering, gleaming, daring gestures and swift flights, it suddenly all ceases, but *very* slowly; the last picture is held for a space, recalling the profound pauses of Ysaye and Paderewski as they cease to play, and then inconceivably, quietly, she again becomes as immobile as the statues she emulates, and with scarcely perceptible footsteps steals behind the curtains. After a short pause she again appears, this time in a dress copied from that of the huntress Diana, and falling in clear-cut folds about the knee. If the music to which she is dancing is tragic, passionate, unruly, she wears a red tunic; if more psychological, serene or mental, she attires herself in a costume of an elusive grey. Apart from Gluck, she interprets Handel, Ferrari, Picci, Strauss, Chopin, and Beethoven.

Strauss' "Blue Danube," although not calling for the same suggestive psychological interpretation or musical understanding as either Chopin or Beethoven, nevertheless was a supreme test of her art. Her commencement of this dance is a marvellous expression of rhythm, balance, and intoxication. She stands poised on a step up at the back of the stage in her red gown. With a leap of joy like one arisen from some hiding place in the rocks, and shaking off the salt, fresh spray, she sways and sways till the big audience seems scarcely able to restrain itself from joining in the rhythmic motion.

In the Chopin and Beethoven interpreta-

tion she mostly wears the short, grey dress, but occasionally changes it for an ankle-deep robe of natural colored silk. The way all these garments are made, with their softly gathered skirts and clear-cut folds, are works of art in themselves, and always completely in harmony with the mood and meaning of the music. The Greek costume seems almost the only one possible for the purpose of her art, for is not the Greek soul enclosed in all demonstrations of art?

Miss Duncan's dancing of Chopin is perhaps the finest thing she does. At times, if the music be sad, morbid, ironical, she moves and gestures in a sad and mystic fashion, that suggests lonely stretches in purple twilights, or endless, long and misty avenues; at others, when the harmonies are full of that revolt, bitterness, intense nervous suffering, which so tortured the soul of Chopin, she runs madly across the stage, with an almost fearful monotony, with arms outstretched at tension behind her. Her hair blows down in disorder, and on her face one sees the marks of an eternity of grief and doom. If Chopin caught the music of our souls and "gave it cry," so does Isadora Duncan give it tangible flesh, withal a silent life.

Miss Duncan is now an established necessity in the art world of Europe. She possesses a home near Athens and a house near Berlin, where the art of classic dancing is to be taught. In home life, Miss Duncan wears, as a rule, a long, white, nun-like garment, open at the throat, and sandaled feet. Her pupils are to wear the short white tunic of the Greeks, and will undergo a system of physical culture. As Emerson once wrote, "Our love of the antique is not love of the old, but love of the natural."



MISS LILLIAN SEVILLE

Playing the part of Ninon in "Sergeant Kitty"



Paul Hervieu

Paul Hervieu Talks of His Plays

By James Huneker

WHEN Paul Hervieu appointed an hour for the interview—the date was October 21st of last Autumn—I was greatly gratified. An admirer of some “years’ standing,” as they say in churchly circles, to see the celebrated dramatist and novelist in the flesh would be something more than satisfying mere curiosity or incipient hero-worship. It does not need many perusals of his works to discover that their author is a thinker as well as an artist; he can reason about his characters and can trace with that unerring logic which nature has so plentifully bestowed upon him, their varying motives and actions. In a word, M. Hervieu, a *cérébral*—as they call any artist in Paris who is able to account for his creations—would give me a charming hour. I was not disappointed.

The playwright, whose latest production, “Le Dédale,” is on the tongue of theatrical Paris, lives in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. His apartment is the abode of a sober, severe workman of art. No gorgeous bric-à-brac, no stage “properties,” no attempt at the “man in society” débonair pose are to be seen. Taste prevails, the cultured taste of a student, a lover of books and of engravings. His library is an *atelier*. In it he plans his dramas. He does not rise early, and between the first and second breakfast he looks after his correspondence and gets himself slowly into the right key for his approaching labors; from one o’clock to six he attacks whatever problem he has on hand. No frenzy, no awaiting the hour of inspiration—that fatal excuse for dawdlers—but orderly employment of his brain, with an added intensity of concentrated power, which has grown with the years. He reads his first newspaper when his work is done for the day, and later he dresses in that precise Eng-

lish fashion of his—he is very English and spends his summers at the Isle of Wight—and goes out to dine somewhere in society. This regular life M. Hervieu leads for nine months in the year.

With this careful method of travail, his rate of production is necessarily not large; those fecund novelists and dramatists who lay with huge hen-like cluckings two or three books and plays a twelve-month might well pattern after this distinguished member of their guild. But his plays are played, his novels are read; that is, the Théâtre Français or the Vaudeville put his dramas into their repertory, and such artists as Réjane and Bartet delight in their interpretation; while “L’Armature,” “Flint,” “Diogenes and the Dog,” “Les Alpes Homicides,” “L’Inconnu,” “L’Exorcisée,” “Peinte par Eux-Mêmes,” “Les Yeux Verts et Les Yeux Bleus,” for the most part lightly leveled lances at Society and deadly in their sheer calm satire and “happy cruelty” have enjoyed a decided vogue.

To show you how leisurely—I say “leisurely,” in reality there is a tense quality that proved Hervieu to have plenty of temperament, but under control—he works, here is the time record of his plays in their composition. “Les Paroles Restent” was written, a part of it, with great rapidity. To-day Hervieu does not regard his firstling with an altogether favorable eye. “Les Tenailles,”

that most dolorous of all his studies in the fruitful field of matrimonial misery, he finished in about four months. “Le Loi de l’Homme” was written in three months, without other scenario than brief indications dotted hastily down on the borders of its pages. “L’Enigme,” in two acts, first represented at the Français in 1901, was composed from February to May, during the height of the Dreyfus affair.



Where Paul Hervieu writes his plays

"La Course du Flambeau" is dated 1900. Dedicated to Madame Réjane, it was first heard at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, February 17, 1901. It was composed in from three to four months. "Theroigne de Méricourt" demanded much historic research, and a ninety-page scenario was written before the piece was under way: five months, counting two for laborious preparation and three for the actual writing, can be set down for this work produced by Sarah Bernhardt at her theatre December 23, 1902. "Le Dédale" saw the light at the Français December 19, 1903, after much concentrated labor.

I give these dry statistics as documentary evidence. They are in a way a clue to M. Hervieu's character. Alfred Binet, the famous psychologist, has subjected the dramatist to one of his searching studies, and if my readers are so inclined, they may find his complete "psychograph" in the tenth volume of "L'Année Psychologique." I did not prepare so elaborately for our meeting, and possibly if I had I would have been agreeably disappointed. Cerebral in temperament, possibly a pessimist in his estimate of modern society, an implacable laborer with lamp and file in his dramatic laboratory, in intercourse Paul Hervieu is most companionable, a polished speaker, rather languid in utterance, but *du bon coeur* despite his mordant pen. He is medium in size, physique slight. His head is finely proportioned in itself, though it gives one the impression of being too large for his slender frame. His eyes are blue, sometimes veiled and dreamy, often chilly and penetrating, yet they are of undeniable beauty as to form, lustre and expression, and doubtless have done their share of deadly execution in those duels of the sexes he is fond of portraying. A man, I should say, difficult to arouse, and a fiery devil, all nerves and imagination when he is aroused. He has more reserve than his countrymen in general, or of the artistic tribe in particular. Graceful, unaffected, cordial and deliberate—such is the Paul Hervieu I found. And I do not doubt that a hundred other visitors would find a hundred different Hervieus, for he is a man of the finer shades, and very variable.

The cynicism and hatred of stupidity which characterized his earlier writings have been replaced by a philosophic stoicism. He had read Flaubert when he wrote his novels, so rich in their contemptuous exposition of the fashionable fool; he has since studied Schopenhauer, perhaps Nietzsche. There is a delicate equipoise in his judgments, especially those relating to his contemporaries, that reveals the thinker resigned to the inevitable *bêtise* of mankind, and one who has accepted the fact as a dispensation of indecipherable fate. And while he never alluded to such banal phrases as "heart interest"—that shibboleth of the half-baked in intelligence and "sloppy" in sentiment—M. Hervieu has at bottom a fund of sentiment, of

pity in the face of pitiless existence. His plays, notwithstanding their analytic quality, are not mere logic-machines like those of the younger Dumas. The note of tenderness, of humanity, is in all of them, and unlike Dumas, Hervieu never tries to prove anything. I told him that he recalled Dumas to me in the latent thesis of his play. His reply was sound:

"All good plays contain a thesis from the Greeks to Shakespeare, Molière to Ibsen." He greatly admires Dumas *filis* and believes that Ibsen's influence has been overrated in France. He adheres to the Gallic tradition—sound structure, logical development and subtle characterization.

If he thinks Sardou a wizard, he does not pattern after him technically. Henri Becque he has studied to advantage, although I do not think he set much store by the resemblances I pointed out between "Le Dédale" and Becque's "L'Enlèvement"—or rather the leading up to and ultimate avoidance of the situation, in the latter piece. Like Becque, he "tries" his dialogue aloud before putting it down on paper. He has a horror of the Zola note-books and "human documents."

I do not hesitate to avow frankly my preference for "Le Dédale." I had seen it for the first time the night previous at the Français, and the performance of Madame Jeanne Bartet as the unhappy heroine, Marianne, had filled me with the unique joy one feels



MME. BARTET IN "LE DEDALE"
The most distinguished among the leading women in the famous Théâtre Français, company

when witnessing the growth of something quite perfect. I carried away with me the sense of having assisted at an episode in real life, presented with an art which still wore the consoling veils of illusion—the art of Hervieu. There was a personal reason why I wished to attend this performance. Last spring I wrote at length in the columns of the *Sun*—when I had the honor of being its dramatic critic—an analytical study of "Le Dédale." To judge of a play from reading it is like guessing at the composition of comets. It was easy enough to say that this play was literature; that it was a success we all knew; but the *finale* left me doubting. I had read M. Brunetière's argument, that the violence of the fifth act in which the two husbands of the same woman—the divorce does not prevent the first man from offering violence to his wife—struggle and roll over a precipice to their death, is not melodrama.

This at the Français! As enacted by Paul Mounet and Le Bargy, the perilous scene is credible, though not a pleasant ending for such a profound study of character. A solution it is, however, and a fifth act, which seemed impossible after the pulsing power of the fourth, continues to mount logically to a stunning climax.

I need hardly retail here the story of this play, of which Olga Nethersole has the English rights. Almost denuded of conventional incident, it is related so incomparably, though deliberately, coldly, and without theatric climaxes, that its



BERLIN CURRENDESÄNGER

These are boys who receive from the city a free musical education and also a small sum of money for their support. In return they must always be ready to sing in the church at weddings, funerals, festivals, etc. In earlier times they also went about singing "Christmas carols," in the open air

Viola Allen's Production of "The Winter's Tale"



Photos Byron, N. Y.
Leontes (Henry Jewett)

Viola Allen
Paulina (Zeffie Tilbury)
THE TRIAL SCENE



Shepherd (C. Leslie Allen) Florizel (James Young)

Perdita (Viola Allen) Polixenes (Boyd Putnam)
Camillo (Frank Vernon)
A ROADWAY IN BOHEMIA



THE REGENERATION OF THE STATUE

events seem the natural outcome of the clash of character.

I asked, with the eagerness of a neophyte—ah, your dramatic critic is always a new-born babe in matters technical!—of M. Hervieu his methods of workmanship.

"Such things I leave to the stage manager, and is not the chief desideratum the story, and should not a good romancer be a good playwright?" With a crash fell to the ground one of my

pet illusions—the gigantic machinery necessary to the building of a play. For M. Hervieu, a good stage manager, can always attend to these mechanical details; for him the essential quality lies in the characterization and the order of narration. This method conflicts with Pinero's and Brieux's, but it is Hervieu's, and perhaps explains him as Paul Hervieu, the master dramatic psychologist of the French stage.



Byron, N. Y.

Gertrude Coghlan as Dona Ana

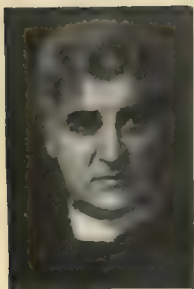
Mathilde Cottrelly as Concepcion

Dan Ricketts as Don Fernando

Robt. T. Haines as Don Juan

SCENE IN GENEVIEVE G. HAINES' PLAY, "ONCE UPON A TIME"

A Rehearsal Under Belasco



"Mr. David"

"VESTALS! All vestals come up on the stage, please!"

The place was Convention Hall, Washington; the occasion a dress and scene rehearsal of "Adrea," the time Christmas day; the voice that of Stage Manager Bryant.

The bare hall, enormous, steel-arched, and originally intended as a meeting place for conclaves and popular demonstrations, had been transformed at a cost of thousands of dollars into a warm-hued playhouse. One-

third of its vast length was embraced behind the scenes; the other two-thirds confined the auditorium, with a seating capacity of sixteen hundred. Against the proscenium wall of imitation gold mosaic were the boxes with gilded columns, from which hung in rich, red folds the gold-embroidered draperies of du Barry fame. Over the cold steel arches supporting the roof was drawn a canopy of green cloth, in the center of which was a hole and bridge for the lime-light. The color scheme was so harmonious that a cosy, pleasing effect resulted, despite the magnificent distances of the hall. "I have always opened in Washington," said Belasco, "and I intended to do so with 'Adrea,' if I had to put up tents and give the show under canvas," and that is typical of the man.

Back of the stage was impressive order. An army of men and women came and went without even the appearance of confusion. The dressing-rooms, made up of discarded flats, were in the form of a hollow square, in the center of which stood the portable room which Mrs. Carter carries with her wherever she goes. Directly back of the stage was a space about one hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, in which the property man revelled. Here, on long tables, were arranged the properties, no flimsy articles these, but cups so richly chased that imperial hands would not have despised them, and draperies so rich in hue and texture that they might well have come from Syria. The stage itself, set for the first act, presented the solidity and beauty which we have learned to expect from Belasco, but the atmospheric effect of pale yellow light, filtered through a grove before falling aslant of weather-aged stone, was so masterful in its conception, so true in its detail, and so perfect in its harmonics as to suggest a dream of ancient Greece; only the shirt-sleeves of Bryant, the towed hair of John Luther Long, and the catholicism of Belasco's waistcoat brought one again to the twentieth century. The width of the opening was but thirty-two feet, but the stage was deep enough to handle the sixty odd people without crowding, and was built to strike so that it could be removed to other fields when its purpose in Washington was served. In appurtenances few metropolitan theatres could equal it, and its switchboard would be a delight

to any electrician. Belasco is the same picturesque Belasco. His hair is more grey, his eyes more remarkable, and his face more ruddy. As he speaks he conveys an impression of perfect poise, which may be ascribed to supreme repression rather than expression of his mood. He strikes the stranger as an intense man, who controls himself because he will and must do so, but there are times when his great earnestness finds sudden vent and then his people listen as to an immortal. At one moment, when things were going ill, he tore at his artistic hair.


"I thought," he said, with sad eyes, "that I was dealing with brains and heart, but at the eleventh hour"—here his voice wailed off into tragedy—"I see that I am dealing with idiots! Your souls! Where are they? If you have none, plunge a knife into your bosom in an effort to discover some."

It had the desired effect, and in a moment or two the master was again tender, subdued, kittenish. But his kittenish mood did not last long. He was once more the tiger—ferocious, terrifying. Another contretemps had aroused his rage, and he bellowed at a group of shrinking wantons of the court:

"Unless you do better than that, I'll break up the show with an axe!"

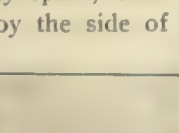
The silence of the catacomb followed this awful threat.

On Christmas eve Belasco came to the theatre at four in the afternoon, not to leave until six o'clock Christmas morning, and then merely for an hour's rest. His hurried and frugal meals are usually served from a cheap hash house in the neighborhood, a sausage in one hand, a roll in the other, affording the inspiration of the moment. Yet all this left him unruffled. When the writer met him Christmas night, he was as kind as a woman, as modest as a child. Here he listened to a bacchante of Iulia's entourage, who, fair-haired, rose-hued, and dimpling, asked concerning some detail of her costume; there he tossed paper roses to note their effect on green boughs, and all that he did was done with an earnestness that left no doubt of the artistic impulse in the man. Whatever one may think of the quality of his stars, there can be but one opinion as to the motives of Belasco—money is to him only a means to further and greater achievement. He is sincere in his art, and as a producer has no equal on our stage.



"Where is the other vestal? I want all the vestals," cried Bryant.

The tone was kind, because Mr. Bryant believes in kindness rather than the lash, but a note of firmness was also there, which sent the girl



scurrying to her place. Then began the vestal drill with which the play opens, while Arkissus of Frisia lounged in an orchestra chair by the side of his mortal rival, Kaeso of Noricum, and Minus, the Fool, talked football with Marcus Lecca of the Senate. Within a few feet of them stood Mrs. Carter conversing vivaciously with friends. Belasco walked up and down the aisle tugging at the curl which hangs over his forehead. "Gracious, it's cold," said a bacchante, shrugging her bare shoulders. "Cold!" exclaimed another. "I'm burning up." "Stop," said Belasco, climbing to the stage. A group gathered about him and conversation ceased that the terms of his criticism might be heard. The vestals had waved their palm branches too slowly. The rehearsal began again.

A herald appeared, and when he placed the trumpet to his lips the throat of Bryant produced the fan-fare.

"The orchestra isn't here yet," explained an Egyptian.

"There's that —— girl," whispered a pretty wanton of the court. "My, ain't she a sight? Look at the bones in her neck."

Finally came Mrs. Carter, her street clothes contrasting strangely with the barbaric splendor of her retinue. Every one was now attention. All were in cos-

time save she and Kaeso of Noricum, who wore a sword belt over his blue sack suit, and a brass hemlet, and had such a cold that all his m's were b's.

"See me, Mr. Cook," said a slave girl to Belasco's untiring press man. "Don't I look nice? This is the fourth act."

"Charmante," drawled the ubiquitous but terribly sleepy Cook, who had not slept for three nights.

"Time was not time," moaned Adrea. "The days had no hours. The world had just begun for me."

"And some say she is mechanical," whispered a sage, when her words had faded into a likeness of reminiscence.

"Purely emotional," said another.

"Why, entirely so," agreed the sage, with a very genuine yawn.

"She is Adrea now," said a third. "Notice her eyes."

They were misty with the tears of a love she had never known and yet so keenly felt that not even the great fatigue of constant rehearsal could lessen the bitter sweetness of a memory purely fictitious, and yet, to her, purely real.

"Mr. David," as Mrs. Carter calls Belasco, was here, there and everywhere—the magician whose wand awakes the tempest of soul-rending drama.

AUBREY LANSTON.



BRUCE McRAE
Nephew of Sir Charles Wyndham and now playing the leading male rôle with Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday"



Prof. Bernard	F. H. Haskell	Albert	P. G. Henderson	Crispin	N. Edwards	N. O'Connor
Lisette	Citandre	(W. Shohi, '06)	(President)	(G. L. Foote, '08)	(Ass't Mgr.)	
(G. Schneider, '07)	(M. Wertheim, '06)		Agathe		Eraste	Lisette (Divertissement)
Momus (R. Sheldon, '08)			(E. R. Riegel, '08)		(F. Dexter, '08)	(D. M. Martin, '07)
					Carnaval	(N. O. Simard, '06)

HARVARD BOYS (CERCLE FRANÇAIS) AS THEY APPEARED IN A PERFORMANCE IN FRENCH OF
"LES FOLIES AMOUREUSES"



Lillian Russell—Beauty and Philosopher

(Chats with Players No. 35)

IT is not an easy task to interview a Queen, least of all a Queen of Comic Opera. Not that the trouble lies in her Majesty, who is ever gracious. The difficulty is with her retainers. She has such a multitude of them, and they are ever present. Royalty always has its courtiers and parasites; those of comic opera royalty are equally ubiquitous, and never absent.

Interviewing is like lovemaking. It requires but two. Three are a disquieting number. Four are disgruntling, and six maddening. There were seven in the room while Miss Russell talked snatchily about beauty, about economy, about age, about the past, the future and philosophy, in her rose-papered dressing-room at the Casino.

There was a woman friend who assisted in the interview. There was a wardrobe woman who wanted to match blue silk and white lace. There was an author and a friendly manager who arranged for a dinner on Sunday. There was the star whom I constantly, silently begged to "come down" from all these distractions. There was the maid, and there was the luckless interviewer. And besides all these, there was the dressing for the second act of "Lady Teazle" that had to go forward behind the white-framed screen of triplicated mirrors. Miss Russell was perfectly—but why exhaust the list of laudatory adjectives, commencing with "sumptuous" and ending with "exquisite?" In her blue crepe kimona, embroidered with pink roses, she was simply—Lillian Russell. For a synonym, one must look for a fadeless American beauty rose. There is no other.

Some one said that beauties never appreciated their beauty.

"I think they do," said Miss Russell with decision. "They are glad to have it, as they are grateful for any other gift. I am pleased and gratified when any one says I look nice."

Then Miss Russell demonstrated the truth of the original proposition by asking, "But what is beauty? It is nothing compared to intelligence and manner. Meet a woman who has intelligence and a beautiful manner, and who stops to think whether she is beautiful or not?"

"And if," she continued, "a woman gets the reputation of being a professional beauty, it is hard work to live up

to it. She must keep herself up to her standard. She must never lapse from the standard the public has set for her."

Here the wardrobe woman, was lengthily insistent about the scrap of blue silk.

Her Majesty was pleased to be gracious. She is always so pleased. Not a member of her company but adores her. Even the humble chorus girl dares to address her. The stage hand is sure of her ear at all times and of a gentle answer.

"Yes. That is very nice, thank you," and the gratified wardrobe woman went back to consideration of the lace.

Miss Russell herself introduced the subject of age, and did so in truly feminine manner.

"Yes, I was born in Clinton, Ia., and my father was an editor," she said, with the Lillian Russell smile. "I came away from Clinton when I was six months old, and I don't remember much about it." With a backward glance over her shoulder, she added, "Although there are Tabbies who say they remember my living there sixty years ago."

She was slipping into the green silk robe she wears in the second act of "Lady Teazle," revealing the throat and shoulders of a Venus de Milo.

"I never think of age," she said.

"You have none!" The answer came from one of the admiring sex.

When next there was a second for the interviewer, the subject of economy was broached. Miss Russell is understood to be an advocate of economy. She was putting on a big, black velvet hat, a sombre frame for a perfect face, while she talked.

"Yes, girls should save money," she said. "The girl who earns twenty-five dollars a week should save ten. When she earns fifty, she should save twenty-five. She put her hat on as French women do, drawing it up from the back of the head first, poising it daintily at last on top of her head and turning slowly before the triplicate mirror to see that it was so placed that it was equally becoming at all angles.

"She should, but I am reasonably sure she won't," she added with charming inconsequence. "The first fifty dollars I saved I spent for a watch. It wasn't a very good watch. It was afraid of working too hard, and would



Lillian Russell as she looked fifteen years ago



Copyright 1904, by Falk, N. Y.

LILLIAN RUSSELL

Lillian Russell, who for many years has been known as the Queen of American comic opera, was born in Iowa about 43 years ago. She has long enjoyed a unique popularity on the light opera stage, due partly to her naturally beautiful yet technically untrained voice, but more especially to her radiant blond beauty which is matchless on our boards. She showed marked talent for music at the early age of six, but she could never be prevailed upon to study music seriously. Her first public appearance was in Chicago, and in 1878 she came to New York and sang in the "Pinafore" chorus where she attracted the attention of Tony Pastor. He gave her the leading role in a production of "The Pirates of Penzance" and later she made a hit in a burlesque of "Patience." This was followed by successful appearances in "The Snake Charmer" and "The Sorcerer." In 1883 she appeared at the Casino and this house proved the scene of her greatest triumphs, she appearing in rapid succession in such operettas as: "The Brigands," "The Grand Duchess," "Erminie," "Giroflé-Girofla," "La Péricholle," "Nadje," "Poor Jonathan," "Princes Nicotine," etc., etc. During the recent Weber and Fields regime she was one of the particular stars of that famous music hall organization. Her present tour in "Lady Teazle" is her first experiment in co-management.



Photo McMichael
SYBIL KLEIN
Daughter of Herman Klein, the musician, and now a member of David Belasco's forces

only go part of the time. But it was a watch. Then I began saving again, and this time I bought a seal-skin sacque. My third pile of savings went for a pair of turquoise earrings, set with diamonds.

"What should a girl do with her savings? Live on it during the summer when she is not earning anything. When she has saved enough, she would do well to invest in real estate in town.

New York real estate isn't bad. I have never lost money in that. But I never made a cent on Wall Street, nor on the races. I have won, but I have lost, too, and at the end of the season the story is always the same; I am not ahead a dollar."

"You are supposed to be an excellent business woman," remarked some one of the five. The interview was now quite out of the interviewer's hands.

"Supposed to be?" Miss Russell spoke with a dubious inflection.

"At least you have now what you have always wanted," came encouragingly from somewhere beyond the screen.

"Yes; I wanted to appear again in a clean, dainty opera, and I have it. I decided upon 'Lady Teazle' as soon as I read it. I saw there was a good deal of acting in it. It was clean-cut and pretty. After reading it once, I decided that it should be my vehicle. Then I had my sister re-read it to me so that I might enjoy it.

"Yes," she said, in reply to another question, "perhaps I am self-reliant. We must all be so, don't you think? I take plenty of time to think a thing over, but when I have made up my mind I don't change it.

"I am very happy with 'Lady Teazle,' except"—she mused with a little frown.

"I am not so sure that I like being a partner and manageress. I have been on salary and had a share of the gross receipts, but I have never been a real partner before, sharing the net proceeds. Financially, it is satisfactory, but I don't enjoy sharing the responsibilities and worries, being interrupted in making my entrance by some one saying: 'O, Miss Russell, the window in our dressing-room is broken. I would like to mend it, but I haven't time.' A star should escape such trouble, I think. Worrying over that broken window she is liable to slur her scene."

After it had been quite arranged that the dinner was to be on Sunday, the author and manager departed, and we were only five.

Miss Russell, sitting serenely quite for a fraction of a minute, said: "I don't make any plans for the future. I never have. Perhaps I am something of a fatalist. I always think, 'If I make such a plan and it doesn't work out well, I shall be disappointed, so I won't make it.' It is much better, I think, to be governed by present conditions and do what at the time seems best. Is it not written: 'Do not worry about the future. You will meet it if need be with the same reason that you now employ in your

present affairs?'"

"Marcus Aurelius?" queried the interviewer.

Miss Russell nodded.

"He is my constant companion," she said. "I have all of the twelve little books in my room."

"And Epictetus?"

The diva pursed her lips as a schoolgirl does when her task is hardly tolerable.

"Not so much," she said. "Epictetus was lame and poor and unfortunate, and what he wrote reflected those conditions. But Marcus Aurelius was noble, and that nobleness seemed only the natural unfolding of his life. He looked upon everything that happened as a part of the development that we call life."

And she quoted further from the Roman Emperor philosopher: "Accept the gifts of fortune without pride, and part with them without reluctance."

"I think," said Miss Russell, "that I could lose whatever I have to-morrow and not grieve for it. It would seem to me to be the working out of natural law."

And again she quoted the Stoic philosopher. The words were strangely incongruous upon the lips of this vital beauty, but she pointed an earnest, convincing finger as she spoke: "Act, speak and think as one who knows that he can at any time depart from life."

Miss Russell explained that before going upon the stage it was always necessary to concentrate upon her lines.

She drew forth the black staff with its orange ribbon bow from a newspaper wrapping, and Lillian Russell was at once Lady Teazle.

"I pray you, good sir."

She bent low with the mincing courtesy of Sheridan's time. She trailed the green silk daintily over the floor. The lines came trippingly and she stopped in her walk, radiant and serene. She reverted to the sadly interrupted interview.

She stood, blonde, magnificent, entrancing, framed in the doorway of the rose-papered dressing-room. She smiled the smile of a sweet-tempered child. She swept the remaining four a little, graceful curtsy.

"We were speaking of beauty," she said. "I have often imagined what it would be to be without beauty, to have suddenly lost it. One would miss it, I suppose; but the tragedy would be to have some dreadful accident, to lose a leg, for instance, and never be able to go about or to work again. I often think of that. If that happened to me I should kill myself."

The shadow the thought left upon her face flitted the next instant.

"But why speculate?" she said. And with her parting word the secret of the smooth brow, the child-like mouth, the beautiful, nerveless body, the eternal youth, was revealed.

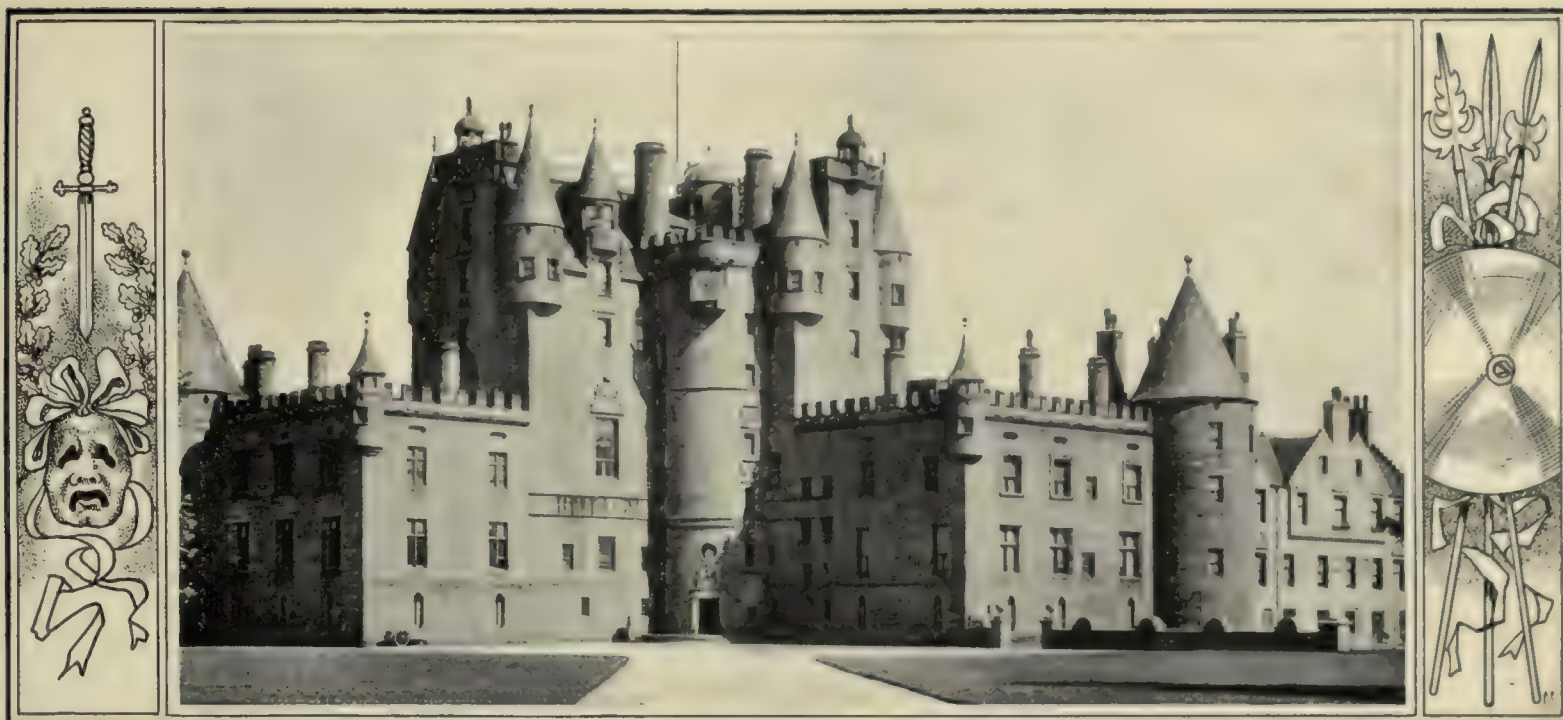
"I never think of yesterday, nor of to-morrow. To-day is enough."

With this philosophical remark, Lady Teazle passed grandly out to take up her cue.

ADA PATTERSON



MISS HELEN SINGER
Playing a leading rôle in one of Forrester & Mittenenthal's productions



Glamis Castle, Scotland, the scene of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Macbeth"

Under the Walls of Macbeth's Castle

IN the gray North of Scotland, far removed from the beaten track of tourists, is Macbeth's Castle, the scene of Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy. The Castle is situated at Glamis, a small town about 25 miles from Perth, and a short distance beyond is the famous Birnam Wood, the moving of which against the Castle warned the Thane of his coming doom. The territory between Perth and Inverness is known as the Macbeth country. After crossing the Grampian Hills, between Forres and Nairn, one sees the Blasted Heath where Macbeth met the witches, and was told of having been created by Duncan Thane of Cawdor. Five miles from Nairn is Cawdor Castle, still in good repair and occupied by an Earl of Cawdor.

It is seldom that American visitors get so far as this. With characteristic American speed, they rush through the beautiful Trossachs, visit Edinburgh, Stirling, and Glasgow, and return home imagining they have thoroughly viewed Scotland.

North of the city of Perth every foot of the ground teems with interest. Over its craggy hills and wind-swept moors men have fought and bled, and there is scarcely a section that Shakespeare's pen has not immortalized. Glamis, Birnam Wood, Dunsinane, Blasted Heath, Cawdor, these are no myths emanating from the brain of the dramatist, but historic spots that may be visited to-day.

Taking the train at Perth, after an hour's ride one arrives at the small station of Glamis, which the natives pronounce "Glams." All is peaceful and picturesque. Deep purple heather grows profusely along the roadside. There is not a habitation in sight, and Glamis Castle a mile away.

The Castle is not a public "show place," tourists being admitted only when the family is absent, and not then without a permit from the overseer of the estate. Overcoming these obstacles, we approached the massive gateway by a beautifully wooded and well-kept road, and found this historic Castle situated in the centre of a park comprising thousands of acres. The beauties of the surrounding country are indescribable. A grand avenue, thickly lined on either side with trees, leads up to a moat, well filled with water, and crossing an ancient stone bridge, one comes in full view of one of the finest specimens of feudal architecture now in existence. In point of antiquity and historical interest, Glamis Castle is one of the most remarkable structures in Great Britain.

The grounds around the Castle are ornamented with life-size statues of James I. and Charles I. There is also a wonderful sun-dial in the shape of a monument, which has a different dial

for every month in the year. The old iron knocker on the massive oaken door, which is black from age, bears the date 1687, while on the lofty chimney are the figures 1606, but the most ancient portion of the structure dates back over 900 years.

The present earl has built for the comfort and convenience of his family some modern additions, which are harmonious with the original architecture and do not offend the eye. These bear the dates of 1891-1893. The cicerone of the Castle was a most agreeable Scottish housekeeper, who seemed to take pleasure and pride in showing the place.

On entering, the first thing to impress one was the heavy, hand-wrought iron gate, with massive bolts just inside and protecting the outside door. Ascending a short stairway, we entered a large hall, where Lady Macbeth is said to have received information of King Duncan's proposed visit. On the walls are numerous oil paintings representing James I., Charles I., James II., Lady Arabella Stuart, besides many ancestors of the present possessors, who bear the name of Lyon. They inherited the estate from an intermarriage with the Fitz-Patricks. Glamis Castle is at present the seat of the 14th Earl of Strathmore, Lord Lyon, and Baron Glamis, and the title dates back to 1425, when Patrick Lyon was hostage to England for James I. The wife of the 6th Baron Glamis was burned alive in Edinburgh, the family being indicted for designs against the life of James I.

In the great hall are to be seen many fine pieces of old armor and tapestry, besides Macbeth's own coat of mail. There are also wonderful pieces of hand-carved furniture and oaken chests, black with age, and of such antiquity that their origin is unknown.

The stone staircase, which is wide enough for five people to walk abreast, numbers 143 steps from the entrance hall to the top of the house, and from the roof the view is magnificent. To the northward the Grampian Hills rise dimly out of the mist; to the south lies Perth and Dunsinane, with historic Scone Palace in the foreground; to the west is Birnam Wood, and in imagination we pictured Macbeth from this vantage point repeating to himself:

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill shall come against him."

We were shown the room where Macbeth slew Duncan on August 10, 1040. It is a small apartment with an ante-chamber, in which slept the drugged attendants; and we also saw the chambers of other famous guests, who received more hospitable treatment.

The Castle has also a handsome little chapel, with a fine painting of the "Last Supper" and one of the "Ascension" on the ceiling.

Historians differ as to the career of Macbeth, although none deny such a man lived. Shakespeare took his plot from the Chronicles of Holinshed, who in turn had copied the narrative from Hector Baece. Duncan, in reality, was a young prince, who met his untimely fate in the flower of his youth. He succeeded in 1034 his grandfather, Malcolm, who had been accused of slaying the heir-apparent to the crown, the grandson of Kenneth III. The murdered heir left a sister, Gruoch, who married the Mormaor of Moray, and had an infant son named Lulach. Gruoch's husband was killed in a family quarrel, and she married Macbeth. As guardian of his step-son, Macbeth represented the child's claim to the Scottish throne, held by Duncan; thus the gracious Duncan, in the eyes of the legitimists, was really an usurper. There was a division in the royal line, Duncan representing the House of Athol, Luloch the House of Moray. Duncan quarrelled with the Northmen, and



MISS AMY FORSSLUND
Now playing in "The Cingalee. Last season was understudy for Adele Ritchie in "Glittering Gloria"

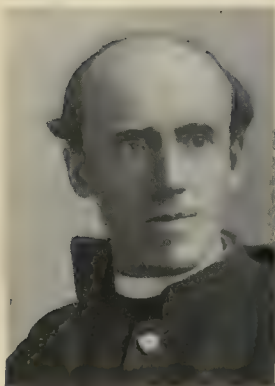
was driven by them into Moray, where his Viking foes defeated him, and following this, Duncan was slain by Macbeth.

Duncan's children were very young at the time of their father's murder, but Macbeth could not always expect to avoid the feud. Like Bruce, when once crowned, Macbeth was an excellent king, liberal to the poor, and his reign was one of prosperity. There is a record of a journey he made to Rome, where he distributed money broadcast. In 1052, some favorites of Edward the Confessor were driven out of England and sought the court of Macbeth in the interest of Duncan's son, Malcolm Canmore. The conflict lasted several years, but Macbeth was at last defeated and slain on the day of the Seven Sleepers, July 27, 1057, after a reign of fourteen years.

So much for history, the true facts of which are dimmed by the mists of time. But the famous characters which Shakespeare has limned in this, one of the greatest of his tragedies—the vacillating Macbeth, his ambitious wife, Malcolm, Banquo and Macduff—will live as real personages so long as our literature exists. M. R. CROSBY.

The Coming Relation of Church and Stage

By the Rev. Walter E. Bentley



Schloss
Rev. Walter Bentley

It was recently announced that a certain group of churchmen, following Bishop Potter's example in opening a saloon as part of a crusade against the liquor evil, would at once invade the theatrical field and attempt to offset the pernicious influences of immoral plays by producing pieces wholesome in sentiment and purpose. The churchmen back of this movement include, in addition to Bishop Potter, such well-known divines as Bishop Huntington, Bishop Mann, Bishop Doane, Bishop Keator, the Rev. R. Heber Newton, the Rev. Thomas J. Ducey, the Rev. Wm. S. Rainsford, the Rev. Percy S. Grant, the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, and others, all officers and members of the Actors' Church Alliance. The plan proposed was the production of certain plays to be selected by the Alliance which, while attractive as entertainment, would contain such a strong moral lesson that all clergymen, wherever this play was presented, would advise their flocks to go and see it. In the following article, the Rev. Walter E. Bentley, general secretary and organizer of the Alliance, tells how the organization came into existence, and sets forth its plans regarding the proposed production of plays.—EDITOR.

ONE of the strangest facts in our complex civilization is that two of our greatest institutions, the Church and the Theatre, have been so far apart in sympathy and interest so many centuries and with the exception of a few feeble, spasmodic efforts have not even tried to understand each other.

This is the more remarkable when we remember that the modern drama is the Church's offspring and that the aims of both are, if not identical, at least very similar. The stage shows us what we are; the Church shows us what we should be. Both are educational, one appealing to the eye, the other to the mind. How necessary is it, therefore, that the Church should seek to mother its child and in every way possible encourage its highest aims, inspire its purpose and strengthen its better influence over the hearts of men.

The time has come for the Church to save the stage from the blight of mere triviality and pure commercialism (the lust of the box-office), and to aid it to attain its mission as one of the great ethical forces in society, potent to humanize even while seeming but to amuse, and contributing so vitally, for weal or for woe, to the character and destiny of the nation.

Man is naturally histrionic as well as religious, and the devotional and dramatic elements in his make-up are very closely allied. If the province of the Church is to minister to the whole nature of man, she can no longer be content to provide only for his devotional and physical needs—as in services, clubs, gymnasiums and the like—but must also include the æsthetic and

artistic, and so take in his whole being. The unhappy divorce which has existed between the Church and the Stage for over four hundred years has been injurious to both. The Stage has lost the guidance and direction of the "organized conscience" of the community, while the Church in forgetting the gospel of sunshine and laughter, has lost 'that touch of nature' which the stage supplies, and to that extent its grip on daily life.

The history of such efforts is interesting. Some twenty-five years ago an English clergyman formed a society to better the condition of the chorus women in England. It was called the Church and Stage Guild, and its founder, Rev. Stewart Headlam, kept it alive until he had accomplished his purpose, when the society was disbanded. Then three young English clerics came together (one of them, like myself, had previously been an actor), and they devised the plan of appointing clergymen as Chaplains to the members of the profession, irrespective of rank or degree. Thus was formed the "Actors' Church Union of Great Britain and Ireland," and the actor-priest (Rev. E. Underhill) became its President, to be succeeded by the Lord Bishop of Rochester, who still holds that office. Learning of its formation and plans, I sought to establish such a work in this country. Interesting others in the project, among them Bishop Potter and F. F. Mackay, then President of the Actors' Society, we held a public meeting in the Berkley Lyceum on June 9th, 1899; and that night the Actors' Church Alliance of America was organized. Bishop Potter became (and still remains) our President, and Mr. Mackay was elected Vice-President (now succeeded by Joseph Jefferson), and I was made the General Secretary. From that time our work has



Byron, N. Y.

MARGARET ANGLIN AND ROBERT DROUET IN "THE ETERNAL FEMININE"

grown until to-day it covers over six hundred cities in the United States and Canada, and through our Chaplains extends to Hawaii, the Philippines, and even to Japan. Of these Chaplains there are twelve hundred representing all the denominations, both Jewish and Christian. We have over three thousand members about equally divided between the clergy, the actors and the public generally, and these members belong to local Chapters in thirty-five of our largest cities extending as far West as Colorado Springs and from Portland, Me., to Memphis, Tenn.

The Alliance is not a missionary society. It seeks simply to establish closer relations between the Church and Theatre for their mutual benefit, and believes that each can help the other and that both will gain from better acquaintance. Through its Chaplains it strives to make the actor "at home" wherever he may be, caring for him in sickness or trouble, cheerfully and freely rendering every service (social and spiritual), and in short, regarding him as a temporary parishioner. Another great aim of the Alliance is the effort to abolish Sunday performances, especially in the West. This is done, not only on religious grounds, but also in justice to the actor, who, through the system, is compelled to work seven days a week for six days' pay.

Our most recent effort is in the direction of encouraging the more wholesome drama. In this sphere the influence of the Church, instead of being mighty, is almost beneath notice. In no region of social effort are the clergy so weak as in that of the dramatic. But general ignorance on the whole subject, aided by a constant denunciation (and therefore advertisement) of the worst on the stage, and little or no com-

mendation of that which is best, has gradually lost the clergy the respect of many on the stage and the confidence of a large section of the public. With a view to educating the clergy to a wider and more generous outlook, a play contest has been instituted by our National Council whereby it is hoped we may discover plays to which we may give our endorsement of approval, and which all our Chaplains may recommend to their flocks. In this way the Church will again become the patron of the drama and the director of the people's amusements as she is of their devotions. Our first production was made at the New York Theatre on December 9 last. The play was "The King's Highway," by William Gill. While entertaining, it did not prove strong enough for our purpose, and we hope from the plays submitted to us to select one that will both embody our ideas and also become a great popular success. Early this spring we expect to make our next production, and upon its success will depend the continuation of our efforts.

An Ibsen Recital

Ole Bang gave his first Ibsen recital in America at the Manhattan Theatre, this city, on the afternoon of January 12. Scenes from "Peer Gynt" made up his programme, and so dramatic and artistic was his interpretation that he was but fairly started before he won his audience completely, though less than one-tenth of those present understood the Norwegian speech. The event was a decided novelty, and its success should open the way to further experiments in the same direction. Never before in the whole history of Ibsenism in this country has the native voice of the Scandinavian playwright been heard so authoritatively.



MISS ALICE BUTLER
Lately seen in "The Sorcerer" with Mrs.
Patrick Campbell



Charlotte Cushman



By Marguerite Merington

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, the most famous actress America has produced, and one of the world's greatest exponents of tragedy, was born in Boston, July 23, 1816. She died there February 8, 1876, after a career which, for its meteoric brilliancy, has no equal in our stage annals.

Descended from the pioneer Puritans, beginning with Robert Cushman, who delivered the first sermon in New England, the commanding physique that characterized her, her vigorous intellect, indomitable will and lofty spiritual nature came by hereditary dower-right to this famous daughter of histrionic art. Narrow straits at home—the foster-mother of how many illustrious achievements!—compelled Charlotte Cushman to enter the bread-winning struggle in her fourteenth year. A fine singing voice, on which some training had been bestowed, procured her engagements in choirs and concerts. These led to a chance to appear in opera, and as the Countess in "Figaro" she made a most creditable début. Over-use, or mis-use, however, of the vocal chords brought about a strain that in a few months put an end to her lyric career. Nothing daunted, the young girl knocked at the stage-door of Shakespearian drama. Again chance procured her an early hearing, and again her gifts justified her opportunity, and thus, having borrowed the costume she was too poor to buy, Charlotte Cushman, not yet out of her teens, gave her first performance—a highly commended one!—of Lady Macbeth, the part in which, forty years later, she bade her last triumphant farewell to the stage.

Crude as undoubtedly her impersonation must then have been, from the beginning she brought to her work not only a born gift for acting, but also heart, intelligence, and an exceptionally forceful personality. Macready, whose Macbeth she consorted some eight years later, writes of her: "She has to learn her art, but she showed mind and sympathy." And one who was in her audience on the same occasion testifies, "With Macready she held her own. She had not his experience, but she showed genius!"

Experience, art, came to her, as come they always, and in the only way they come, alike to genius and to the lesser lights, by incessant application. Charlotte Cushman bent her whole life to her work. The theatre itself was her teacher, a severe task-master in those exacting days when long runs were unheard of, the starring system practically unknown. To satisfy a public that demanded frequent changes of bill, the histrion of half a century ago simply had to be a student of dramatic literature, versatile, equipped at all points, able to turn with equal readiness to farce or tragedy. Accordingly, Charlotte Cushman's repertory included the widest conceivable range of parts: the long processions of stilted, blank-verse heroines who to us are but names,

Elvira, Roxana, Bianca, the low-comedy Mrs. Simpson, the sentimental Mrs. Haller; the dashing Lady Gay Spanker, the great Shakespearian rôles, Queen Katherine, Wolsey, Hamlet, Romeo. This stern discipline of mastering a great variety of characters afforded her genius the thorough, all-round training without which not even the possession of genius will produce an artist. To be superlatively excellent in any one part or line of parts, an actor must demonstrate a positive excellence in many and diverse parts. In reckoning Charlotte Cushman among the world's greatest tragediennes, it must not be forgotten how often she played comedy, and how well.

In the matter of compensation, too, compare the salaries, ranging from two to three hundred dollars a week, plus costumes, paid the leading ladies of to-day, with the modest twenty-five dollars on which Miss Cushman had to dress her rôles, besides

supporting herself and her family. In this connection it is gratifying to learn that with years the material reward, if not lavish, at any rate adequate, as things went then, was hers in addition to unsubstantial fame.

Her golden opportunity came when she had been on the stage some four years, playing over thirty recorded parts, and doubtless many more. It was on the opening night of a new production, a dramatization of Scott's "Guy Mannering." Only a few hours before the overture, too late for the management to make a change of bill, sudden illness seized the actress cast for Meg Merriles. In this emergency, that reliable member of the theatre's staff, Miss Cushman, was detailed to read the lines.

Read the lines! There were only a few hours before her, but Charlotte Cushman determined to act the part. And act it she did, and not as a substitute for whom a friendly indulgence must be craved, but as a master. From her first entrance to the death her audience realized that this was no understudy filling a gap, but the weird gypsy in

the flesh and spirit, holding them spellbound till at the conclusion their unrestrained applause proclaimed the intensity of the feeling that had held them enthralled, and the greatness of the impersonator's triumph.

Think what a feat this presupposes, what concentration, what trained powers of body and mind, in one afternoon to have memorized over forty speeches, to have invented the business, the pantomime, the things done that illustrate the things said; to have prepared the make-up, the outward presentation of the part . . . above all, so as to have grasped the author's conception, so to have assimilated it, as to render it vital, an actual being of the senses and emotions, with whom those looking on must laugh, weep, suffer, believe in, as in a friend!

When those who would be artists speak of inspiration, let them



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Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth

never forget that while inspiration is the gift of the gods, it never comes but to those whose lamps are trimmed, whose houses are set in order, always in readiness for the celestial visitor.

Charlotte Cushman's frequent adoption of male rôles is said to have sprung from her generous wish to bring forward on the stage her beautiful sister Susan, to whose winning Juliet she played the tender and impassioned lover. Also, perhaps, as with Rosa Bonheur, at times her active nature rebelled against the encumbrance, physical and psychic, of petticoats in the exercise of art. Indeed, placing the portraits of these two famous women side by side, one notes many points of resemblance in the square outline that marked each face, the strong, yet mobile features, the clear, direct gaze, a certain manliness in the general effect, that nevertheless does not gainsay a lovable femininity; the broad, pure brow with its record of a noble life.

Without genius, the gift of the gods, Charlotte Cushman never would have attained her eminence. With genius, she still might have been a failure but for her tireless industry. Listen to her own testimony, given on the occasion when the highest in the land were assembled to crown her closing performance with laurel:

"My text and my watchword, to be in earnest, intensely in earnest, in all my thoughts and in all my actions. And I honestly believe herein lies the secret of my success in life. I do not believe that any great success in art can be achieved without it. Art is an



Collection T. Allston Brown

Charlotte Cushman playing Romeo to the Juliet of her sister, Susan

absolute mistress; she will not be coquetted with or slighted; she requires the most entire self-devotion, and she repays with great triumphs!"

The poverty of material resource from which Miss Cushman wrested her success is exemplified in the description she gives of her interview with the great French tragedienne, Mme. Crosel, who generously lent her the costumes for her first appearance as Lady Macbeth. "I was a tall, thin, lanky girl at the time, about five feet six inches in height, while the French woman was short and fat. The ludicrousness of her clothes being made to fit me struck her at once. She roared with laughter; but she was very good natured, saw my distress, and set to work to help me. By piecing out one dress and taking in another the costume was made up. And thus for the first time I essayed the part of Lady Macbeth, fortunately to the satisfaction of audience, manager, and all the members of the company."

Her independence was characteristic. Everyone is familiar with her reproof to the would-be wag who tried to break up a love-scene

in which she was making a profound impression, with a burlesque sneeze. Having led her sister, who was playing Juliet to her Romeo, from the stage, Miss Cushman advanced to the footlights with a manly stride, crying, "Some one put that person out, or I shall be obliged to do it myself!" Decision, courage, always wins with the crowd. The traitor was ignominiously cast forth amid cheers for the plucky Montagu!

Antoine Seen in Paris as Shakespeare's "Lear"

AT the famous Antoine Theatre in Paris the production of "Le Roi Lear," first given on the night of December 5, created little less than a sensation. The able translations of Vigny, Montégut, Hugo and others long ago introduced the beauties of Shakespeare to the French people, and the Hamlets of Bernhardt and Mounet-Sully are only of yesterday. The production of "King Lear," however, with the versatile and popular Antoine as the mad king, was a theatrical novelty that the ubiquitous Parisian playgoer was not slow to appreciate, and this, added to a superb production and splendid acting, has resulted in packed houses. Critics and society unite in regarding the performance as the event of the year. Opinions differ as to M. Antoine's portrayal of the mad king, but his production is regarded as a scenic marvel.

The present translation is by Pierre Loti and Emile Védel. M. Antoine has mounted the tragedy with all its twenty-eight scenes, and there were only two pauses between the three acts. The stage settings were exceedingly elaborate and would do credit to the most careful and costly English productions. The scenes were wonderfully managed and the costumes and grouping admirable. But in its ensemble the performance impressed one as being too hurried. To a French listener not thoroughly familiar with the story, the effect was frequently one of confusion, which was shown by the faint laughter with which one or two climaxes were received. It was a long way from the "Lear" of English

tradition. The actress threw too much animation, too much modern "go" into the action. The sword play was rapid, bodies fell at a stroke. Regan and Goneril trembled, hated, shrieked, plotted and killed with the Frenchwoman's hysterical celerity, and the lines were spoken too fast. The scene in which Gloucester's eyes were put out was terrific in its realism, although slightly overacted. But touchingly beautiful was the scene in which Lear awakens to find Cordelia watching over him. The lines, "Vous me pardonnerez; je suis vieux," brought tears to the eyes of many. Gloucester's fall from the supposed cliff seemed also to be ill-understood by the audience, although a more serious and intelligent appreciation was shown in the stalls and boxes than in the galleries.

M. Antoine, of course, took the title rôle and the part of Cordelia was acted with poetic feeling by Mlle. Méry. The critics are unanimous in praising Antoine's impersonation, and while it is a long way from the Lear of English tradition, he gave a masterly performance. He seemed fully in tune with the spirit of the drama, his diction was impressive, his appearance dignified, and his betrayal of the pathetic aged figure most effective. His conception, if it may be criticised at all, departs radically from tradition in this—that the actor shows the old monarch's inner emotion and terrible humiliation of fallen power, rather than the tempestuous wrath and majestic grandeur with which the mad king meets his misfortunes.

F. IRVIN.

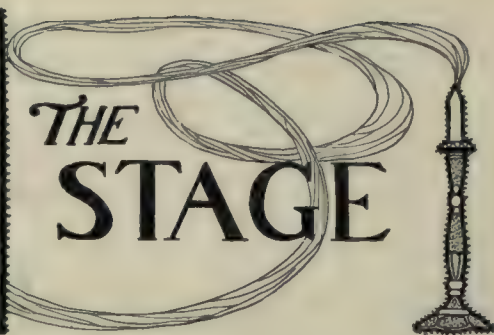


STORIES OF

The Syndicate Manager's Awakening

By JAMES M DOUGLASS

THE STAGE



NORMAN DELMAR'S face was a study as he sat in his office surrounded on all sides with pile upon pile of manuscripts which lay scattered about, on the desk, on the floor, on chairs, shelves, in fact, wherever a resting place could be found in that room of chaotic disorder and confusion.

All had been cast aside as worthless, totally unfit for the great object in view; that of a play fitting in its dramatic powers to grace the stage of the Syndicate's opening of the magnificent Coliseum. And now that he had reached the end of his labors, which had been in vain, the attitude of the Syndicate's representative was pitiful in the extreme. The clean-shaven lips were tightly compressed, the eyes dilated and bloodshot, the cheeks white and drawn, the thin, black hair, moist with perspiration, pushed back over the forehead in a straggling, bedraggled, stringy-like fashion, the breathing coming hard and labored. The whole aspect denoting that of a man on the verge of utter and irretrievable ruin, hopeless desolation, complete wretchedness. The day had been hot and sultry. All day long, without a moment's rest, Norman Delmar had sat at his desk laboring, fuming and sweating, and now as the last rays of the fiery orb filtered through the Venetian blinds, casting its lurid light on the scene, the great man rose unsteadily to his feet, grasped the arms of his chair for a moment, and tottering across the room to where the ice water stood, gulped down a large tumblerful of the cooling, but in his nervous and thoroughly weakened condition highly dangerous, draught; then half stumbling back to his desk, sat and gazed vacantly into space.

Visions of that glorious opening night, with the plaudits of an enraptured audience ringing in his ears, the unstinted encomiums of the mighty press dancing before his gladdened gaze on the day following, the veiled but nevertheless spontaneous congratulations of his many rivals at the great success which his superior judgment and foresight had obtained, gave way to bitter disappointment and despair. He had exhausted the list of known native dramatists, it was too late to secure a foreign play, and there was only one of two things left, to postpone the original date set for the opening. It would be madness to put on an old play and to accept the first alternative would mean thousands of dollars' loss to the management and a great and lasting slur on his own aspirations at the very beginning of his new career. What was he to do?

In the midst of his reveries came a timid knock on the door. All his clerks had left, there was no one to usher in a caller, besides, he wasn't in a mood to be disturbed, so he paid no attention to the interruption. The knocking was repeated, this time a little louder and more determined than before, and at last, with an impatient "Come in!" Norman Delmar again relapsed into semi-unconsciousness. He was aware of the door opening noiselessly and the figure of a young man pass silently but swiftly across the intervening space until he stood at the opposite side of his desk.

"Well!" came the monosyllable from the lips of the manager in a nervous, jerky tone and without looking up.

Then came the answer of the caller, spoken in a voice soft and trembling with anticipated hope.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you the manuscript of a play in the hope——"

"Play? Play?" starting nervously in his seat. "Heavens, man, are you crazy? Do you see all these?" waving his arms in a sweeping motion around the room. "All this stuff you see lying about are plays. All

the work of well-known dramatists."

The visitor followed the circling sweep of those shirt-sleeved arms and a soft flush mounted to his dark, handsome face, the faint semblance of a smile hovered around his lips, which were half framed in a reply when Norman Delmar again spoke.

"Let me see what you have got there," reaching out his hand.

The visitor drew from under his arm a folded newspaper, which he opened and produced a manuscript, the cover of which was a coarse brown paper, the pages being fastened together in three places with rough twine. Placing the manuscript in those outstretched hands the visitor watched the face of the great man as he carelessly turned to the title page and cast of characters.

Allowing the pages of the manuscript to slip through his fingers mechanically and without a stop Norman Delmar returned it to his visitor, leaned back in his chair and half closing his eyes said wearily:

"Your first play, I suppose."

"Yes."

The manager shook his head.

"My friend, you have a lot to learn. I can see at a glance that your play is crude, amateurish, and totally lacking in that dramatic touch that is absolutely indispensable to every play. It is useless to me in such a condition, and I regret I can give you no encouragement."

"But surely, Mr. Delmar, you would not condemn my play until you have read it? My play may lack the professional requirements that a trained dramatist would be able to give it, but if the plot, scenes and characters are striking in their originality, what does a little defect of stage business matter?"

"My dear sir, it matters everything. A manager is not supposed to correct and revise all the little mistakes and omissions of an author; his time is too valuable for that. Every little detail must be written down in black and white, nothing must be left to the imagination of either manager or player, and the play that does not fulfill these conditions is worthless in the extreme."

"I am sorry, for I think I have a good play—a play that would just suit you. I might add——"

"They all say that," interrupted the manager; it is an old story."

"Very well, Mr. Delmar, I wish you good-day," and carefully placing his manuscript between the folds of his newspaper, Norman Delmar's nocturnal visitor smiled pleasantly as he crossed the room and quietly closed the door behind him.

* * * * *

It was late that night when the Syndicate's manager reached his home in Washington Heights. The house was in darkness save for a single light which burned in the hall, and as he let himself in with his night key, he turned up the gas and noticed there were several telegrams and letters lying on the hall table.

Naturally his inclination was to open the telegrams first, but a letter in his sister's handwriting attracted his attention, and as she, too, would rise or fall at his success or failure to secure a fitting play for the great event, he eagerly broke the seal, and this is what he read:

DEAR NORMAN:

If you haven't selected a play for the Coliseum's opening, secure the play called "Day Dreams" without fail. It is a great play, and the leading woman's part is just the thing for me. I will make a big hit in it and your managerial career will have an auspicious start. The author is a

(Continued on page xiii.)



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Member of the Ferris Stock Company of Minneapolis. Miss Hayward will star next season in her own production of "Graustark"

FASHIONS ON THE STAGE

THE show girl's gown of to-day is the copyist's model of to-morrow; therefore the pretty frocks worn by prettier show girls and described in this issue should have much interest for our women readers. The gowns shown are the very newest of French fancies in feminine frills.

In all big theatrical productions where masses of color are grouped for a

general effect, it is noticeable that the most pleasing result is obtained by groups of gowns in one hue, though the modification of trimming in a lighter or darker tone of the same shade is always permissible, not to say desirable.

This is even true of scenes where evening gowns are worn, as proven by the group of court costumes in the last act of "It Happened in Nordland" at Lew Fields' Theatre.

Six stunning evening gowns are shown at one time, in one group. Each is a duplicate of the other, and the effect is twice as striking as it would have been had these gowns been designed after separate models. "Florodora" was probably the first of the musical comedies to go in for the evening gown as a sort of mental shock—that is a climactic episode in the play. Since then, the musical piece which did not have its array of model

membered, the very smartest models, and wede approved instantler by the feminine portion of the audience, and who shall say not by the masculine element?

Indeed, men are as fond of seeing pretty frocks as are women. Some of them admit the soft impeachment, others deny it as a matter of principle—

they have to pay for them. To admire pretty clothes, and then to object to the bills, would be illogical, so the male human who flatters himself that he is nothing if not consistent, pretends not to be interested in feminine fashion. This is not to be a discussion of metaphysics, however, so let me not digress further. Since the Florodora frocks dazzled a waiting audience, every musical comedy has followed the precedent and held as a *piece de résistance* a number of stunning model dresses, to be exhibited upon as many stunning models at just the precise moment that in a legitimate play would present a big climax. And we wait with pleasurable anticipation for this "situation" in each new musical comedy.

At the Weber Music Hall, the witching moment occurs when Miss Anna Held and the chic little Miss McKenzie sing, surrounded by stage beauties. It gives one rather the sensation of a three-ring circus to sit in front and try to see all the beautiful frocks at once. And at Fields' the stirring episode is left for the last act, when the smart

court ladies, looking each one like a page from a French fashion book, stand at bay before a battalion of levelled opera glasses.

And here we are again at the point of considering groups of one color. These gowns of the court ladies are precisely alike and wonderfully effective. The one reproduced here so beautifully is worn by Miss Harriet Forsythe. It will more than bear description and might be copied very effectively in other colors and materials. (See Fig. 3.) It is cut *princesse*, with a long, very full train. The entire body of the gown is of light green sequins or scales, which end in the deep flounce of ermine at the hem of the skirt. This ermine flounce is graduated at the back, forming the train. The decolleté bodice is formed half of the scales, the other side being filled in with pink velvet of a lightish shade.

A résumé of the style of several years ago is shown in the sleeves or rather the sleeve (there is only one). The other arm has two bands of green satin appliqué in pearls in the "place where the sleeve ought to be."

Just below the knee, on the left side of the gown, there is a large bow-knot of rhinestones, and clusters of the same jewels are used as embellishment on the bodice and at intervals around the ermine flounce. A festoon of pearls is a further garniture on the bodice. The sleeve, which does not show in the photograph, is a



(1) Gown of soft, pale blue silk with trimming of violet velvet worn by Miss Indiola Arnold in "It Happened in Nordland"



(2) Handsome cloak of pale tan cloth worn by Miss Harriet Forsythe in "It Happened in Nordland"

frocks with which to edify women theatre-goers, would be as an oyster stew without salt.

To revert to the Florodora evening gowns, they were, as will be re-

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double puff, scaled with the green sequins. Long white mousquetaire gloves are worn. Another court costume of equal beauty is worn by Miss Helena Fredericks as Miss Hicks, the First Secretary of the American Embassy in "Nordland." The foundation of this frock is of rose pink taffeta, with an over-dress of white net appliqué in lace. The bodice is trimmed with lace and has a pointed girdle. The sleeves are short, puffed affairs of the taffeta and net with lace appliqué. The most striking feature of this gown is the train cut in full court length and made of heavy satin duchesse embossed with large groups of Prince of Wales feathers in white velvet.

A smart model for a dancing frock is also in pink and is worn by Miss Billie Norton. It is cut in dancing length and made with a full, silk-dotted net skirt of three ruffles, over a foundation of pale pink taffeta. The edge of the foundation skirt has several rows of narrow ruffles, and chiffon of the same shade is used for ruffles under the hem. The bodice is fully bloused with short, puffed sleeves and the garniture of bodice and skirt is rosebud sprays. The same flowers are worn in the hair. In the first act a rather striking gown is worn by Miss Norton. The skirt is of white silk mousseline over a foundation of burnt orange taffeta. The pointed bodice of black velvet is cut with a square décolletage. An over-jacket of heavy white lace covers it in Eton effect, opening in front to give the effect of a vest. The front of the bodice has two rows of rhinestone buttons, which form a "V" and accentuate the pointed effect. The lace sleeves are elbow-length. This is an especially desirable model for an afternoon costume. The skirt is formed of three corded ruffles of the white mousseline.

Colonial yellow has been used in the exquisite frock worn by Miss Forsythe when she appears as one of the "Beauty Samples" in Act I. This gown is of *peau de soie* and taffeta in the smart yellow shade so much affected at present. The skirt, which is *en train*, has lace motifs and a further garniture of great spreading bow-knots of yellow chiffon. The bodice has puffed sleeves in elbow-length and a pointed bodice, with a "V" in rhinestone buttons. A berthe of dainty chiffon in the same shade is tied at the corsage in a soft bow. Berthe and bow have an appliqué of soft cream lace. The hat worn with this costume represents some women's idea of Heaven. It is a "creation" in very truth of Colonial yellow velvet, jewel-wrought, and having besides a great crumpled bow of twisted velvet at one side, two stunning white ostrich plumes, one of which droops over the shoulder.

Miss Indiola Arnold as the "Duchesse Helene" is seen (Fig. 1) in a dream of a frock. It is of soft, pale blue silk. The skirt has a train and is made in three flounces, heavily embroidered in self-color, and each flounce edged with two narrow ruffles of chiffon and taffeta. The bodice, which has a square décolletage, is simply made with slight fullness at the corsage. The girdle is of light violet velvet. The elbow sleeves have narrow pipings of the violet velvet and the same material finishes the sleeves in a soft twist and knot at the elbow. The décolletage is outlined with gathered chiffon in the pale blue and the hat is pale blue chiffon with white ostrich plumes.

Miss Josephine Karlin, as another of the "Beauty Samples" in the same play, wears a soft,



(3) Princess evening gown of green sequins ermine and having rhinestones garniture. Worn by Miss Harriet Forsythe in "It Happened in Nordland"

graceful gown of lavender silk. The trained skirt is made very full, with four tucks in the front which flare from the depth of six inches, a style which only slim girls can copy. A new feature of this gown is its slashed side, with three graduated tucks above the hem. The slashed side is really a cut-out piece which opens over a foundation of lavender chiffon in wide tucks. The bodice has elbow sleeves made very full and puffed. They are trimmed with chiffon, which is arranged in a fall at the elbow. The girdle has stole ends, which fall at either side, front and back. Each of these ends has a wide border of velvet shade. A hat of violet chiffon is worn.

Very good-looking is the cloak (Fig. 2) worn in the prologue by Miss Forsythe. It is of pale tan cloth, cut three-quarter length in the circular or umbrella style. There are immense sleeves hanging full from an epauletted shoulder, which is made of the corded cloth and chiffon. The fullness is gathered at the wrist into wide cuffs, also corded, and the same form of trimming edges the garment, which affords a smart model for evening wear.



(4) Frock of champagne colored cloth worn by Mlle. R. Desprez

Two other illustrations shown afford suggestions for spring gowns. One of these is worn by Mlle. Desprez, (see Fig. IV.). It is of champagne colored cloth, with the new full sleeves, which are tight below the elbow and have the favorite French "flot" above the wrist. The bodice is exceedingly pretty, made with a French back, but having in front straps of the material which open over a lace blouse. These straps, which begin in the shoulder seams, fasten with a large crocheted button at the voke. A wide-pointed girdle of the cloth starts from the underarm seam, and fastens with a suède-covered buckle which matches the cloth. The straps are extended from the bodice, stitched over the girdle and continued in box pleats down the skirt, which is cut walking length and has a decided flare. A dainty coat is worn by Mlle. Dorgère (Fig. V.). It is of pale, tan-colored velvet appliqué with silver and gold bullion and turquoises, and designed to wear as a jacket over a cream lace blouse and pleated skirt of pastel blue voile.

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form, which may be inflated to fill a dress lining and then kept for future fittings. The inventor must have a sense of humor, for he calls his dress form "the Pneu-Woman." Certainly there are many of the sex who will be glad to have their gowns made by "absent treatment," as it were. The form sells for \$12.50, including the stand.

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It is said that during the past three years more than thirty new fire-proof hotels have been constructed in the city of New York, at a cost of from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 each, and that more than twenty-five more of these costly edifices are still under construction or in contemplation. Perhaps the most famous of all the hotel proprietors of the old school in New York City is the Hon. James H. Breslin, formerly President of the Hotel Keepers' Association, at one time proprietor of the Grand Union, at Saratoga, and whose highest reputation in New York City was made as proprietor of the old Gilsey House on Broadway, and more recently of the Wolcott. In his honor, the latest Broadway hotel, the magnificent million-dollar structure at Twenty-ninth Street, across the way from the old Gilsey and just completed, has been named the Breslin. He is President of the company which has built it. George T. Stockham is the Vice-President and General Manager. The decorations of the new Breslin are in most exquisite taste, and some of the state apartments are a revelation of gilt, crystal and color. Maids in black uniform for women guests, a hunting-room with a grill for men, a dining-room, which is a replica of the salon of a French chateau, are among the unique features of this exceedingly attractive and absolutely fire-proof establishment. It makes our old friend Breslin once again a winner.

Credit to Otto Sarony Co.

In the last issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, by an oversight, no credit was given to the Otto Sarony Co., photographers of Broadway, New York, under their photograph of Miss Lotta Faust, reproduced in color on our front cover. The error is herewith acknowledged and apologies tendered.

Books Received

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. A Miracle Play. Reconstructed from old English cycles by CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY. With old wood cuts. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co.

THE HOLY CITY. A Drama in Blank Verse. By THOMAS W. BROADHURST. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.

Romance of a London Theatre

Now that the Haymarket Theatre, the third of its name, is being reconstructed, one is reminded of much that is interesting in the history of its predecessors. It was at the Haymarket, we read, that in 1749 people were invited to come and see a wonderful "conjurer who would jump into a quart pot." The "Little Theatre," as it was then called, was packed to the doors; excited and disappointed thousands were clamoring and pushing outside for admission; all London was, in fact, in a fever of excitement over such an unheard-of feat. And when, after waiting for an hour or so, no conjurer made his appearance, and the crowds realized that they were the victims of a hoax, a terrible riot resulted, and the theatre was completely wrecked.

The original Haymarket was a very modest edifice, built and equipped in 1720 by John Potter at a total cost, including decorations, scenery, and dresses, of £1,500, and it was leased to a company of French actors, the "French Comedians of His Grace the Duke of Montague," the perpetrator, by the way, of the hoax we have described. Later it came into the hands of Fielding, the famous novelist, whose plays were produced there by a company described as "The Great Mogul's Company, recently dropped from the clouds."

But its palmy days came with the reign of Foote, the great comedian and mimic, whose "screaming entertainments," known as "Foote Giving Tea," etc., filled the house with fashionable and delighted crowds. Many capital stories are told of Foote in connection with his Haymarket tendency. One day the Duke of Cumberland found his way into the green-room of the theatre. "Well, here I am, Foote," he greeted the comedian, "ready to swallow all your good things." "Your Royal Highness must have the digestion of an ostrich," answered Foote, "for I never knew you to throw anything up again."

Foote's reign at the Haymarket lasted nearly thirty years, and, although he had the misfortune to lose one of his legs through a riding accident, "with the aid of a cork leg he performed his former characters with no less agility and spirit than before, and continued by his laughable performances to draw together crowded houses." He practically rebuilt the theatre and raised it to such a height of prosperity that when he retired in 1776 he was able to dispose of his interest in it to George Colman for an annuity of £1,600.

It was during Foote's reign that "Romeo" Coates made his one and only appearance on the boards of a London Theatre. Coates was an eccentric West Indian gentleman of wealth, who thought he had been born to be a great actor, and he engaged the Haymarket to make his appearance as Romeo. The theatre was crowded to suffocation with people anxious to "see the fun," and they had a splendid return for their money. The first glimpse of Romeo as he strode on the stage sent them into convulsions of laughter. He was dressed in a cloak of sky-blue silk ablaze with spangles, red pantaloons, and a white muslin vest; while on his head he wore a Charles II. wig crowned by an opera hat. This was funny enough, but better was to follow; for his voice, gestures, and ridiculous conception generally of the character kept the audience in such peals of laughter that "many actually groveled on the floor, and others had to be carried out quite limp and exhausted." This was the beginning and end of "Romeo" Coates—as he was ever afterwards known—as an actor; and it was not long before he wiped the dust of unappreciative London off his feet forever.

On February 3rd, 1794, the theatre was the scene of an alarming occurrence. When the pit door was opened so great was the crush that scores of persons were trampled under foot, and no fewer than twenty, including two of the heralds, were killed.

In was in 1820 that the theatre which Foote and Coates had made famous was pulled down, and its successor, so well-known to many of us, replaced it. It was in this new theatre that "Paul Pry" was first produced, with Liston, William Farren, Mrs. Glover, and Mme. Vestris in the cast; and in later years such famous actors as Macready, Charles Kean, Sheridan Knowles, Buckstone, Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Stirling, and many another have ministered to the delight of hundreds of thousands.—*Tit-Bits*.

Mr. Pepper—"I don't believe there was a dry eye in the house when the curtain went down on the third act."

Mrs. Pepper—"No; but there seemed to be the usual number of dry throats."

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Justin Huntly M'Carthy on Irish Character

Justin Huntly M'Carthy, dramatist, novelist, and historian, has written a number of books on Ireland, including "Outline of Irish History," "Ireland Since the Union," etc. As a student of Irish character, his views here given are of interest.

"The average conception of the typical Irishman," he said, "is as inaccurate as average conceptions usually are. The grotesque and impossible stage Irishman is responsible for much of this. I am delighted to learn that in the United States many large and influential bodies of Irishmen are refusing to attend any playhouse in which the conventional stage Irishman is permitted to appear.

"It has long been my wish to write a play about Ireland, and I am at present engaged on one in which the leading figure is an Irishman, although the scene is not laid in Ireland.

"Irish plays would be popular in England if they were good plays. When Dion Boucicault was writing and acting in his admirable Irish dramas, he was one of the greatest successes of his day."

"It is said, Mr. M'Carthy," I interposed, "that Englishmen simply will not travel in Ireland and study Irish character there at first-hand."

"I have not myself been in Ireland for some years," he replied, "but, so far as my experience goes, I have found that Englishmen do travel



FRANK CONNOR
Lately seen with Kyrle Bellow in "Raffles"

very considerably in Ireland, especially those who are fond of fishing. Undoubtedly, the more English people travel in Ireland the more knowledge they will gain of the real Irish character."

We then discussed certain Irishmen and women who have achieved fame in the arts and professions generally.

"There are several admirable Irish novelists of the present day," said Mr. M'Carthy; "for the most part, curiously enough, women—Miss Crotty, Miss Jane Barlow, and the brilliant authoress of 'The Real Charlotte' and 'The Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate.'"

"Among Irish actresses there is Miss Ada Rehan. Though she has made her fame in America, she is of Irish birth and parentage. She is, I believe, one of the greatest actresses of our time.

"And as for Irishmen in art—there was Foley, the sculptor. Surely he was a great artist."—*Tit-Bits*.

Only Natural

"Speaking of animals, in my opinion the elephant is the cleverest of them all," said the old circus man. "I remember once, many years ago, when Jacko, who was then under my charge, showed me one day that he could read."

"Oh, come now," said the listener.

"I'll prove it to you in about two minutes," said the trainer. "Well, as I was saying, the old fellow got into a scrape with the Bengal tiger, and before we could get them separated he had his trunk badly damaged. After the scrimmage was over Jacko broke loose and started down the street fast. 'He's going wild!' somebody shouted. 'Don't you believe it,' says I. Now, where do you suppose that elephant went to?"

"Went to the surgeon's, I suppose. Can't you get up a better yarn?"

"No, he didn't go to the surgeon's. He went straight to a little shop where a sign said: 'Trunks repaired while you wait.' Of course he had made a mistake; but what do you expect of a poor dumb brute?"—*Tit Bits*.



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The third performance of the season to be given by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, in the Criterion Theatre, Thursday afternoon, January 26, will include the first English representation in this country of Sudermann's four-act play, "Honor." A one-act comedy, by the well-known Russian writer, Anton Chekhov, "The Challenge," given for the first time in English, will precede the longer play.

THE CURRENT PLAYS

(Continued from page 34.)

interjected some lyrics and songs into the original lines, but practically the only passages which seemed to amuse the audience were those contributed by the immortal Richard Brinsley, which is proof enough, if any were needed, of the extraordinary vitality of this brilliant eighteenth century comedy. Mr. Bangs' lyrics, such as they are, are clever. This professional humorist could never be dull, and Mr. Penfield has shown skill in stringing the scenes together, while Mr. Sloane's score is musically and tuneful. Lillian Russell looked radiantly beautiful in the title rôle, and while in her acting she hardly brings out all the celebrated rôle contains, certainly no such beautiful Lady Teazle ever faced the footlights before. No wonder Sir Peter lost his head! The respective rôles of Joseph and Charles were surprisingly well acted by Stanley Hawkins and Van Rensselaer Wheeler, and the management has furnished splendid costumes and scenery.

The success of the People's Theatre, now exclusively devoted to plays in Yiddish, is strikingly significant of the hold that the drama has upon those whose lives are led in narrow confines. Separated, in large measure, by the larger life surrounding them, still in the transition period leading to full citizenship and companionship in political ideas, the Hebrews of the New York Ghetto are as if dwelling in a strange land. The imagination needs to be stimulated by the stage. For them the plays have an educational value while serving for entertainment. At all events, the People's Theatre is usually thronged. The selection of plays is extremely liberal, including those of the most diverting kind, comedy and farce, as well as those of the deepest religious significance. Shakespeare's plays are frequently on the bill. Original authorship is not inactive, and some of the problem plays dealing with modern conditions of life have been notable. A recent production of Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" reveals the fact that the artistic resources of the theatre were equal for the purposes of the play to every demand. Indeed, in the stage management of details, and in the reproduction externally of the characters familiar on the East Side, no English-speaking theatre could have done so well. Besides, the actors manifested a reality of sentiment and made the little points constituting shades of difference in expression only possible perhaps to this theatre. Simulation it was in the very nature of acting, but its closeness to life was uncommon. The fish peddler, the butcher, the cantor, and other minor characters, were incomparably true. Much of this could not be singled out for individual praise with reference to artistic training, but individual merit was conspicuous in some of the leading members of the company. Mrs. Thomas-helsky as Hannah; B. Thomashefsky, as David Brandon; Berenstein, as Pinchas, a poet; Gold, as Moses Ansell, a pauper alien; Mrs. Gudinsky, as Malka, and Miss Celia Feinman, as Esther, were effective in the highest degree, exercising their art with every evidence of constant training in it and devotion to it. The stage management of the scenery was at times defective, but in essential details, "The Children of the Ghetto" has never been produced with greater fidelity to the actualities it depicts.

LYRIC. "Fantana." Musical comedy, lyrics by Sam S. Shubert and R. B. Smith; music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced January 14, with this cast:

Commodore Everett, Hubert Wilke; Hawkins, Jefferson de Angelis; Lieut. Warren, Frank Rushworth; Fred Everett, Douglas Fairbanks; Henri Pasdoit, George Beban; Hon. Hirataka, Philip Leigh; Marquis Kioto, Robt. Broderick; Fanny Everett, Adele Ritchie; Jessie, Katie Barry; Elsie Sturtevant, Julia Sanderson; Mlle. Anita, Eleanor Browning.

This piece, like many others of its species, had its origin in the West, where the cyclones come from. It is the usual hodge-podge of breezy nonsense which passes nowadays for comic opera, and in which lavish expenditure in stage settings, gorgeous costumes, clever comedians and attractive chorus girls cover up a conventional book and score. Somewhat reminiscent of "A Chinese Honeymoon," the action is laid partly in California and partly in Japan, where goes a wealthy American commodore to save his lovely daughter, Fanny, nicknamed Fantana, from the wiles of an ardent English lover. The bold Lothario naturally gives pursuit, and after a series of more or less droll complications, in which a Japanese

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minister and his yacht are mixed up, everything winds up happily for all concerned. The piece goes with snap, and some of the songs were endorsed. Jefferson de Angelis, who is featured in this production, had the burden of the fun-making, and he acquitted himself well, so well that he kept the audience in constant good humor, especially with his imitations of a music leader and strong man. Mr. de Angelis was run a close race in the spectator's favor by Katie Barry, who was excruciatingly funny as Jessie, a comic maid. Others in the cast who helped the piece were Adele Ritchie, who was dainty and graceful in the name part; Hubert Wilkie as the commodore, Frank Rushworth and Robert Broderick.

CRITERION. "A Wife Without a Smile." Farce by A. W. Pinero. Produced December 19, with this cast:

Seymour Rippingill, Ernest Lawford; Haynes Webbmarsh, Frank Worthing; Vivian Trood, Frank Atherley; John Pullinger, J. H. Barnes; Foley, Louis R. Grisel; Mrs. Rippingill, Margaret Illington; Mrs. Webbmarsh, Esther Tittell; Mrs. Lovette, Elsie De Wolfe; Bates, Florence Wilkison.

Except for the purpose of record, there is no reason for mentioning this play, which, deprived of its chief feature, the suggestive dancing doll, was a complete failure in New York, and withdrawn at the end of two weeks.

NEW YORK. "Home Folks." Play by C. T. Dazey. Produced December 20, with this cast:

John Selby, William Ingersoll; Joe Hawkins, Thomas A. Wise; Squire Andrews, Samuel Reed; Old Mat Niles, Arthur Sanders; Si Heckle, Chas. Stedman; Paul Niles, W. S. Hart; Ruth Clayton, Crystal Herne; Mrs. Martha Selby, Ida Waterman; Sis Durkee, Julie Herne; Polly Hopkins, Frances Stevens; Sadie Heckle, Roso Marston; Pearl Snyder, Alice Braham.

This is a play of American rural life. The story is conventional and without great interest. The effort of the producers seems to have been rather in the direction of presenting a succession of scenes of rustic felicity, such as a country dance, country sports, a lynching party in pursuit, etc. Some of the character bits are excellent, but otherwise the play is not good of its class.

The American Theatre has been playing to packed houses recently. James M. Brophy in "The Shadows on the Hearth" proved a very popular attraction, and more recently "Me, Him and I," a musical comedy by Willard Holcomb and Max Hoffman, has been "turning 'em away." Rarely have the walls of the American Theatre resounded with such peals of spontaneous laughter as at the misadventure of the three comic tramps in the Klondike. They stow away on a private yacht, finally arrive in Dawson City, and end by discovering a treasure trove. The piece is full of ballets, songs and rough and tumble fun which pleases the audience hugely. In the pony ballet, the girls have flowing manes and tails like live ponies. The leading parts were in the hands of George Bickel, Harry Watson, Jr., Ed. Lee Wrothe and Gertrude Hoffman.

The West End Theatre, in 125th St., continues to enjoy the generous patronage of Harlemites and others. The handsome little playhouse is usually crowded at every performance. Joe Welch recently was seen on its boards in "Cohen's Luck," and later appeared "The Burgomaster," under the management of W. P. Cullen, with Oscar L. Figman in the title part. In the company were Charles Sharp, Oscar B. Ragland, Fred Bailey, R. J. Moyne, George McKissock, Olga von Hartzfeldt, Louise Brackett, Harriet Sheldon, Dorothy Rae, and the Sisters Lockhart.

Charles B. Dillingham has made a revival of the ever lovely "Fatinitza," with Fritz Scheff in the title rôle. What a relief it was once more to come in contact with the fresh, frank, refined musical joys of von Suppe's work. As the dashing Lieutenant Vladimir, clad in various effective masculine costumes, Fritz Scheff pleased the eye. Of her persistent singing out of tune it is not necessary to dwell upon here. The staging is admirable, costumes and singers pretty, and the choruses have been well rehearsed. It is not the management's fault if good voices are difficult to find. The work of Louis Harrison as "Izzet Pasha" was conspicuous for its vaudeville tendencies. Albert Hart, as the amorous old General Kantchukoff did well and played with commendable reserve.



The Syndicate Manager's Awakening

(Continued from page 52.)

young friend of my mother's, and being of a rather independent nature would not permit my name to be used in his efforts to dispose of his play. I only read the play late this afternoon, and told him to see you at once. I am now on my way to Colorado with mother on a flying visit. Will be back in time for rehearsals of "Day Dreams." With love, IRENE.

"Day Dreams! 'Day Dreams!' Great Heavens! That is the play that handsome young fellow brought to my office to-night, and whom I treated in such a shabby manner! What is to be done? I don't even know the fellow's name. I cannot learn it from Irene, as I haven't the remotest idea where she can be reached. Why in Heaven's name did she not tell me? I will send despatches throughout the whole State of Colorado, she is too well known to escape them. I will advertise in all the papers for the author of 'Day Dreams' and await the result. But great Scott! In the meantime he may take his play to some one else! Some one else will take the trouble to read it, and if so I am lost! For there can be no mistake that I have carelessly overlooked a gem."

Never was there such a flood of telegrams despatched from the Rialto in decades. Never was there an advertisement that attracted so much attention as the one that appeared in all the dailies asking in big type for the address of the author of "Day Dreams." What did it mean? Who was the author? Why this hue and cry after him, and who was the interested party in his whereabouts? There was no answer to these inquiries that were on everybody's tongue, but gossip was busy with the name of Norman Delmar, the Syndicate's new manager. That gentleman sat in his office on the verge of collapse. He denied himself to all comers, and those who were compelled to have access to his private office on matters of business went away shaking their heads at the great change in his appearance, so different from the bright, alert, and courteous manner that was so characteristic of him until it became noised about that he was the instigator of those inquiries, and for reasons that soon became apparent when it was whispered that the Coliseum's opening night was to be postponed for lack of a suitable play.

A week had passed. Still there was no word from Irene or the much-wanted author of "Day Dreams." Norman Delmar was in the last stages of despair. The terrible suspense was killing him. He no longer had the strength to pace the floor. The excitement which had lent an artificial strength to his already overworked system had subsided, and in its place came lethargy, listlessness, and a numbness of his mental faculties that foreboded the beginning of the end.

Towards noon on the sixth day the door of his room burst open and a vision of feminine loveliness tripped gaily in.

Norman Delmar raised his haggard eyes and made a movement to rise to greet his sister, but the effort proved too much, and he sank back again in his chair.

"Norman! Norman! I did not mean to be so cruel! Indeed, I did not!" throwing her arms around her brother's neck. "I could laugh till the tears came to my eyes at the trick I played upon you if it wasn't that its effect is more serious than I thought it would be."

"Trick, Irene; what do you mean?"

"Simply, you foolish boy, that you have still got 'Day Dreams,' although it would be entirely your fault if some one else had got it. Not only that, but the piece has been rehearsed privately every day for the past week; in fact, that is the reason I went away, and everything works beautifully. Allow me to congratulate you; your fortune is made."

"But, how did it happen?"

"Oh, I knew your shortcomings about taking up a new author, and after your refusal to read 'Day Dreams' it was an easy matter to induce the author, who, by the way, is a very dear friend of mine, not mother's, to take the trip to Colorado, where together we managed the rehearsals, in which the principal cast is letter perfect."

"But my telegrams?"

"Oh, I got them; a hundred, I should say, at the least," laughingly.

"Well, Irene, I suppose I deserve all that's coming. It has taught me a lesson. I would not go through the same ordeal again for all the wealth of a Monte Cristo. I will make it a point never again to refuse to read the play of a new author."

"That is precisely the object lesson of my little joke, Norman, and the one thing I am sorry for is that your punishment should have to be so severe."

"I have already forgotten it, Irene, in my great joy at securing the play."

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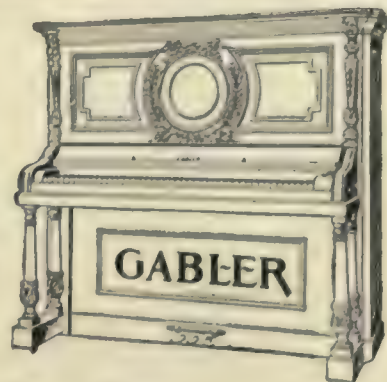
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FEBRUARY BROADWAY MAGAZINE

is an intimate personal sketch of the man who is shaking the "Kings of Finance" on their thrones. In this article Thomas W. Lawson is shown to the public not as the man of affairs, but as the Boston citizen, the country gentleman and the millionaire of many and constant benefactions.

Removing Six Million Cubic Yards of Snow in Manhattan Borough is the story of a winter's fight with the "snow demon" told by no less an authority than Mr. Alfred P. Thorley, 1st Assistant Snow Inspector.

The Wives and Daughters of Japan, contributed by William S. Birge, M. D., is a study of femininity in the Orient by one who has long been a resident in the country. It is beautifully and richly illustrated by a series of specially taken photographs.

Reminiscences of Robert Louis Stevenson as a School Boy, is contributed by Edmund Lyons, the well-known actor, who sat on the same bench with him in the Edinburgh Preparatory Academy. The article is illustrated with a number of early portraits of Stevenson.

"The Clown Speaks" is by William C. Schrode, the greatest clown since the days of Fox and the Ravelles. He tells of the vicissitudes and pleasures of the life of a clown.

A Stranger Among His People, by Bert Levy, with illustrations by the author, is a vivid and realistic paper describing the impressions of a young Jewish artist to the East Side Ghetto. He writes and sketches with a passionate love of his people stirring his pulses. The story is a veritable prose poem.

Other articles of interest are Musical America by Victor Herbert; From Church Choir to Parsifal, by Marion Weed; The Actor and the Critic, by Nance O'neil; besides clever fiction, heart poetry and the usual carefully compiled theatrical story of the month.

10 Cents a Copy at all Newsstands or from the Publisher

BROADWAY MAGAZINE, 405 MAIL & EXPRESS BLDG., NEW YORK

(Continued from page ii.)

B. M.—Q.—When is Margaret Anglin going to play in New York in her new play?

A.—It is not certain. "The Vital Issue" is the title of the new play commenced January 16.

J. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q. (1)—Kindly tell me the most necessary accomplishments that a young lady must attain in order to secure a position in the chorus of light opera?

A.—Youth, good appearance, and a good voice.

Q. (2)—To whom should she apply for such a position?

A.—Apply to the musical director*of different organizations.

A WASHINGTON SUBSCRIBER, Washington, D. C.

—Q. (1)—What is the route of the "Burgomaster" company?

A.—See answer to G. E. P., Providence.

Q. (2)—Have you published pictures of that production, or of any of its members?

A.—No.

A READER, St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Kindly tell me with whom and in what play Maxine Elliott is playing this season?

A.—Maxine Elliott is playing in "Her Own Way," and is at present in the far West.

V. B., Washington, D. C.—Q.—What is the location of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" Co.?

A.—It is now touring the West.

CONSTANT READER, South Bend, Ind.—Q. (1)—May one submit different manuscripts of the same play to more than one manager?

A.—Send copies to as many managers as you please.

Q. (2)—What should you do to get a play copyrighted?

A.—Send two copies of your play with \$1.00 to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

Q. (3)—What is the address of Mr. Bennett, who photographed Clara Morris in costume of "The Two Orphans?"

A.—Consult the Brooklyn Directory.

P. D. Q.—Q. (1)—Is San Francisco to be included in the present tour of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern?

A.—Yes, in the spring.

Q. (2)—How may a letter be addressed to Maude Adams?

A.—Care Chas. Frohman, Empire Theatre, New York.

Q. (3)—Are Marlowe and Sothern successful in their Shakespearian tour?

A.—They are.

Q. (4)—Is Blanche Bates booked for San Francisco in "The Darling of the Gods?"

A.—She played the piece in San Francisco the week of January 9th.

Q. (5)—Is there any new play in view for Kyrle Bellew?

A.—Nothing except "Raffles" this season.

E. C. H., Philadelphia, Pa.—Q. (1)—Is it possible for a young man having graduated from the Empire Theatre Dramatic School to obtain a position in Mrs. Fiske's stock company?

A.—Many get into Mrs. Fiske company, but in a subordinate position.

Q. (2)—Are there greater advantages in the New York dramatic schools than in those of Philadelphia?

A.—One indisputable advantage in the New York schools over those in Philadelphia are that you have a better chance to get an engagement here.

A. H.—Q.—Is William Bramwell, late of the Murray Hill Stock Co., playing at present?

A.—He is starring at present in the West.

Q. (2)—Has Julia Marlowe a home on Riverside Drive?

A.—Yes.

Q. (3)—Where is Edith Wynne Matthison playing now?

A.—In England, with Irving.

A. T. C., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—Where is Charles Macdonald playing now?

A.—We have not heard of him for five years.

APPRECIATIVE READER.—Q.—Would you please tell me the names of the musical critics on the New York papers?

A.—W. J. Henderson (*Sun*), E. H. Krehbiel (*Tribune*), Mr. Ziegler (*World*), Richard Aldrich (*Times*), Henry T. Finck (*Evening Post*), August Spanuth (*Staats-Zeitung*).

A READER, Montgomery, Ala.—Q.—Where and how shall I be able to secure a criticism of the dramatization of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities?"

A.—"A Tale of Two Cities" was dramatized and called "The Only Way." It was produced at the Herald Square Theatre, this city, Sept. 16, 1899. See the New York *Herald* and *Tribune* of Sept. 17, at the Astor Library.

E. G., CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Are you going to have an article on Miss Julia Marlowe, "the woman," as well as "the actress?"

A.—Such an article was published in our issue for December, 1903.



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Bonds and Mortgages	\$81,623,709.11
Real Estate in New York, including the Equitable Building . .	20,906,215.78
United States, State, City and Railroad Bonds and other in- vestments (market value over cost, \$19,991,643.00)	228,339,884.00
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value, \$13,404,199.00)	10,805,000.00
Policy Loans	23,544,439.69
Real Estate outside of New York, including 14 office buildings .	15,989,431.66
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	22,651,666.82
Balance due from agents . . .	1,514,639.90
Interest and Rents. (Due \$73,052.53, Accrued \$559,456.25).	632,508.78
Premiums due and in process of collection	5,313,556.00
Deferred Premiums	2,631,969.00
Total Assets	\$413,953,020.74

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	\$62,643,836.74
Interest, Rents, etc.	16,432,859.21
Income	\$79,076,695.95

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	\$18,049,539.35
Endowments and deferred dividend policies	8,425,950.14
Annuities	980,349.94
Surrender Values	2,931,305.36
Dividends to Policyholders .	6,001,902.51
Paid Policyholders .	\$36,389,047.30
Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange	7,900,285.73
All other disbursements . . .	7,179,318.42
Real Estate Sinking Fund .	500,000.00
Disbursements	\$51,968,651.45

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor.

H. R. COURSEN, Assistant Auditor.

A. W. MAINE, Associate Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund (or Reserve)	\$327,738,358.00
All other Liabilities	5,420,393.53
Total Liabilities . . .	\$333,158,751.53
Surplus	\$80,794,269.21

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assur- ance	\$1,495,542,892.00
New Assurance, less Assurance not taken .	\$222,920,037.00

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement. The Reserve as per the independent valuation of the N. Y. Insurance Department, is \$326,523,126. For Superintendent's certificate see Detailed Statement.

J. G. VAN CISE, Actuary.

ROBT HENDERSON, Assistant Actuary.

R. G. HANN, Associate Actuary.

We have examined the accounts and Assets of the Society, and certify to the correctness of the foregoing statement.

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N. B.—FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE DETAILED STATEMENT.

Fire Destroys the Printing Plant of the Theatre Magazine



Appearance of the THEATRE MAGAZINE Printing House the morning after the fire.

On Monday, February 13 (Lincoln's Birthday) while the March issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE was on the press, fire broke out in our composition rooms and the flames spreading rapidly, the entire building was soon gutted—costly presses, type frames, linotype machines, paper, half-tone plates, manuscripts and those sheets of the magazine already printed, being swallowed up in the fiery gulf.

The King is dead; long live the King! What would have been an irreparable disaster to most magazines less perfectly equipped, merely stirred us to renewed energy. Phoenix-like, the THEATRE MAGAZINE rose from its ashes and spread its wings for a still higher flight.

Tons of fine paper, hundreds of expensive half-tone cuts, the manuscripts of many original articles then in the process of being "set-up," all advertising cuts, electros, etc., etc., were totally destroyed by flames or water. On the morning following the outbreak of the conflagration chaos was complete, and publication day not far distant!

Thanks, however, to the perfect system in vogue in our editorial and mechanical departments, the THEATRE MAGAZINE for March appears as usual with only trifling delay. The firemen were still battling with the flames when orders were being telegraphed to the paper mills for another supply of paper, the pages destroyed were being reset at another printer's who had kindly offered us temporary shelter, the damaged half-tone cuts were being duplicated (our engraving plant working all night to accomplish the prodigy), and, thanks to our system of preserving copies of all articles sent to the printer, no delay or loss was occasioned in that direction.

The editorial and business offices, fortunately, are not in the same building,
THE PUBLISHERS.

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PHOTOGRAPHS—All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. The publishers invite artists to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented.

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New Plays seen in Germany.

Two plays by distinguished authors have recently attracted much attention in Germany. These are the Gerhardt Hauptmann's new drama "Rose Bernd" and Sven Lange's drama "Die Stillen Stuben."

"Rose Bernd," which made a profound impression, is one of the most appalling tragedies one can ever hope to witness. It tears at one's heart-strings; racks and rends one. It is almost too much to bear; one comes away sick at heart, with a new and added grief. Hauptmann forces us to face one of the world's most awful stories; to realize that here is absolute verity; absolute exposition of truths whose reality we must know of. He pounds at our sympathies; he drags us with him into the centre of the world of evil, weakness, sin and darkness; and through the super-human power of his art, his infinite genius and profound depths of compassion, makes a crowd sit through five long acts, watch, listen, sob, and ever after remember.

Rose Bernd is a peasant girl. She is spirited, handsome, honest. Her father, a puritanical old farmer living in a village in Silesia has selected for her a man after his own heart, a young book-binder named Keil, sickly, pale, ascetic "with face like a prayer-book." He is not the man to attract Rose Bernd, especially as she has been living away from the paternal influence, in the house of the Flamm, where she has been caring for Mrs. Flamm, a very good and lovable woman, who for many years has been a helpless invalid. Mrs. Flamm's husband is the prototype of the German landowner, young, strong, intelligent, light hearted. In short, he is much like Rose Bernd, although socially much her superior. In him she meets her fate. The consequences of this guilty love are soon visited upon her, but fear and shame prevent her from disclosing her secret even to her lover. Rose's situation becomes one of torture and suspense. Her father insists upon a wedding with Keil. Frau Flamm,



SVEN LANGE

Rising Danish playwright and author of "Die Stillen Stuben." George Brandes considers him the master playwright of the future. He was recently appointed stage manager of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen.

who always proved to be a kind and motherly friend and protector to the girl, awakens in her the burning remorse of her sin. Her very love knows no hope. Then and there something frightful happens. Streckmann, the vile and brutal Don Juan, is laying his snares for Rose and detects her secret. She tries to buy his silence with the little money she has saved. The brute makes the poor girl pay a price too horrible to mention. Like a true peasant, she still sees a way out of this dreadful condition by simply marrying quickly the good man her father has chosen for her. Keil is overjoyed. But Streckmann overhears his protestations of love to Rose and in furious jealousy assaults Keil and knocks him down, at the same time loudly proclaiming the shame of Rose Bernd, whose father has in the meanwhile appeared upon the scene. There is no escape. The police interfere and the entire scandal is aired in the village court. During the trial Streckmann, as well as Flamm, publicly tes-

(Continued on page v)

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è un ottimo ricostituente
te avendone già sperimentato
il valore.*

Ringraziandovi e salutandovi

Enrico Caruso

TRANSLATION

Dear Sir: I have received the QUINA-LAROCHE which you so kindly sent to me in Italy. I declare it to be the best of all tonics I know, as I have been able to appreciate its qualities. Thanking you cordially, I remain yours very truly,

(Signed) ENRICO CARUSO.

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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



MAUDE ADAMS AS THE LAUNDRY DRUDGE IN THE ONE ACT PLAY "OP O' ME THUMB" AT THE EMPIRE



THE CURRENT PLAYS

HERALD SQUARE. "The Woman in the Case." Play in four acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced January 31, with this cast:

Margaret Rolfe, Blanche Walsh; Mrs. Hughes, Eleanor Carey; Claire Foster, Dorothy Dorr; Elsie Brewster, Kathryn Keyes; Dora Miller, Helen Ware; Louise Mane, Florence St. Leonard; Julian Rolfe, Robert Drouet; Mr. Thompson, George Fawcett; Jimmy O'Neil, Forster Lardner; Louis Klauffsky, Samuel Edwards; Walters, William Wadsworth; Inspector Williams, William Travers; Attendant, Charles Macdonald; Policeman, W. H. Wright.

When the star of a dramatic author is in the ascendant we are always inclined to believe that his latest play is his best. Enthusiastic reporters, for they are not always competent critics, often proclaim it as such. Clyde Fitch's latest piece, before and after, not to speak of fore and aft, has the quality of keeping everybody guessing. We may look for something new in all his productions. We usually get it in the title, for example, "Glad of It," "The Girl With the Green Eyes," "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," "The Girl and the Judge," "The Cowboy and the Lady," etc., etc., In certain particulars, in closeness of observation, in the verity of its details of life, in adroitness of stage management, in the manipulation of episode incidents, the best play that Mr. Fitch ever wrote, or that was ever written, of its kind, by anybody, was "Glad of It." It was an immediate failure, because, in other particulars, it was the worst play that Mr. Fitch ever wrote. "The Woman in the Case" is neither the best nor the worst. It certainly does not show any new powers. It is distinctly Fitchian. The handwriting of Mr. Fitch is seen on every wall of every boxed interior. The curtain rises on a room with deep wainscoting, with photographic landscapes inserted in the panels in a continuous line about the room. It is an exceedingly nice, ladylike effect, a novelty. Mr. Fitch's work always reveals him as a master of technique. He is a magician in this respect as Belasco is of stage effects. He manages his material in such a way that nothing goes to waste. He utilizes the smallest detail that he thinks has value and can add to the entertainment. This secret of economy, open to every dramatist, is now practically his own.

Julian Rolfe is in the Tombs on a charge of murder; his wife, her mother, and the lawyer in the case are ushered in; there is some delay in the appearance of the prisoner, and the fashionable mother decides that, on account of some fashionable duty, she cannot wait longer; opening her card case, she leaves a card, with the message that "she was so sorry he was not in." This is economy. The incident and the anecdote had to be used. It pays for the

scene. Is it bad art? Hardly, unless your point of view is purely academic. It is tricky, but it is dramatic dexterity. It was the real occasion for the scene. This example applies only to a single scene; but Fitch can create an entire act in order to utilize a good thing. What is the last act for? Is there anything in solution? No. Is there any doubt about the husband's innocence requiring further conflict of the forces? No. Was there really any perspective for this last act? No. Strictly speaking, and in a technical sense, absolutely nothing of all those things usually required to give substance to the action. But a grain of action remains, enough to provide for an epilogue, and that is exactly what the last act is. Observe the skill of the magician: the act or epilogue is a matter of not more than ten minutes. The wife, Blanche Walsh, is discovered in bed. Step softly, friends; she is suffering from nervous exhaustion. Don't wake her; for heaven's sake don't disturb her. But one of her lady friends comes in; the verdict of the jury has just been brought in, clearing the husband; a girl describes the enthusiasm of those in the court room, finally exclaiming, "And one woman kissed him!" We see the figure in the bed move, we observe that Blanche Walsh had been listening; then comes the quick question from her: "Who was it?" There you have it, the object of the whole act. Economy! This is the third or fourth sick bed Mr. Fitch has had in his plays, but this is the first time that he has prescribed a *bon mot* for the recovery of the patient, or written an entire act for the sake of it.

Fitch knows his business. He is exceedingly skilful in preparation. For example, in the visitors' room at the Tombs there are two doors of iron bars, sheet iron doors covering them: Our attention is directed to this sheet iron door several times, it is opened and shut two or three times. The woman in the case is admitted. The truth about the charge lies with her. Julian Rolfe's wife does not want to be seen. The lawyer directs her to open the sheet iron door partly and hide behind it. She does so, and overhears enough to convince her that the woman knows enough to free her husband, and after she has gone she announces that she will go among the women of her class, get her confidence and worm the secret from her. This she does, a wholly improbable proceeding, but dramatic. It furnishes the great scene in Act III. She gets the woman in the case drunk, obtains the secret and saves her husband. In this act we also have tricks. For instance, the lawyer, a guest, before the woman in the case, comes on, smokes a cigarette.



Blanche Walsh

Dorothy Dorr

Act III. The supper in the Tenderloin flat

"THE WOMAN IN THE CASE" AT THE HERALD SQUARE

Blanche Walsh, for no clear reason or for a misleading one, takes the precaution of smoking one also. Later, the woman in the case sees the tip of a half-smoked cigarette and expresses surprise and suspicion. She asks who had been there. A moment of great suspense—about what, nobody knows—but it gives an opportunity to the waiter, who is in the wife's secret, to lie. He says that it was his, and goes out. Economy. Momentary action. The magician's wand! There are four at the supper table—Julian Rolfe's wife, the woman in the case, a friend, a nice gentleman who is the wife's confederate, and another gentleman, although he is perhaps too fat to be a real gentleman, but he is real nice to the woman in the case. He is finally got off, but before he goes he imagines that there are women in an adjoining room, in which are really concealed the lawyer and a detective, and makes an effort to get into the room. Nothing comes of it. Momentary action! Economy!

Miss Walsh will prosper in this play. There is no need to call the play great, nor to describe her acting in it as great, but both will do. Miss Walsh has capabilities of the highest order. Some of her acting is admirable, at other times she is delightfully natural, and she never fails to be interesting.

EMPIRE. "Op o' Me Thumb." Play in one act by Frederick Fenn and Richard Bryce. Produced February 6 with this cast:

Madame Didier, Ethel Winthrop; Mrs. Galloway, May Galyer; Celeste, Margaret Gordon; Rose Jordan, Violet Rand; Amanda Afflick, Maude Adams; Horace Greensmith, Arthur Byron.

Let those who declare that Maude Adams' success is purely one of personality see her performance of the leading role in "Op o' Me Thumb," which now follows "The Little Minister." No one, after witnessing her artistic rendering of the leading role in this very human little one-act play, can other than admit that her histrionic art is of the very highest quality. A poor laundry drudge, the butt of her associates, but a workhouse child with a romantic imagination, this pathetic little creature lives in a realm that raises her above the jibes and sneers of her fellow workers. It is her dream that she is the child of millionaires, who will some day claim her and place her amid the affluent surroundings to which her soul aspires. Her Launcelot is a coster who, more than a year previous, had left a shirt to be laundered. She has cherished this as a guerdon, and on his return has impressed herself that when he comes to claim it he will ask for her hand as well. In the meantime, she has washed and ironed it again

and again. The coster does come back; but is more than prosaic over Amanda Afflick's devotion. A bank holiday is approaching, but on account of her plainness Amanda has never known the delights of a trip to 'Ampstead in the company of a Cavalier.

The coster, who rejoices in the name of Horace Green Smith, amused at her ingenuousness, invites her to an outing, but, fearful of derision, suggests some secrecy about it and implies a suggestion which shatters the dream of Amanda, who tearfully concludes "It is not to be." "Op o' Me Thumb is the work work of Frederick Fenn and Richard Bryce, authors who certainly give evidences of splendid promise. It is a well constructed piece, human, direct and convincing in the limning of its characters and the naturalness of its dialogue. It is a vital page from the book of life and as Amanda Miss Adams gives a performance that is perfectly composed as to the theatric details, deliciously quaint in its humor and compelling in its pathetic force. There is the real air of Whitechapel about the coster of Arthur Byron. It is a sustained bit of character work with a picturesque suggestion in nice keeping with the spirit of the environment. The remaining roles of the



Maude Adams and Arthur Byron in "Op o' me Thumb" as seen by Caricaturist Fornaro

mistress of the laundry and her workwomen are carefully and effectively enacted by Ethel Winthrop, Mary Galyer, Margaret Gordon and Violet Rand.

HUDSON. "Strongheart." Comedy drama by William C. De Mille. Produced January 30 with this cast:

Taylor, Macey Harlam; Ross, Richard Sterling; Reade, Taylor Holmes; Thorne, Sydney Ainsworth; Frank Nelson, Francis Bonn; Dick Livingston, Henry Kolker; Soangataha, Robert Edeson; Mrs. Nelson, Jane Rivers; Molly Livingston, Louise Compton; Dorothy Nelson, Percita West; Nash, Harrison Ford; Tad, Charles Sturgis; Josh, Lawrence Sheehan; Benton, B. F. Small, Jr.; Buckley, Edmund Breese; Farley, Madison Smith.

In his devotion to the native playwright Robert Edeson might properly be called the Roosevelt of the American drama. Since his advent as a stellar attraction the home dramatist has been exclusively employed by him; nor has his faith in the same been misplaced. In the vernacular of the day, they have "delivered the goods" and the rewards have been proportionate. In his present offering at the Hudson Mr. Edeson has gone still further in his patriotic inclinations. The title role of Strongheart is none other than a full-blooded North American Indian. It is a very picturesque and romantic character which he presents, and, thanks to the skill of his playwright, he has secured a comedy drama



Dorothy Donnelly — William Courtleigh

Frederick Perry

Marie Doro

Wright Kramer

Alison Skipworth

Act III. Friquet's suitors pay court to her in the swing

SCENE IN "FRIQUET" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

which will thrill the hearts of the matinee girls and fire the zeal and enthusiasm of the college under-graduate. Nor is it by any means deficient in those characteristics which appeal to those of maturer years. It is a deft and ingenious combination of the humors of college life and the clash and stress of the deeper emotions growing out of racial prejudice.

Strongheart is taking a post graduate course at Columbia. He is one of her football bulwarks, but through the machinations of a jealous collegian, is accused of treachery to his alma mater and forced to resign from the team on the occasion of the great match. Received into the homes of his friends, he has fallen in love with the sister of one of his chums. She reciprocates his passion, but the call of his people and the difference in their blood leads to a pathetic farewell.

The scenes at Columbia are bristling with comic detail. The varying types of collegiate character are neatly drawn and the incident in the training quarters between the heroes of the big football game is stirring in its youthful fervor. The dramatic side is admirably handled. The dialogue is sincere and direct; the climaxes sustained, and the whole effect one of genuine dramatic merit. Mr. De Mille, who, by the way, wrote his play some three years ago and therefore cannot be accused of deriving his inspiration from "The College Widow," is a young writer and gives every evidence of contributing some valuable additions to the native drama.

Mr. Edison gives a strong and virile rendering of Strongheart. His description of the game from which he is debarred is a graphic and sustained bit of elocution, and his scene of renunciation marked by deep pathetic feeling. Taylor Holmes as a "grind," and Richard Sterling as a freshman are amusingly true to life, and Sydney Ainsworth as the juvenile villain plays with admirable distinction and repose. As Billy Saunders, "a senior by courtesy," Herbert Cortrell with his slang and gaucherie is one of the distinct hits. Edmund Breese plays a dual role, and whether as the abusive head football "coach" or as the stolid Indian messenger is equally artistic and effective. Percita West brings youthful charm and grace to bear upon the heroine. The large cast is most happily chosen and the stage management excellent.

Savoy. "Friquet." Drama in four acts by Pierre Berton and "Gyp." Produced January 31 with this cast:

Hubert De Ganges, William Courtleigh; Marquis De Tregaree, Orme Caldara; Bauge, Wright Kramer; Baron Schlemmer, Frederick Perry; D'Houville, Ernest Glendinning; Betteur, John Heron; Jacobson, Frank Losee; Madhu, W. J. Ferguson; Another Clown, Edgar Allen Woolf; Friquet, Marie Doro; Madame Schlemmer, Dorothy Donnelly; Madame De Verducourt, Flossie Wilkinson; Madame De Villiers, Florida Pier; Mariquita, Alison Skipworth; Julie, Virginia Staunton; A Dresser, Eugenia Flagg.

The inherent, determining causes of failure in a play should as readily be seen in the manuscript as on the production of it. Certain elements, it is true, are not ponderable until actually seen in performance, and because of this fact managers must often take risks. Production multiplies the risks, for disaster may come from imperfect stage management and inadequate acting. The novelty of "Friquet" may have been counted on to outweigh the imperfections of the piece. The first act passes behind the scenes of "The Great American Circus" at a town in France. It is the interior of a large canvas tent. Friquet is a circus rider, a waif whose only friend is the clown who has reared her from infancy, having found her by the roadside abandoned. She is maltreated by the cruel master of the circus; a wilful and rebellious creature she. Her revolt culminates at the time of a visit by the Mayor and titled visitors, and to them she appeals. The handsome Mayor releases her from her bondage and places her in charge of a baroness, who takes her to her chateau. Here failure begins. The Mayor is the lover of the baroness, a married woman. The baron, the husband, presses his illicit and unwelcome suit on the girl. Friquet loves the Mayor, and in order to save her benefactor and his mistress when they are discovered in one of their assignations in a studio adjoining the castle she assumes the seeming guilt. Then she returns to the circus and conveniently falls to death from a trapeze. It was obvious that a clumsy attempt had been made to "adapt" the French situation, but it was the same old story and complication of marital infidelity and intrigue, in spite of the modifications. The result was that there was not a single sympathetic character in the play, Friquet least of all. In one scene Friquet, whose muscles are supposed to have been hardened to steel by her circus training and who knows boxing, has a bout

with the groom and "puts him to sleep." This was novelty, but not profitable novelty. To some extent, the absurd effect was due to bad stage management—one of many instances. The groom should have been smaller. Miss Marie Dero should have been larger. A very capable little actress she is, but no woman on the stage can make sentiment out of moonshine. Moonshine was trained on her like a calcium light throughout. Of course there were scenes in the play that only a professional of the highest class could write, but the good and the bad jostled each other discordantly. Such a fine actor as W. J. Ferguson, as the clown, was wooden.

KNICKERBOCKER. "The Brighter Side." Comedy in four acts from the French of Alfred Capus, by Louis N. Parker. Produced February 6 with this cast:

André Jessan, E. S. Willard; Mme. de Morenes, Mabel Dubois; Baron de Morenes, J. R. Crawford; M. de la Bauchère, H. Cane; Mme. de la Bauchère, Leon Repton; Lucienne de la Bauchère, Gladys Granger; Charles de Neray, Walter Sauter; M. Lormois, H. Barfoot; Gaston de Rive, H. Cooper-Cliffe; Mme. de Rive, Alice Lommon.

Mr. Willard is a favorite player with metropolitan theatregoers, but the appeal he made with new plays during his recent visit to New York was not particularly successful. Houses two-thirds empty greeted both "The Brighter Side," a French play, and "Lucky Durham," Wilson Barrett's piece. When, however, this splendid melodramatic actor fell back on his old repertoire "The Middleman" and "The Professor's Love Story," the receipts at once picked up, showing beyond peradventure that Mr. Willard's special public prefers to see him in what are technically known as "character" parts rather than in straight comedy. "The Brighter Side," which was called "The Optimist" when first tried in Philadelphia, one or two seasons ago, is in the original entitled "La Chatelaine." In Paris, the two leading characters—those of the impecunious lady who has an old castle to sell and the sentimental engineer who buys it for three times what it is worth—were acted respectively by Mme. Hading and M. Guitry. The play is distinctly French in atmosphere, and has all the artificialities of its species. The dialogue is bright, although the translating has been rather clumsily done. It is not necessary to detail the plot as the story was told in full in this magazine at the time of the Paris production. Suffice to say that the piece proved very talky in its English dress and slow in action. While Mr. Willard acted the role of the fairy godfather with his usual grace and authority, the audience was at no time carried away with enthusiasm. There are one or two pretty love scenes in the

play, but it is all very improbable and the manner in which a troublesome husband is finally got rid of is tricky in the extreme. Alice Lommon, a tall blond woman, who is now Mr. Willard's leading lady, is good to look upon, but her stage work is quite colorless. "Lucky Durham," produced January 22, proved a failure.

MADISON SQUARE. "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." Farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt. Revived February 1 with this cast:

Jack Temple, Frank Worthing, Frank Fuller, William Morris, Captain Sharpe, Frank Green; Wigson, Thomas A. Wise, John Brown, Edwin Fowler, Mrs. Jack Temple, Grace Kimball; Dorothy, Marion Lorne; Mrs. Frank Fuller, Margaret Drew; Mrs. Brown, Cary Hastings.

The Madison Square Theatre, renovated and made safe and more comfortable, re-opened with a success. This is, in many ways, fortunate, for recently it has become the belief of managers that pure farce was no longer tolerated by the public. In fact, some of the recent farces have sought to save themselves by being called on the bills "comedies." The reason of this decline in farce is obvious. For the most part, they have been vicious, and the French point of view had not been eliminated from them. "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" has long been known on the road as "Who's Brown?" The complications follow in quick succession, and are constantly diverting. A wife does not believe her husband's explanation of his absence for an entire night which he had spent night in company with another occupant of the car of the Ferris wheel, a woman unknown to him, because of a disarrangement in the machinery of the wheel itself. His wife not believing the truth, he invents a lie, saying that he had been with a friend, supplying offhand a name and address to which the wife immediately sends a telegram. Both name and address happen to be real. The woman in the car with him finally turns out to be the wife of a friend of his, who stands by him in his lie. This is discovered later. Out of this state of affairs grow complications that fill the evening with entertainment. The cast contributes in an unusual degree to the success of the farce. Frank Worthing, William Morris, Thomas Wise, Miss Grace Kimball and Margaret Drew have the personality and refined art associated with all real success before this public.

PRINCESS. "The Passport." Farce in three acts by B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley. Produced February 10 with this cast:

Ferdinand Sinclair, T. Lovell; Christopher Coleman, M.P., Edward Terry; George Greenwood, Arthur Cornell; Algy Grey, Hylton Allen; Henry Harris, W. H. Day; Pattison, W. H. Denny; Schmirloff, George



Byron, N. Y.

Thomas A. Wise
as the butler

Edwin Fowler
as Mr. Brown

Cary Hastings
as Mrs. Brown

William Morris
as Frank Fuller

Frank Worthing
as Jack Temple

Grace Kimball
as Mrs. Temple

SCENE IN "MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM" AT THE MADISON SQUARE

Howard; Pedrovski, C. McManus; Mrs. Coleman, Nellie Mortyne; Mrs. Darcy, Olive Wilton; Mildred, Beatrice Terry; Violet Tracey, Nellie Malcolm; Markham, Clara Earle.

Edward Terry has provided us with something cheerful in "The Passport." He is a good comedian and an uncommonly fine character actor, but he was not cheerful in "The House of Burnside." In that play no comedian could be cheerful after discovering that one of his grandchildren was a bastard, the mother refusing to disclose which one. He showed his fine quality in it, but the play missed fire. His production and performance of "Sweet Lavender" was too English. "The Passport" is a most

diverting play, but it is also too English. It may seem ungracious to say this, but it may be said in the best natured frankness. London must have seen more to laugh at in the farce than we see to laugh at. Theoretically the fun is there, but we miss a measure of that fun, for we cannot realize how amusing it is to have a traveling member of Parliament suffer indignities at the hands of frontier officials of Russia. Read *Punch* and you will discover that, to the English mind, nothing is more laughable than for a rustic to meet a lord on the road and treat him as if he were an ordinary person. To this public a member of Parliament is, in a play, an ordinary man, genus Man. His vanities, his manners, his oddities even, are matters of geographical interest only. Get out of his own latitude and longitude, he loses these potentialities of comic effect. It is pleasing to know that a member of Parliament can figure in farce. Mr. Terry does get an appreciable amount of fun across the footlights. He makes all the points. He is one of the very best actors that have visited us from England. The action of "The Passport" is animated and amusing. The member of Parliament is arrested on the Russian frontier for having stolen what turns out to be his own passport. A friend of his finds a handsome widow who has lost her passport, and as he has one which includes his wife, who had died since the document was made out, he arranges to have her go through in the name of his wife. After the return to London complications arise from these circumstances.

"Love in Idleness," a comedy in three acts, by Louis N. Parker, and presented earlier by Mr. Terry, is an exposition of the evils of procrastination. Procrastination is the thief of time. "Love in Idleness" is a waste of time nor did Mr. Terry's methods in the principal role accomplish much in relieving the tedium.

Occasionally an adventurous actor, with a view of putting everything to the touch at a single performance, and establishing himself by means of a sensational success, ventures into New York and gives a matinee. It is not impossible that, some day, the actor's estimate of himself may be accepted, and that he may leap into sudden fame fully recognized. It is not impossible, for that is practically the history of David Garrick. Julia Marlowe began an assured career with a matinee of the kind. But, as a rule, these adventures are rash intruders. It might be said that it is not worth while to record the absolute failure of Aldora Shem in his production of "Hamlet" at the New York Theatre. It is, however, well enough to do so. There is a belief among many aspirants for the highest honors of the stage that New York is provincial in its reception of attempts like these. Unquestionably, the appearance of a new actor for a single occasion would have to make manifest extraordinary powers and an art comparable to the best that New York has seen. There are lessons to be drawn from the miserable failure of Mr. Shem for the benefit of all actors. This newcomer is obviously ignorant of every tradition in the acting of "Hamlet." Tradition cannot be ignored or defied in the acting of Shakespearian plays. We have some very distinguished and established actors who seem to think otherwise. For the most part, the traditional acting of certain scenes in Shakespeare represent the highest expression, and whenever actor or actress evades the tradition, it is because he fears to measure himself with the highest. There is no dodging of the potion scene in "Romeo and Juliet," for example. "Hamlet" is full of these tests. Mr. Shem neither followed tradition nor gave any equivalent to any point. He was absolutely without emotion, and incapable of any surprise at anything that happened. When he takes the lamp to look behind the arras, he does express a very slight surprise, but the meaning of it seems to be that he was surprised that he had not really killed a rat. His performance was utterly preposterous. It matters not what his philosophical views and study of the play may have been, he had no expression, and acting is expression or nothing. It may be recorded that the performance and the production was the worst, not the most laughable, but the most stupid performance ever seen in New York within memory.



Robert Edson as the College-bred Indian Strongheart

SCENES IN DE MILLE'S PLAY, "STRONGHEART"



Francis Bonn Edmund Breese Henry Kolker Robert Edeson Macey Harlan Herbert Corthell Richard Sterling
The Columbia team discovers that their signals have been sent to the Manager of the opposing eleven



Robt Edeson Sydney Ainsworth Francis Bonn Percita West Henry Kolker
Frank Nelson seeks to prevent Strongheart from declaring his love for Dorothy



Robert Edeson Percita West
Strongheart declaring his love for Dorothy



MISS BEULAH WATSON
Young actress now playing in "The Pit"



ELLIOT DEXTER
Lately seen in the revival of "Siberia"



MISS JANE OAKER
As the wife of Curtis Judwin in "The Pit"

MAJESTIC. "Buster Brown." Extravaganza in two acts by C. Newman and G. T. Smith. Produced Jan. 24. Cast:

Buster Brown, Master Gabriel; Tige, George Ali; Jack Wynn, George Tennery; Rocky O'Hare, John Young; August Yunkle, Bobby North; Thomas Brown, William Naughton; Mary Brown, Nellie Butler; Susie Sweet, Nina Randall; Mrs. Sweet, Jennie Reiffarth.

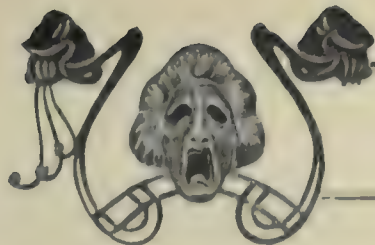
Buster Brown promises to be as successful on the stage as he has been in the comic supplements. Master Gabriel, "America's Toy Comedian," to quote the playbill, succeeds in looking exactly like the familiar figure of the cartoons, and he is ably seconded by his dog Tige, a very agile dog with marvellous facial expression. Gabriel is distinctly clever; he looks about six, whereas he is really twenty-four; his voice is childish without being shrill, and he is a good mimic, especially in the second act, where he appears as a little Dutch maiden. George Ali (Tige) keeps the audience continually on the alert, while Mamie Goodrich (Gladys O'Flynn, the Brown's cook), John Young (Rocky O'Hare, tramp), and August Yunkle (a supposed politician) supply a rough comedy element. One of the most remarkable features of the production is the elaborate and extremely well done drill of the Scotch Fusileers in the second act, where twenty-four girls go through complicated manœuvres at a very quick tempo, with mathematical accuracy, four of them playing cornets in the finale.

A matinee of three plays by W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, at the Hudson Theatre recently introduced to New York theatregoers Miss Margaret Wycherly, a good-looking young woman whose external favors are accompanied by superior intelligence and refinement. She has a soft, sympathetic voice, whose appealing sweetness lingers long in the ear. But she too frequently destroys her vocal effectiveness by indistinct utterance. As "Cathleen Ni Houlihan" Miss Wycherly succeeded in sending across the footlights some of the pathos written into the lines of a character typifying crushed, broken down, despairing Ireland. But though Miss Wycherly's artistic feeling might enable her to act a variety of roles in creditable fashion, she is neither by temperament nor personality apt for the depiction of heroic gloom and mighty griefs. She showed in her best in a morality play as "Teigue the Fool." Here she rendered wide-eyed innocence, the artless candor, the quiet playfulness, the essential lovability of a simple-souled boy with perfect spontaneous charm and grace. This winsome impersonation made one hope to see her one day as Rosalind, or Viola, or Beatrice.

LIBERTY. "The Education of Mr. Pipp." Satirical comedy, by Augustus Thomas. Produced Feb. 20 with this cast:

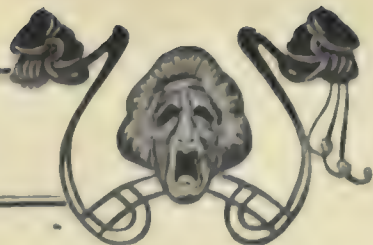
J. Wesley Pipp, Digby Bell; Mrs. Pipp, Kate Denin Wilson; Julia, Marion Draughn; Ida, Janet Beecher; John Willing, Robert Warwick; Herbert Fitzgerald, Fred Courtenay; Count Charmarot, W. S. St. Clair; Duc de la Touraine, Sam Colt; Baron Haussling, C. Jay Williams; Lady Viola Fitzmaurice, Jennie Eustace; John Firkin, Ellenore Carroll.

This piece may be classed among the pot boilers. Although fashioned by the same skilful hand that turned out "Arizona" and "The Earl of Pawtucket," there is little in it suggestive of Augustus Thomas' superior workmanship. Standing on its merits as a play, apart from the interest in the pictures on which it was founded, the piece is entirely conventional. The suggestion was made that the types Charles Dana Gibson presented in his drawings would prove amusing on the stage and Mr. Thomas, following the example of other fashionable authors, was not above turning an honest penny by cutting the dramatic cloth to fit. The result is a piece amusing enough, no doubt, in its way, but hardly to be dignified by the name of comedy. Mr. Gibson's amusing characters, the henpecked Mr. Pipp, his parvenue shrewish wife, another Mrs. Malaprop in her attempts at graceful speech, her two daughters, lovely Gibson types, their lovers and the adventurers who lay siege to papa's money,—all this is good material for legitimate comedy. It has been treated, however, in a wholly conventional manner, and while the extravagances of the comic types do not fail to evoke laughter, the piece can be viewed only as a theatrical entertainment of the flimsiest order and, doubtless, in the hands of a cast less competent would have failed to make any impression whatever. The whole burden, in fact, is on the actors, for it is the types that they depict which really amuse the audience; the play itself does not count. Some of the blunders of stage management seem inconceivable. The adventurers were made preposterously villainous, their clothes and actions so loud that they might just as well have borne a label "we are crooks." Greater managerial skill had been shown in securing two girls of the Gibson type to impersonate the two daughters. Janet Beecher, who made her stage debut, and Marion Draughn, are lovely specimens of that aristocratic and exclusive American type. Digby Bell is excellent as Mr. Pipp, giving all the unction of the role and not missing a humorous point where one could be scored. Kate Denin Wilson played Mrs. Pipp with equal felicity, and Jennie Eustace, as usual, was charming as Lady Fitzmaurice.



The Real Lawrence Barrett

By His Daughter



Lawrence Barrett

MY father's life as an actor and student of the drama is too well remembered for me to have to do more than touch upon it.

When, however, I attempt to tell something of Lawrence Barrett's home life, so many beautiful memories of my dear one crowd upon me that I find it difficult to select only a few, so as to keep within the limits of this brief article. Need I say that he was a most loving father and devoted husband,

and, although he has been dead nearly fourteen years, his spirit is with us as clearly to-day as though he had but left us for a journey and would soon return.

Lawrence Barrett's life as a young man was a very hard one, and he won his way step by step through almost insurmountable obstacles. Not until late in life did he reap the reward so strenuously worked for. Then, he would take his three months' vacation, at our cosy home at Cohasset and, putting aside the player's costume and paint, would also throw off all cares as actor-manager, and settle down to enjoy himself, and make enjoyable to others, the well earned rest.

Our home at Cohasset was simple, but my father loved it dearly and it has many memories of men known and loved by the world. There, William Warren, who, in my father's youth, had given him his first theatrical help, was an honored guest until his death, and the spare room was for many years called the "Warren room." My father's "den," a picture of which appears here, was an assembly place for all. The walls were lined with books and mementoes of the stage and dear friends, and hung with portraits of actors and statesmen. There each evening we would all gather to hear my father read, or tell of his plans for the future, or else Stuart Robson or William Crane (both of whom lived across the harbor) would drop in and then the stories would come fast and furious.

Edwin Booth invariably spent part of his summer vacation with us. Of his life-long friendship with my father and their business connection I need not speak here, as it is known to all, but I cannot refrain from mentioning my father's devotion for the great tragedian and of our (Lawrence Barrett's children's) love, second only to that for our father, for him. I remember one evening that we had been making a fearful noise,

playing battle-door and shuttlecock. My father turned to Mr. Booth and said, "Ned, does that noise bother you?" And in the most resigned voice possible, Mr. Booth answered, "No, Lawrence, I am used to it now." Poor man, he loved us so much that he had schooled himself to stand our noise rather than

spoil our fun. He was considerate for all, even for children.

My father always kept a boat of some sort and on the "Breeze," the last yacht he owned, he was usually to be seen at his best. When on the water he seemed ten years younger, and would laugh, joke and romp with us, just like a boy. He also enjoyed his horses, and drove daily with my mother. He was an omnivorous reader and, when not out of doors, was always to be found with a book either in his "den" or on the piazza. He kept up a voluminous correspondence, and I have in my possession many valuable letters to him from Browning, Tennyson and other famous writers which I hope one day to give to the public. Browning's letters are especially interesting, for they show a deep regard and respect for my father, and gratitude for his help in producing the "Blot in the 'Scutcheon," which, it will be remembered, my father presented for a time. The play was an artistic success, although it never paid expenses, and yet Browning was so pleased with its artistic triumph that he said in one of his letters, "Had Macready been a Barrett, I should have been a dramatist." This was an acknowledgment of my father's assistance in preparing the great poem for stage presentation. There are other instances of the same kind which lack of space alone prevent my entering upon here.

Oh, that my pen were eloquent to tell enough of his sweetness, his absolute trust in those he loved, his keen sense of honor, his deep reverence for the womanly woman, his fearlessness when going to put himself under the surgeon's knife, his brave battling with all the hard trials of life and his patient sweetness in his last year when he suffered so much physically.

It is not generally known that Lawrence Barrett fought for his country in the civil war as a captain in the Massachusetts 22nd Volunteers, and then was retired with honors. He acted in New Orleans through the yellow fever pest, and when he left,

the citizens of that town presented him with a silver pitcher and cups to show their gratitude for easing their burdens a little, by his art, during that dread period. It was there that his great friendship with General Custer began, which lasted through the latter's lifetime. A large ball was given one night in the general's honor in the hotel, and when my father came home from the theatre and was trying to steal upstairs unnoticed, a very gorgeous officer in full dress, with glori-

ous golden hair and a figure like a young god, caught him by the arm and said, "Not so fast, Mr. Barrett, I have promised the ladies not to return without you," and in spite of all remonstrance and in his business clothes, my father was dragged into the ball-room



Collection Edith Barrett Williams

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett in "the den" at Cohasset during the summer vacation

(Continued on page xvi)



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Nance O'Neil, in Thomas Bailey Aldrich's drama, "Judith of Bethulia"

Nance O'Neil and the Mantle of Cushman

(Chats with Players No. 36)

"I TOOK my name from these."

Nance O'Neil, who in private life is Miss Gertrude Lamson, handed the writer the portraits of two actresses of a former generation, touching them with the reverence which she would accord to a sacred relic. They were quaint likenesses of women of another age, women with fine faces, glowing with temperament, vital intelligence and a superb femininity, qualities from which the hair, rolling uncompromisingly away from brow and ears, the gowns in stiff, unlovely folds of heavy silk, and broad, inartistic collars and cuffs, did not detract. They were the faces of Nance Oldfield and Eliza O'Neil. Miss O'Neil's large, serious eyes sought her caller's to see whether the presentments were having their proper influence. If they had not, there is no doubt that the interview would have been brief with this interesting young woman in whom many see a legitimate successor to Charlotte Cushman.

"They are my patron saints," said Miss O'Neil. "At least, I call them so." She placed them on the mantel in the reception

room of her suite at the Breslin Hotel, still with the peculiar, lingering tenderness of touch bespeaking veneration.

At this point entered McKee Rankin. Big, florid, and with little brown eyes like smouldering coals, Mr. Rankin has been to Nance O'Neil's career relatively what David Belasco has been to Mrs. Carter's, and the young actress calls him "Mr. Mack," just as Mrs. Carter calls the magician of Forty-second street "Mr. David." Mr. Rankin is the man of original faith in Miss O'Neil's possibilities. He was her first manager; he is still her acting manager. He it was who developed that talent which captured Boston, San Francisco and the Antipodes, and which New York and London likewise have accepted with reservations.

"The learned critics of New York who have chosen to say that Miss O'Neil's work is crude have reckoned without me," said Mr. Rankin. "She has been under my direction for eleven years, and I have taught her all I know. I have been on the stage for forty years, and know its mechanism. She knows all the tricks of technique. If she hasn't it here," Mr. Rankin touched his fore-



Will Armstrong, Boston

MISS O'NEIL AS MAGDA

This is the actress' favorite role, yet New York liked her least in it

work. They were her deep, serious eyes that spoke of a brooding soul and the type of mind that has the inward gaze. He felt that which every one feels on meeting Nance O'Neil, a magnetism that grips and holds and will not let you go until you are out of reach of her rich, low-toned voice, out of sight of the tall, pine-like young figure. And even then her haunting hold has not gone, for you remember her eyes.

Seriousness and sincerity, those invaluable assets for every manner of life, except, perhaps that of society, were the keynote of Gertrude Lamson's character at eighteen. They are the characteristics of Nance O'Neil at twenty-nine. They will be her unmistakable traits at sixty.

"I had to say to the girl," continued Mr. Rankin, "what almost every girl hears from a manager when she wants to go on the stage, 'I have nothing now,' but I remembered her, and when a few weeks later I was putting on the play 'Sarah' at the Alcazar, and needed some one for a small part who yet had a dominant personality, I said: 'Where's the address of that long school-girl that was here last month?' There was some discussion as to a dozen addresses that had been left in the same way, but we fixed upon the name and sent for her. She made her debut with us in a one-line part in 'Sarah.' We were changing the bill often, and thereafter whenever I needed her I sent for her and gave her a line or two. A few months later my daughter, Phyllis Rankin, happened to be at the theatre one morning at rehearsal. She heard the girl speak a few pathetic lines.

"'Father, that is wonderful,' she said. 'Why don't you develop her?' It was Phyllis, after all, who awoke me to the real possibilities of the girl."

Mr. Rankin now went downstairs to keep another interviewer at bay as long as possible, and the chat with Nance O'Neil began.

"I was much alone and never understood when I was a child," she said. "It was the sad, old story of a child being constrained out of her natural bent. I am deeply sorry for children who are warped from their real natures by parents whose intentions are good but whose effects are always bad. That is the reason, perhaps, that I care so much for Magda. It is my favorite rôle. Magda was a good character. She had the maternal instinct, which is the grandest trait of womanhood. Her love for her child was supreme. She suffered and was warped by the cramped circumstances of her narrow life as a child.

"My child nature was the more sensitive to small tortures, per-

haps, and the great ones, too, for sorrow is only relative and childhood, too, has its tragedies, because in me were united two contradictory, keenly opposite natures. My father was a New England man, full of the traditions of Puritanism. My mother was from the South, and loved beauty and form and color. The contradictions of these two inherited natures within me puzzled my teachers. I was a lonely, unhappy child, with but one desire. I cannot remember when I did not intend to go on the stage. A years before I would have graduated I left Snell Seminary, because I would have had to take some finishing studies that I did not care for and that I thought would be of no use to me. I met Mr. Peter Robertson, who had been called the gentlest of the great critics, and he took me to see Mr. Rankin.

Mr. Rankin told of the visit paid him by a shy, lank girl at his office in the Alcazar Theatre, at San Francisco, eleven years ago. She was eighteen and looked younger. She was not even pretty, but, like the ugly duckling, gave promise of eventual beauty. She was awkward and nearly tongue-tied, a half-fledged school-girl, but McKee Rankin noticed two points about the candidate for stage

work. They were her deep, serious eyes that spoke of a brooding soul and the type of mind that has the inward gaze. He felt that which every one feels on meeting Nance O'Neil, a magnetism that grips and holds and will not let you go until you are out of reach of her rich, low-toned voice, out of sight of the tall, pine-like young figure. And even then her haunting hold has not gone, for you remember her eyes.

"While I would like to know that every one's brief childhood is a happy one, I began to see, after I went upon the stage, the ripening, educational value of a lonely, misunderstood childhood like mine. I don't think any child was ever so much alone as I. Particularly do I remember the months I spent with my aunt in Calaveras County, near the big tree line. I know the Bret Harte country thoroughly."

Nance O'Neil paused and, leaning forward, clasped her hands about her knees. Her blue gray eyes were full of reminiscence. One would fancy her smaller and younger, a slim figure with great eyes, adream in the foot-hills of the Sierras. She drew a deep, sighing breath.

"The vastness, the grandeur of it gave me a new outlook upon life. I seemed to draw something of the strength and peace of the mountains in myself. I pray that I may never lose the serenity I drew from them."

We left the snow-capped Sierras, and with a wave of the wands of imagination we were again at the more or less prosaic threshold of the theatres.

"I played at the Alcazar Theatre, under Mr. Rankin's management, for six weeks. We went to Los Angeles, presenting 'The Danites,' 'The Lights of London' and 'The Banker's Daughter.' The following spring we were in Denver, and I followed Maud Harrison in the part of Kate Christensen, in 'Storm-beaten.' This was followed by 'A Legal Wreck' and 'Arabian Nights' and other comedies. We produced 'Tril-



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MISS O'NEIL AS MEG MERRILIES

by,' and I played the title rôle. Then we went on tour and I played Mrs. Younghusband in 'Married Life,' Ethel Granger in 'Snowballed,' Rose Dalwimple in 'In Honor Bound,' and Edith Marsen in 'The Private Secretary.' My first appearance in the East was as Annie Dunning in Mr. Rankin's play, 'Judge Not,' the name being changed afterward to 'True to Life.' We opened at Forepaugh's Theatre in Philadelphia. Seven years ago I made my début in New York as leading woman in the stock company at the Murray Hill Theatre. I think, perhaps, my first success was on the road as Nancy Sykes in 'Oliver Twist,' and probably people who remember me in that period recall my work in 'Leah the Forsaken.'

"It is odd," she said thoughtfully, "that an artist's view of his favorite rôle and that of public and critics are never the same. For example, I like my Magda best of the sixty or more rôles I have played in my eleven years on the stage. Your New York critics, at least, do not. I have received more praise for my playing of 'Elizabeth of England' than for anything else I have ever played, and I like it the least. In fact, I never liked the play.

"I shall go right on," said Miss O'Neil, when asked about her plans. "What can any of us do but follow the light within? What can one do but play a part as she sees it? My choice is the serious and the poetic drama, and I shall go on playing in them, partly because I like them, and in part because I am best adapted to them. In part, too, because a large proportion of the audiences of the world prefer them. I shall come to New York every year. The principal fault your critics find with me is that I am not yet thirty, but that is a fault I shall overcome very soon. I am quite aware that New York must be wooed a long time. I am merely repeating history. Julia Marlowe came here again and again before she was finally accepted; and so, I am told, did

Mary Anderson." With such examples, I need not despair.

Miss O'Neil is preëminently an outdoor girl. Her sweeping, almost boyish stride proclaims it. Her perfect health and superb nervelessness declare it. Her calm, sane view of life bespeaks it. She is fond of horseback riding, and prefers to ride straddle, like a man, to using the conventional woman's side saddle. At Tingsboro, on the Merrimac, close to the village where her Puritan father was born, is her place of refuge, the new country home she bought last summer.

"I have 200 acres, and I mean to buy another tract that will make the estate one of five hundred acres," she said. "In front of the place as it stands is a big iron gate. I am buying the rest chiefly because of another iron gate. Then I can lock them both. No one may enter unless I wish, and," with the sigh of a tired woman, "there I will rest, away from whatever distracts or disturbs."

Something white and furry and graceful came into the room with stately step and surveyed us with keen inquiry and rare intelligence. Miss O'Neil gathered it into her arms and gravely introduced it.

"This is Magda," she said. "Isn't she a beautiful cat? She has traveled five thousand miles with me."

A room facing east, and three flights up at Tingsboro, Miss O'Neil calls her shrine. Here she keeps Ristori's stage jewels, which she bought from that famous tragedienne's niece, in Melbourne. Here are faded programmes of first nights of half a century ago, and portraits of the actors and actresses of generations and even centuries ago. And here this earnest girl goes every day to worship with the passionate zeal of the devotee; enveloping herself in the atmosphere of the great past, at the shrine of the true art.

ADA PATTERSON.

The Great Ristori as She Is To-Day

FEW people realize that the great Ristori is still living. The famous Italian actress left the stage definitely in 1898, and to most theatre-goers, even in her native land, her name lingers only as a glorious memory.

The one-time world celebrated actress is now eighty-three years old, and since her retirement from public life her seclusion has been absolute. She lives quietly at her home in Rome, but her occasional appearances in public—as, for example, two years ago, when she occupied a box at Salvini's performance in Rome—is always a signal for an enthusiastic demonstration.

The rooms of her house are filled with statues and pictures of herself, portraits of celebrities, and in a time-blackened frame is a faded little picture of a house of modest appearance, standing in a little street—the house where she was born, situated in the street which now bears her name. She possesses decorations and valuable souvenirs from all the crowned heads of Europe; among these the Order of Merit, bestowed by the King of Prussia, with a royal rescript, authorizing her to wear it. She is said to be the only woman ever honored in this manner.

The warmest friendship existed between Ristori and the

eminent statesman, Count Cavour. They corresponded regularly, and she possesses a letter in which he thanks her for valuable services to the Italian cause at the Court of St. Petersburg. It was at his request that she finally consented to present to the Turin gallery the portrait of herself painted by Ary Scheffer. Among her personal friends were Lamartine, George Sand, and Alexander Dumas.

In an interview not long ago, Mme. Ristori expressed herself

frankly concerning Sarah Bernhardt and Mounet-Sully. The latter she considers a great and unique actor. She admires Bernhardt greatly as Fedora and Tosca, and considers her highly effective in the scene of the murder of Scarpio. But she criticises her Lady Macbeth. She does not approve of the siren ways and caressing voice Bernhardt employs with Macbeth, nor of that actress' cries and agitation in the sleep-walking scene, saying that had Lady Macbeth comported herself thus, "she would have aroused the castle." Lady Macbeth, she insists, walked in her



Taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE

[The Marchesa Capranica del Grillo (Adelaide Ristori) in the study of her house in Rome

sleep. The eyes should be fixed; she is in a cataleptic state, which must be indicated from the very first by the walk and rigidity of the figure. She is dominated by one idea. To her own acting of this part, to the strain of the fixed eyeballs in this scene, Ristori



Photo Hall, N. Y.

DRINA DE WOLFE.

This interesting young actress, who has been seen recently in a number of important productions, is a sister-in-law of Elsie de Wolfe. She was born in Baltimore and comes from the well-known Walters family of the Monumental City. Her first experience was as one of the show girls at Mrs. Osborne's Playhouse, and later she was seen as the adventuress, Mrs. Avian, in "The Taming of Helen" at the Savoy. Miss de Wolfe has all the endowments to fit a woman for a successful stage career,—youth, beauty, a fine voice, distinction of bearing and education. She is ambitious and works hard, and the authority with which she invested the part of Mrs. Avian was surprising in so young an actress. It is her ambition to play Shakespearean heroines—Ophelia, Beatrice, Rosalind and Juliet. She is now appearing as Gloria in "You Never Can Tell."

attributes the present weakened condition of her eyesight.

The veteran actress gave an interesting insight into dramatic affairs during the early period of her artistic career. The ecclesiastical censor then had full control, and forbade the name of God, the devil or angel to be mentioned in the performance. Actors during the pontificate of Gregory XVI. were forbidden to use the name Gregory on the stage. The word *patria*, (fatherland) was also prohibited, and another, however unsuitable, must be substituted. When "Macbeth" was given, the censor ordered the following lines cancelled:

"Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come"

because *"the public will probably find an allusion therein to the vessel of St. Peter, which is in danger of being wrecked by the wickedness of the times."*

Ristori's brother-in-law has made a collection—and preserved them in a set of large volumes—of comments and pictures of her which have appeared in papers and magazines for years, and she has embodied in a bulky manuscript some of her experiences and philosophy.

The following are a few of her philosophical utterances:

"Once actors declaimed too much; now they exaggerate in the opposite direction."

"With incessant study, even with a poor voice and figure, it is possible to amount to something."

"In dramatic art, it is better to be last in a company of great artists, than first in a company of mediocrities."

Adelaide Ristori—or to give her present name, the Marchesa Capranica del Grillo—was born on the 29th of January, 1822, at Civitale di Friuli, a town in the Lombardo-Venetian province. She was the daughter of two members of a traveling troupe, and made her first appearance on the stage at the tender age of two months. There never was any doubt as to her future profession, and at twelve she was engaged as the *soubrette* of an obscure dramatic company. While young, her parents went to Rome, where she daily visited the museums of that wonderful city, cultivating her sense of the beautiful. At fourteen she played Francesca da Rimini.

Not long ago, in speaking of these youthful performances, Ristori said: "How grateful I should be to my father! His good sense and enlightened severity enabled him to make an actress out of me. He made me understand that Art is not a gay and easy life work, but serious and difficult. He never ceased to admonish me, and wound my self love, saying that the enthusiasm I excited in the public was due solely to my youth and attractive appearance, not my acting."

In 1846, a young nobleman, the Marchese del Grillo, saw her at a performance, and fell desperately in love with her. He very soon asked her to marry him, but although she returned his love, his family opposed the marriage, and did everything in their power to prevent it. For some time she was practically a prisoner in Florence, but one day the lovers met by chance in a small village through which Ristori was passing with a theatrical company. The door of the village church was open, a service was

being held. Entering, at the conclusion of the service, they declared their intention before the priest and congregation, of marrying, which at that time, and in that province, constituted a marriage. The young husband then escaped in the disguise of a carman, and went to Florence, until the family at last relented, and the marriage was regularly solemnized.

Ristori then retired from the stage, and, indeed, those were troublous times when there was little thought of the theatre. She was in Rome in 1848, became a Sister of Charity, and went about the streets, administering aid to the wounded throughout the civil war then raging. Four children were born to her, of whom a son and daughter lived to grow up, and her retirement from the scenes of her triumphs seemed final. But with her love for her art it was only a question of time when she would return to the stage.

A pretext soon offered. Hearing of a theatrical manager imprisoned for debt, she offered to give three performances for his benefit in Rome. Three hours before the doors were opened the theatre was besieged, people burst in

doors and windows, forced barriers in their determination to enter. The director was released with all his debts paid at the conclusion of these performances, and all Italy demanded Ristori's return to the stage. Her husband's family objected, but in time withdrew their objections, and it was with their consent that she resumed her career.

Up to this time her successes had all been in comedy, but resolving to attempt tragic roles, she appeared in "Myrrha," shortly after her return to the stage without great success. She then restudied the role with the old actress, Carolina Internari, a brilliant woman, intimately acquainted with the most eminent poets and writers of Italy. She took the deepest interest in her gifted pupil, and upon the latter's next appearance in the role, her success was such that she devoted herself to tragedy, appearing in "Antigone" and in "Pia di Tolomei," the death scene in which she studied from life, in the person of a young girl, dying of malarial fever.

In 1855 she made her first appearance in Paris with Ernesto Rossi, in "Francesca da Rimini," at the Salle Ventadour. Although famous in Italy, she was practically unknown in France, but her success was such that, at the close of thirty-six performances she secured the theatre for three years, and during the vacations at the Paris theatre, visited London, everywhere meeting with great success.

She appeared all over the continent, and in London gave performances in English of "Macbeth," "Mary Stuart," etc. Her first appearance in America was at the Lyric Theatre, New York, September 20, 1866, and she repeated her foreign successes there, and on her subsequent visits. What was announced as her final appearance on the stage, was at the Thalia Theatre, this city, where she appeared for the benefit of the German colony in "Mary

Stuart," with a German company, although she did not know a word of the language. Since then her retirement from the stage has been absolute.

ELSIE LATHROP.



MISS HATTIE FORSYTHE
Providence girl lately seen in "What Happened in Nordland"



"Master" Gabriel (who is 24 years old) now appearing
as Buster Brown



Photo Elliott & Fry, London

ARTHUR SYMONS

Arthur Symons—Poet, Critic, Playwright

AMERICAN readers have long been familiar with the beauties of Arthur Symons' "Chopin-like" verse, and through Mr. Huneker's sympathetic pen we have heard something, too, of the English poet's as yet unacted drama, "Tristan and Isolde." But the acting value of Mr. Symons' dramatic works the future only can determine. First and foremost he is a poet, and the personality, thoughts and life of a great contemporary poet must hold much interest for us, although mere words can but poorly express the unique individuality of such a poet as Arthur Symons.

It has been said by Mr. Maeterlinck that there is a strong spiritual correspondence between Mr. Symons the man and Mr. Symons the poet. Before meeting him the writer had formed an idea of his person—an idea built up chiefly from the impression created by his verse, those haunting, grey monotones, welling up and dying away in inevitable woe, in the key minor, and had pictured the soul-tortured face of perhaps a Hauptmann or a Nietzsche. Although he is a man who has gone far on the long and weary road of emotion and experience, and to whom has belonged great desolation and despair, he has emerged from it triumphantly and is now able to sojourn in a land of peace.

I first met Mr. Symons last June in London. He had walked over from his home in Maida Vale, through the green and sweetness of Kensington Gardens. The first impression as he entered was of an exuberant boyishness radiating from his strong, compact, well-built, slender figure and from his remarkably beautiful face—the face of a dreamer, a thinker, a genius. The face of one who has climbed his Calvary.

He was dressed in simple, unobtrusive black serge and white Panama hat. There was no touch of the would-be artistic about him and he might not attract attention from any passerby, excepting, perhaps, by some keen observer of the intelligent and beautiful. But surely no one could fail to observe, if he should pause and lift his hat, the cameo-like perfection of his features, the noble modeling of his head, set on his shoulders, like some youth of ancient Greece. His close-cropped hair is slightly wavy and of burnished copper, now faintly silvering; a fine mustache

shades his rather full but firm, sweet mouth. The nose is straight, the nostrils betraying sensitiveness and impetuosity, the brow broad, lofty and of great prominence and development where the imagination and perception rule. It might be the head of a musician, but the eyes are the eyes of a poet; large, luminous and of a shadowy blue. In their earnest and transparent depths lie much mournfulness and the buried look of many sorrows, but they also hold a look of palpitating hope and optimism. The look of one wounded but never beaten back or cast down by adversity or seeming failure; the look of one who never had or would allow a false step to retrograde or bar his march of progression, or mar his faith in himself or his star. His complexion is almost feminine in its texture, so fresh and luminous, purely cream and red. Most noticeable, too, are his hands; they are of extreme beauty; intense with expressive grace. The voice is curious and a little high-pitched, nevertheless very attractive to listen to.

In company Mr. Symons is often gently, gravely abstracted, sitting, with eyes cast down, lost in contemplation, insensible to external objects, sights or sounds, until recalled by some subject that interests him. Then he develops into the most delightful of talkers, full of rich argument and novel views. His sentences are precise, clear cut, aimed with decision and point. He possesses, in spite of a persuasive æstheticism, an abundance of the joy of life. His regard is long, intent, earnest, and were it not so completely unconscious and yet comprehensive, it might prove disconcerting. The whole man is instinct with animation and energy; a fire and intelligence that is stimulating and almost super-human.

A few days after our first meeting I was invited to visit Mr. and Mrs. Symons in their attractive little home. Mr. Symons married in 1901 a North country girl, a woman of delicate, flower-like Southern beauty, with soulful dark eyes and rare mentality. Their home, as might be expected, is vital with the poet's spirit; all is very simple, nothing unnecessary or discordant; no overloading of lovely things, so killing to completeness and unity of effect. Some exquisite works by French artists adorn the walls; in the hall and dining-room hang oil paintings of Mr. Symons,



Armstrong, Boston

MISS CHERIDAH SIMPSON

Lately seen as the prince eagle in "Woodland"

the former is otherwise lined with books. The drawing room contains two noticeable gems, an unusual piano, designed by Burne-Jones, and a mysterious little statuette on a high, slender pedestal—the curved figure of a woman, by Rodin. The coloring of walls, hangings and furniture is quiet and neutral, chiming well with the minor chords vibrating ever in the poet's soul. Perfect peace reigns. It

a play on "Tristan and Isolde," when, on a memorable occasion, I heard the opera given in Munich eight or nine years ago. This drama was translated into Italian prose by Signora Oliva Rossetti Agresti for Eleanora Duse in the autumn of 1903, and is also being done into German."

Mr. Symons expressed profound and enthusiastic admiration for Edward Gordon Craig, son of Ellen Terry. He considers Mr. Craig an innovator in the art of the stage, and wants the English production of "Tristan and Isolde" to be in his hands.

Besides his two volumes of collected verse, "Plays, Acting and Music," and "Cities" (the prose of which latter is probably unexcelled in that particular style of literature), Arthur Symons has published innumerable other essays, including "An Introduction to the Study of Browning," "Studies in Two Literatures," "The Symbolist Movement in Literature," "Studies in Prose and Verse" (essays on modern writers, ranging from Balzac to Stephen Philipps, and now in the press), and "Spiritual Adventures." His scattered essays on literature, painting, sculpture, music, are too many to be identified from memory, but will all take their definite place in works he is at present compiling. They include essays on Rodin, Whistler, Strauss, Beethoven, Beardsley, El Greco (the Spanish painter), Duse in "Ballet, Pantomime and Poetic Drama," and a new book, entitled "Studies in the Seven Arts." Essays which have appeared in the *Fortnightly*, the *Quarterly*, *Monthly* and *International Reviews*, on Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, etc., are for the first volume of "History of English Poetry in the 19th Century." Essays on Dowson, Mallarmé, Gerard de Nerval, Villiers de L'Isle Adam, Arthur Rimbaud, Maeterlinck, have all appeared. Mr. Symons has also made investigations into the history of Casanova, and has published (in English in the *North American* and in French in the *Mercure de France*) an account of Casanova's original MSS., which Mr. Symons discovered in the Chateau Dux in Bohemia, where Casanova died. He purposes some day to do a little book on him. At present he is working on a life of Giorgione.

His plays number only three—"Tristan and Isolde," "The Death of Agrippina," and "Cleopatra in Judea."

"True dramatic poetry," Mr. Symons has written, "is an integral part of the dramatic framework, which, indeed, at its best, it makes. . . . The poetic drama, if it is to become a genuine thing, must be conceived as *drama*, and must hold us as a play of Ibsen's holds us, by the sheer interest of its representation of life. *It must live*, and it must live in *poetry*, its natural atmosphere. The verse must speak as *straight as prose*, but with a more beautiful voice. It must avoid rhetoric as scrupulously as Ibsen avoids rhetoric. It must not 'make poetry,' however good in its way. . . . Every line of poetry which is not speech is bad dramatic poetry."

"Tristan and Isolde" has indeed "flowered out of a seed of hidden beauty," and the poetry holds the stage compellingly and dramatically. I am unable to give here any excerpts from the

is a fitting sanctuary for the abode of genius.

We talked much of art, music, sculpture, the stage. Both Mr. and Mrs. Symons evince not only an ardent desire to visit America, but also to see our theatres, productions and artists, and could not hear enough about the United States. They had heard so much enthusiasm pour from the lips of their distinguished friend, W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, that ere long, doubtless, we shall receive a visit from them.

Unlike the majority of poets, Mr. Symons possesses a rich gift of pleasantry and a fund of humor. Concerning his own works, he is boyishly modest and reticent, and ever delighted and astonished by words of praise. All subjects containing any vitality or beauty are of the deepest interest to him, and come beneath the extraordinary search-light of his critical faculty. He is not only poet and critic, but philosopher, dramatist, and musician. A passionate lover of the sea, of nature in her wild and primitive grandeur, is inherent in both him and his wife, and this past summer they rented a tiny cottage in the far-off end of Cornwall, where they could breathe in tune with nature and "separateness" from the world:

Mr. Symons is a Cornish man on both sides of his family. He was born in Wales in 1865. Concerning his early beginnings he said:

"I wrote verse as soon as I could write at all, which was, I believe, when I was about nine years old. I was also very anxious to write stories, but totally unable to do so, though I tried again and again. I began, like all boys, by trying to write narrative poems like Scott, then like Byron; then I fell completely under the influence of Browning (with a short interlude of Swinburne), and Browning and Rossetti, with something of Baudelaire, were the chief influences of my first published volumes of verse.

"Walter Pater was my chief literary friend and counsellor in those days. Then I was quite carried away by admiration of Paul Verlaine, of whom I saw a great deal in Paris, and who stayed with me in the Temple in London when he came over to lecture in the winter of 1894. For years, almost all my interests were French. It was in Dieppe that I founded the *Savoy Magazine*, together with the late Aubrey Beardsley. Then I lived for some time in Spain, and for a shorter time in Italy. Since my marriage in 1901 I have spent a good deal of time in Italy, and have visited Constantinople and most of the principal European cities. For a year and a half I did dramatic criticism, and began then to work at play-writing. I conceived the idea of writing



Burr McIntosh

MISS NELLIE MCCOY

Clever dancer appearing with Lillian Russell in "Lady Teazle"

play, as it is not yet published, and will in all probability remain in manuscript form until its production. Mr. Symons, most properly, does not wish to have a door opened half way, as it were, upon this supreme effort of his genius. It is difficult to be temperate in one's praise of so great a work, which carries one on pinions of soaring beauty, blazing passion, and the depths of inevitable tragedy back to the ancient days of Cornwall, Brittany, and Ireland, "Mr. Symons," says Mr. Huneker, who has read the manuscript, "has gone back to the genuine Godfrey of Strassburg legend, which for obvious reasons Wagner could not have followed in a music drama. The two Isolde are restored, for they make splendid foils, and the love potion theme is not handled the same. Very ingeniously does the poet contrive the tryst in the forest. The lines are dramatically pregnant, the action incessant, climaxes striking, and about the whole play there is a rich poetic atmosphere as befits such a moving theme. The scene at the close of Act III affords an opportunity to an actress of emotional temperament and poetic personality. It is a poetic play, written to be acted, and is not encumbered with redundant words. It is a swiftly moving drama of mighty passions and mighty souls. Isolde of Ireland lives before one in all her majesty and grandeur of temperament; daring, sombre, brooding, melancholy."

Arthur Symons has succeeded where so great a poet as Browning failed. Neither Browning, Swinburne, Scott, Arnold, Shelley, nor Byron wrote good acting dramas. Mr. Symons, in addition to his poetic fancy, has mastered the technique of the stage as thoroughly as an Ibsen or Pinero. By Mr. Symons' permission, I am able to give here an extract from his one-act tragedy, "The Death of Agrippina":

NERO: But he must bring me proof;
I have not known a night that went so slow,
But he must bring me proof. If he should come,
And say, I have done this, and lie to me,
And she should live to shame me! She has craft
And an imperial pride: She will not die,
She'll not consent to die. The second time
She will come in, not answering a word,
And banish her accusers. It's not possible
That she'll accept of death from such a slave.
She will beat down the eyes of all his swords,
She will walk through the swords and come to me,
And smile her dreadful smile. She will come in. . . .

(A sound of feet is heard; he pauses, listens, clutches hold of Poppea and says in a low, terrified whisper):

She is coming!

(Anicetus and his men appear at the top of the steps leading up from the sea, and the body of Agrippina, covered from head to foot, is brought in on a litter. It is set down, and Nero slowly goes up to it, uncovers the face and gazes on it in silence. . . . The door of the banquet hall is thrown open and the feasters come out, at first slowly, then more quickly.)

THIRD NOBLE: Who called us from the feast?

SECOND NOBLE: Some one is dead.

FOURTH NOBLE: Who is it that is dead?

FOURTH GIRL (behind): What is it?

NERO (in a low, monotonous voice):

She was very beautiful.
This is the first time that I dare look close,
And not be chidden. She is not angry now,
Nor sad, nor fond, but she is beautiful.
Was it necessary for her to die
That I should see her as she was and know
How beautiful she was? When we are dead
Men see us as we are, but while we live,
As we would have them see us. I forget
If this dead woman were my enemy
Or I had cause to reverence her; Now
I reverence her dead.

THIRD NOBLE (aside): Do you mark that?
He gazes on her in an ecstasy
And dreams, not sees her.

FOURTH NOBLE (aside): Is he a man?

THIRD NOBLE (aside): Ah, no;
A poet and afraid.

NERO: Take up the body;
Come, we must burn this precious thing with fire
And render it to the Gods. Come!

(The bearers raise the litter and carry it out slowly through the door on the left. Nero walks beside it, with his eyes on the face of Agrippina, as if in a dream.)

CURTAIN.

In concluding, the writer may perhaps be permitted to quote the following verse from "In the Wood of Finvara," one of the poet's innumerable gems:

I have grown tired of sorrow and human tears,
Life is a dream in the night, a fear among fears,
A naked runner lost in a storm of spears.

I have grown tired of rapture and love's desires;
Love is a flaming heart and its flames aspire
Till they cloud the soul in the smoke of a windy fire.

I would wash the dust of the world in a soft green flood,
Here, between sea and sea, in the fairy wood,
I have found a delicate wave green solitude.

Here in the fairy wood, between sea and sea,
I have heard the song of a fairy bird in a tree,
And the peace that is not in the world has flown to me.

GERTRUDE NORMAN.

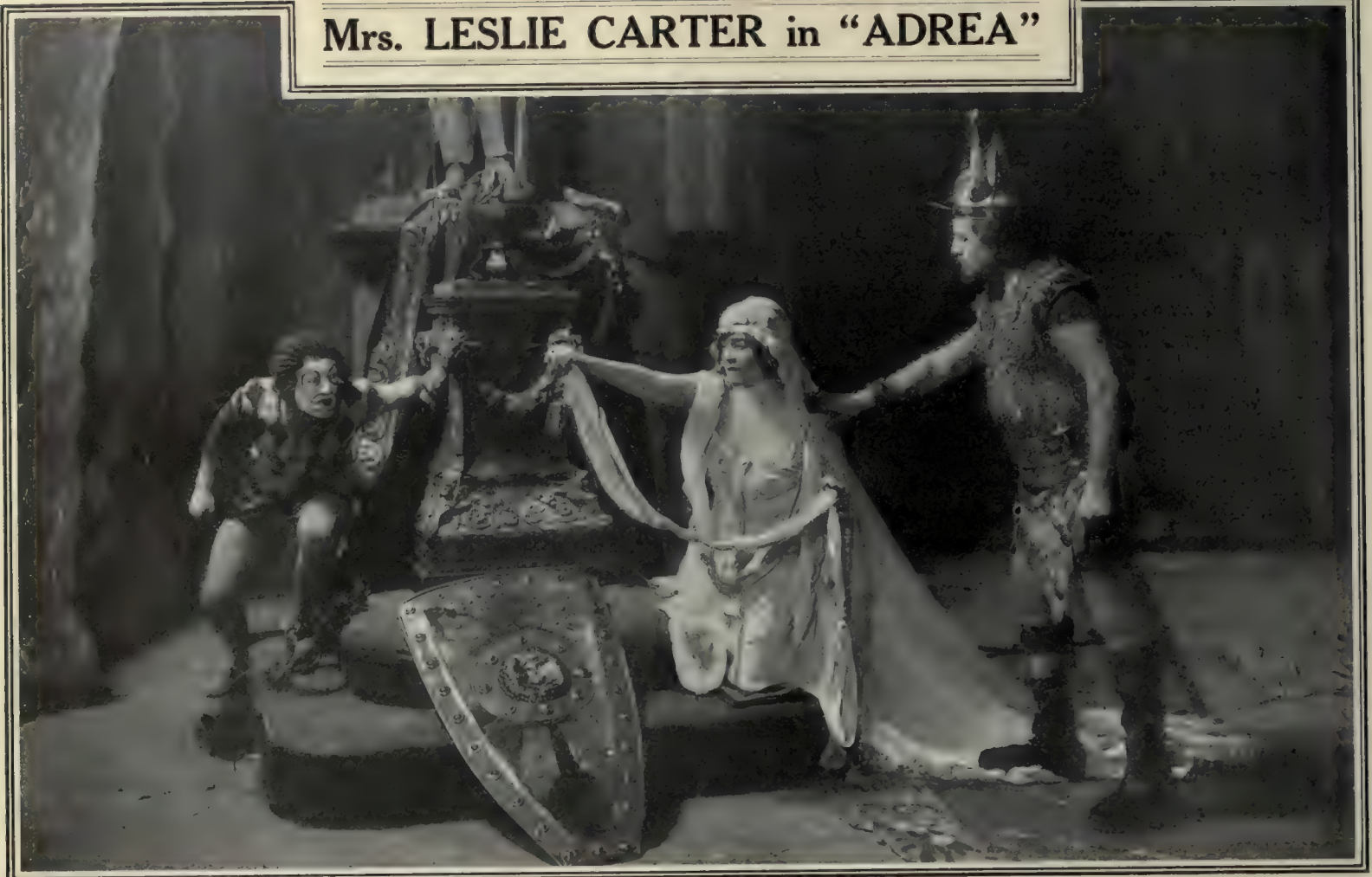


Otto Sarony Co.

MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL

This picturesque young actress is now appearing with Richard Golden in "Common Sense Bracket"

Mrs. LESLIE CARTER in "ADREA"



Photos by Byron, N. Y.

Mimus (J. H. Benrimo)

Adrea (Mrs. Leslie Carter)

Kaesos (Chas. A. Stevenson)

1. The unfortunate blind princess, Adrea, is deceived by the false barbarian chief, Kaesos, who, leading Adrea to believe he is going to wed her, substitutes the grinning clown, Mimus



2. Horrified at the discovery of Kaesos's perfidity, which the following morning her instinct reveals to her, Adrea prays to the gods. A storm breaks and a thunderbolt restores Adrea's sight and dashes the jester senseless



3. Restored to the throne, as a result of having recovered her sight, Adrea denounces her betrayer, Kaesos, and orders him to be thrown to the wild horses



Marcus (R. D. McLean)

4. The sentence pronounced upon Kaeso is about to be carried out, when the queen, to spare her one-time lover his awful fate, snatches a sword from a soldier and stabs Kaeso to death before the assembled senators



Arkissus (Tyrone Power)

5. The faithful Arkissus, unable to dissuade Adrea from abdicating, swears allegiance to her youthful successor, Kaeso's son



6. Vengeance now satisfied, her happiness wrecked, the future a blank, Adrea deliberately exposes her weak eyes to the blinding sunlight and again loses her sight, after which she passes into solitude and oblivion



Aubrey Boucicault

Photos courtesy Alfred Becks

Dion Boucicault in 1880

THE majority of our great actors were not men of one activity. We have seen this in the case of Booth, Jefferson, and Hackett; but nowhere is it more emphatically exemplified than in the life-work of Dion Boucicault; for at different periods he was playwright, actor, lecturer, author, head of a school, and manager—all, it is true, centering upon the art of the stage, but each demanding different executive powers. Still, in the future, Boucicault will be remembered as the dramatist solely—not the writer of over four hundred plays—but of “The Shaugraun” (Wallack’s Theatre, Nov. 14, 1874) and “London Assurance.” I mention these because they represent the *genres* of the Boucicault drama; the Irish type destined to be the model for many future playwrights,—the comedy of manners, itself an imitation of the sprightly and the artificial in Goldsmith and Sheridan.

The records of this dramatist’s early life are contradictory. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, on December 26, 1822, and was christened Dionysius Lardner Boucicault, in honor of the philologist and pamphleteer of that name. His father, a Frenchman, was Samuel S. It is to be noted that the original spelling, Boursiquot, was changed to Bourcicault, and that it was not until 1856 that the *r* was dropped altogether. Some say that the father, by profession, was a banker and brewer, others that he was a draper; and still another statement is that the son, when in Paris, was accustomed to adopt the title of Count, thus pointing to noble extraction. On his mother’s side, young Boucicault came largely into his heritage. She was a Miss Darley, an Irish lady, and sister of the essayist and dramatist, George Darley.

Dion was the youngest of four, his three brothers being William (a banker), and George and Arthur, twins. Up to the age of nineteen, when his first play was written, there seem to be conflicting

statements of his having attended London University, and Pascoe gives Dublin as his school center.

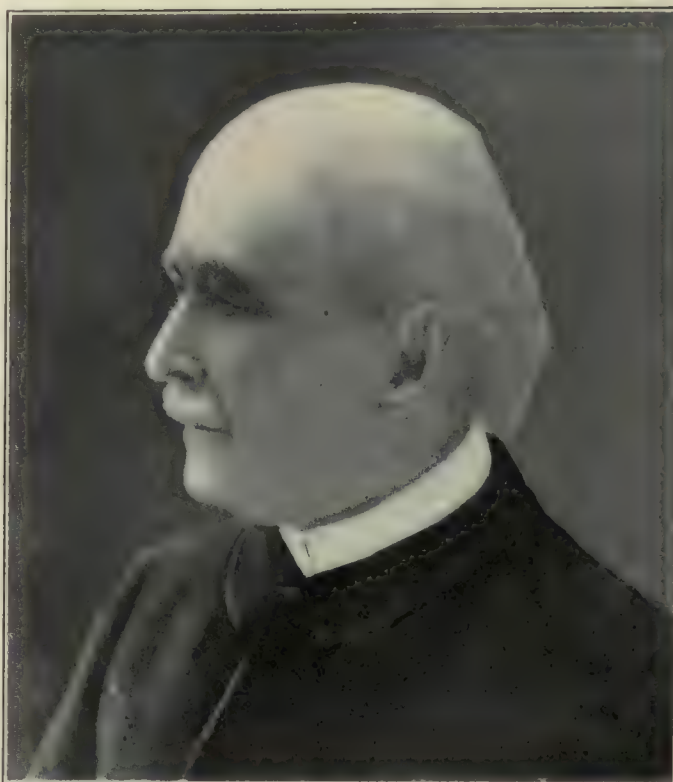
In March, 1838, he was known in a dramatic company playing at Cheltenham, England, as Mr. Lee Morton, his maiden rôle being Norfolk in “Richard III.” Fourteen years after, his London début was made. But before this, in 1848, he was a widower, having been married for four years to a woman much older than himself. The alliance was not a happy one, and when she died in Switzerland, Boucicault returned to London, swathed in mystery and with a small fortune, to which was added the bounty of one of his relatives. Already he had produced his comedy, “London Assurance” (1841), at Covent Garden, followed by many other plays, such as “The Irish Heiress” (1842) and “Old Heads and Young Hearts” (1844). At the London Princess Theatre, June 14, 1852, the young dramatist acted in his own play, “The Vampire,” and it was during this year that he met Agnes Robertson, who was playing with Mrs. Charles Kean.

Let us stop for a moment and gather a few characteristics around the Dion Boucicault of this period. He was, according to Mr. Stephen Fiske, an enigma, a gay, “semi-fashionable, semi-Bohemian” fel-

low, who, by his first dramatic venture, “London Assurance,” brought upon him the accusation of being a plagiarist, with John Brougham as the offended.

“I knew [him],” writes Clement Scott, “in the ‘Colleen Bawn’ days at the Adelphi, when he had a magnificent mansion and grounds at Old Brompton. . . . I knew him in the days of the ‘Shaugraun’ at the same theatre, and I met him constantly at the tables of Edmund Yates [*et als*], and I was also a frequent guest at his own table, when he lived, as he ever did, money or no money, credit or no credit, *en prince*, at his flat. . . . Dion was a born viveur, a gourmand and gourmet, and certainly one of the most brilliant conversationalists it has ever been my happy fortune to meet.”

Such is a sketch of the man who married Miss Robertson and set sail with her for America in 1853. He was impulsive, nervous, and a quick worker. “On the spur of the moment,” he says in his preface to “London Assurance,” addressed to Charles Kemble, “I completed this work in thirty days. I had no time to revise



Collection Alfred Becks

DION BOUCICAULT AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH

SAMUEL S. BOUCICAULT (d. 1852) m. Miss Darley (d. 1878)

DION BOUCICAULT* (1822-1890)

m. (1) 1844 The widow of a Frenchman (d. 1848)

m. (2) 1853 Agnes Robertson*

m. (3) Louise Thorndyke*

Eva* (b. 1859)	Patrice (b. 1862)	Aubrey Robertson* (b. 1870)
Dion William	Darley George† (b. 1861)	Nina* (b. 1867)
(1855-1876)	m. Jno. Clayton*	m. G. D. Pitman
	m. Irene Vanbrugh*	m. Fred Tyler*

*Members of the family who became actors

†Now known as Dion Boucicault

There are innumerable records

or correct; the ink was scarcely dry before it was in the theatre and accepted." This is characteristic of the producer. He was strictly a writer for the stage; he understood his wife's capabilities; he realized his own limitations as an actor and wrote parts for himself accordingly. He was momentarily wise, but he was quick to change, and this weakened, in later years, his powers as a stage manager. He was obstinately opinionated, as will be shown by his first act in America; he kept his marriage a secret for some time, despite advice to the contrary, because he thought his wife would succeed better under a maiden name. This misstep was rectified from the stage in Boston.

Agnes Robertson, of Scotch descent, was born at Edinburgh, December 25, 1833. She sang in public before she was eleven years of age, and in 1851 joined Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean's company, appearing as Nerissa in "The Merchant of Venice," and other juvenile rôles. She was a ward of Kean's; and it is said that her marriage with Boucicault was not approved. She and her husband came to New York by way of Montreal, and on October 22, 1853, she opened as Maria in "The Young Actress." Her many successes show how closely she was associated

with Boucicault. Despite her engagements in Philadelphia, and her tours throughout the United States, it was in New York that she won her warmest favors. Critics praised her Jessie Brown in Boucicault's "Relief of Lucknow" (Wallack's, Feb. 22, 1858); they applauded her Dot in the version of "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Winter Garden, Sept. 4, 1859), which Boucicault took from a French source, not knowing the Dickens' original at first; they showed their enthusiasm over the pathos of her Smike, in the dramatization of "Nicholas Nickleby" (November, 1859), where Joseph Jefferson created the part of Newman Noggs. She was the original Zoe in "The Octoroon" (Dec. 5, 1859), and Eily O'Connor in "Colleen Bawn" (March 29, 1860).

A person writing, adapting, and translating four hundred plays in about forty-nine years must, of necessity, have been a rapid worker, and since a large number of the pieces was as quickly produced, both Boucicault and his wife had a wide range of rôles. But his characters do not make much demand upon subtlety; active romance and feeling, cut from the same pattern, may, under all external situations, be subject to the same methods. From 1860 until 1872 Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault were in England, and on their return they repeated, at Booth's

Theatre (September, 1872), some of their former successes. In 1879, Mrs. Boucicault retired from the stage.

During this time that Boucicault was playing and writing, he was experimenting with theatres. Around 1859 we find Joseph Jefferson under his management and that of William Stuart; in 1862, he managed Astley's Circus in London, renamed The Westminster, and here he produced "The Heart of Midlothian" (January 26, 1863). Under his own direction, Drury Lane Theatre was the home for "Colleen Bawn" (circa, 1865), after he had severed his connection with Benjamin Webster, who owned the Adelphi. Jefferson, in his Autobiography, tells of Boucicault's quickness of temper in this affair; the version of "Rip Van Winkle," which had just been evolved from the Burke copy, was the center of storm for quite a while, since Jefferson was under contract to Webster as well as to Boucicault. Covent Garden Theatre was the scene of one of the dramatist's many extravagances. Under the patronage of Lord Lonsborough, Boucicault prepared a spectacular, "Babil and Bijou," into which money was thoughtlessly poured, and the production was not a great success.

Blinded by a sudden tide of feeling, and regardless of every one and everything, the impulsive Boucicault, in 1883, married Louise Thorndyke, a member of his company. Thereafter, though he continued composition, and became director of A. M. Palmer's School for Acting (Madison Square), public opinion told upon him, and his health failed him. He died in New York, his recognized home since 1876, on Sept. 18, 1890.

The summary of Dion Boucicault's life is a peculiar one. He was more impulsive than thoughtful, yet he was thoughtful; he was quicker to see effect in others than he was original, yet he was original; he was extravagant and headstrong, yet he was kind of heart. He had a fund of knowledge, and his dramatic instinct made use of it. He was quick to lay hold of the moment, as in "The Relief of Lucknow," to make use of his inheritance, as in his Irish dramas, and his prose views of Ireland; he was ever trying to reach the American public, as in "The Octoroon," and his dramatization of Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp," just started when he died. Among Boucicault's other plays may be mentioned "Arrah-na-Pogue" (1864); "Foul Play" (in collaboration with Charles Reade, 1867); "Kerry" (1871); "Led Astray" (1873); "Robert Emmett" (1884); "The Jilt" (1885).

"He was," writes Agnes Robertson, "ex-



A TYPICAL BOUCICAULT POSTER

Very scarce and much coveted by collectors. Green border. 24 by 17 inches



Dion Boucicault as Conn in "The Shaughraun"



Agnes Robertson as Jennie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian"

cessively fond of reading, and was one of the best-read men of his time. He was very partial to the reading of history. John Stuart Mill was his favorite philosopher; Goldsmith he preferred to all the poets, and he enjoyed the writings of Keats and Shelley.

The stage owes much to Dion Boucicault; he it was who familiarized the American managers with the royalty system of paying dramatic authors. Writing in 1879, he said:

"To the commercial manager we owe the introduction of the burlesque, opera bouffe, and the reign of buffoonery. We owe him also the deluge of French plays that set in with 1842 and swamped the English drama of that period. For example: the usual price received by Sheridan, Knowles, Bulwer, and Talfourd at the time for their plays was £500. I was a beginner in 1841, and received for my comedy, 'London Assurance,' £300. For that amount the manager bought the privilege of playing the work for his season. Three years later I offered a new play to a principal London theatre. The manager offered me £100 for it. In reply to my objection to the smallness of the sum, he remarked, 'I can go to Paris and select a first-class comedy; having seen it performed, I feel certain of its effect. To get this comedy translated will cost me £25. Why should I give you £300 or £500 for your comedy, of the success of which I cannot

feel so assured. The argument was unanswerable, and the result inevitable. I sold a work for £100 that took me six months' hard work to compose, and accepted a commission to translate three French plays at £50 apiece. This work afforded me child's play for a fortnight. Thus the English dramatist was obliged either to relinquish the stage altogether or to become a French copyist."

Of the Boucicault children, Dion William (born in New Orleans) was killed in an English railroad accident; both Eva (born in New York) and Nina (born in London) were on the stage, and Darley George (born in New York), besides acting, managed two theatres in Melbourne and Sydney, Australia. The two names most familiar to present-day theatre-goers are this same Darley George, now known as Dion, who lives in London, and Aubrey Robertson, who is acting in New York. The former has appeared in the casts of many modern society pieces. The latter has appeared in Shakespearian rôles, and as Paolo in Skinner's revival of Boker's "Francesca da Rimini."

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



Mary Ryan



Ethel Johnson and Hughie Flaherty



W. H. Clarke

CHARACTERS IN "THE FORBIDDEN LAND," LATELY SEEN AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE

Strange Confessions of a Press Agent

BY ONE OF THEM

FOR the information of the guileless reader, it may be explained that the Press Agent, or "publicity promoter," as he prefers to be called, is, in the theatre business, the lit'ry gentleman employed by the manager to stimulate public interest in his current productions. His chief qualifications are a lively imagination, a goodly stock of superlatives, an elastic conscience—and unlimited "nerve." He it is who fosters relations with the newspapers and magazines, from furnishing stories and pictures of the actors to the signing of "dead head" passes. His is also the duty of arranging programs and drawing up advertisements. At night, at the theatre, he is expected to be on hand to placate the dyspeptic critic with a bland smile, and, if necessary, to sustain a weak curtain by a liberal use of his hands. There are many clever men engaged in this particular branch of the theatrical business. We are proud to have our guild represented at the Metropolitan Opera House by the scholarly, picturesque Meltzer, while at the Empire, furthering Charles Froh-

man's interests, we have the poetic-faced Wells Hawks. Channing Pollack, the Chesterfield of the fraternity, wields a facile pen for the Shuberts, and James Forbes, dapper and active, does likewise for the Hudson Theatre. Charles Emerson Cooke is useful in this department to Belasco and Wilbur M. Bates tests the power of the press for Klaw & Erlanger. Lanky, good-natured Frank Wilstach does good press service for Viola Allen, the ever-smiling Bailey Avery guards the portals for Frank Keenan, and the courteous Bruce Edwards represents Charles Dillingham. Rotund Jerome Eddy stands guard at the American and Fourteenth Street Theatres, and Ralph Edmunds and Mason Peters represent Mr. Savage. Other well-known "publicists" are Frank Reid and Joe Plunkett, who manage the Lieblers' literary affairs, Mr. Jacques with Mrs. Fiske, W. R. Sill, C. T. K. Miller and—MYSELF.

The press agent knows more about the theatre and its people than any other person behind the footlights—except the ward-

robe mistress. But that is another story. We are not now dealing with the lives of the chorus or the amatory entanglements of the soubrette or leading lady.

Ordinarily, the business of the press agent is not the decimation of truth, but the avoidance of its inopportune discovery. If the press agent related all he found about the people of the playhouse where he is employed, he would soon find himself out of employment, and, in some cases, in jail. I once asked an agent employed by Edward E. Rice how he was getting on, and he replied: "I like Rice, only I prefer to have mine in pudding."

When business is in a state of coma, the press agent must be uncommonly alert. If he gave out the truth, he would be called in. The manager and the star depend upon him to keep up the illusion of prosperity, and so during periods of distress and failure, his face must be the mirror of contentment and success. One of his chief duties belongs rightly to the house physician: He must jolly the "star," bolster up his or her courage in the face of failure, and constantly administer "dope" to the cast. When the public is apathetic, actors need a lot of encouragement. He may, in the bosom of his family, give his private and unexpurgated opinion of the play, the star and the players; but to everybody else he must feign a glowing and enthusiastic admiration.

It is his business to put as fair a face as possible upon the idiosyncrasies of his employer. One day lately a well-known press agent was denying boldly certain facts regarding the telephone temper of his star. One of the listeners looked sceptical, and replied sarcastically that it would not be long before he, the press agent, would be arguing just the other way.

"When will that be, I'd like to know?" demanded the press agent hotly.

"When you are discharged," was the reply.

If any one of our leading press agents should set down what they really thought of some of our critics—the æsthetic policemen of the drama—he would be undoubtedly arrested for using profane language. Willie Winter recently said in the *Tribune* that one of the chief terrors of the dramatic critic was that he was confronted on opening nights by the patent leather smile of the press agent. To this we press agents might retort that patent leather has polish, and that is more than can be said of some of the individuals who are sent to the theatres to write criticisms of plays. Some of the critical faces which confront one on the

opening night of a new play haunt the sensitive press agent for the rest of the engagement.

Some of us press agents have written plays; some of us know something about dramatic technique, and are men of culture. So, when a callow youth or cub reporter comes to the theatre to pass judgment upon an art of which he knows nothing whatever, it is little wonder that we grow warm under the collar, or that when we find men who make a living out of the theatre flitting about the lobby on a first night, gloating over the failure of a dramatist or of a "star," our opinion of the critical fraternity as a body does

not rise to an exalted height. The story is told of a young man who called to apply for a position on the staff of the paper.

"What experience have you had?" asked the editor.

"Haven't had any," replied the youth.

"Well," said the great editor, "you won't do. There are no vacancies in the dramatic or musical departments, and the other positions require experience."

But to return to our muttons. The press agent, as I have said, must be a man of inventive power and few scruples. No matter at what cost, his star must be kept before the public. The agent who succeeds in creating most newspaper talk is at once placed by his manager at the head of his class. The mere routine man, who is content to write conventional paragraphs, and cut them out for the scrap book, if by accident any are printed, is a back number. The blue ribbon of press agency goes to the sensation promoter.

In three notable instances, fresh in memory, the press agent has proved worthy of his hire. He has placed a

live baby in a stage box where it might be found by the occupants; he has planned and had executed the firing of a revolver from a box in the middle of a performance, and he has induced a "high society lady" to ride an elephant. That the first of these merry exploits might have occasioned official displeasure of an embarrassing sort, and that the second did actually achieve such distinction, detracts nothing from the credit of the performance. Publicity had been won.

The evolution of the press agent has been a process not without interest. At the outset his duties were simple. But with new theatres, more actors, increasing public interest, came innovations. And then the struggle for supremacy in the newspapers. "Give us this day our daily space," insisted the man or woman "star" to the manager. "Get notices about our people in the papers," com-



Otto Sarony co.

R. D. McLean as Marcus in "Adrea"

manded the manager, and the press agent who succeeds in getting his attraction most written about is considered an expert in his business. There is every incentive therefore, for an energetic "publicist" to bestir himself, and a few of the results of his industry have been the following stories that have appeared in the daily newspapers from time to time:

The Milk Bath; The Infatuation of a King; The Fortune Won at the Races; The Divorce (all sorts and conditions); The Wearing of the Hair in Such a Manner as to Raise the Question of Whether a Music-hall Performer Had Ears; The Suit Against a Merchant Who Exhibited in His Window Hosiery Named After a Production; The Society Recruit; The Theft of Diamonds; The Hair-breadth Escape from Death; The Fortune Won in Wall Street; The Relative of Royalty; The Suit of a Chorus Girl Against a Manager Alleged to Have Discharged Her for Alleged Lack of Beauty; The Strewing of a Street with Tan-bark Because a Certain Actress was Too Nervous to Hear Street Noises, and a thousand and one other devices.

By ringing the changes on such themes as these the enterprising press agent is good for many columns of space in the newspapers and his salary is fairly earned.

When the theatrical press agent has planted all his pictures and has run out of original schemes, he purchases, for a few pennies, the English comic papers which are filled with short anecdotal stories, occasionally of point. These the press agent paraphrases, localizing the scenes and arranging the names of the roles to suit the actors in his company.

Then he has this production typewritten and mailed to the dramatic editors, marked: EXCLUSIVE, NOT DUPLICATED. These yarns are known technically as "dog stories." There are still papers in New York City which print this class of matter just because the stories are written around the names of actors. But the market for the *Punch* re-write is rapidly contracting, although on the road there is seldom any doubt as to the availability of the dog. The dramatic editor of the country paper, who is usually managing editor, city editor, news editor, foreign editor and "copy" boy is glad to get such entertaining "copy."

There is no place for a press agent who can not get matter in the newspapers, and consequently that gentleman in a desperate attempt to secure space often oversteps the bounds of decency.

A visiting actress—who, on the occasion of her first visit to the United States, gained fame thanks to a press agent who sprinkled tan-bark before her hotel and insisted she was ill unto death, and gave imaginary experiences of her grotesquely named lap dog—sounded, during a more recent stay, an even more personal appeal for yellow comment. With her devoted pup the lady appeared in the streets of the shopping district, in the early hours of the afternoon—and a rather chill afternoon it was—clad in a gown which might have been conventional in a ballroom but certainly was not designed for outdoor wear. This is taken to have been a cunning variant on the old street parade once so popular with the minstrel men.



MISS RUTH HOLT
Now playing the leading female role in "The Vacant Chair"

There is a youngster growing up in the family of an honest toiler of the Bronx, with whose infant life long chances were taken by the determined press agent. The genius of the managerial staff, having exhausted all legitimate efforts to get the name of his attraction into the newspapers, and speculating dismally on the lean season which must follow his retirement from activity, caught in the advertising columns of his paper the announcement of a midwife. A child might be adopted by a responsible person. The press agent decided he was that responsible person. He visited the dealer in American futures, and became the purchaser of the child. The infant was then conveyed to the theatre and deposited in the stage box. When the persons who had rented the box for the performance arrived, they discovered the child. The press agent worked the newspaper offices, and the yellow journals discovered a sensation. How this laboriously worked out scheme was to aid the sale of tickets for that particular theatre only the press agent knew. A charitable organization rescued the baby before it had succumbed to the severities of the part it had been hired to play in the interests of a publicity craving management.

These and other extravagancies which have sometimes got my over-zealous colleagues into serious trouble, have done much to discredit the press agent, but with all our faults the managers would find it hard to get along without us. How many of the "stars" now shining in the theatrical firmament owe their vogue solely to our efforts?

X. Y. Z.



James S. Metcalfe, the boycotted critic of "Life," in the character of the Wandering Jew

Because James S. Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*, criticised the business methods of Klaw and Erlanger, and attacked the personal character of those managers, the Association of New York Theatre Managers passed a resolution barring the critic from forty-nine metropolitan playhouses. Mr. Metcalfe is accused of "bitter and unwarranted racial attacks on the members of the Association" and he has already been refused admittance to a number of theatres. He has retorted by denying the charge of "racial prejudice" and by bringing a charge of criminal conspiracy against the managers, and the matter is at present the subject of official investigation by the District Attorney. The charge of "racial prejudice" would seem to have really little to do with the boycott inasmuch as some of the managers involved are themselves Gentiles. In this connection the *Jewish Daily News* (New York) says: "The only point at issue here is whether the Frohmans and the others who have it in their power to issue an order barring from forty-seven theatres in New York City Mr. Metcalfe or anyone else against whom they may happen to have a grievance, were acting properly when they made the reason for this exclusion that Mr. Metcalfe wantonly attacks Jews. It won't do, this excuse. This sudden rush to the shelter of the protecting folds of Judea's standard is even more insulting to the Jews than anti-semitic articles, such as Mr. Metcalfe is charged with writing." However, to punish our misguided colleague for his alleged prejudices Caricaturist Carlo de Fornaro depicts him here as the Wandering Jew, condemned his whole life long to wander up and down the Rialto seeking admission to playhouses only to find every door barred against him.

Edgar Poe and the American Drama



THE stage production in New York by Frank Keenan of Poe's mad-house story, "The System of Dr. Tarr," and the coming presentation of George Hazleton's new play, "The Raven," based upon Poe's well-known poem, attracts attention to the somewhat singular fact that although he was a poet of essentially dramatic genius, Edgar Allan Poe himself produced nothing of technical dramatic form.

Yet Poe was closely connected with the stage. He was the offspring of distinguished players, and to his memory the theatrical profession has set a memorial in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Poe's conception of the drama, first of all, was as poetry; and with him, as he said, poetry was not a purpose, but a passion. Moreover, it was his conviction, and his well-known critical dictum, that the degree of elevating soul-excitement, which alone entitles a poem to be so called, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length.

The fragmentary sketched-out scenes for "Politian,"—his unpublished, unacted, and probably never-completed drama—while indicating what Poe might have achieved with a *purpose* directed towards the stage, at the same time shows clearly how his lyric *passion* ever thwarted persistent action. Thus:

LALAGE: A deed is to be done—Castiglione lives!

POLITIAN: And he shall die!

LALAGE: Hist! hush! within the gloom
Of yonder trees methought a figure past—

A spectral figure, solemn, and slow, and noiseless—

Like the grim shadow Conscience.
(*Walks across, and returns.*)

I was mistaken—'t was but a giant bough

Stirred by the autumn wind.
Politian!

POLITIAN: My Lalage—my love! why art thou moved?

Why dost thou turn so pale? Not Conscience's self,

Far less a shadow which thou likenest to it,

Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night wind
Is chilly—and these melancholy boughs

Throw over all things a gloom.

LALAGE: Politian!

Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the land
With which all tongues are busy—a land new found—
Miraculously found by one of Genoa—

A thousand leagues within the golden west?

A fairy land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine,

And crystal lakes, and over-arching forests,

And mountains around whose towering summits the winds

Of heaven untrammelled flow—which air to breathe

Is happiness now, and will be Freedom hereafter

In days that are to come?

Poe's interest in the acted drama, as well as in its literature, is apparent to any student of his writings. He was a frequent playgoer, and enjoyed the personal friendship of at least one distinguished actor—the comedian Burton. Though not himself a

writer of stage criticism, he took keen cognizance of what his contemporaries did in that direction. One of his "Literati" articles praises Robert Walsh's "Notices of Kean's principal performances during his first season in Philadelphia." "I have looked to this Essay," says Poe, "as to a fair oasis in the general blankness and futility of our customary theatrical notices. I read it with that thrill of pleasure with which I always welcome my own long-cherished opinions, when I meet them unexpectedly in the language of another. How absolute is the necessity now daily growing, of rescuing our stage criticism from the control of illiterate mountebanks, and placing it in the hands of gentlemen and scholars!"

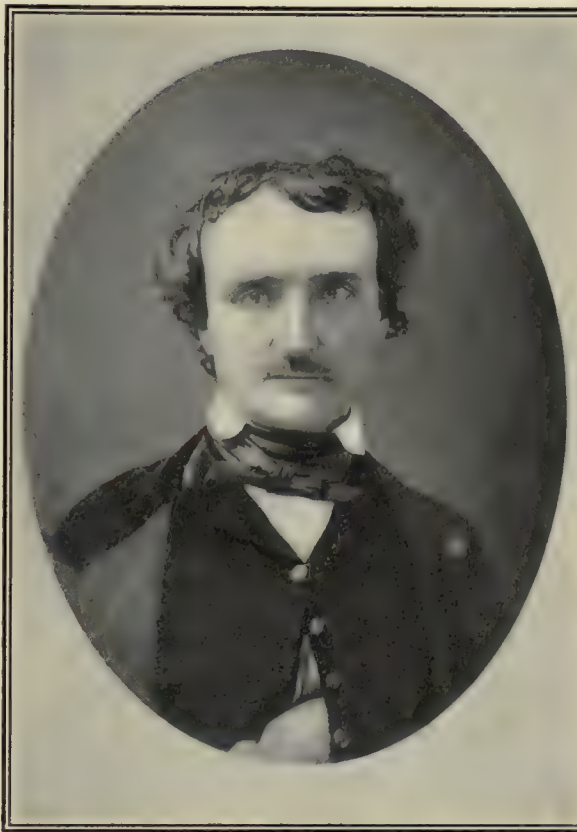
Comments upon or allusions to plays as literature, and to dramatic authors, abound in Poe's writings. They are invariably sound and bright, having worn well these sixty years past. In the opening paragraph of his review of Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge" for example, we find this ironical passing mention of Dion Boucicault's earliest success: "The worth of a work is most

accurately estimated, the literary Titmice assure us, by the number of persons who peruse it; and 'Does a book sell?' is a query embodying, in their opinion, all that need be said or sung on the topic of its fitness for sale. We should as soon think of maintaining, in the presence of these creatures, the dictum of Anaxagoras, that snow is black, as of disputing the profundity of that genius which, in a run of five hundred nights, has rendered itself evident in 'London Assurance'."

The most elaborate exposition of Poe's ideas concerning stage theory and practice, is found in his critical analyses of N. P. Willis's "Tortosa, the Usurer," and Longfellow's "Spanish Student," which criticisms taken conjointly form a classic and monumental essay upon the American Drama. After his artistic carving is finished, nothing whatever is left of Messrs. Willis and Longfellow as dramatists. We of the present day are the posterity that has confirmed and approved this result of Poe's merciless vivisection; but to have performed it in 1846, when the two poets, his contemporaries, were in the heyday

of their celebrity, must have required a courage almost superhuman. Circumscribed space forbids here anything like full abstract or quotation, but a few pertinent excerpts may be offered:

"We wish now to suggest that, by the engrafting of Reason upon Feeling and Taste, we shall be able, and thus alone shall be able, to force the modern drama into the production of any profitable fruit. At present, what is it we do? We are content if, with Feeling and Taste, a dramatist does *as other dramatists have done*. The most successful of the more immediately modern playwrights has been Sheridan Knowles; and to ape Sheridan Knowles seems to be the highest ambition of our writers for the stage. Now, the author of 'The Hunchback' possesses what we are weak enough to term the 'true dramatic feeling,' and this true dramatic feeling he has manifested in the most preposterous series of imitations of the Elizabethan drama by which ever mankind were insulted and beguiled. Not only did he adhere to the old plots, the old characters, the old stage conventionalities throughout, but he went even so far as to persist in the obsolete phraseologies of the Elizabethan period—and just in proportion to his obstinacy and absurdity at all points, did we



From a photograph

EDGAR ALLAN POE

pretend to like him the better, and pretend to consider him a great dramatist." "The truth is that *cant* has never attained a more owl-like dignity than in the discussion of dramatic principle. A modern stage critic is nothing if not a lofty contemner of all things simple and direct. He delights in mystery—revels in mystification—has transcendental notions concerning P. S. and O. P., and talks about 'stage business' and 'stage effect' as if he were discussing the differential calculus. For much of all this, we are indebted to the somewhat over-profound criticisms of Augustus William Schlegel."

"The prevalence of the folly of '*asides*' detracts as much from the acting merit of our drama generally as any other inartisticity. It utterly destroys verisimilitude. People are not in the habit of soliloquizing aloud—at least, not to any positive extent; and why should an author have to be told, what the slightest reflection would teach him, that an audience by dint of no imagination can or will conceive that what is sonorous in their own ears at the distance of fifty feet, cannot be heard by the dramatic personæ at the distance of one or two?"

Poe's "Marginalia" comment upon "The Lady of Lyons" is incisive, and may be re-read with special interest in view of the recent successful revival of Bulwer's sterling comedy:

"A hundred criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding, I must regard 'The Lady of Lyons' as one of the most successful dramatic efforts of modern times. It is popular, and justly so. It could not fail to be popular so long as the people have a heart. It abounds in sentiments which stir the soul as the sound of a trumpet. It proceeds rapidly and consequentially; the interest not for one moment being permitted to flag. Its incidents are admirably conceived and skilfully wrought into execution. Its dramatic personæ throughout have the high merit of being natural, although, except in the case of Pauline, there is no marked individuality. She is a creation which would have done no dishonor to Shakespeare. She excites profound emotion. It has been sillily objected to her that she is weak, mercenary, and at points ignoble. She is; and what then? We are not dealing with Clarissa Harlowe. Bulwer has painted a woman. The chief defect of the play lies in the heroine's consenting to wed Beauseant, while aware of the existence and even the continued love of Claude. As the plot runs, there is a question in Pauline's soul between a comparatively trivial (because merely worldly) injury to her father, and utter ruin and despair inflicted upon her husband. Here there should not have been an instant's hesitation. The audience have no sympathy with any. Nothing on earth should have induced the wife to give up the living Melnotte. Only the assurance of his death could have justified her in sacrificing herself to Beauseant. As it is, we hate her for the sacrifice. The effect is repulsive, but I must be understood as calling this effect objectionable solely on the ground of its being at war with the whole genius of the play."

The poems and tales of Poe are full of suggestions to 'dramatists—Sardou has frankly acknowledged his obligation, in the case of "Pattes de Mouche"—and on the other hand some of the poet's best inspirations are directly traceable to impressions received from the theatre. "The Raven" itself, according to the late Cornelius Matthews, had its real genesis in a spectacular stage adaptation of "Barnaby Rudge," which Poe, in company with Matthews, witnessed at the old Park Theatre, in the season of 1845-'46. It was at this time that the aforementioned review of Dickens's novel was penned, in the course of which Poe enlarges upon the fantastic conception of

Barnaby's raven, and even suggests that, as a possible heightening of the effect, "its croakings might have been *prophetically* heard in the course of the drama."

Finally, that weird and awesome poem, "The Conqueror Worm," is conceived in the concrete image of a sublime drama:

"Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter
years.
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight,
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.
"That motley drama—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased forevermore
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever re-
turneth in

To the selfsame spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

"Out—out are the lights—out all!
And over each quivering form
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm.
And the angels, all palled and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, 'Man,'
And its hero the Conqueror Worm."

"The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," perhaps one of the most fantastic and characteristic of Poe's stories, lends itself particularly well to dramatic treatment, the story being remarkable in its sudden changes from grewsome tragedy to hilarious comedy. The inmates of a lunatic asylum overpower the doctors and keepers. They put their former masters in padded cells, and then proceed to run things to suit themselves. The leader is an intellectual lunatic called "Dr. Tarr," and he is abetted by another and more eccentric lunatic named "Professor

Fether." The two worthies have adopted these names after a system devised by them. They believe in tarring and feathering as the most soothing system to cure obstreperous patients. Just after the outbreak, a State senator arrives at the Sanitarium on a visit of inspection and he is greeted with politeness and cordiality by Dr. Tarr, who passes himself off as the physician in charge. The senator, to his alarm, soon discovers that things are not quite right, but it is some time before he can assure himself which are the lunatics and which are the sane people. He is particularly alarmed when an apparently sane young lady of most modest demeanor calmly informs him that people make great mistakes in wearing clothes. She insists that instead of our clothes being worn outside ourselves, we should get outside the clothes. The senator tries to escape, but finds everything locked, and then follows a highly amusing supper given by the lunatics at which he is forced to be a guest and where he is terrified out of his wits by "Dr. Tarr" doing the carving with a peculiarly sharp carving knife. Finally the lunatics are again put under control.

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(Continued from page iii.)

tify to Rose's shame. They would not perjure themselves. But Rose swears falsely that Keil is the father of her child, about to be born. Arrest for perjury threatens her. They hunt her down like a wild animal and she kills the child to which she has given birth.

"Die Stillen Stuben," by Herr Sven Lange, is a play in which we more than often come face to face with great truths, the eternal retributions and compensations. The work holds to a deep and beautiful philosophy. Its infinite pathos and gentleness is tenderer than Ibsen's, less strenuous than Bjornson's, and waits towards one memories of Dostoevsky and Turgenieff.

Niel Thergsen and his child-like wife, Helga, have been married six years. Helga is one of the great multitude of wives who are "not understood." She is closely related to Ibsen's Nora and even to Sardou's Cyprienne. Her husband is lacking all the attributes of the "ideal" of her girlish fancy. She longs for "real happiness" and Lawyer Carsten, young, good-looking and most deserving of love from the feminine point of view, arrives at the psychological moment. Niel is not blind, yet he does not interfere, for he is a man of practical principles, one of which is that nobody can change a condition. He demands, however, one thing: a quick decision. Helga decides for Carsten, of course. But when she meets her lover to follow him forever, grave doubts creep into her little soul of a child in distress, and she resolves to consult her father, a miserable drunkard, and learn from him for the first time the story of her mother's sad fate; for she remembers dimly that this mother, strong, pure and kind, passed through the same trials as herself.

She finds her father in shameful surroundings, and learns from him the confession that her mother took poison in order to avoid just such a conflict as she is suffering from. A slip of paper with the words "I am yours" was all that the unfortunate woman had left. The ambiguity of its meaning drove Helga's father to drink. Helga is horrified to hear the truth and grasps the flask of poison out of which her mother had drunk "oblivion." The father snatches it from her lips just in time for Niel to rush in and prove by a fond embrace that he, the husband, is after all the right man to give her enduring happiness.

Rostand's Latest Work.

Edmond Rostand, says the London *Tatler*, has just finished writing a new drama for M. Coquelin. From all accounts it promises to be as brilliant a success as his last work for that artist—Cyrano—and Coquelin, *on dit*, is vastly pleased with his rôle. Mr. Rostand's health is not altogether of the best, and he has been making a long stay at his country place, the Villa Etchegoria, Cambo, Basses Pyrénées, and although happily much better he still remains there. Villa Etchegoria is the Basque equivalent for Red Villa. Madame de Rostand is, like her husband, literary. She was Rosémond Gérard, the author of a volume of verse called "Les Pipeaux." She is now the mother of two little boys, Maurice and Jean.

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Queries Answered

"Cleve., Ohio."—Q.—Did Dustin Farnum ever play "Virginius?" A.—No, we think not. Q.—What was Robert Edson's wife's maiden name? A.—Helen Burg. Q.—Will you have on article on Mr. Vaughan Glaser? Q.—We cannot say. Q.—Is his wife an actress? A.—She is not acting this season.

O. E. B., Detroit, Mich.—Q.—What is the seating capacity of the Haymarket Theatre of Chicago and the respective capacity of the different sections of the house? A.—The Haymarket Theatre has an orchestra circle, dress circle, balcony, family circle and gallery. There is one tier to the gallery, more than is possessed by any other house in Chicago. The parquet seats 718 chairs on the floor and there are 40 seats in the eight boxes. The balcony contains 506 chairs and 24 in the boxes, six in number. There are 472 chairs in the family circle. The gallery will accommodate 800 people. It is now a vaudeville theatre.

R. M.—Will you publish a picture of Charles Hawtrey in his play, "A Message from Mars"? A.—We will do so shortly.

"Helen Max."—Q.—Will you tell me how one may become a member of the chorus of a comic opera company? A.—Make personal application to the chorus master or stage manager of a first-class opera troupe and let him try your voice. If you possess all you state you may get an engagement.

C. H., Elmira, N. Y.—Q.—Can an adult person learn to dance on the ends of the toes? A.—No; he must commence to learn to dance when quite young.

F. A. M.—Q.—Will you have photographs of Miss Fay Davis and Miss Mabel Roebuck? A.—We have printed several of Miss Davis.

W. H. R., Knoxville, Tenn.—Q.—In what company is Orrin Johnson playing? A.—In "Ben Hur," now in Chicago.

Elsbeth, Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Mr. Mansfield in "Beau Brummel" and of Mr. Gillette in "The Admirable Crichton"? A.—See our issue of January, 1904.

A. R. LeC., Roseville, N. J.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Richard Buhler and Jessaline Rodgers? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Where and with what company are the Gibney sisters? A.—We do not know.

John P. M., Cleveland, O.—Q.—How can a young man get an engagement in the chorus of a musical comedy company, and who should he apply to, and what is necessary to get an engagement? A.—See answer to "Helen Max." W. P. M., New Haven, Conn.—Q.—Will you publish pictures of Williams Lewers and Ford Sterling in the March issue? A.—It is impossible to publish them in the March issue.

Subscriber, New Orleans, La.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Lionel Adams or Alphonz Etnier, now playing the title role of "Ben Hur"? A.—We may do so in the near future.

B. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—Q.—When did you publish pictures of these plays? A.—"Sweet Kitty Bellairs," February, 1904; "Merely Mary Ann," January, 1904; "Sunday," Christmas, 1904; "Duke of Killicrankie," October, 1904; Julia Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet," Christmas, 1904, and January, 1905. Q.—Where can I secure these back numbers? A.—At this office. Q.—What is Mary Manning now playing in? A.—See answer to A. R. Q.

A. C.—Q.—Will you publish photographs of Joseph Galbraith, Henry Miller and Kyrle Bellw? A.—Perhaps.

H. S. H.—Q.—Can you inform me where I can lease a musical comedy, comic opera, or operetta, to get a general idea as to how they construct and lay out an opera? A.—Unless you possess practical knowledge of the stage you had better not attempt it. Spelling correctly is rather essential. Judging from your letter you might have difficulty in getting anyone to read it.

Interested, Montgomery, Ala.—Q.—Have you published a photograph of Paul Gilmore and of Creston Clark? A.—See our issue for June, 1903.

E. J. D., Springfield, Mass.—Q.—Would you publish pictures of Dan Daly, Jerome Sykes and Stuart Robson in the next month's THEATRE? A.—See our issues for February, 1903, and March, 1903.

L. W. C., Utica, N. Y.—Q.—Is William Gillette booked to appear in Utica this season? A.—He is not. Q.—Do either Isabel Irving or Irene Bentley expect to tour in vaudeville this season? If so, are they booked for Utica? A.—They are in vaudeville but are not booked for Utica. Q.—In "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," who played the parts of Sir John Manners, Sir Malcolm, Sir George Vernon, Queen Mary, Lady Dorothy Crawford? A.—When first done in this city Sir John Manners, William Lewers; Sir Malcolm, Sheridan Block; Sir George Vernon, Frank Losee; Queen Mary, Isabel Richards; Lady Dorothy, Bertha Galland. When last done in this city the roles were taken respectively by Orrin Johnson, Carl Anthony, Frank Losee, Helen Bell and Bertha Galland. Q.—Where are Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott playing now and in what play? A.—Knickerbocker Theatre, New York. Q.—Is Maxine Elliott booked for Utica? A.—We do not think so. Q.—Where are the following actresses? A.—Julia Arthur has retired from the stage. Virginia Harned is in Chicago. Della Fox is in vaudeville. Bijou Heron is the wife of Henry Miller. She retired from the stage some time ago. We do not know where Beulah Dodge is. William Gillette follows Maude Adams at the Empire in "Sherlock Holmes." At the close of his engagement at the Empire he goes to London and plays his new piece "Claresse." Lawrence Grattan is in a stock company. Paul Gilmore is in San Francisco; was recently starring in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird."

A. N., Pueblo, Colo.—Q.—When and where did Florence Gale make her first debut? A.—We have no record of her debut.

J. C. Mobile, Ala.—Q.—What are the names of the best American actors and actresses of to-day? A.—It is a matter of opinion.

N. B., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Is Maude Adams coming to Hartford, Conn.? A.—She is. Q.—Will you publish scenes from Robert Edson's new play? A.—See this issue.

Pitts, Pa.—Q.—Where is "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" being presented? A.—It was at the Savoy Theatre, is now at the Lyceum.

A. A. K., Cleveland, O.—Q.—Is the "Show Girl" or the "Piff, Paff, Pouf" company going to play in Cleveland this season? A.—Both companies will visit your city late in the season.

P. R. S.—Q.—In what play are James Keltetas Hackett and Mary Mannering going to play next season? A.—It is not decided.

"Old Curiosity Shop," Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Will you publish articles on the older actresses, such as Clara Morris, and Edwin Booth, and also a picture of Otis Skinner? A.—We have already done so.

Q.—Is Mrs. Leslie Carter's hair auburn and what color eyes has she? A.—Such questions are trivial.

H. K. M. B., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Will Mrs. Fiske give a performance of "Becky Sharp" in Chicago this season? A.—No. Q.—Where can I get back numbers of your magazine? A.—At this office.

A Subscriber.—Q.—Is Herbert Henry Davies' play "Cousin Kate" published? A.—It is not. Q.—In what company is Gwendolyn Valentine this winter? A.—We cannot locate her.

M. A., Boston, Mass.—Q.—What is Mary Anderson's name and address? A.—Anderson is her family name. She is now Mme. de Navarro and resides in London, England. A letter to the London *Era* will reach her. Q.—Has Julia Marlowe any relatives on the stage or does she come from a theatrical family? A.—She has no relatives on the stage and she does not come from a theatrical family. Her right name is Brough. Q.—Is Mr. Sothern to play with Miss Marlowe next year? A.—The Sothern-Marlowe combination continues all next season. Q.—What is Mrs. Woodward's name? A.—It is Mrs. Eugenie Lindemann Woodward.

J. K., Providence.—Q.—Is it necessary to have agreements with managers drawn by a lawyer? A.—It is advisable that contracts drawn between managers and actors should be at all times executed according to all legal requirements. You may write to Joseph M. Herzberg, attorney-at-law, 309 Broadway, who will be pleased to act in advisory capacity.

NOTICE. A large number of letters from our readers calling for answer in this department were destroyed in our fire. Our readers are requested to kindly ask their questions again and they will be answered promptly in our next issue.

Universal Peace Theatre.

An organization known as the Universal Peace Theatre Company held a meeting and gave a luncheon on Thursday, February 16, at the Hotel Marlborough, this city, at which more than sixty guests were present. The announced purpose of the organization is to further the cause of international arbitration. How this is to be accomplished through the stage has not yet been clearly explained.

The guests were greeted by David Hershfield. Nat C. Goodwin, chairman of the committee, and Alexander B. Ebin, secretary of the company. The dining room was decorated with flags and peace ensigns and a white dove bearing an olive branch. Nat C. Goodwin, as chairman, proposed a toast to the President of the United States, which was drunk standing. Joseph T. Hogan, vice-president of the New York Playgoers' Club, proposed as a second toast, "Success to the Second Meeting of the Hague Peace Conference as Called for by President Roosevelt."

Charles Sprague Smith, founder of the People's Institute, was introduced and told of his renewed and present interest in things theatrical because the People's Institute is about to launch a theatrical company with the purpose of furnishing Shakespearean and other drama to the public schools, etc., at moderate prices. He spoke of the theatre as a good instrument with which to spread the idea of universal peace and pronounced it a power comparable only with that of the Church, and perhaps greater.

Remarks were made by Dr. Ernest Richard, of Columbia University, and Alex. B. Ebin, secretary of the company, who then called upon Nat C. Goodwin for a speech.

Mr. Goodwin said he had wondered why the committee had selected an actor for its chairman, but had concluded that the organizers of the Universal Peace Theatre Company and the New York Playgoers' Club must agree with the critics, who had so often informed him that he had missed his vocation. He said the title "Universal Peace Theatre" particularly appealed to him, because he had never found much peace in any of the theatres which he had been connected with. He noticed that in promising to introduce peace into the homes and theatres the company did not mention the Syndicate.

Mr. Goodwin expressed the hope that the New York Playgoers' Club would grow as has that club in London, which has now three or four thousand members. He told of being selected to speak at one of the entertainments of the London Playgoers' Club on the subject of "The American Invasion," and went into it from the time of the Druids till the arrival of the first New York chorus girls in London.

The article in this issue on the Boucicaults is the sixth paper of the series of Famous Families of American Players. The previous articles were published as follows: No. 1—The Booths ill., May, 1904, 35c. No. 2—The Drews ill., July, 1904, 35c. No. 3—The Jeffersons ill., Sept., 1904, 35c. No. 4—The Sotherns ill., Nov., 1904, 35c. No. 5—The Hacketts ill., January, 1905, 25c. Address: THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 26 West 33d Street.

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To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Just as an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company which has two Topseys, two Markses, and two Haleys and several little Evas, is a bigger attraction than a troupe which possesses only one each of these characters, so I am glad to learn from your splendid pages of the February issue that Shakespeare's "Macbeth" has now been provided by history with two chambers in which that title-rôle King of Scotland murdered Duncan. It fills a long-felt want.

In *New Shakespeareana*, published by The Shakespeare Society, which considers itself, I suppose, the final authority on things Shakespearean, there is shown in the issue for January a picture of the chamber in which Macbeth murdered the gentle Duncan. Your chamber where Macbeth murdered him is in Glamis Castle (of which you give a notable picture) at Glamis, Scotland. The *New Shakespeareana* chamber where Macbeth murdered him is in Cawdor Castle, Inverness. William Shakespeare, the putative author of the play (I decline to be involved in the Baconian controversy), places the scene of Act II. of his tragedy as follows: "Inverness, Court of Macbeth's Castle;" and the second and third scenes of that Act—which cover the murder action—all read for place, "The same;" scene fourth of that Act reading: "Outside Macbeth's Castle," which, of course, is non-committal, since the bad Macbeth wasthane both of Glamis and of Cawdor and so, presumably, had castles both at Cawdor in Inverness, and at Glamis.

If the late Mr. Barnum had been called upon to settle things between THE THEATRE MAGAZINE and *New Shakespeareana*, he would doubtless have fixed it as he did when complained to that he had exhibited two skulls as the skulls of Old Hicks the Pirate Chief, by saying, "Take your choice." I must confess that I feel that way myself, having seen the skull of Count Tilly at Odessa. at Ingoldstadt- at Regensburg (Ratisbon, as the French call it) and at Aix-la-Chappelle, I am prepared for anything. But as Macbeth, in Act I., Scene 3 of Shakespeare's play, was hailed by the witches as "Thane of Glamis" before he was hailed "Thane of Cawdor," I am under the impression that less catholic persons than myself will give their suffrages to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Yours respectfully,

C. HAROLD MCCHESENEY.

10 Convent Ave., New York City, Feb. 6, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Aren't you "off" in saying that Macbeth murdered Duncan in Glamis Castle? Shakespeare says the murder took place in Macbeth's Palace, "Inverness."

SAM BARDON.

Grand Union Hotel, New York., Feb. 10, 1905.

The foregoing letters were referred to the author of the article, "Under the Walls of Macbeth's Castle," in our February issue, and she replies as follows:

Boston, Feb. 11, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

While Shakespeare's "Macbeth" is acknowledged to be founded on fact, he has taken a writer's privilege, as in the case of "Hamlet," and deviated even from tradition. Upon Cawdor Castle it seems hardly probable Macbeth ever looked. According to a book on "The Thanes of Cawdor," published by the Earl of Cawdor in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1858, and presented to the Spalding Club of Aberdeen, in 1859, the author states, that in consideration of the value to history he made a collection from the charter-room of Cawdor Castle which shows that "the tenure of Cawdor is learnt from the charter of Robert I., in 1310,



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granting thanedom to William, Earl of Cawdor in heritage, for 12 marks, to be paid in exchequer yearly."

A descendant of the above William, under reign of James II. of Scotland, held a crown license for a building, and to fortify his castle at Cawdor, under date of 1454. Tradition fixes no individual thane as the builder, nor the period of building; for these matters we are indebted to the charter and the records.

Almost contemporary with the building of Cawdor Castle is the warrant for destroying the fortalice of Lochindab, the iron door being brought for the Donjon of Cawdor. Another document states that this same thane purchased from John Ros, of Auchlossin, his whole lands on both sides of the river, as well within the burgh of Nairn as without, the charter bearing date: November 12, 1457, at Aberdeen.

That Macbeth lived about the middle of the 11th century is admitted to be an historical fact; that Duncan met his death at his hands is generally accepted. Authentic history of Scotland began with the reign of Malcolm Canmore, the son of the murdered Duncan, and for the preceding period tradition is largely to be depended upon.

But while several places in Scotland lay claim to being the spot where Duncan was assassinated, a visit to the localities, a study of the times, combined with Shakespeare's tragedy, would all point toward Glamis Castle, which still holds among its priceless treasures Macbeth's coat of mail, as most probably being the home of Lady Macbeth.

The writers of the doubting letters, had they possessed information as comprehensive regarding "Macbeth" as one of them appears to have concerning "Uncle Tom's Cabin," would have brought a different argument than the play itself. The latter says that Shakespeare places the scene of Act II. of his tragedy at "Inverness, court of Macbeth's castle, and the second and third scenes, which cover the murder action, read for place, 'the same.'"

If the writer bases his deductions solely on Shakespeare's play, it is but fair to go further and place some stress on what follows in the text. At the close of Act I., the scene of which is laid at Macbeth's castle, Lady Macbeth enters reading a letter from her husband, from which she learns for the first time that her lord has been elevated to the rank of the Thane of Cawdor. Strange indeed would it have been for her to be then occupying Cawdor Castle, even had it been in existence, for she believed with Macbeth that the Thane of Cawdor lived—a prosperous gentleman.

Again the text goes on to say, that Duncan would be her guest that very night, and she would scarcely have time in the few intervening hours to remove her household effects to Cawdor and receive her royal visitor. Still another point in the text. The news of Duncan's coming was brought by a messenger who had traveled so far that he was, to quote from the play, "almost dead for breath." Fores, or Forres, as it is now called, where the king was at the time, is but a few miles from Cawdor Castle, a distance that to the doughty men of those days would have been a bagatelle.

With records showing that the first Thane of Cawdor was created in 1310, nearly three hundred years after Macbeth lived, and with every tradition and circumstance pointing toward Glamis Castle as the home of Macbeth, it is fair to presume that it was here Duncan met his death.

Glamis Castle is but little known to Americans, or, for that matter, to the English. It is not a "show place," like the present Cawdor Castle, and admission is only obtained by special permit from the agents of the Earl of Strathmore, the present owner. Cawdor Castle is more widely known and much more frequently visited, and it is not strange, perhaps, that the story of Duncan's murder is associated with it as an added attraction.

But both history and tradition point otherwise, and these are the only guides we have to follow, and even romance indicates that it was at Glamis the gentle Duncan met his fate.

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FASHIONS



(1) Round model of majenta tip with velvet of same shade and ostrich tips

being the same smart color. Illustration No. 4 shows a round hat of rough violet straw, the garniture being a twist of velvet in a lighter hue and clusters of Parma violets to the left at the back. Illustration No. 5 is a becoming model of tan straw with fruit and flower garniture in a wreath about the crown. Roses, grapes and foliage in the lighter pastel colors are used harmoniously.

A rather striking hat, seen in one of the Fifth avenue shops, was also of tan straw in a fancy weave, and in the always becoming picture shape. A long plume of shaded green and folds of sage colored velvet formed the trimming. Another very fetching round shape was of white chip with lining of black straw. The low round crown was encircled by a narrow band of black velvet ribbon, and the brim which rolled at the back in a decided flare, was held in place by a cluster of American Beauty roses. A poke bonnet of ruffled satin straw was faced with narrow Val lace and had as garniture small clusters of baby rosebuds, at right and left of the crown. Long streamer ends of pink liberty ribbon were a feature of this model. A toque of pale blue satin straw with a smart but exceedingly trying contour, had as its simple garniture two immense white roses, one underneath the brim and one just above it on the crown at the left back.

Lingerie hats, which will be very popular during the summer, are seen in Charlotte Corday shapes, the crown being covered with embroidered linen, the facing of many fine lace ruffles. Small rosebuds sometimes add to the trimming of these hats or occasionally where the modified shape permits, a fold of taffeta ribbon in one of the pastel shades is used about the crown.

These pastel colors, by the way, will be in vogue both in dark and light hues for dress materials as well as for hat trimming. Subdued reds, dull blues, and greens and the quieter tones of pink and blue will be liked. The gown shows in illustration No. 7 is in pastel pink with entredeux of écreu and white lace. It is worn by Miss Julia Sanderson in "Fantana" at the Lyric Theatre. In the same illustration is shown a hat of tulle and roses to match the gown. This charming picture model was made for Miss Sanderson by Joseph.

Illustration No. 6 shows a costume of white linen with motifs of heavy white lace. The bodice has the bolero effect with bouffant sleeves. The skirt is cut after the new full model. A very fascinating lingerie frock is shown at Saks & Co. It is of sheer grass linen made over a foundation of white swiss which rather unusual feature adds wonderfully to its daintiness. The yoke of the bodice is formed of a wide strip of torchon insertion with narrow tucks in the grass linen at either side. A broad band of the insertion runs horizontally around the bodice, which is pouched in front. The bouffant sleeve and long tight cuffs have bands of the insertion, while the extra wide skirt is trimmed in the same way, a row of narrow tucks being placed above the lower inset of the lace. Another chic model seen at the same shop, is of meavy blue linen all over embroidery. The bodice had a yoke of pointed bands of the same material. New sleeves in the mousquetaire patterns falling over the hand lent a distinctive

touch to this simple frock. Somewhat similar to the design shown in illustration No. 6 is another favorite model for the coming summer. Added to the bolero jacket is the postilion back, which only tall figures can wear with impunity.

Among the popular garments for spring wear must be considered the new lace coats shown mostly in three-quarters or seven-eighths lengths. These are intended for wear over light frocks of linen or sheer material, but they will also do service as opera wraps. The lining used will determine for which purpose these are intended. Renaissance lace is almost invariably the fabric of which they are formed. White, écreu, tan, grey, butter color and black are the colors in which they are shown. The black coats, of course, are not made of cotton, but of silk braid and net. The box pattern is a favorite design for these wraps. A few, however, are semi-fitted. One handsome garment in butter color was cut three-quarter length and lined with pongee. The sleeves were bell-shaped and the collarless effect finished the neck. A short box model of heavy white renaissance which has been copied quite extensively in New York and elsewhere this winter, had a foundation of accordion pleated white chiffon, with double ruffle of the same in jabot effect at the front. This might be used, of course, for evening wear, as might also the long black lace coat made over a Dresden silk lining.

These Dresden linings will be much used. They, too, show the delicate pastel colors and are especially effective under net or wide meshed grenadine. A short box model in écreu lace with bell sleeves and wide collar was lined with sheer white linen to be used over a costume of écreu linen. These smart new wraps will add a rich and effective touch to linen frocks which have insertions of heavy lace.

To go from this subject to that of the rain coats for spring and summer wear is not so far a cry as one might imagine. Time was when any old thing did service for stormy weather wear. Nowadays, fashionable garments are designed solely for this purpose. Nothing smarter or more becoming could be desired than the new shower coats. Silk rubber is the favorite material and from fifteen to fifty dollars is the price asked for them. While, heretofore, the lighter colors have been confined to automobile wear, these will now be used as rainy day garments, pure and simple. This is quite a radical change from the old mode, but the coming summer will see cream, silver, and even scarlet coats worn in the street. These coats are made after several different designs. One of the favorites is the redingote, tight fitted at the waist and full in the skirt. It is notable that, with few exceptions, all these models are collarless. The sleeve is mostly seen in the bishop or leg-o'-mutton pattern. Another favorite model is the umbrella or circular shape, which is always best suited to tall figures. In this design dolman sleeves are shown. These are like the old-fashioned surplice sleeve and are tight at the wrist, or if the cuff is wide have a storm sleeve as a sort of interlining. Some of the coats in this material are very elaborate. One made after the circular pattern was of bright scarlet with the aforesaid dolman sleeves, military collar and cuffs of black velvet. Long capes will also be worn for the same purpose and will be made of the same material. One very handsome model is in seven-eighths length cut circular and of a light cream color with collar of black velvet. For those who prefer more sombre colors to go with their gray days there are very dainty and attractive coats in deep blue and black.

Cravenette is another rainy day material, or, more properly speaking, it is the process by which waterproof material is made. Many fabrics are susceptible



(3) Jaunty white hat of cerise straw with velvet of the same and roses shading from light to dark



(2) Hat of rough green straw trimming of sage taffeta with egret to match and cream colored choux

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YOU MANS HATS

We have had a number of inquiries regarding the early issues of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. We can still supply some of them at the following prices: First year—1901—per number, \$1.50. Second year—1902—per number, 75c. Third year—1903—per number, 50c. Fourth year—1904—per number, 35c.

to the cravenette process. Coats, then, which have been cravenetted may be had at more reasonable prices than the newer and smarter silk rubber. Gloria is another pretty material with satiny finish, which will be used for the rain coats. It is spoken of evasively in most of the shops as shower-proof, and one perceives that a hint is implied of its possible non-imperviousness to heavy storms. Still it will answer for any savage blasts and storms, which let us hope we have seen the last of for a while. The English tweeds which were so popular for ulster during the winter are seen in lighter grades for traveling wear



(4.) Model of violet straw trimmed with velvet of a lighter shade and clusters of violets.

and rainy weather. These also are shown in the umbrella or circular, redingote, and ulster pattern.

Various tailored tweeds with a rubber backing, called in some shops rubber cloth, are also among the storm garments.

Among the new materials intended for summer wear, the organdies and cotton voiles will be much worn. Organdie lisse is well to the fore among the new flowered stuffs, with many charming designs in the pastel colors and Dresden effects.

The fine sheer mercerized cottons offer an excellent ground for printed effects, and the flower



(5.) Tan colored satin straw with "fruit and flowers" garniture.

designs show to especially good advantage on such material.

Just what the wearing quality of these fabrics will prove to be, is difficult to forecast, although most of the shopkeepers are optimistic on the subject.

The mercerized cotton shown this season is like the other "process" cottons—tempting to look at, but possibly prone to limpness after a short wear. The frankly tubbable materials are perhaps better buying.

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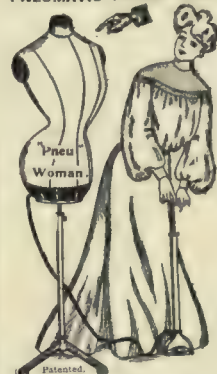


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ing colorings, the dainty blue, green, and brown checks being especially good looking.

Scotch gingham are seen in Tartan plaids; these are especially desirable for children's dresses or the pretty kilt skirts which little girls wear with the suspender effect.

Some of the new ducks and piques are printed in colors, but these are always better in white. Pique with embroidered patterns in white is being made up into some smart frocks for the Southern resorts.

Dotted swisses with small close dots and flower motifs are charming, as are also the silk batistes with jacquard effect in silk and flower pattern in rather large design.

Neckwear for the summer girl is lovelier than ever before and, in the smarter shops, more expensive.

The most exquisite of the collars and cuffs are imported from Paris and are hand embroidered. From five to twenty-five dollars are the prices at which they sell.

The open eyelet embroidery is also much used, and is sometimes combined with all-over embroidery of finest linen.

Many of the smartest sets are of heavier Irish linen with button-holed edges and applique of Irish crochet.

The collar and cuff sets have noticeably deep cuffs. Some of the inexpensive ones are made of val lace and beading, the former being set on in very full narrow ruffles.

When sleeves were made with a narrow wristband and fullness immediately above it, a narrow turnover cuff was the only practicable thing, but now that the deep close-fitting cuff and many modifications of the leg o' mutton sleeve are being worn, a deeper turnover cuff is considered smart.



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I am called the Toffee King because I am the largest Toffee manufacturer in the world. My subjects are of both sexes, all ages, races, creeds, and colors. They are loyal and willing subjects. They have sworn allegiance to Toffee—not to me. There are no pretenders to my throne. I am John Mackintosh, the Toffee King of England, and I rule alone.

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is unequalled. My Candy Kitchen is the largest in the world. An average of one hundred tons of Toffee is sold each week in England—think of it, one hundred tons a week. I am the world's largest consumer of butter. Herds of prize cattle supply me with milk. I buy sugar by the train load.

Mackintosh's Toffee is sold all over Europe, and even in far-off China and Japan.

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining Mackintosh's Toffee from your dealer, do not hesitate to write me. I will see that he supplies you, or I will send a large trial package for 10c. If you wish, you may send me \$1.00, and I will send you a family tin, containing four pounds. Yes, I pay the express charges.

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(7) Frock of pink liberty satin with intredoux o' eoru and white lace

Narrow sets are still being shown, and will be worn, but the wide cuffs are much newer.

The shops where lingerie neckwear is sold are offering all sorts of dainty and apparently simple confections suitable for wear with any kind of blouse.

A pretty collar seen in a Broadway shop is of soft white mull, brier-stitched in white linen thread. The tab is rather a wide affair on the stole order, formed of a wide box plait and inverted tucks.

Another more elaborate stock is of narrow lace in bands of insertion put together with beading, and showing an oval motif in front. Fitted pieces of button-hole edged embroidery extend for several inches over the shoulders, and these are edged in turn with ruffles of narrow lace. From the front of this collar, tie ends fall in tab effect, each of the ends being finished with an embroidery motif and lace ruffle.

While on the subject of neckwear, one must mention the chemisette of lace and mull in tiny ruffles, which will be worn with the surplice blouses. These will have foundations of colors which match or contrast the gown. More than one for each blouse will lend variety to its wear.

The new belts show the continued popularity of the Elizabethan waist line. Of course, this desired shape cannot be attained by the girl whose avoirdupois will not permit, but most of the belts are intended for the slim, long-waisted ladies in the fashion cuts, and if one would be smartly belted in, necessary measures must be taken to acquire the straight slim line so much the present vogue.

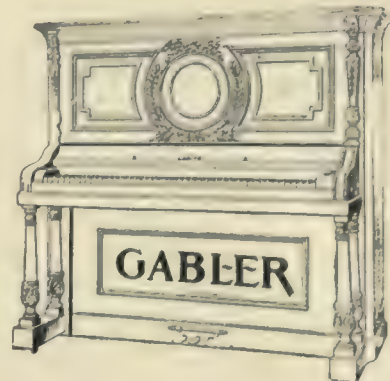
Many of the prettiest belts are combinations of silk and leather. Some of satin show Chinese embroidery in elaborate designs.

Belts of wide white linen are meant to crush, and have long pointed or "V"-shaped buckles.

The mousquetaire fad has not run its length apparently; one sees the crush sleeves, the bodices and skirts done in the same trying style, and here once again the fat girl cries for mercy. Of course, she must eschew the gathered effect whenever possible, but her prayer for a change in fashionable decrees continues mightily. ANNA MARBLE.

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From Our Correspondents

Cleveland, Ohio.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 10.—The entrance of Benjamin F. Keith, proprietor of Keith's Circuit, into Cleveland, has been regarded locally as one of the most notable incidents in the history of this city's theatrical affairs. Mr. Keith's recent purchase of the new Prospect Theatre, and its conversion to suit his idea of theatre construction has been the subject of much public comment, and when the theatre opened its doors it was not strange that the house was besieged by the best people in the city. Both Mr. Keith and his son, A. P. Keith, assistant general manager of the circuit, and Mr. E. F. Albee, general manager, were present upon the opening night. The theatre is considered the finest playhouse of the State. It has a seating capacity of 1,800, and contains all the appointments for which Mr. Keith's houses are famed. The color scheme of decoration is ivory and gold, a combination which is carried out with striking effect. The furniture is of the Henry VIII. design, and the walls of the foyer,



Ladies' Retiring Room, Keith's Theatre, Cleveland, Ohio.



B. F. KEITH.

Miss Cecilia Loftus proved a delightful surprise in "The Serio-Comic Governess." "The Virginian" gives Dustin Farnum a splendid chance to show Louisville theatre-goers his ability as an actor. William Norris in "A Country Girl" was delightfully refreshing, and this is so different from his usual run of plays that one hardly recognized this versatile actor as the hunched-back clown in "The Palace of the King." The Masonic Theatre is presenting high-class attractions at popular prices. Nannette Comstock in "The Crisis" made a decided hit, and the musical comedy "The Strollers" filled the beautiful playhouse to its capacity. The Avenue presented several melodramas during the month that were remarkable as regards electrical and mechanical effects, and the "S. R. O." sign was frequently displayed at its doors. In vaudeville Mr. Hopkins continues to provide a splendid bill. Such top-liners as Delmore and Lee, Lew Sully, Staley and Birbeck, and others as good, help to while away the winter evenings. E. R.

Kansas City, Missouri.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Feb. 10.—A regular old-time Western boom seems to have struck theatrical business in Kansas City. Rumors are afloat of theatres going to be built, in all kind of possible and impossible places, and out of this mass of rumors, two, and possibly three, new theatres will actually be constructed. One, a new vaudeville house, is already under way; this will give eight or nine high-class vaudeville turns weekly. Bookings are already being made for next season. This new house will be located at Twelfth and Walnut streets. It will be the first serious rival the Orpheum has had in the vaudeville field. Ground has recently been purchased at

Seventh and Walnut streets for another house, and it is said it will be the largest theatre in the city. This, so rumor has it, will be controlled by Belasco's "Independents" who, as matters now stand, have no place to rest their weary limbs, the Syndicate controlling the Grand, Willis, Wood and Auditorium, while the remainder of the houses are booked solid for the season. What truth there is in this rumor as regards the "Independents" can only be conjectured, but that a big theatre will be constructed on the site is practically assured. These two theatres will give the city eleven houses running constantly. A roof garden is also being planned for next summer on the roof of the Auditorium. This will be the first roof garden venture attempted west of Chicago, and its outcome will be watched with no little interest by managers in the neighborhood of the West. L. J. F.

Wausau, Wisconsin.

WAUSAU, WIS., Feb. 7.—The Bijou Theatre is closed for necessary repairs. At the Grand Opera House business is good. Hi Henry's New Minstrels played to a fair matinee and evenings last week and gave satisfaction. Mr. Henry's cornet solos were a feature of the performance. Rotnour Stock Company in "Old Kentucky" played to a large house and pleased. Elinore Sisters in their new musical comedy-opera entitled "Mrs. Delaney of Newport," played to a "S. R. O." house and gave good satisfaction. The music is catchy and the chorus, although small, is good. The Elinore Sisters are old favorites of the vaudeville stage and are seen at their best in this production. Miss Ruby Rotnour is a young actress who is gaining a reputation and having great success in the West. Although only seventeen, Miss Rotnour's work is that of a veteran. Her charming manner, sweet face and ease upon the stage are gaining for her many laurels. She is at present in stock with the Rotnour Company. At the Columbia Theatre Mr. Schochow presented Wausau people with a newly organized repertoire company to be known as the Columbia Stock Company. This is to be a permanent company, producing plays here and in the surrounding states. The company opened up last week and gave the best of satisfaction. This new project of Mr. Schochow's, intermingled with the regular high-class vaudeville, ought to meet with great success. Frank Mayo, our past musical director, assisted by the talented young vocalist, Miss Rae Rivers, played a return engagement, putting on their new original musical sketch, entitled "The Return of the Wanderer." They are both Wausau favorites, and crowded houses resulted. Among the other vaudeville features were the Padnauds in a heavy weight lifting act; Campbell and Brady, club jugglers; Charles and Tillie Selles, sketch artists; and J. A. Rockafeld, violinist. E. S. DICKENS.

Troy, New York.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 10.—That Troy should be selected among the fifty cities that the great Paderewski is to visit on his present tour is certainly a fortunate thing, and not only is it fortunate, but it is also complimentary, and the music-lovers of Troy may justly feel proud that they were afforded an opportunity to hear the great pianist on February 8 at Music Hall. A. P. SIMMONS.

Carnival at New Orleans

The Southern Railway announces a rate of \$37.75 for the round trip from New York on this occasion. Tickets on sale March 1st to 6th, good to return until March 11th. By depositing ticket with payment of 50 cents, extension of same can be had until March 25th, 1905. Pullman Drawing Room, Sleeping and Dining Cars, New York to New Orleans. Double daily service. Special conducted Tour, March 3d, \$75.00, including all expenses. New York Offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway, Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

mezzanine floor and retiring rooms, are adorned with genuine works of art. Since its opening, the theatre has enjoyed a most prosperous season. J. W. WATTERSON.

Louisville, Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 10.—The month of January saw a number of excellent attractions—clever plays and bright musical pieces, and such distinguished players as Otis Skinner, Dustin Farnum, Cecilia Loftus, Theodore Roberts and William Norris were seen in roles which gave them full opportunity to display their talents. Mr. Skinner in "The Harvester" made probably the greatest hit. His acting completely captivated his audiences.



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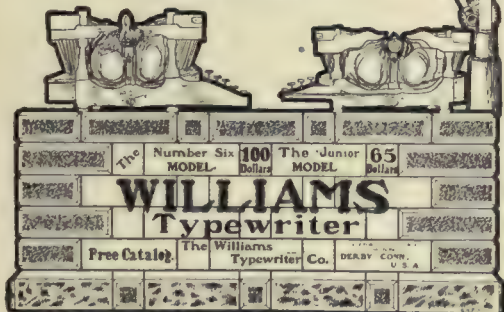
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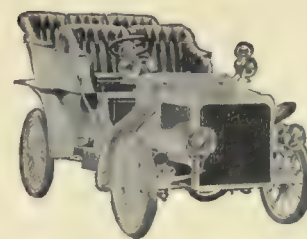
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The Real Lawrence Barrett

(Continued from page 61.)

and presented to all. They often laughed afterwards over this, and the General called it "one of his victories."

Of my father's many stage triumphs both in England and in America I need not speak, nor of his great love for learning, nor his own great ability as a writer. He was the dearest father in the world, and, with all his work, found time to send almost daily letters to me throughout his life. Such dear letters they were, too! I love to read them over now and see how playfully and lovingly he would write so that not until later I noticed that he meant to chide or command. He was a good comrade in our travels, too, and in our rambles through France and Germany taught me without difficulty more than all my schooling put together had accomplished. I remember many happy drives in the hills at Kreutznach, where we went for his health a year before his death, when he would pretend we were living in the centuries past and that we were knights of old, storming the ruined castles on the hills, which he would rebuild and people with his fancies.

That last year he was in communication with Lord Tennyson, who was re-writing his "Thomas à Beckett" for him. It was always my father's dream to appear in that character, and had death not stepped in he would have done so the next year. But alas, it was not to be, and later Sir Henry Irving produced it superbly, as is well known, of course. The Players' Club holds most of my father's theatrical treasures, as is right it should, for although he contributed no money to the birth of the Players, it was in his den at Cohasset that the club was planned and discussed by Mr. Booth and himself, and he was always deeply attached to it.

As I look back on the past, his ringing laugh, his Irish stories (for my father was a great story teller), his tenderness, his stern rebuke for any real wrong done, his love for all children, and a thousand other dear home memories crowd in on me, and I feel that my greatest blessing in this world is to have been his daughter and to have his example to look up to and to put before my children.

EDITH BARRETT WILLIAMS.

An American Antoine.

Emulating the example of the successful Antoine in Paris, Frank Keenan has leased the Berkley Lyceum Theatre, this city, and is presenting there a triple bill of one act plays. The pieces selected for the opening programme were "At the Threshold," the story of a burglar who is turned by circumstances into a dispenser of justice; "Strolling Players," a dramatic version of "I Pagliacci," so popular in grand opera and which Mrs. Brown-Potter has successfully produced in London, and "The System of Dr. Tarr," a dramatization of Edgar Allan Poe's strange mad-house story, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," recently produced with success both in London and Paris.

It is Mr. Keenan's intention to change his bill frequently, and present plays unconventional in subject and treatment. He has secured a number of the best pieces produced at the Grand Guignol and other of the "little theatres" of Paris, which make a specialty of thrilling short plays.

Mr. Keenan, who is an actor of forceful and artistic method, appears in each play himself. He has also engaged a remarkably strong and competent company including Miss Filkins, Mr. Kramer, Mr. Richards, Mr. Mason, Mrs. Oakes, Miss Langham, Miss Fontaine, Mr. Hart.

Gorki at the Theatre.—Anecdotes of Maxim Gorki are on the wing. Here is one they tell in Paris: He went to the theatre at Moscow one evening to see a play by a popular writer. Instead of playing attention to the stage, the entire audience rose and greeted Gorki with prodigious acclamation. Then he delivered this address: "What on earth are you staring at me for? I am not a dancing girl, nor the Venus of Milo, nor a drunkard just picked out of the river? I write stories; they have the luck to please you, and I am glad of it. But that is no reason why you should keep on staring. We have come here to see a charming play. Be good enough to attend to that, and leave me alone." Moore delighted than ever the audience shouted with joy. Perhaps they thought they would get another speech, but Gorki jumped out of his seat and left the theatre in disgust.—London Chronicle.

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New Dramatic Books

IN THE DAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. By Tudor Jenks. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This book is a continuation of a series of books in which the author seeks to reproduce the atmosphere and build up the life surrounding great names in literature. A volume of the kind on Chaucer proved the value of this aid to biography. As to Shakespeare, Sidney Lee's Life has largely anticipated Mr. Jenks, but a value of its own remains to this book. It is very simple, without any labored chapters, and is moderate in cost. It is hardly a book for the scholar who makes a life study of the poet, but, summing up as it does the latest results of research and scholarship, it is specially adapted to the general reader, and should secure popularity. There are indications in certain passages that Mr. Tudor Jenks is tainted with the Bacon theory, but he avoids making any issue of the point. He is certainly not an idolater of the poet, and is very decidedly inclined to attach strict importance to doubts of authorship when the question of material or collaboration or revision is concerned. Issue may well be taken with him on some of his suggestions. Tudor Jenks! the name isn't half way bad for a writer on the Elizabethan drama. Still, if he is, in reality, a Baconian, the reason is obvious.

A FRIEND AT COURT. A Romance of the Days of Louis XIV. By Jessie Emerson Moffatt. New York: William Ritchie.

It was good to live in the days of the grand monarch. The novelists are all of one accord



Jessie Emerson Moffatt

about the grace and loveliness of the select among the women; and never before were there, and never since have there been such gallant gentlemen, with a sword play equal to all emergencies. The very texture of the material fits it for fine romance. Wellbred people they are, and they live in castles, and their ordinary wear is silk and satin. The landscape is always pleasing, and only man, now and then, is vile, with just exactly the kind of villainy that keeps the plot going. We speak with entire respect of the elements that go to make up the novels that concern this period, for it is all good reading. "A Friend at Court," is as good as any romantic novel you may chance upon. Two young people are predestined by the king to marry. They have never met. Now, assume that by some misapprehension, by the natural use of unwonted names, in the exigencies of the times troubled by war, their real identity as to one another is lost, what becomes of the king's behest *pro tem?* or *ad interim* and in the meanwhile? It is going to take them a long while, in the novel, to find out that the one is the real Joan and the other the genuine Jil. Misunderstandings will arise. Quarrels will ensue. For days they will hardly speak. Several duels will be required. Imprisonment will be imposed. Much depends upon the way in which it is all told, and in this case it is told well. A number of the most popular romantic novels historical in atmosphere and locality have been notoriously inaccurate, but "A Friend at Court" preserves facts and probabilities.



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Broadway Magazine for March

Continues its successful policy of offering bright, popular reading matter covering a wide range of subjects all interesting to the public

The Poets of New York is a paper handled in an exhaustive manner by Joseph Lewis French, who, as a man of letters has had exceptional opportunities of obtaining hitherto unpublished data concerning the early struggles of this important literary coterie of Manhattan. An interesting feature of this story are the portrait illustrations.

The Hip Shing Tong of Chinatown, by Walter Beverly Crane, is the history in detail of the methods and workings of Chinese Secret Societies in America. This is the first time an accurate account has been given to the public of these formidable bands of foreigners, who secretly administer justice and mete out vengeance in the diabolical manners of their own country.

The Solemn Art of Burlesque is a contribution by Marie Dressler, who is conceded to be the greatest burlesque artist on the stage. It is illustrated with new photographs of Miss Dressler taken by Hamilton Revelle and Hamilton Platt.

The Log of a Fire Ship, by Minna Irving, is the hitherto unpublished record of Mate Genereaux, who safely brought the steel clipper, "Kenilworth," into port with a burning cargo and a mutinous crew during a voyage lasting ten days.

Musical America, Its Present and Future, is treated exhaustively by Victor Herbert, the distinguished composer and conductor. This story is illustrated by portraits of Mr. Herbert, from infancy to manhood, as well as by a portrait of his grandfather, Samuel Lover, the famous author of "Handy Andy."

Girls Who Work in Glass treats of a new and lucrative profession for the Bachelor Maid. Other features are, **A Day in Cairo**, richly illustrated. The usual theatrical survey of the month by Geo. Jenks, Clever fiction. Poems that touch the heart. Stories and a handsome cover in colors by Boyd-Dillon.

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THE LATER ENGLISH DRAMA. Edited with notes by Calvin S. Brown. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Of the series, the following plays are published: "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals," by Sheridan; "She Stoops to Conquer," by Goldsmith; "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu," by Bulwer Lytton; and "Virginus," by Sheridan Knowles. They are all printed in convenient form. The notes add considerable value to the text. While much needed information is conveyed, occasionally one finds notes unnecessarily explanatory of obvious things. Thus, we are told that "Roderick Random" is a novel by Smollett. At the same time, much of this kind of information may be new to many readers. It simply goes to show the minuteness of the notes. In the main, the observations make interesting reading. As to Mrs. Malaprop, the author says, "The two Gob-bos, in 'The Merchant of Venice'; Dogberry, in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' and Elbow, in 'Measure for Measure,' are Mrs. Malaprop's most distinguished ancestors in the 'nice derangement of epitaphs.'" As an example from the second may be quoted: "O, villain! thou wilt be condemned to everlasting redemption for this." In the creation of the character it seems, however, that Sheridan owed most to Mrs. Tryfort, in his mother's unpublished comedy of "A Journey to Bath," who is described as the vainest poor creature, and the fondest of hard words, which, without miscalling, she always takes care to misapply. This collection of modern plays, if made comprehensive, will find ready favor.

Dumas's Play, "Le Demi-Monde."

The *Daily News*, of London, on the occasion of the revival of "Demi-Monde" in Paris, recalls an interesting anniversary:

It is now fifty years since the younger Dumas took Paris by storm with his masterpiece. How the play shocked the respectability of the period! How tame, even, do its startling situations appear to the well-seasoned audiences of the twentieth century!

That is to say, Dumas's "Demi-Monde" is both a dramatic masterpiece and a historical document of the first order.

The word "demi-monde," long since in universal use, was Dumas's own invention.

Dumas was 30 years old when he wrote "Le Demi-Monde." He spent nearly a year over it. His first play, "La Dame aux Camélias," he knocked off in less than a month. Its first two acts were written in four days in a Marseilles inn, where he was stranded from want of hard cash, and where he cheerfully waited for his remittance from Dumas senior—that generous, reckless spendthrift who himself was, usually, hard up.

His next play, "Diane de Lys," he polished off in two months. "Le Demi-Monde" is a faithful picture of the discreetly "fast," artistically immoral world of the fifties, exactly as the younger Dumas himself saw it and knew it. He knew it too well, perhaps.

It is worth recalling the fact that this famous play was not first produced at the Comédie Française. Arsène Houssaye wanted to secure it for Molière's house. But Dumas knew better. The play was brought out at the Gymnase, where Mlle. Rose Chéri, as the Baronne d'Ange, carried the house off its feet. So the critics of that far-off period aver.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

ARTICLES—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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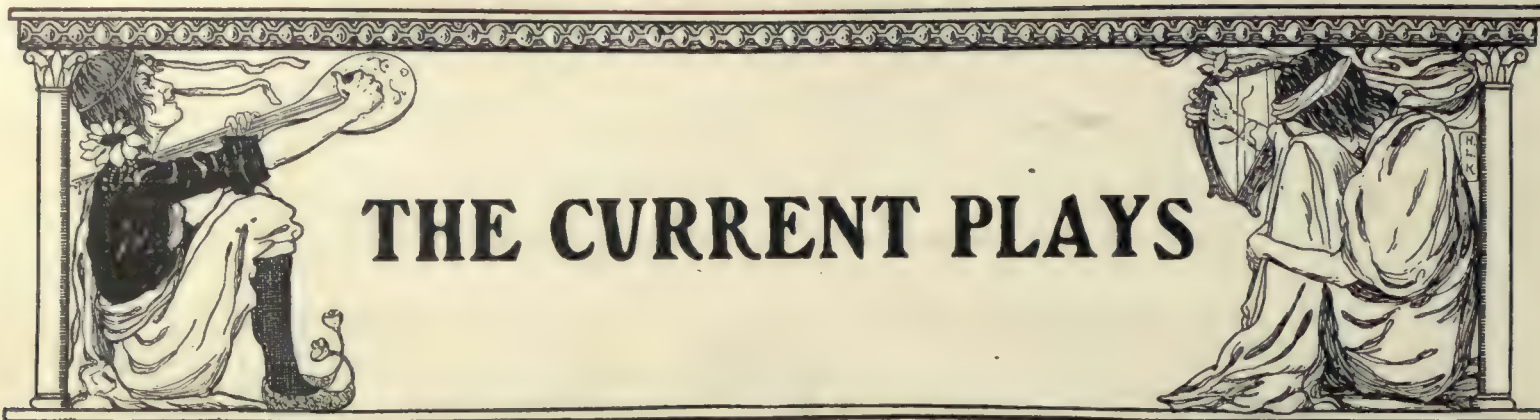
NEW YORK, APRIL, 1905

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo Hall

MISS MARY MANNERING IN HER NEW PLAY "NANCY STAIR"



MANHATTAN THEATRE. "Richter's Wife." Play in four acts, by Julie Herne. Produced February 27, with this cast:

Michael Richter, John E. Kellard; Oscar Brandt, William Humphrey; Dr. Hartley, Charles Lamb; Butler, Edward Meers; Elsie, Julie Herne; Helen Warner, Chrystal Herne; Rose Warner, Ann Warrington; Maid, Belle Daube.

This play, presented at a series of matinées, is a tragedy of the Soul, and it is not at all likely that Julie Herne, who wrote it, really knows much about that sort of thing. But she does understand the art of playwriting uncommonly well, and she can act. In fact, "Richter's Wife" is quite an achievement. It is not to be explained away or slighted. There is every promise of a career for the young writer. In denying the idiotic compliment that has found expression in print that she inherited the art of playwriting from her father and of acting from her mother, by birth, we are expressing an admiration for her of infinitely more truth and meaning. She learned. She was taught. From lisping childhood she was developed in a pure and invigorating atmosphere of the drama. Her father, James A. Herne, was, in simplicity, episode, naturalism and remoteness from conventionalism, the greatest dramatist the American stage has ever had. To say that Julie Herne learned nothing from such a man, and inherited everything from him, is foolish.

"Richter's Wife" has, by far, more of James A. Herne in it than it has of Ibsen. There is more of mature force in it than there is of immaturity. Naturally enough, there is much unconscious imitativeness in a girl so young. In the drama, as in all creative arts, the best work is done between forty and sixty. Miss Herne has plenty of time. She even now has her father's technique of simplicity. Nobody is ever mystified as to what the play is about. A young wife, who loves her husband passionately, discovers that he is drifting away from her in his absorption in music, as the conductor of the Beethoven Orchestra. Her cousin, a simple-hearted girl, is living with her and studying music under Richter. This simple country girl and Richter, not so simple, fall in love. The wife overhears her husband urging the cousin to go away with him. The wife commits suicide by mixing poison in a drink which she sips while talking with the girl who has won her husband from her. All this is simple enough, but it admits of a number of very effective scenes, always dramatic and never merely theatric. The cousin was played by the dramatist's sister, Chrystal Herne. She has temperament, skill and precision. They both show the training of Mr. and Mrs. Herne. In their acting and in the play occasional crudities in execution could be noted, but it was plain to see that the conception was there. These young artists have firm ground under their feet and will go far.

John E. Kellard, who is a forceful and artistic actor, presented a strong characterization as Michael Richter the misunderstood husband. William Humphrey was excellent as Oscar Brandt and Ann Warrington was seen to advantage as Rose Warner.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. "The Prince Consort." A Comedy by William Boosey and Cosmo Gordon Lennox, from the French of Xanrof and Chancel. Produced March 6, with this cast:

Prince Cyril, Ben Webster; Ex-King of Ingra, Henry F. Dixey; President of the Council, Wm. H. Thompson; Lieutenant Sandor, Wilfrid North; Count Myviac, Basil West; Minister of War, Charles Butler; Minister of Finance, Roy Fairchild; Minister of Police, Arthur Hoyt; Archbishop of Marinia, Charles Bowsser; Chamberlain, Herbert Ayling; Princess Xenofa, the Queen's aunt, Miss Kate Phillips; Mlle. de Sirkapia, Miss Lillian Mainwaring; Mme. de Niely, Miss Edith Cartwright; Mme. d'Ecoras, Miss Catherine Murphy; Mme. de Travenich, Miss Margaret Robinson; Mme. d'Orbarof, Miss Felice Morris; Queen Sonia, Miss Ellis Jeffreys.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, of the Haymarket Theatre, London, is making her first visit to "the States." She is stately, fair, almost indefinitely attractive, something different from the other English women who have come Westward in search of the golden fleece. She plays the Queen in "The Prince Consort," at the Knickerbocker Theatre and she does it well. Even Mr. Hebbs, the corner green-grocer, would be reconciled to royalty for a while in seeing her. She is a capable actress, but her strength lies less in her art than in her personality. Her taste in dress is exquisite, and her robes, of course, are "stunning." It would not be worth while to mention these things if the play were not a pleasing one. In the nature of the case it may be easily believed that the play was a very great attraction in England. It would have a great many bearings there which are entirely lost here. A young Queen marries a foreign Prince, just as did Victoria, of England, and Wilheemina, of Holland. A question of precedence and authority arises, the couple quarrel, and her yielding through love reconciles them. The human side of it happens to appeal to an American audience. To the lover of royalty and the worshipper of aristocracy there must be thrills in it.

Henry Dixey plays the father of the Prince Consort, and, with that old reprobate, the King of Belgium, as a model, he effects a most amusing satire. The action is not stirring, but, with its episodes and details, the play is sufficiently entertaining. The ex-King drives a good bargain in arranging the details of the marriage settlement. He stops the discussion of State affairs to exhibit the photographs of Parisian actresses. In his final need for money he falls prey to the aunt of the Queen, who is a somewhat lively person herself, having pursued through three acts a six-foot lieutenant of the Queen's Guard.

Ben Webster, of the name and family distinguished in theatrical annals, plays the Prince. He is a good actor, with all

the requisite distinction for the role. W. H. Thompson, as the President of the Council, overacts a rather foolish part. If he should study the part as a satire he might perhaps make something of it. There are many elements of interest in the production apart from any consideration of the play as a play. There are some ladies-in-waiting that top our show-girls. At least, they are new, and they have quality.

Wilfrid North did all that could be done with the stupid part of the inane guardsman and Kate Philipps contributed lively, if somewhat broad, comedy, as the sentimental aunt.



Photo White

MISS JULIE HERNE

Daughter of the late James A. Herne, and whose first play "Richter's Wife" gives promise of a brilliant career as a dramatist

SAVOY THEATRE. "Abigail." Comedy in four acts, by Kellett Chalmers. Produced February 21, with this cast:

Abigail Stokes, Grace George; Sylvia McCann, Louise Closser; Theodora Robbins, Selene Johnson; Mrs. Gormally, Mrs. Hone; Mrs. Mirabel, Annie Woods; Mrs. B. Jones, Mary Stuart; Miss Van Peek, Ruth Benson; Sister Angelica, Justine Cutting; Julia, Vivian Ogden; Raymond Gormally, Arthur Forrest; John Kent, Conway Tearle; The Duke of Gadsbrook, Joseph Coyne; Featherstone Wilkes, Henry Mills; Mr. B. Jones, Herbert Rollins; Young Man with Cello, Arthur Tennyson.

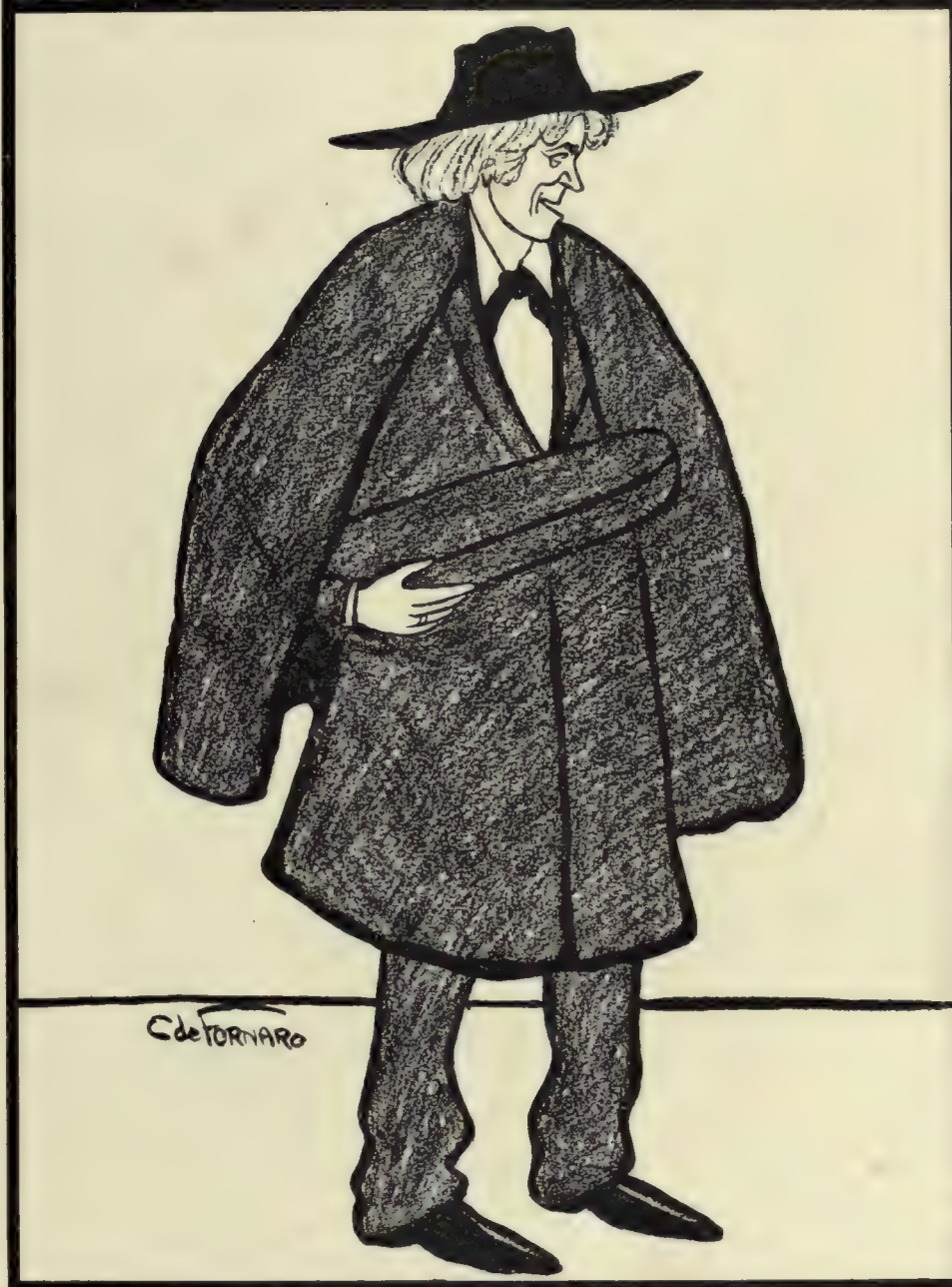
Pastor Wagner's plea for the simple life has affected at least one playwright Mr. Kellett Chalmers, whose "Abigail" presents Grace George in one of the most effective rôles she has had since joining the stellar ranks. For three acts it is a pretty, charming story of the experiences of a prim little Puritan from Massachusetts, who comes to New York to win her way as a book-keeper. The ultimate jump into the realms of high society, with its familiar theatrical tricks, jars somewhat after the gracious simplicity of the scenes that have gone before. But it is the truth in the character drawing, the nice touches of everyday life, with their little comedies and tragedies that the piece secures its firm grasp on those in front. The atmosphere of the cheap boarding-house, with its varying types of Bohemian character, is carefully preserved, and Abigail's experiences there are handled with pleasing originality and skill. The broadening of her point of view and the dawn of her life's romance are accomplished with no little technical skill and the interest is well sustained throughout.

Mr. Chalmers, who is a brother of Haddon Chambers, is a deft student of female character, and is certain to make his further mark as a dramatic author. For genuine emotional feeling, few scenes this season have carried greater conviction than that in which the heroine accepts the man whose proposal was meant for another. The manner in which Miss George expressed her shame and confusion on the revelation of the truth, was really beautifully expressed. Her sudden accession to great wealth prevents the young man from later expressing the passion that has grown in him, but the end is happy and the declaration of love by telephone is an amusing incident.

Louise Closser gives a capital sketch of Sylvia McCann, the self-reliant, kind-hearted art student, and shares the histrionic honors with the star, who further receives excellent support from Selene Johnson as the vain, self-indulgent singer and model. Annie Woods, as the autocrat of the boarding house, Conway Tearle as the young lover, Henry Mills, as a cheerful young man about town, and Arthur Forrest in the somewhat conventional character of Abigail's cousin, give admirable verisimilitude to Mr. Chalmers' creations. To Joseph Coyne is set apart a paragraph for himself. His impersonation of the silly ass variety of the

fortune-hunting Duke of Gadsbrook is an achievement of delicious humor, nor must Vivian Ogden be overlooked for her artistic character bit as Julia. The play is excellently mounted and the studio party is a picture of effective light, color and movement.

Our Players Caricatured—No. 2



DAVID WARFIELD IN "THE MUSIC MASTER" AS SEEN BY FORNARO

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "Love and the Man." Play in five acts by H. V. Esmond. Produced February 20, with this cast:

Gerald Wagoneur, Forbes Robertson; Lord Gaudminster, Ian Robertson; Lord Brandmere, Leon Quartermaine; Robert Herridge, Frank Gillmore; The Hon. Julian Aubert, Ernest Cosham; Ivo Kilkey, Eric Maturin; Theo. Van Loys, Dalziel Heron; Doctor Mitchell, J. H. Beaumont; Worthington, Warburton Gamble; Lady Gaudminster, Kate Rorke; Miss Wagoneur, Madge McIntosh; Mrs. Wyndham Wimpole, H. M. Fraser; Maid, Dora Harker.

In recent English plays brought over by English actors we have had Members of Parliament presented to us, in farce as well as in serious comedy, until it is beginning to get weird. Forbes Robertson, whose resonant and melodious voice would be extremely serviceable in a debate on an Irish Land Bill or on a measure in regard to East India Supplies, permitted us to view, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, a Member of Parliament, Gerald Wagoneur, who is the leader of his party. He is about to make a speech that will sweep everything before it. He is a genius. He is morbid. He is tired of it all. He wants rest. He is all sorts of things. The truth of the matter is, he is in love with Lady Gaudminster. Lady Gaudminster is in love with him, too. But she has a red-headed paralytic

husband, who sits in the way in an invalid chair. They do go off to a secluded grange, and are very happy, she very idyllic and he very industrious, with his coat off, planting tulips. Then arrives the messenger from the party in Parliament. He'll not go back. He'll not make that great speech. He'll not save the party. It is useless to tell him that he will ruin himself; he is happy. Finally, Kate Rorke (Lady Gaudminster), persuades him to return. Lady Gaudminster goes back to her home with Lord Gaudminster. Gerald cannot keep away from her. That speech is not yet made. Lord Gaudminster intends to ruin him by disclosing the scandal. That would also ruin the party. Gaudminster is wheeled on and seems to have matters in his own hands. His excitement increases, his malicious joy makes his pulse beat, and beat too fast, against the doctor's orders. One gasp and he is no more. The speech will be delivered and Gerald will marry the lady. It is almost incredible that any member of Parliament would let any love affair imperil his right to sit in Parliament with his head covered by a pot hat. No, it won't do—this play is too English for us.

Mr. Robertson did wisely in shelving the new play towards the end of his engagement and giving New York theatre-goers another opportunity of seeing his splendid "Hamlet," among his best achievements.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "When We Dead Awake." Dramatic epilogue in three acts, by Henrik Ibsen. Produced March 7, with this cast:

Professor Arnold Rubek, Frederick Lewis; Mrs. Maia Rubek, Dorothy Donnelly; Inspector at the Baths, James H. Lewis; Ulfheim, Frank Losee; Irene, Florence Kahn; A Sister of Mercy, Evelyn Wood.

This, Ibsen's latest play, which is announced as his final one, has been presented to us lately. The dignity, sincerity and power of the great Norwegian dramatist forbid levity, which could easily be employed, in its consideration. The play is called a Dramatic Epilogue. It is the expression of power and lofty philosophy by means of symbolism. Without discussing too closely the acting of it, it may be safely said that the play is better for reading than for acting. Symbolism, unless it is strictly confined to personification, thereby securing unity of impression, is opposed to every tendency and law of the drama. Judging merely by the production, the symbolism in this play is too complicated. An artist is at the seashore with his wife. They are not well mated, he of the spirit, she of the earth. She is eager to be at the hunt in the mountains. A forester infatuates her at once, and she secures permission to go with him. Then appears "A Strange Lady." She is all in white, followed by a robed figure, all in black. She had been the artist's model. It is not clear that she had really sinned, but she talks as one awakened from the dead. The second scene is on the mountain, the third at the top. On the peak the ways part; the earthly woman goes back again down the mountain with her guide; the woman in white and the artist are seen ascending higher still. The symbolism is incomplete. Florence Kahn, with her delightful elocution, made of the "Strange Lady" something too hard, unsympathetic and weird. Dorothy Donnelly was more at home in the natural exuberance of the sculptor's wife.

WALLACK'S. "Mademoiselle Marni." Comedy by Henri Dumay. Produced March 6, with this cast:

Baron De Saint Germain, Frederic De Belleville; Comte Raoul De Saverne, Henry Kolker; Gen. Stanislas Neuville, Frazer Coulter; Dennis Boisselot, Max Freeman; Prince Olivier de la Rockbarre, Frederic L. Teidan; Pierre de Montigny, Brandon Hurst; Van Duzer, Dore Davidson; Louis, Albert Inesnel; Herr Weismann, W. T. Simpson; Dr. Vernier, Walter Colligan; Channero, Thos. F. Fallon; Dominique, Charles Hayne; Krishna, Mohammed; Jules, James Barrows; Butler, W. P. Kitts; Henri Frochard, James Cooley; Orderly, C. P. Martin; Messenger, Ed. L. Clarke; Claire De St. Germain, Sylvia Lynden; Suzette, Topsey Siegrist; Madame Reval, Mrs. Maggie Breyer; Alice, Katharine Baker; Liane Salvador, Amy Lesser; Fabienne Marni, Amelia Bingham.

Let impatient dramatists take notice of the case of Mr. Henri Dumay, the author of "Mademoiselle Marni" and gain in heart. It was more than ten years ago, when he was a professor of French literature at the University in St. Louis, that he composed his play, which Amelia Bingham has only recently brought to the public attention. It is to be regretted that such unremitting devotion to his faith in his fledgling has not met with better recognition, for it must be confessed that his "modern society comedy-drama" hardly fills the bill. It has probably suffered many changes since it first left his hands and gives indubitable proof that

the up-to-date editing to which it has been subjected has not improved it much. The title rôle was naturally a character that appealed to Miss Bingham. From beginning to end she is the dominating central figure, whether as the humanitarian who auctions off flowers at a studio fête for

the benefit of a starving baby flower-girl, as the theatrical idol of the public, or as the frenzied financier who crushes her rival by the skill and daring of her prowess on the Bourse. At a glance this would seem to suggest unbounded opportunities, but so indirectly related are these varying scenes, so diffusely is the action projected, that the interest, instead of being cumulative, is only occasionally effective, and too frequently confusing, and flat. Comte Raoul de Saverne is engaged to the daughter of the Baron de Saint Germain, but becomes infatuated with Fabienne Marni. To separate them, the Baron, by his influence, has the Comte, who is a lieutenant in the army, assigned to the Niger expedition. In reprisal, Fabienne ruins the Baron on the Bourse, and declares that her motives are further actuated by a desire to avenge her mother's wrongs. She, Fabienne, is none other than the Baron's illegitimate daughter. This is the one strong scene in the play and is acted with becoming strength by Miss Bingham and Frederic de Belleville, who plays the Baron with his usual distinction and polish. Henry Kolker is earnest and manly as the Lieutenant, and Max Freeman as a grand opera buffoon who gives imitations from President Roosevelt down has an occasional moment that tells. The company is a very large one and the play is mounted with more prodigality than taste.

CRITERION THEATRE. "Nancy Stair." Drama in five acts by Paul Potter, founded upon the novel by Elinor Macartney Lane. Produced, March 15, with this cast:

Danvers MacGregor, Robert Loraine; the Duke of Northwicke, Francis Carlyle; Lord Stair, Clarence Handysides; Robert Burns, T. Daniel Fawley; Hugh Pitcairn, Stanley Dark; Lord Carew, Frank Losee; Sir James McAdam, F. Owen Baxter; Tom Rankine, Stanley Hawkins; Will Nicol, Herbert Carr; Cosmo Dundas, Edward Foley; Sawney McGrath, R. R. Neill; Major Annendale, Earl Cooper; Capt. Westerhall, Edward Fielding; Isabel Erskine, Lucille Flavin; Lady Mucklewrath, Maude Granger; The Duchess of Gordon, Jessica Thompson; Miss Lowrie, Elsa Payne; Lucky Boyd, Margaret Fitzpatrick; Dame Dickinson, Eleanor Reed; Nancy Stair, Mary Mannering.

If Miss Elinor Macartney Lane hoped to excite public interest in her novel when she permitted "Nancy Stair" to be dramatized, she has probably realized by this time that the book could hardly have had a worse advertisement. After seeing what purports to be a dramatic version of the story, it is doubtful if the public will have any keen desire to read the original of so stupid a play. Is the fault Miss Lane's or Mr. Potter's? If there is good dramatic material in "Nancy Stair," it is strange that Paul Potter, who made his reputation as a playwright by dramatizing "Trilby," should have failed so signally with this book. Never, declare the admirers of the novel, was a story so hopelessly butchered—characters changed, motives altered, entire scenes cut out and alien ones substituted. All to what purpose? A hodge-podge, incomprehensible to all. The piece, as it stands, is a good specimen of



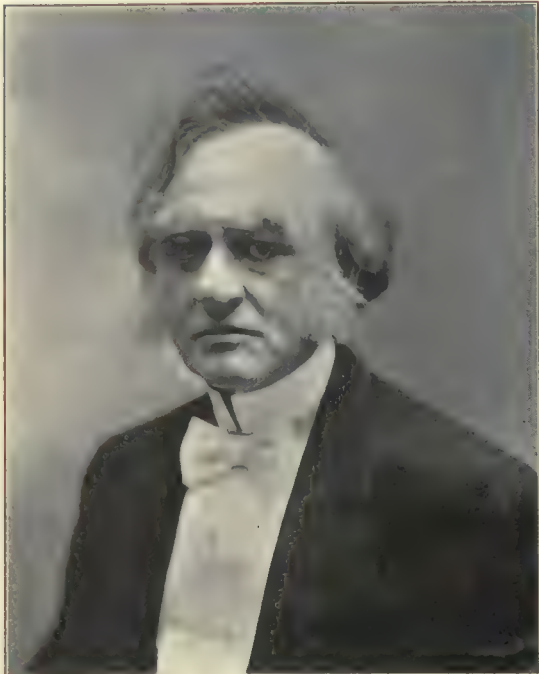
Miss Marion Draughn as one of the Gibson girls in "The Education of Mr. Pipp."



Photo Hall

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AND MR. BEN WEBSTER IN "THE PRINCE CONSORT" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

Miss Jeffreys, an English actress now paying her first visit to America, has made a most favorable impression in New York with her beauty and high-bred manner. By her first marriage Miss Jeffreys is the Hon. Mrs. Fred Curzon, sister-in-law of Earl Howe, who is Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra. His wife is a sister of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, and an aunt, therefore, of the present Duke of Marlborough and of the Duke of Roxburgh. Miss Jeffreys herself comes from a very distinguished family. Her grandfather was Chambre Corcor, of Cor Castle, Innishannon, County Cork. Her father was Captain Jeffreys, of the British Army. She is considered one of the best woman four-in-hand whips and cross-country riders in England, and has frequently ridden to the hounds with Baron Rothschild. She has a mezzo-soprano voice and her theatre debut was made on the operatic stage, appearing in such operas as "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Sentry," "La Cigale," "Mme. Favart," "The Gondoliers" and "Mme. Angot." Sir Charles Wyndham induced her to take up dramatic work, and made her a member of his company. She remained with him for two seasons, her first big success being in "The Bangle Shop." Subsequently, she became leading woman at Terry's, the Adelphi, Garrick and Court Theatres, and for the past three years has occupied the same position in the Haymarket Theatre Company. She has been leading woman, also, for George Alexander, John Hare and other prominent English stars. Mr. Webster, her leading man, was educated for the bar, but went on the stage with John Hare in 1887. He came to America with Irving in 1895, and has been identified with many important roles.



Digby Bell as Mr. Pipp

the hack-made drama. It contains every evidence of having been not hastily written, but literally thrown together. The marks of the scissors and paste pot are still upon it. There has been little attempt to tell a consecutive story, or if there was, it failed. At most the piece is a succession of tableaux in which the characters do pretty much as they like, on the spur of the moment. The heroine is quite impossible,

her motives and actions wholly incomprehensible. Robert Burns, the poet, a minor character in the book, here is presented as an intolerable prig, holding the stage as he spouts his own poetry, and lads and lassies dance and sing apropos of nothing at all. No, "Nancy Stair" won't do.

Mary Mannering who has now returned to the stage after a temporary retirement, looked exceedingly pretty in the gowns of the period. As an actress, Miss Mannering has her limitations, but her charming ways never fail to please her audiences and at least a personal success is always assured her. Little need be said about the others in the very long cast. Francis Carlyle was stogy as the Duke and Robert Lorraine irritated in the rôle of an impossible Macgregor. Maude Granger made a hit as a comic dowager. Manager Frank McKee has given the play a much better setting than it deserved.

PRINCESS THEATRE. "Who Goes There?" Farce by H. A. Du Souchet. Produced February 26, with this cast:

Mrs. Hadley, Harriet Neville; Jabez Dobson, Wallace Hopper; Billy Simpson, C. Alexander Taylor; Jimmie Ryan, Chas. W. Speare; Julia Smedley, Gertrude Swiggert; Lieut. Chas. Upton, Hale Norcross; Lieut. Fred. Enright, Sidney Irving; Lieut. George Washington Newman, Walter E. Perkins; Grace Wilson, Florence Rockwell; Gertrude Stewart, Marion Ruckert; John Wilson, Thomas M. Hunter; William Barnaby, Edward Warren; Kate Dexter, Minnie Allen; Tom Wheeler, Edward Nicander.

The accustomed skill of the author was abundantly evident in this piece, and, at times, the points in the comical involutions came so rapidly that incessant laughter was evoked. The result proved, however, that the play had been thrown together too hastily and lacked the substance required of a farce by what is called "a Broadway audience." This implies that it will prosper better on the road. What is this terrible Broadway audience? It is quite indefinable. Is it analytical? No; for no audiences are. Possessed of moral sensibilities? Hardly. With a peculiarly acute sense of humor or sentiment? Go 'way. With superior intelligence? Not so. You can get an audience, with standing room only, to witness a truck driver extricate his fallen horse from the harness. It crowds to see Mrs. Langtry, in the heyday of the tittle tattle about her, in a stupid piece, wearing a hundred thousand dollar tiara of diamonds. It will fill the house to see Olga Nethersole slobber over her lover, in "Sapho," and be carried up a spiral stairway. It has been known to throng the playhouse to scrutinize through lorgnettes a display of feminine robes.

The trouble with a Broadway audience is that it has seen too much and knows too much. On the artistic side, it recognizes a weakness instantly, not knowing the Why. For example: "Topsy," Walter Perkins, is told by three girls in succession that he must pretend to be engaged to them (or married, it may be) and to put on a bold front. This requires certain business, which is repeated. This appeared to the Broadway audience too primitive. At other times, the characters did things capriciously which they were not compelled to do. All this showed haste in composition, but many scenes were exceedingly diverting, and "Topsy," Lieutenant George Washington Newman, will probably have the password on the road.

PRINCESS THEATRE. "The Trifler." Comedy in three acts, by Murray Carson and Nora Keith. Produced March 16, with this cast:

Count Friedel von Kuntz, Murray Carson; Cardinal Polna, Robert Forbes; Lieutenant Siegen, Herbert Sicath; Prince Maximilian, J. W. Mathews; Queen Elsa, Lottie Alter; Baroness von Bamberg, Esme Beringer; A Servant, R. C. Gage; A Peasant, Bert Theodore.

Visiting English stars this season have not been over happy in their choice of histrionic mediums. Failure has succeeded failure time and again. This is particularly unfortunate where the player by his skill, intelligence and art could entertain so many if the play were not hopelessly bad. In England Murray Carson enjoys high distinction as an actor of grace and ability, and as a playwright of some considerable success; as witness his participation in the authorship of "Rosemary." His local début as a star was accomplished at the Princess in a comedy, which he wrote in collaboration with Miss Nora Keith, called "The Trifler." Whatever its deficiencies, and they were many, the piece had one enduring merit, that of brevity. But it was futile to review the comedy at any length. Some of the lines were bright, but the absolute want of logical exposition hopelessly clouded the story. As Mr. Carson is announced to play Meddle with Miss Ellis Jeffreys for the coming revival of "London Assurance," the present play's run is limited. Mr. Carson is a discreet and agreeable actor and in a better play would have made a more favorable impression. Miss Esme Beringer and Miss Lottie Alter were also conspicuously excellent.



Janet Beecher, one of the stately Gibson girls in "The Education of Mr. Pipp"

YORKVILLE THEATRE. "The Red Carnation." Melodrama in four acts, by Elizabeth Lee Shepard. Produced March 13, with this cast:

Jacques Du Bois, Will R. Walling; Andre Clavierere, Harry Leighton; Dixmer, Robert Cummings; Durathian, William Barwald; Gilberte Le Maitre, Milt Dawson; General Sauterre, James Cooper; Simon, Arthur Buchanan; Charles Bourbon, Edith Fabbri; Baptiste, Harry Cowan; Widow Dyson, Angot, Effie Bond; Marie Antoinette, Marcella Forrester; Madame Plumiere, May Louise Aigen; Fanchette, Winifred Vorhees; Grabulet, Harriet Fernley; Floride, Irene Moore; Elizabeth Du Bois, Odette Tyler.

This piece, which got no nearer to Broadway than Lexington Avenue, proved to be out and out melodrama, and so clumsily constructed as to entirely destroy all dramatic illusion. The story, briefly stated, turns around a plot to save the Queen of France, who is in prison, awaiting execution by the revolutionists. Miss Odette Tyler, at one time a favorite ingenue in the metropolis, was seen in the principal feminine rôle, but had little opportunity to show of what excellent work she is capable.

Richard Mansfield is again in New York—at the New Amsterdam—appearing in the plays of his old repertoire, all of which are familiar to our theatregoers. One new play—Molière's comedy, "Le Misanthrope," is promised for the closing week of the engagement. Notwithstanding his many mannerisms, which appear to be growing more pronounced each year instead of less marked, Mr. Mansfield retains his strong hold on the paying public, which crowds to his performances with a spontaneity that must be a source of chagrin to other players who consider themselves equally popular. The reason for this is not, perhaps, so much that Mr. Mansfield is a great actor or a greater favorite than others, as that we have so few really good actors on our stage. Many so-called "stars" draw good houses, because their personality pleases and because they are well advertised, rather than because of their ability to act. No one could ever accuse Mansfield of being a matinee idol nor of condescending to the cheap tricks by which certain histrionic reputations are kept alive. But if he is not an Adonis, he can act, and he never subordinates the player to the individual. He creates original types, presents complete characterizations. He gives the

dramatic illusion—a thing we see all too rarely. In a word, he is an artist, and the public (whom the Philistines declare knows nothing about art and cares less) go to see him just for that reason. If all our actors were equally expert, they would all be equally successful.



Walter E. Perkins in du Souchet's new farce "Who Goes There?"

Goethe's "Faust" is often performed in Japan, but adapted to the taste and patriotism of the Japanese. The heroine of the drama is always Marguerite, the seducer is always Faust, but Mephistopheles is always a modern European. It is plainly shown that it is the perversity of this Satanic being which fills the world with grief and calamity. But when Marguerite, abandoned by her lover, dishonored and guilty of infanticide, is dragged before the bar of justice, the judges have pity upon her, and for sole punishment make her swear that she will avoid forever all contact with the infamous Occident. She swears willingly, and she is then permitted to rehabilitate herself by marrying a Japanese warrior, who returns victorious from the plains of Manchuria.

The latest news of Sir Henry Irving is that this distinguished artist is rapidly recovering from the severe illness that caused him to cancel his Spring tour. It is expected that he will be well enough to carry out his projected season at Drury Lane Theatre, starting May 1st, but the Fall "very last farewell" tour of the United States has been postponed for another year.

Owing to a printer's error, the interesting article in our last issue, entitled "Edgar Poe and the American Drama," was attributed to the wrong author. It was written by Henry Tyrrell, who has been a valued contributor to this magazine ever since it was first started, and who is not only a graceful and expert writer, but an acknowledged authority on Pœana. A one-act original play by Mr. Tyrrell, entitled "Edgar Poe," was produced with considerable success a year or two ago, and quite recently he has again scored as one of the authors of "The System of Dr. Tarr," produced with success at the Berkeley Lyceum.



Mary Mannering as Nancy Stair

T. D. Frawley as Robert Burns

Lucille Flavin as Isabel

THE TRIAL SCENE IN "NANCY STAIR" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE



Grand Canal and the Palazzo Labia, Venice

Where "the Merchant" Traded in Venice

THERE is little in the aspect of the Venice of to-day that need rudely shock, with suggestions of modernity, the dreamer, trying to people her narrow streets, her grand Piazza with the Merchant of Venice and his friends, if only he choose an hour when these streets and squares are deserted.

The modern Venetian has little in common with the dreamy, melancholy Antonio. One seeks Shakespeare's character in vain in the modern garb of one of these alert, keen-eyed business men, hurrying through the Merceria, or indulging in syrup and water over his daily paper, at one of the numerous little café tables. As for Shylock, his appearance now would excite no comment, no derisive remarks from Antonio's friends. No, indeed! They would greet him courteously, he would doubtless join them at their table and together they

would discuss affairs of the Bourse amicably. The modern Shylock would inhabit some fine palace on the Grand Canal, distinguished from those of his Gentile neighbors only by being in a better state of repair.

In the early afternoon of summer, when all Venice sleeps, save the crowds of enterprising tourists, ready to brave any degree of heat for sight-seeing, could he escape the sight of these latter, Antonio might feel quite at home in the narrow *calle*, or on the Piazza San Marco, though he would mourn his old friend the Campanile recently destroyed.

Portia might come from her country place at Belmont in a black gondola of the identical pattern of her own time, though she would doubtless resent the noisy, puffing little steamers hurrying up and

down the Grand Canal, or out on excursions to the neighboring isles.

Near the Rialto, the business centre of activity, is an open place, close to the present Post-office, where Bassanio and Shylock may quite possibly have made the famous agreement of the bond. The Post-office, the ancient Fondaco dei Turchi, was then covered with the frescoes by Giorgione and Titian, which, painted in 1508, could hardly have lost much of their freshness, even in damp Venice. The present Rialto bridge was then a new structure, having recently replaced the old wooden one.

In the large illustration, on the left, in the foreground, is a part of the church of San Geremia, with the Palazzo Labia immediately back of it, marking the beginning of the Canale Ganaregio, on the right of which lies the old Ghetto, with the new Ghetto behind it. The tall, square buildings in the background, known as the "case nuove" (new houses) apparently for no reason except because they are very old, are in the Ghetto, and could not have been new in Shylock's time. Now they are propped and stayed to protect them from the ravages of time. In any one of the narrow streets beyond the bridge, blind old Gobbo may have asked of his son Launcelot the way to Shylock's home.

Across the Piazza San Marco, Shylock, desperate from the loss of his treacherous daughter, and the gibes of all Venice, save his own people, may have followed the gaoler, conducting Antonio to prison, while the artists of small renown, painting under the arches of the colonnades, as was the custom then, in the hopes of attracting patrons, glanced up in surprise at the threats and wild outcries of the frantic man, whom the dignity of his debtor only enraged the more. Under the arched doorway leading into the courtyard of the Doges' Palace,



Campanile Tower, built 888, destroyed 1902



The Piazza, San Marco



The Rialto Bridge



The Bridge of Sighs

with its Giants' Stairway, its beautiful old well, the hapless Antonio was respectfully conducted to his prison, either in the building still used for that purpose, on the other side of the Bridge of Sighs, or in that portion of the palace then used in addition. He was hardly taken across the famous Bridge. Such an indignity would surely be spared a man of his position, who had the sympathy of all his townsmen. In fact, his imprisonment may have been a mere form.

We have less foundation for our imagination when we try to lend form and substance to the scenes in Belmont. We are told merely that it was on the continent nearby but, lacking a definite locality, we may build our own residence for learned Portia, setting it at some distance from the high road, with, leading up to it, the avenue of trees where Jessica and Lorenzo vied with each other in naming fond lovers of olden times, as they strolled in the moonlight. The house, we may be sure, was lofty; its state rooms, including the Hall of the Caskets, were adorned with frescoes, as the fashion of the day demanded in the homes of wealth, and we may choose our own artist from among the noted ones of Venice of that time. There was, of course, a terrace, looking down into a charming

old Italian garden, through whose paths Portia and Bassanio must often have wandered, dwelling upon the minutest incidents of their courtship, to the accompaniment of softly splashing fountains, while Portia would relate the fate of other aspirants for her hand, when they braved the test of the caskets, possibly with a pitying sigh for their misfortune in the midst of her own happiness. Here, too, in this garden imagination may claim full sway, or we may choose as model for Portia's garden the very loveliest one seen in Italian journeys, and style it but an imitation of the Belmont original.

But one place where Portia moves in the drama may be designated with accuracy. The three rooms used as courts, called Quarantie, because the judges were forty in number, are in the palace of the Doges and, until very recently, were a part of the Library of San Marco. The pictures on these walls were there in the time of the learned young lawyer, and we may traverse the same stairs and passages leading to them, trying to people them with forms in the picturesque attire of those days, instead of the crowd of modern tourists, guide books in hand.

ELISE LATHROP.

Antoine's Plan Tried in America

FRANK KEENAN'S experiment at the Berkeley Lyceum with short plays aroused considerable interest. Theatrical entertainment on this plan has proved enormously successful abroad, especially in Paris, where it laid the fortunes of that now famous actor-manager, André Antoine. But success did not come to Antoine in a single season, nor in two seasons. He and those who believed in him toiled for a long time in obscurity before the reward came and, as nothing succeeds like success, in Paris as elsewhere, Antoine was soon deluged with excellent plays and besieged by talented players. That is the chief difficulty—securing the right dramatic material. The conventional curtain raiser has no chance in a scheme of this kind. If a triple bill is to draw, each play in that bill must be out of the ordinary. It may be either comic or tragic, but it must not be commonplace.

Frank Keenan, whose admirable Hon. John Grigsby will long linger in the theatre-goers' memory, is an uncommonly good actor, unconventional in method and with artistic ideals. He is also a clever stage director and is likely to get out of a play all there is in it. His first bill consisted of three one-act pieces, respectively: "At the Threshold," a play by Jackson D. Haag; "Strolling Players," an adaptation of Catulle Mendes' well-known "Femme de Tabarin;" and "The System of Dr. Tarr," an adaptation by Henry Tyrrell and Arthur Hornblow of Poe's weird madhouse story.

Mr. Haag's play met with distinct success, the author's bold treatment of a somewhat novel situation proving highly effective. A young wife, united to a man older than herself, seeks younger companionship. Just as she is about to elope, a burglar is preparing to break into the house. The stage represents the street porch of a New York mansion, and the rain is pouring in torrents—a striking tableau. The burglar is seen working with his dark lantern as the door opens and the guilty wife appears. Suddenly the burglar dashes forward and bids the lover throw up his hands. He thus compels them to re-enter the house, and there the burglar (aroused by the recollection of a similar wrong one day done him) reads the wife a salutary lesson in marital duty. The lover departs, crestfallen, and the recital by the burglar of his own misfortune brings out the fact that this eloping wife is his own long-lost daughter. Father

and child, however, part instantly, she exacting a promise that he will never steal again. This finding of a daughter in the wife is the one fault in an otherwise admirable play. There was no necessity for the relation. It made the scene improbable and conventional. How much better to have had the burglar read his lesson in the name of universal justice. Mr. Keenan was very effective as the burglar, and Wright Kramer and Miss Langham did well in the respective roles of wife and lover.

"Strolling Players," while it afforded an opportunity to show of what excellent emotional work Miss Grace Filkins is capable when she is given a rôle suited to her temperament, was not received favorably, and

was soon withdrawn. Mr. Keenan appeared in this piece as a strolling mountebank who kills his wife in a fit of jealousy while they are acting on the stage, practically the story on which the opera "Il Pagliacci" is founded, but the part did not suit his personality and he did wisely in discontinuing the piece.

"The System of Dr. Tarr," a humorous treatment of Poe's story (a more gruesome version of which terrified Parisian audiences last season) scored an immediate success. Some of the critics deplored the fact that the misfortunes of the mentally afflicted should be made an occasion for mirth, but it was generally conceded that the laughter-compelling qualities of the piece far outweighed its objectionable features. The truth is that the audience was amused less by the queer actions of Dr. Tarr and his eccentric associates as by the panicky terror of the investigating Senator who is compelled to sup with the lunatics against his will. As Dr. Tarr, the leader of the lunatics, Mr. Keenan presented a masterly characterization, studied and complete in every little detail. The part will be remembered as among the best this actor has essayed. He had capital

support from George Richards, who impersonated the visiting Senator with delightful unction and humor and from Wright Kramer, who scored a well deserved hit as the eccentric Professor Fether. Miss Fontaine filled with intelligence and ingenuous charm the rôle of Miss Salasette.

Later pieces presented by Mr. Keenan were "The Lady Across the Hall," a comedy by Julian Street, and "A Passion in the Suburbs," a tragedy by Algernon Boyeson.

T. R. S.



André Antoine, founder of the famous Théâtre Antoine, in Paris, as he appeared recently in the rôle of King Lear



MISS BARROWS IN TWO SCENES IN "THE FEAST OF ADONIS"

"Wilt thou for the muses' sake play me somewhat sweet on thy twin flutes; and I lifting the harp will begin to make music on the strings."

"The nymph of the farm stayed them, when very weary, under the parching summer, stretching out to them honey-sweet water in her hands."

The Idyls of Theocritus Staged in New York



MISS CONSTANCE MILLS
Composer of the incidental music

MISS MABEL HAY BARROWS will be remembered for her creditable production of the "Ajax" of Sophocles, presented last year. Encouraged by the reception given her in New York and Chicago, and at the University of California, she has recently staged eight Idyls of Theocritus, a venture showing much determination and enthusiasm, but lacking the unity of idea which is so essential to all drama.

The libretto used was compiled from various translations, and the pastorals were selected with the purpose of furnishing representative examples of the characteristics which stamp the poet. Practically all that is known of Theocritus is to be had from his poems; and love has scarcely changed since the third century before Christ. So that the goatherd who sings before the cave of cruel Amaryllis; the heartbroken Simætha, who tries to call her faithless lover back by means of the magic wheel; the sway of the reaper's body and the rise of his voice in song—all of

these bring some appeal to the heart of a modern audience, though their fragmentary character cannot have lasting effect.

Only one piece, "The Feast of Adonis," stands out, because of the gossiping ladies of Syracuse, who now are to be found along Broadway. This is a flash of Theocritus in comedy vein, as local in his way as Augustus Thomas. Even the classic Greeks talked in the human manner. The wife, Praxinœ, thus criticizes her husband: "When I sent him to a shop to buy soap and rouge, [he] brought me home salt instead—stupid, great, big, interminable animal!"

Then we arrive at the modern drawing-room tone, when Praxinœ's friend, Gorgo, remarks: "You can't think how well that dress, made full, as you have got it, suits you. Tell me, how much did it cost? The dress by itself, I mean."

Edmund Clarence Stedman believes that without Theocritus, "it is doubtful whether modern English fancy would have been under the

spell of that minstrelsy by which it is now (1871) so justly and delightfully enthralled. Theocritus was the creator of the fourth great order of poetry, the composite or idyllic, by which he bears the relation of Homer to epic, Pindar to lyric, Æschylus to dramatic verse."

This idyllic poet was a Syracusan; he was brought up under the shadow of Etna; he heard the songs of Sicily, and into his own verse there crept the peasant simplicity which made him responsive to human emotion. But though he saw in nature all the beauty of changing seasons, he likewise could draw from the crowded ways of Alexandria—at this time the centre of Greek activity—characters that are to-day familiar to us. It would seem that he woke the Greeks from the stupor of contemplation over what had already been done; he observed, created, and by consequence, in his Idyls, there is to be found a reflex of Greek life in many minute details.

As Wordsworth drew us away from the artificiality and the cold regularity of Pope and his school, so Theocritus, in Greek literature, breathed a warm stream of sympathy into his country's verse.

The full force of the feeling in Theocritus was not always taken advantage of by Miss Barrows; for instance, in Idyl II, "The Magic Wheel," called by J. A. Symonds, "Incantations," the moment when Simætha gives to the consuming flames the tassel from her lover's robe, then, as Symonds says, there should be a heart-burst of agony; for the maid's lover has forsaken her, and the magic wheel must either draw him back or fate must do the worst with him.

Taking this performance as a whole, it is doubtful whether the full meaning or spirit of Theocritus was understood. The dances were graceful, and they were taken apart from motive. "The Psalm of Adonis" was sung, but it did not carry the idea, so lucidly developed by Matthew Arnold in his essay on "Pagan and Medieval Religious Sentiment," that the world was being viewed according to the senses, "the outward, sensible side," wherein all is "pleasure-giving." The sacred dance, with the music by Willys Peck Kent, should not have been looked on as a mere symmetry of swaying body, to express emotion, but as movement depicting a state of mind.

Summing up Miss Barrow's attempt, it may be said that the costumes, based upon old paintings found at the Museum of Art, were effective; that the music, chiefly composed by Miss Constance Mills, was full of melody at times, though lacking somewhat in imaginative interpretation; and that the purpose and dignity of the effort in every way was deserving of intellectual support.

But such experiments will appeal only to a small percentage of our audiences; it is a species of entertainment to be studied or explained before it is enjoyed.

M. J. M.



AUGUST STRINDBERG IN 1904

August Strindberg and His Plays

By James Huneker

READERS of Bernard Shaw's plays may recall the name of August Strindberg, which occurs in one of the now famous prefaces.

The Swedish poet is called by the Irish writer the only living Shakespearian dramatist and Mr. Shaw is not so far amiss—Strindberg is almost Elizabethan in his creation of character, his range, versatility, philosophic depth and poetic power. He has the gift of assembling and handling great masses of people and multifarious events. Those who know him principally by his one-act plays, intense and tragic as they are, cannot realize the epic sweep of the man's genius, as exemplified in his historic dramas and longer novels. Genius he is, an unhappy one, half mad at times, one who has modulated from rank atheism to the ecstasies of Swedenborg—Strindberg is a fellow countryman of the great Swedish mystic in more than one sense. And he is of the same spiritual kinship as the Bishop Esaias Tegner, the poet of the Swedish epic, "Frithjof."

To expatiate upon any of the phases of this extraordinary man would be impossible here. He has written more than forty volumes of historical dramas, comedies, plays, novels, poems, tales, autobiographies, studies in ethnography, botany, chemistry, philosophy—it is difficult to exhaust the list. This feverish activity in many widely separated fields has not resulted in the usual superficiality. The dramas are burning with vitality, the novels deal with current social questions, the experiments in chemistry were attended with success. Altogether, if that giant fabricator of romance, Balzac, had composed the life and adventures of Strindberg, they could not have been more thrilling and tragic than they have been on the plane of reality. He confesses, himself, that he went forth to search for God, only to find the devil. It is also significant that his

favorite romance was Balzac's "Seraphita." Strindberg is very much unlike the great English dramatist in his deliberate preference for the morbid. His unhappy experiences and a flawed nervous system are to blame possibly for his pessimistic view of life. Half starved as a youth in Stockholm, nearly sent to jail for his first book, a theatrical super, apothecary's apprentice, wanderer and journalist, he, nevertheless, married a countess, a woman naturally much above him in social station, but only to encounter his genuine sorrow. The affair turned out badly. It is all set down in his "Confessions of a Fool." Nothing daunted, he tried a second time. More wretchedness, another separation; and there were children by both unions. His fame grew. He wrote furiously on all sorts of matters—politics, religion, the woman emancipation question. He assailed Ibsen by pen and speech, calling him an old sexton, a propagator of the equality madness. Such cerebral activity, coupled with careless methods of living, told against the health of this man of magnificent physique and rugged strength. The advanced women of Scandinavia warred against him—naturally, for he was the sworn foe of their sex. Probably a misogynist by temperament, Strindberg's unfortunate matrimonial experiences embittered still more his opinions of the modern woman.

He left Sweden after declaring that he would become a photographer to save his poetic talent—he swore that Ibsen caricatured him in "The Wild Duck," as Hjalmar Ekdal, the photographer husband of the inimitable Gina Ekdal. Obsessed by the persecutive madness, by the fears, realized more than once, of his own cerebral disorders, he reached Paris and was acclaimed a man of genius by those French admirers who knew his work. Several of the plays had been translated. "The Father"



HARRIET BOSSE-STRINDBERG
Wife of the dramatist
as she appeared in his play "Ostern"

extorted from the impassable Emile Zola a very complimentary letter, and for a few weeks the Swede was fêted and flattered. His personality, so winning, his handsome figure—he is a Viking, with blue gray eyes and blond hair—his magnetism and unquestionable intellectual power, attracted to him the choicer spirits of the French capital. But you may starve in Paris and yet be celebrated. Poor, too vain to ask favors, Strindberg drifted across the river and in the Latin quarter buried himself in cheap lodgings. Then, with an ardor literally maniacal, he pursued his chemical researches. At the Sorbonne he was tolerated as a visionary; yet he succeeded, as he proudly asserts, in demonstrating the presence of carbon in sulphur. He wrote a treatise, an introduction to a vast scheme of unitary chemistry. Naturally, scientific chemists turned their backs on this revolutionist. Sick, poverty ridden, overworked, he became the victim of auricular delusions. He heard noises in the air about him, voices summoning him to leap into abysses, into the Seine. He could not sleep at night because of strange knockings, strange smells. If a piano was played in his house, he straightway fancied it to be the signal of a Polish enemy that he was to be assassinated. No doubt drugs and absinthe had their share in evoking these horrors, as well as loneliness and starvation. It ended in a sanitarium, and after some years, after wrestling with the spirits of evil that are part of his nature, he emerged a victor from the combat. Curiously enough, he had never ceased writing, and the singular side of Strindberg's case is that his writing is more lucid than ever after one of his spiritual struggles. He has described them with a skill and a vraisemblance that Dante, Poe and De Maupassant would have envied, in his autobiographic novel, "Inferno," and others of the same group. There you may read them, these outpourings of a tremendously emotional temperament, the minute records of his mania, of his miseries, of his searchings after the truth. He certainly encountered more than one devil on his path toward the peak of Parnassus. Gorky, himself, has not written with more sincerity than Strindberg, of outcasts.

Strindberg returned to Sweden a few years ago, where his nerves, calmed by hard work, his fame augmenting, he saw his plays produced in Stockholm. He contracted a third marriage, short-lived in happiness, with Harriet Bosse, a favorite actress of his native city. This young woman, who is at least twenty years the junior of her husband, has been called the "Scandinavian Duse," though her methods and personality impressed me as being more similar to Agnes Sorma's. During the continuance of this union, Strindberg published some of his best work. Last

fall, however, the pair agreed to sever their bonds, and once more the poet is alone, face to face with that solitary life he has so wonderfully depicted in his "Einsam," written after his return to the university town

of Lund. The parting is said to have been amicable. Fru Strindberg-Bosse believes that she has a European career open to her. She had insisted on a clause in her contract with a leading Stockholm theatre, which freed her from appearing in plays by her husband—though she had won her early successes in "Easter," "Samum," "Fräulein Julie" and others, and allowed her to play Ibsen to her heart's content. Now, Strindberg abominates the dramas of Henrik Ibsen. Perhaps—!

I have refrained here from any attempt to analyze the Strindberg plays. More than one volume might be devoted to an exposition of the man's genius for the dramatic form. His German translator, Herr Emil Schering, who is simply devoting a life time in the propagation of Strindberg, has written many elucidatory pages in his translations. Therein we learn of the numerous reforms advocated by the Swedish playwright for the abolition of the conventional theatre. He would return to the Greek amphitheatrical auditorium, and employ two stages, one within the other, for the performance of his vast historic pageants. Shifting backgrounds, with a permanent foreground—the old Elizabethan "apron," slightly modified—

has enabled him to make the rapid scenic changes demanded. All this on the purely technical side. For the drama itself, he has in his latest manner resorted to a dialogue free from superfluity. I consider it a model of directness, speed and naturalness. Strindberg contends that the tense, emotional modern drama should not last over one hour and a half, and without any scene-shift. This concentration, in which each character is stripped to the soul and made to yield its heart secrets, we see at its best in "Fräulein Julie," which Agnes Sorma has played with such overwhelming success in Berlin. I missed this Silesian actress last October, for she had sprained her arm in a fall; but Frau Eysoldt assumed the rôle with admirable results. The play has been translated into English by Justin Huntly McCarthy, though I never saw it on an English stage. It is the very quintessence of the tragedy of two souls—those of a valet and his young mistress. She falls in love with the cold-blooded scoundrel and the notation of her disgrace and death is a memory to shudder over.

For me, Strindberg is clearest in the volume of eleven one-act plays called "Elf Ein Akter." There you gain a fair notion of his range, his expertness in dialogue, his profound, almost terrifying psychology, his wit, observation, humor, malice and poetry. The double drama,



MARIE BOOTH RUSSELL
Now leading woman for Robert Mantell and appearing
in Shakespearean repertoire



From the "Tatler"

Actresses taking tea during the waits



Where the men amuse themselves

THE MOST COMFORTABLE GREENROOM IN THE WORLD—LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON

"Death's Dance," is another remarkable study of an unhappy marriage—though not so depressing as "The Father," translated into English some years ago."

Strindberg has read Schopenhauer and Nietzsche to advantage—his plays are the crystallization of all that is "modern" in ideas artistic, ethical and social. He is born to the theatre; it holds no secrets from him. He wrote plays that anticipated Ibsen's "Doll's House," "The Master Builder" and "When We Dead Awake" ("Meister Olaf," 1872; "Das Geheimnis der Gilde," 1879-1880; and "Gläubiger," 1889). A little pantomimic one-act sketch of peculiar originality was performed here at the Empire Theatre one winter by the pupils of the Empire School of Acting. It is entitled "Die Stärkere."

Strindberg is now universally played on the continent. His gripping pathos and bitterness, his technical mastery, his command of character, have made him a unique figure among European dramatists. He can handle the lighter moods of comedy, and his touch is exquisite in such

fairy-like pieces as "Die Kronbraut" and "Schwannweiss." In his "Dream Play" he exhibits a rare fantasy and invention. His historic drama, "Gustavus Wasa" has been recently produced in Berlin with much success. There are a half dozen of his pieces that could be profitably transferred to the English stage, though I fear his gloomy, tragic and fantastic genius would never be very welcome in our theatres.

Last summer Bernard Shaw sent me one of his breezy post-cards from Rosshire, to Bohemia, where I was then stopping. The following reference to the Swedish poet is interesting and very much G. B. S.

"Of Strindberg I have a high opinion, possibly because I have read very little of him—chiefly a story called "Memoir of a Madman," or something like that, but ought to have been called, "The Truth About my Confounded Wife."

This title might serve as an epigraph for many of the Strindberg novels and plays.

JAMES HUNEKER.



The New "Grand Old Woman" of the Stage

WHEN Mrs. G. H. Gilbert passed into the Great Mystery, the profession laid the flower of loving tribute upon her grave.

The children of the stage were lonely without their Grandma Gilbert. Her beautiful memory will always be one of the venerations of their busy, varied lives.

It is upon Mrs. W. G. Jones, who is playing Nannie with Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," that the mantle Mrs. Gilbert dropped has fallen. She is now in her seventy-sixth year and has been on the stage sixty-six years. Like Mrs. Gilbert, she is of English birth. Her father was a bandmaster in the British army. While stationed at the Bermudas, he tired of the service and made his escape with his family in a sail boat. They were picked up by an American steamer and brought to Philadelphia. The bandmaster, William Wagstaffe, became the leader of the orchestra at the Walnut Street Theatre, and it was there that his daughter made her juvenile début. It was in "The Gambler's Fate," and little Julia Wagstaffe was discovered sitting in front of a hut and crying "I'm hungry. Won't papa bring me some bread?"

Between that début and her present excellent work as Nannie, Mrs. Jones has run the gamut of an extensive repertoire. She played with Junius Brutus Booth, John Wilkes Booth and Edwin Booth, with James and Fannie Wallack, with Charlotte Cushman, with Sol Smith, with Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. James Brown Potter, with John Drew and Miss Adams. She has played walking ladies, ingenues and leads, and in these days of easy stardom, who knows but that she will one day become a star?

She has been the Nurse for many Juliets. When Mrs. James Brown Potter essayed Juliet, Mrs. Jones was the Nurse. A critic of that time said: "The only person in the entire cast who faithfully portrayed the character and properly read the lines was Mrs. W. G. Jones, whose impersonation of the Nurse was absolutely flawless. Considered from the standpoint of acting, Mrs. Jones was really the star of the east." Another, at the time she played the Nurse to Maude Adams' Juliet,

said: "She is the best Nurse in Shakespeare's great love drama in the world."

"I am glad the critics like my Nurse," is Mrs. Jones comment on her honors. "It differs from the others in two respects at least. She is usually played as a crotchety old person. Now, I don't think she was given to tantrums, except very mild ones with her charge, Juliet, whom she had cared for since she was a babe. Then I believe that the Nurse was a dignified woman. She could not have been a common, scolding servant, or she would not have been in the employ of the Capulets. I play the Nurse on those lines."

The conditions of half a century ago were no sinecure. It was the custom to put on two or three plays an evening. "Rehearsals went through with a rush," said Mrs. Jones. "A company of which I was a member put on 'East Lynne' after two rehearsals.

"In those days it did not matter whether a person was adapted to the part or not. He played it anyway. The standard is higher now. This is the day of specialties, and it is well. The salaries paid then were not what they are to-day. My husband and I together earned forty dollars a week. My share was fifteen. It was a good salary at that time.

"But the standard of morality was higher among players then than now. We were too busy to run about seeking pleasure. Marriage was held in greater esteem. Professional reasons never separated husband and wife. Bad women might get into the company, but they could not stay."

This old lady of the stage is plump and fair-faced and looks a quarter of a century less than her years. Her face is dimpled and pink and smiling. The brown still dominates the silver in her hair. Her bright blue eyes look kindly upon a world that has lost none of its interest for her. We are prone to associate womanly sweetness and sympathy and cheerfulness with the "sequestered shades" of what is known as home life. But a half hour with this woman, who has faced much of the storm and stress of life alone, forced it in the white glare of public life, is like a benediction.

A. P.



MRS. W. G. JONES
Who has been on the stage sixty-six years



Stage History of Famous Plays

No. 1, "ROMEO AND JULIET"



Sands & Brady

E. H. SOTHERN AS ROMEO

A FAMOUS play for our purpose is one that has held the stage despite the varying change of time and place, because of its universal appeal and the excellence of its treatment. Over three hundred years have passed since Shakespeare, as author, manager and actor, shaped his plays for presentation; yet, though we of to-day are far from being Elizabethans, there is a humanity in the comedies and tragedies of Shakespeare, that is part of our existence. And, by very right of their being famous plays, a stage history must needs trace their persistence through varying change of external life.

The first performance of "Romeo and Juliet" was given by Richard Burbage in 1596; the last performance of any scope was the Marlowe-Sothern production of 1904; between these two stretches the world, of Romeos and of Juliets—of countless players who have given their ideas of the tragic lovers to varied audiences.

Around 1596 there were no actresses to take the rôle of Capulet's daughter; apprentice boys, with clear-cut features, simulated feminine ways; such a Juliet played to Burbage's Romeo. Even as late as 1660, women were rarely seen on the stage. Was not King Charles II. at one time kept waiting because the heroine of a play was busy shaving?

It is commonly believed that the first female Juliet was Miss Saunderson (1662), afterwards wife of the famous actor, Thomas Betterton. As early as 1592 we hear of contrary opinions concerning the morality of such an innovation; it was a relief, thought one, not to find English players "as the players beyond sea, having common curtizans to play women's parts." "It was sinful," said another, quoting Deuteronomy xxii, 5, "to have men acting women's rôles. Yea, abominable unto Christians." The famous gossip, Sir Samuel Pepys, notes in his diary on January 3, 1661, that he witnessed "Beggar's Bush," "it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage."

Other material improvements, worthy of mention, as showing the gradual evolution of our modern theatre, were made about this time. The customary announcement, at the close of the play, of a change of bill, was further strengthened by the use of placards upon which the new drama was advertised. The scenery likewise grew from the mere sign, reading "This is Juliet's tomb," into more substantial pictures. A record of 1605 thus describes a festival to King James: "The stage was built close to the upper end

of the hall, as it seemed at first sight, but indeed it was a false wall faire painted, and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about; by reason whereof, with the help of other painted clothes, their stage did vary three times in the acting of one tragedy." Dryden states that in March, 1699, he recollects having seen for the first time the name of the author printed upon the play bill. "The Double Dealer" was announced as being "written by Mr. Congreve."

With the advent of James Howard, who was Dryden's brother-in-law, began that mutilation of Shakespearian text so common to the stage until recent times. Howard made the story end happily, and mentioned Count Paris's wife, distorting the whole as humorously as did Zorilla in "Los Bandos de Verona," where Romeo's sister and a villain, Andrés Capelete, disport themselves melodramatically. Theophilus Cibber, also, when he played Romeo (1744) to the Juliet of Jenny Cibber, who was granddaughter of the poet-laureate, made his own transpositions. But it was Garrick's prompt book that did the most mischief, transplanting Shakespeare in mutilated form to the boards (1750). He wished to "clear the original as much as possible from the jingle and quibble which were always the objections to the reviving of it." He rummaged among the sources and found reasons for a happy end; he took suggestions from Otway and Congreve, who had also shifted Shakespearian ideas to suit themselves; he obliterated the mention of Romeo's former love for Rosaline; in most unpoetical language, he made scenes and builded strangely. Although to-day we find it necessary to shift situations so as to make the plays practicable, from the stage standpoint, yet we are even more wary about alterations than Augustin Daly, who never altered the spirit of a play, yet often called down upon him criticism because of his many changes. Charlotte Cushman, Mary Anderson and Sir Henry Irving may be mentioned as crusading against the Garrick version.

Garrick's first attempt* with "Romeo and Juliet" was to present in 1748, at Drury Lane, Barry and Mrs. Cibber in the leading rôles. This was so successful as to lead to the famous quarrels of 1750-51, when Garrick matched forces with Barry in an opposing production; it was Drury Lane versus Covent Garden; Garrick and Miss Bellamy versus Barry, Mrs. Cibber and



Sarony

KYRLE BELLEW AS ROMEO



MARY ANDERSON AS JULIET

* Garrick (1760-61) is recorded to have played "Mercutio." In 1756 Miss Pritchard was the "Juliet" to his "Romeo."



Sands & Brady

JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET

he that I should certainly have jumped down to him." We may safely give Barry the palm; even Garrick finally succumbed.

At the age of thirty-four, it is said that the lines of Sarah Siddons' face were too marked for her to play Juliet, yet Garrick booked her for the part. We read of her "perfect utterance," her "genuine playfulness," her "awful tragic force," but the criticisms are reserved in enthusiasm. Dora Jordan, Siddons' contemporary, also played Juliet.

On December 10, 1776, Garrick sat in the pit of Drury Lane to witness the performance of Mrs. "Perdita" Robinson, who was considered by many to be a graceful poet. She herself describes one of those countless stage frights, that always demand our sympathy; to her, the audience faded into nothing, for the eyes of Garrick were upon her and that was enough.

John Kemble, brother of Siddons, appeared at one time as the Montague lover, but the following couplet will rank him sufficiently:

"John Kemble, see in all the parts you will
Lear, Romeo, Richard, 'tis John Kemble still."

As for Edmund Kean's performance, opinions differ. Some say he was unsympathetic, but Hazlitt, who always commands

Macklin as Mercutio. The glove of defiance was cast on September 28, 1750. "Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo" sighed Juliet to Garrick, and a sailor in the gallery leaned over the rail to give his reason: "Because Barry plays the part at the other house, to be sure."

The whole affair somewhat foreshadowed the Kean-Booth controversy which was to involve the same houses later on. Cutting epigrams were written, and opinions took sides. One lady thus gives her views: "Had I been Juliet to Garrick's Romeo, so impassioned was he that I should have expected he would come up to me. But had Barry been my lover, so seductive was

Peter's encouraging remarks about the audience, "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble, never mind 'em; don't think of 'em any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages." But she finally gained self-possession, and entered into the spirit of the rôle to such a degree that "the passion I was uttering sent hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it." Miss Kemble was particularly sensitive; her moods came in quick succession. "How I do loathe the stage!" she exclaimed at one time. "To act Romeo and Juliet! Horror! Horror!" When, around 1811, W. C. Macready played, he, too, was seized with a similar overpowering mist of stage fright.

Charlotte Cushman's appearance as Romeo, to her sister's Juliet, took place at the London Haymarket Theatre on December 30, 1845. Impressions recall the passion, "real, palpably real," the "genuine heart storm," and all the power and feeling to "woo Juliet as she, herself, would be wooed." Miss Cushman's temperament commanded; there was decision in her very presence. She stopped a performance in Boston, circa 1850, until a man had been removed from the audience because of misconduct. She was quick to discern merit and almost peremptory in her advice. "My child," she once said to Mary Anderson, "you have all the attributes that go to make a fine actress; too much force and power at present, but do not let that trouble you. Better have too much to prune down than a little to build up."

Miss Anderson's Juliet was greater in its tragic notes than in its lighter lyrical strains; there was a mature tone based on the idea that Juliet, "from the moment she loves Romeo . . . becomes . . . a woman capable of heroic action in all that concerns her love." The debut was made in Louisville November 27, 1875. From the beginning Miss Anderson starred and her Memoirs relate many anecdotes of humorous situations that took place while playing "Romeo and Juliet;" now she had to dispatch herself with a hairpin, since Romeo had forgotten his dagger; again, "The inconstant moon" was held by a negro boy, perched upon a ladder, the orb being the headlight of an engine.

Stage history often contrasts the Juliets of Adelaide Neilson and Modjeska. The former, writes Clement Scott, "understood the agony of fear," and William Winter adds in a characteristically poetic manner, "Golden fire in a porcelain vase would not be more luminous than was the soul of that actress as it shone through her ideal of Juliet." This girlish tragic note, so surrounded by romance, was still more tragic, though not as appealing with Modjeska. Her actions were



Sarony

ELEANOR ROBSON AS JULIET



Sarony

MAUDE ADAMS AS JULIET



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS JULIET

direct, her cries significant, her movements full of terror. Her accents hardly detracted from her impressiveness.

To-day there are but three Juliets who stand out from the many: Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams and Eleanor Robson. In each, there was shown more tender sadness than compelling passion. Miss Marlowe's interpretation alone contained the spark of "divine fire." The corresponding Romeos were Sothorn, Faversham and Bellew: the one too melancholy, the other too stilted, and the last too flowery.

As there was much discussion in the beginning as to whether women should play the part of Juliet, so has there been much talk about women playing Romeo, yet in the stage history of this piece, we meet with many odd combinations,*such as a mother playing Romeo to the Juliet of her daughter, sisters playing vis-a-vis, and in America, on January 11, 1762, when Mr. Hallam was cast as Romeo to the Juliet of Mrs. Douglas, the historian, Ireland, writes, concerning the production: "On several occasions hereafter we find a father playing Romeo to the Juliet of his daughter, but we believe this is the only one on record where a mother plays Juliet to the Romeo of her son." It was Mrs. Hallam (1754) who was the first to play Juliet in America.*

We have mentioned how, at different times, the Shakespearian text was altered. The many performances record likewise special features, that were more ornamental than vital. Barry, during the fight with Garrick, advertised that "an additional scene will be introduced, representing the funeral procession of Juliet . . . with an occasional prologue . . . to begin exactly at six o'clock." At another time, during the masquerade scene, a comic dance was introduced, and still more incongruous was a patriotic song, which graced a production in 1846. Rossi, while playing Romeo in 1876, adhered to the Garrick version, but added some effective stage business, where Juliet walks in a trance from the tomb, followed by her bewildered lover, who dies as he clasps her in his arms.

It is impossible here to reproduce the long list of Romeos and Juliets which the present writer has compiled from various sources. Here are

* There are many female Romeos known to the stage: Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Charlotte Cushman, Susan Denin, Mrs. John Drew (1846), Mrs. Thomas Hamblin, Mrs. Henry Lewis (1835), Mme. Ponisi, Mrs. Coleman Pope, Mrs. Shaw (1840), Mrs. Wm. Leiton, Caroline Viot, Mrs. James W. Wallack (1854), and Ann Duff Waring, etc.

a few of the most famous. The dates given are not those of "first appearances" necessarily, and the names are only of those Juliets and Romeos who played in America prior to 1889:



MISS HELENA FREDERICK

Young American soprano who has sung with much success in Germany. Miss Frederick was seen recently with Mme. Schumann-Heink. She is now appearing in "The Tenderfoot"

(1754) Mrs. Hallam, Mr. Rigby; (1768) Miss Cheer, Mr. Hallam; (1791) Mrs. Henry, Mr. Hallam; (1796) Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Hodgkinson; (1797) Mrs. Merry, Mr. Moreton; (1798) Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Cooper; (1816) Mary Barnes; (1827) Mrs. Thomas Barry; (1832) Fanny Kemble; (1833) Alexina Fisher; (1834) Lydia Phillips; (1836) Miss Grove; (1841) Mrs. Seymour; (1846) Mrs. W. H. Crisp; (1848) Fanny Wallack, Mr. J. R. Anderson; (1850) Romeo, Miss Cushman; (1849) Jean D. Davenport; (1850) Mrs. J. W. Wallack; (1851) Virginia Whiting; (1852) Miss Anderson; (1853) Matilda Heron; (1854) Miss Woodward; (1854) Mrs. Hamblin; (1854) Julia Deane; (1856) Mrs. E. L. Davenport; (1857) Susan Denin; (1857) Mrs. Hoey; (1857) Mrs. McMahon; (1859) Miss Davenport; (1860) Mrs. W. G. Jones; (1861) Mrs. D. P. Bowers; (1864) Avonia Jones; (1866) Ida Vernon; (1867) Mlle. M. A. Hauck; (1869) Agnes Ethel; (1869) Mrs. Scott-Siddons; (1869) Mary McVicker, Edwin Booth; he opened Booth's Theatre with the play; the rôle of Romeo was never considered his great part. (1875) Adelaide Neilson; (1874) Joseph Wheelock; (1877) Eben Plympton; (1877) Anne Boyle, Walter Treville; (1877) Sara Jewett, George Rignold; (1878) Avonia Fairbanks; (1877) Fanny Davenport, John E. McCullough; (1877) Mrs. Slaughter; (1878) Rose Kean; (1879) Adelina Gasparini; (1880) Helen Ottolengui; (1880) Ada Cavendish; (1881) Louise Muldener, Rossi; (1881) Emma Abbott Opera Company; (1883) Mary Anderson, Robert Downing; (1883) Mme. Modjeska, Maurice Barrymore; (1885) Kathryn Kidder, Frank Mayo; (1886) Margaret Mather, Frederick Paulding; (1888) Julia Marlowe, Robert Taber

Throughout this short survey, we find that Shakespeare's Juliet is still his own. The history of the stage performances of this great tragedy is the history of tremendous art efforts, to reflect the life so warmly, luxuriantly, humanely existent in the poet's mind. Shakespeare remains the same, and the actor who becomes the great Romeo, the actress who becomes the great Juliet, is the one who is most faithful to the poet's conception.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



Miss Harned

SCENE IN VIRGINIA HARNED'S NEW PLAY "THE LADY SHORE" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE



Photos White

The Wife
(Miss Langham)

"AT THE THRESHOLD"

The Burglar
(Frank Keenan)

The Seducer
(Mr. Kramer)



Telenira
(Miss Elkins)

The Princess
(Mrs. Oakes)

"STROLLING PLAYERS"

Tabarin
(Mr. Keenan)

The Sergeant
(Mr. Hart)

Francesquine
(Grace Filkins)



Miss Salasette
(Miss Fontaine)

Dr. Tarr
(Mr. Keenan)

"THE SYSTEM OF DR. TARR"

Senator Ponsonby
(Mr. Richards)

Prof. Fether
(Mr. Kramer)

Dr. Griswold
(Mr. Mason)

Frank Keenan seen in a Triple Bill at the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, New York



Taken for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE by Byron

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS MANN IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL HOME NEAR RIVERSIDE DRIVE

A Talk with Louis Mann—Obligato by Clara Lipman

(Chats with Players No. 37)

A SUCCESS is horrible!"

Louis Mann stood with his back to the blaze of the gas logs and his eloquent hands behind him. His hands are perhaps the choicest part of his physical equipment, as an actor. Long and lean, with nervous, tapering fingers, they denote the artist, the man keenly and sensitively alive, with an infinite capacity for suffering. The hint of the hands is repeated in the lines from nose to lips, etched in his olive skin.

A man acquainted with the heights and depths of human feeling, who has risen to one and fallen to the other with an intensity that would awaken the wonder and perhaps excite the sneers of the half-alives, is Louis Mann.

Unmindful of or indifferent to such reading of the man behind the actor, he repeated his paradox:

"A success is horrible!"

He bethought himself to explain.

"I mean, we will say, in the last half of the season. It means playing over and over, again and again, a part of which a man is deadly tired. It is like painting a picture in one tint of gray. It is like striking the same key continuously on the piano until one cries out with the torture of it. It is a monotone."

She who is known to theatre-goers as Clara Lipman, and in private life is Mrs. Louis Mann, had entered the room smilingly and caught the last words.

"American actors are criticised because they do not grow," she said. "That is the reason they do not grow. They have to play one part continuously, for several seasons, if it is a success. That is what Mr. Mann means by, 'A success is horrible!'"

"I like my home better than anything else in the world," said the star of "The Second Fiddle," plaintively, his nervous fingers lacing and unlacing their lean, white length, in the glow of the logs. "I

had rather sit here by the fire with a book, while my wife plays Grieg or Gounod or Chopin, than hear all the applause that has fallen on the ears of all the actors in the world."

Mrs. Mann smiled. Her smile has been called the most beautiful on the stage, perhaps because the eyes and lips both smile, in unison and in proper proportion, and because her teeth are so exquisite and have been so praised in prose and verse, that she is tired of dental allusions, and is a bit cynical about the relation of dentistry to art.

"He likes home," she said, "But I think after awhile he misses the comforts of a hotel. It has been hard to keep the house warm during the cold weather, and I believe he misses the steam heat of a hotel office, though he hasn't admitted it."

They laughed about their polyglot household housed so handsomely at 310 West 101st Street. A Japanese butler receives the visitor and leads him through the reception room, handsome in its furnishings of teak and inlaid woods, to the drawing-room in green. A French maid tells you that Madame will be in soon. Madame is heard softly instructing the cook, who responds in unmistakable Irish. From aloft comes the voice of the housemaid dusting the furniture of the master's bed-chamber and singing a Polish-Hungarian *chanson*.

"It is a large house and my friends wonder why I keep it up when Mr. Mann is travelling," said the chatelaine, "but I have a theory that one must have a home as a growing place. I am working out some plans for plays and I need to be in our own atmosphere."

The most beautiful smile on the stage was again manifest when Mrs. Mann was asked how she dealt with the servant question. It was Mr. Mann who answered:

"She speaks all their languages and that makes them feel at home. My wife is a fine linguist. She speaks nine different tongues." Mrs. Mann pouted a little at this praise, as she did when her husband said she had more ideas than any playwright he knew, as she did again when he said she writes well.

"Don't," she pleaded in a tone of defense. She said "don't" again when her husband praised her house ruling, and when some one dared to allude to her beauty. If modesty is unknown in the profession, as its critics have dared to assert, Clara Lipman is unique. But there was no dissent when her husband described her other method of keeping her servants.

"It is true," she said. We have a rehearsal room on the third floor, and when the servants are discontented and I am afraid they may leave me, I



Schloss

CLARA LIPMAN
In "The Girl from Paris"

take them to the rehearsal room and entertain them. I sing and dance and recite for them, and they always go back to their work in a perfectly good humor." This is a remedy others might try with their help.

Mr. Mann's hands were quite warm now and we left the gas-logs and the olive drawing-room and the interview proceeded in the dining-room under the wakening influence of a ruby liquid from a silver and cut glass decanter.

"This is my favorite room," said the actor. "Not because of its association with the cheering things of the table alone, I am sure, for the walls of dull old rose, the table and sideboard and chairs of oak, the sparkle of glass and the gleam of silver, made of it a spot where care might be dropped as a discarded garment.

There we talked of struggles and rewards. Mr. Mann read his favorite poem, from the collection of verses by Ernest Lacy, "The Mountain Climber," and logically we drifted from consideration of "The Mountain Climber," remindful of W. E. Henley's "Invictus," and the beautiful soul-firing lines

"I am the master of my fate.
I am the captain of my soul."

to the battles for success of this gifted and now prosperous pair.

There was good soldier material in the twain, transmitted by courageous ancestors who were on the staff of Napoleon. Officer Hecht was a loyal follower and valuable aid to the Great Adventurer, and a forebear of the actor. Brave Berka, his friend, who served on the same staff, was ancestor of the actor's wife. The fighting blood in their veins and the undying spark of courage in their souls, transmitted by these Alsatian soldiers, served Louis Mann and Clara Lipman well.

They made Clara Lipman smile and raise to the world a steady chin when her first part, originally an opulent one with Hubert Wilkes in "The Rat Catcher," faded into the one pert line, "Well, I'll go and tell the neighbors all about it." She was fifteen then, and the gradual reduction of the part incident to the minimizing of half a dozen other rôles in the piece, was a semi-tragedy, but one at which the descendant of Berka smiled.

Louis Mann had begun his career more auspiciously years before, at the fashionable Stadt Theatre, on the Bowery, when that house was the principal theatre on the now sadly degenerate street. Master Louis

Mann was at the proud age of three and a half years and ready to graduate into boots when he appeared in a series of Grimm's fairy tales. Greatness, even then, had its penalties, for the young actor was invariably met at the stage door after the performance by stout matrons, who insisted upon encouraging his talents with kisses. From the Stadt Theatre on the Bowery in New York and from a pleasant home on the north side in Chicago, the boy and girl set forth by different paths that would eventually cross and become one. The paths met when the youthful actor and actress met in the cast of "Incognito." Miss Lipman scored in a laughing bit. Mr. Mann, already well on his way as a character actor of high rank, heard the laughter and smiled. He was not addicted to smiling in those days, being weighed down with Teutonic gravity and immense ambition, but the laughter won him as it won the audiences, and before the season was over he was making a proposal of marriage in tragic earnest to the laughing girl.

Her answer had no laughter in it. "She told me she'd marry me if I'd make good," said Mr. Mann, "and I set about

it. We went out the next season in a piece written for her, 'The Laughing Girl.'"

Here Mr. and Mrs. Mann paused in their reminiscences and looked at each other with grave eyes. The curtain had risen upon a dark scene. "We had all faith in ourselves and in the play when we started," said Mr. Mann.

"How hard we tried to make it go," sighed Mrs. Mann. "We took the play to San Francisco. That long jump is a heavy drain on the revenue of any company, and we were young and poor. It was a terrible ordeal.

"We made every sacrifice to finish the season. We thought we would be disgraced and ruined if 'closed' were published after 'The Laughing Girl.' We were young and ignorant and intense. Now we would know better."

"But we finished the season," said Mr. Mann.

"We did," said Mrs. Mann. "But we had heartbreaks all along the road. People did not like the play. Louis was anxious to know what they thought of it, and he would slip into barrooms with his hat drawn



Schloss

MRS. LOUIS MANN



Sarony

In "The Red Kloof"

In "The Second Fiddle"

In "The Strange Adventures
of Miss Brown"

In "The Telephone Girl"

Schloss

LOUIS MANN IN FOUR OF HIS SUCCESSFUL CHARACTERIZATIONS



MISS MAY BUCKLEY

Now in support of Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King"

down over his forehead, so that he would not be recognized and listen to the comments. They were anything else than reassuring. It would have been better had he not heard them. He came back to the hotel the image of desolation."

"I did my best acting on that tour," said he. "I have stood with perspiration dripping from my forehead, while I argued with railroad officials, showing them that if they didn't send the company on to the next stand 'on their trunks' we would forfeit our date and everything would be lost. Often it would be only twenty minutes of train time and the official was sullen. Even when the whistle sounded from the approaching train, the matter hadn't been settled, but we usually got off."

"And we tried to keep the company from

knowing," murmured Miss Lipman. "The worst crisis was at Columbus, Ohio. Do you remember that, Louis?" Her husband drew a tragic hand across his brow by way of answer. "It was eleven o'clock, and the train left at twelve," he groaned, "and someone attached our trunks. I had to go to the house of the lawyer who had made the attachment. He was giving a coming-out reception to his daughter, and sent a sharp message, saying that he did not want to be interrupted at that time. He would see me next day. I sent word to him that 'it was a matter of life and death.' I got a release of the attachment and then I had to go to the home of the president of the railroad company to get his order to let us take the train for New York."

"You had to ride twice across the city. The street cars were not running regularly and when you got to the station the train had gone," Miss Lipman gently prompted.

"We had to stay until next morning and I had only a dollar and thirty-five cents."

"But you told the lodging-house man about our straits and he let you have three fifty-cent rooms at thirty-five cents. And don't you remember he looked sharply at you and said, 'You look as though something was wrong,' and he pushed a bowl of crackers across the counter and said, 'Help yourselves!' We hadn't eaten for sixteen hours and nothing has ever tasted quite so good as those crackers."

"After that we did rest in peace," Mrs. Mann smilingly continued. The woman who shared my room discovered that it was inhabited and that the inmates resented our intrusion. There were thousands of them. I turned on the light and looked the army over in despair. I happened to notice that while they marched and counter-marched everywhere else in the room, they stayed away from a bar of tar soap I had laid out on the wash stand. I cut the soap into small bits and laid it all around us, forming a line of defense. The coup was a success. The bravest and hungriest of the army never tried to pass it, and we slept in safety."

"The next morning the good fellow gave us our breakfast." Mr. Mann here took up the recital. "My dealings with that chap afterwards would fill one issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. It would make a

book. It's enough to say that I had the good fortune to send lots of business his way, and to help him out of some difficulties of his own. And the man that attached our goods I've seen with fringe on his trousers on Broadway. Again and again he has asked me for work, and when he could not get that, he wanted to borrow from me."

"And you refused to the last?"

The fierce frown on the actor's face faded. "Until the last time," he said.

Mrs. Mann's soft black eyes sought the interrogator's face.

"One must not hold a grudge forever," she said, in mild reproof.

"But we are glad of one thing," said the chief narrator. "We paid every cent of those old debts. We gave our notes for them and paid them with interest. I have some beautiful letters from our old-time creditors, speaking of the unusualness of the proceeding, and many sent back checks for the amount of interest, saying they didn't want that. But we returned them all."

"It took three years," said Mrs. Mann.

"Yes. It took our first success, 'The Girl from Paris,' to pay for that failure."

One success breeds another. After "The Girl from Paris" came "All on Account of Eliza" and "The Telephone Girl," and the handsome house near Riverside Drive and other symbols of success evolved from distant dreams into actualities. An accident to her arm compelled Mrs. Mann's retirement from the stage, but she has not been idle.

She has fitted up her lovely home. She has assisted her husband at his rehearsals, and she is writing several plays in which her admiring husband has infinite faith.

"I can look after household matters in a half an hour," she said. "That is all I need. I make a tour of the house and, note-book in hand, jot down whatever is needed. I do my own marketing, and like it better than any of my duties as a housekeeper. I meet so many odd people. It is a splendid opportunity for the study of types."

She will go back to the stage, but her husband insists that it be in the capacity of a producer. "There isn't one of them who—" "O, Louis, don't," she warned, and modesty triumphed over conjugal pride.

Concluding the chat, the interviewer asked Mr. Mann about his plans. "Pardon me," he said, "but I have decided never to talk of plans again. When I was younger I used to talk of them ardently by the hour. I did so even last year with engaging candor, and when the season opened some one else was using my idea in a play. Now, I am forty, and wiser, I hope, than last year. I will never let my plans be published again until they are ripe and copyrighted."

"What must an actor have to be successful?"

"Imagination, temperament and intellect," he said, "and the greatest of these is temperament."

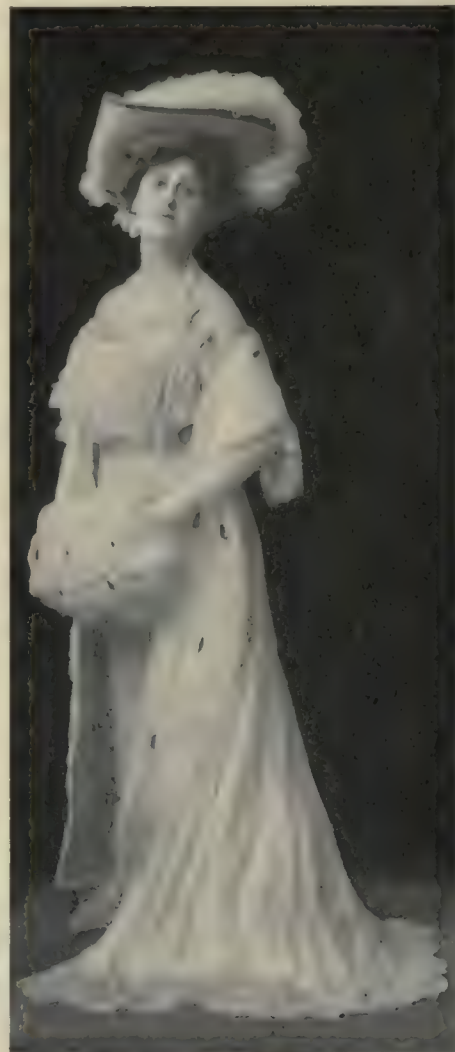
"What is temperament?"

"Temperament is the blood speaking," said Mr. Mann.

"Temperament is what makes you understand people and be for the time what they are," said Mrs. Mann.

"That is a better definition than mine," said her husband gallantly.

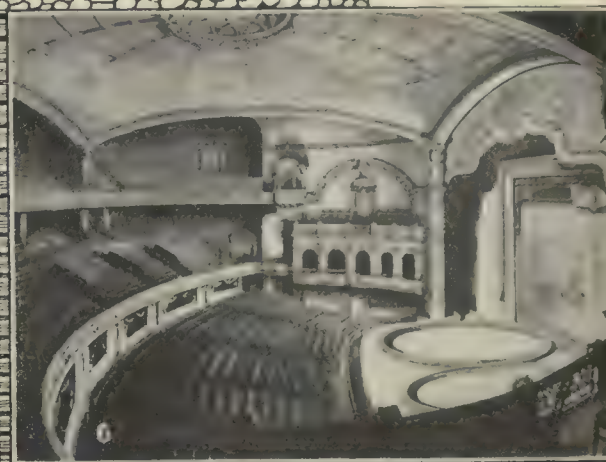
ADA PATTERSON.



MISS DOROTHY HAMMOND

Now appearing in "Mrs. Lefingwell's Boots"

New York's Great Hippodrome



1. Elmer Dundy, financial head of the gigantic enterprise. 2. Frederick W. Thompson, his partner who manages the show end. 3. Exterior of the Hippodrome Building facing on Sixth Avenue. 4. Rehearsing the Equestrian Ballet. 5. Signora Antonio's sensational 100-foot dive backwards. 6. Hippodrome Circus Rings. 7. Battle with 600 men and 150 horses on Hippodrome stage. 8. The elephant chauffeurs. 9. Showing how the wonderful scenery is manipulated.



Photos by Genthe, San Francisco

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT IN THREE OF HER FAVORITE POSES

Evolution of a Stage Beauty

OFTEN it requires an unerring eye and an instinct of prophecy to recognize beauty in embryo. The story of the ugly duckling and the growing girl are sometimes identical. Particularly is this true in the instance of beauties of the order classed as statuesque.

The evolution of beauty may be painful, awkward, the repeated story of the dull chrysalis and the radiant butterfly. To read the history of beauty is frequently to go back to humble and lack-promise beginnings.

Such was the story of Maxine Elliott, beauty and star.

It is said, in Kentucky, where the remark savors of environment and heredity that the man who can see in the ungainly colt the promise of the superb racer, recognizes in the girl who seems all hands and feet and crimson self-consciousness, the beauty of the future.

One of such prescient eye, prophet of pulchritude met

tender curves. They rounded softly the thin face, and in the rounding reduced the abnormal size of the great, dark eyes. On that wonderful day when her hair was "done up" for the first time, the heavy braids built out the small head and accentuated lines of hitherto unsuspected grace. Seeing all this, she smiled slowly, in the pleased slow comprehension of a Cinderella and forgot the torture of those intruding members, her hands and feet. She slipped into her new white mull dress and went to a party that night, and the boys and girls of Rockland, Me., said, "Is that Jessie?" "No, it aint." "Yes, it is." The dull chrysalis had released the graceful moth. Time developed it, and the radiant butterfly of its development, Lembach, the painter of beautiful women, said is the most beautiful woman in the world.



As Ophelia



As she looked ten years ago

at all and angular girl, with black eyes like illuminated saucers, and two pigtails that shone with the oiled splendor of the pliant tresses of a lady of the Chinese court. There was disproportion, a painful *gaucherie*, and a preponderance of thinness and eyes in this school girl.

"Who is she?" asked the man of trained eye.

"Who? The little gal with the yellow hair and the blue sash?"

"No, no," answered the Kentuckian impatiently, "the tall one."

"The thin one with the big eyes?"

"Yes."

"That's a sea captain's daughter. I forget her last name, but the first is Jessie. Ain't she a humbly one?"

"Perhaps, but she's going to be a great beauty some day."

The Rockland man told his wife that night that Kentuckians are queer. He might have added that they are canny. For that, the prophecy of the discerners of hidden beauty was true, the photographs reproduced on this page prove.

She, who when she asked a manager for work on the stage said her name was Jessie McDermott, was not a beautiful girl. Some critics denied her even prettiness. At what mothers anxiously hurry their daughters over if possible, "the awkward age," she was as unattractive as the feeble bud guarded in its thorny calyx of green leaves.

But the kind years changed the acute angles to



Genthe, San Francisco

MISS ELLIOTT AND HER DOG "SPORT"

Miss Elliott could not have a better foil for

her beauty than her dog, "Sport," an English bull terrier, who is her constant companion and champion, even on her travels. He escorts her to the theatre every night.

Maxine Elliott's beauty is of that desirable type that seems to be changeless. The swift fading of the charms of a pretty girl is a tragedy of commonness. We expect it. We are surprised if it does not transpire, as the fading of a rose in the vase on our study tables. But the woman whom the passing of ten years touches lightly as a dove's wing is the beauty regnant.

Ten years ago Miss Elliott was seen in a small part in the Frawley Stock Company in San Francisco. It was her debut on the Pacific Coast. In December, she played again in the Columbia, as the star of "Her Own Way." Those of the audience who had not seen her for a decade whispered behind their fans and collapsible hats, "She is as young as ever, and she is quite as beautiful—no, more beautiful." It was a triumph to warm the heart of woman.

It was Ethel Barrymore who paid Miss Elliott what was probably the superlative compliment of her career. It was at her New York debut as a star in "Her Own Way." Miss Barrymore raised her lorgnette, looked long and lowered it with a sigh of enjoyment.

"The Venus of Milo—with arms!" she exclaimed. Why has Miss Elliott grown more beautiful? Why has time been her first aid to beauty?

The whole credit belongs to the actress for she is mistress of the philosophy of beauty.

Miss Elliott knows that poise is a secret and a preservative of serene beauties. Therefore, she avoids scenes that wrinkle a woman's soul and correspondingly corrugate her face. She knows that the greatest tonic of beauty is the outdoor life, and she lives it as much as her travels will permit.

Knowing that increasing avoirdupois steals a woman's charms as a thief in the night, she has never but once permitted herself to vary from

her stereotyped weight. Then there was a quick flitting to Jackwood and when she returned, the unwelcome pounds had fled as mysteriously as though she had tossed them overboard in mid ocean.

"Diet and exercise," she replied to all inquiries.

Beauties must be stern with themselves at times. They must banish the last morning nap. They must frown upon the alluring box of bon bons. They must walk when they had much rather ride. They must eat sparingly, even when hungry. There are altars of sacrifice in all lives. The beauty has hers.

W. B. A.



Byron, N. Y.

AMELIA BINGHAM AND FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE IN "MLLE. MARNI" AT WALLACK'S

Albert M. Palmer—A Personal Tribute

A. M. PALMER, whose death on March 7 passed almost unnoticed by the daily newspapers, was the last of that famous trio of theatrical managers—WALLACK, DALY and PALMER—the story of whose respective careers is practically that of the most glorious period of the American stage.

Mr. Palmer was the last survivor of a by-gone theatrical régime. He belonged to the days when the stock company was at the height of its prosperity, the days when a refined management gave the drama both dignity and form, when there was a standard of public taste, when acting was cultivated as an art and had not yet degenerated into hero-worship, when, in a word, the occupation of producing plays had not been turned into mere money making. Palmer belonged to that school of managers whom we find in control of the leading theatres of Europe—men of culture, refinement and scholarship. New theatrical methods, born of the modern frantic rush for wealth, ended his artistic usefulness and during the last few years of his life he occupied a very obscure position in the theatre. Yet had he passed away in the height of his prosperity, what columns the newspapers would have devoted to his memory.

He died poor after having made and spent several fortunes. No recital of his public career as a manager

could give an adequate idea of the kindness of heart of the man. To one who was connected in the smallest capacity with Mr. Palmer, to one who had but a glimpse of the daily demands made upon him in the days of his prosperity, of his voluntary anticipation and meeting distress, the man whose hand you touched and whose smile you recall is remembered rather than his public distinction. His employees were always secure with him. He discharged no one. Entirely simple in manners, habits and dress, he conducted his business with a like direct frankness. To scheme was no part of his nature. As a rule, the members of his company were retained, year after year, on verbal contract. Puritan bred and of Presbyterian stock, he was by nature aristocratic, but without the pretensions and affectations that too often accompany superior fortune. His Americanism, which was intense, and his sense of refinement, was too strong for that. Irritable at times, under the pressure of business, he might sharply rebuke stupidity or ill-breeding in a subordinate, but no one under him, in whatever capacity, if esteemed by Mr. Palmer on the side of integrity, worthy intent and self-respect, ever heard a harsh word from him. It should be easily said of every man of ample or overflowing means, that he was charitable or generous, but with him there was not a remnant of sordidness. A defalcation of several thousand dollars,



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THE LATE ALBERT M. PALMER

a material sum to him at the moment, was passed over without a ripple.

His tastes were literary. His library was as remarkable for its selectness as for its extent. While he bought many rare and expensive books, he was not a collector of the merely curiously valuable. In that direction, however, he had one diversion entirely of his own. He saw to it that the history of the Union Square Theatre—during his tenancy of that house—was gathered in the shape of all the playbills, all the criticisms, autobiographies of all the players, signed letters of authors, and everything that had a proper place in such a collection. All this material, the autobiographies being in the handwriting of the subject, were inlaid by Toedberg, famous in his rare craft, on pages of uniform size, and were bound or are ready to be bound into volumes. It is a complete history, absolutely unique, in fact, the only complete record, pictorial and autobiographical, of its kind in the world. These thirty or so volumes are invaluable. To those not familiar with the cost of collecting, some of the items would seem wildly extravagant, but signed personal letters by Dickens and like celebrities can only be procured at a considerable outlay. The cost of the volumes could not have been less than fifteen thousand dollars. A separate and complete history of the theatre forms a volume by itself. The history of every theatre or every manager would hardly be worth such minuteness, but such a collection by Wallack and Daly, Mr. Palmer's immediate contemporaries, would certainly be worth the while.

The future enormous expansion of the American stage will never entirely dim the lustre of Mr. Palmer's career. He began by doing a remarkable thing. He converted a house devoted to variety into the foremost theatre in the city, in popularity and profit, as against famous and experienced rivals, himself wholly inexperienced. He stamped it with refinement and with intelligence in every department, with a startling aptitude to the work in hand. A complete list of his productions during the ten years of management would not convey any adequate idea of the position held by the Union Square Theatre. The moment he left it, judgment, taste, sense, everything vanished. It failed instantly. From 1872 to 1882 were the golden years.

Of course, no manager can altogether compel events. The elements must conspire with him. Thus, some important and romantic history falls to the Union Square. Bartley Campbell had walked the streets of New York, with a dramatic craftsman's brain under his dingy hat, a stout and self-reliant heart buttoned beneath his thin coat, almost laughed at for his confidence and his hopes, not starving, perhaps, but living on a small enough margin, until his play "My Partner," produced at this theatre on September 18, 1879, made him famous and took the wolf from his door. Bartley Campbell was really the first born of American dramatists, in a certain sense. It is true that our drama began to be worthy with Bronson Howard, himself of this period of ten years, but it was the financial success of these two at this theatre that opened up the dramatic field for the best minds in the land.

From 1884 to 1891, Mr. Palmer managed the Madison Square Theatre. There Augustus Thomas came, with "Alabama." From 1890 to 1896 he took the management of Wallack's Theatre, re-christened Palmer's. At the Garden Theatre, Paul Potter first scored with "Trilby."

To describe the magnitude and significance of these successes that made the reputations of these dramatists, to go back to the days of Bronson Howard's "Banker's Daughter," and recount them all, would transcend the limits of this magazine.

What is said here must serve as mere footnotes to the memory of a career which is familiar to us all at this time. Mr. Palmer died at his work. A man without resentments, he gave way to wider, more daring and, no doubt, more business-like methods, and what he lost in active authority he gained in friendships and respect. He would be a sad loser who thought otherwise of this amiable and yet strong man. The funeral services were attended by a great throng of theatre managers, journalists, actors and personal friends. To have been present at the churchly and personal farewell was felt by all in that imposing assemblage to be a simple act of self-respect, to have omitted which would have been not merely a dereliction of duty, but an offense to every sentiment which should govern the living toward the dead, one whose life had been of such benefit to his generation.

"Meister Manoli" and Its Royal Author

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA is world famous under her literary pseudonym, "Carmen Sylva," as a poet and writer of fiction. It is not, however, generally known that she is also a playwright of considerable originality and power. Yet her drama, "Meister Manoli," written some twelve years ago, will shortly be performed by Novelli in Italy, and later it may be seen in England, America and other countries.

Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, was born in Newweid, December 29, 1843. She is the daughter of Prince Hermann of Weid and Princess Maria of Nassau. Her favorite abode (and where she mostly resides) is Castle Pelesch, in Sinia. She was married, in 1861, to King Charles of Roumania, whom she first met at the Court of Berlin. When she began to write, she took the pen name "Carmen Sylva." She has been equally successful with poems, fairy tales, novels and plays.

"Meister Manoli" is a very powerful drama, and is based upon the legend of the man who buried his wife alive, a grewsome tale which the great Roumanian poet, Alexandri, has set to verse. The

poet, however, had probably no idea where Curtea de Argesche—the scene of the crime—was situated, or even if it ever existed, and it was suggested to Carol, Prince of Roumania, to make a search for the wonderful ruins and have them restored.

Count de Nouy was appointed to reconstruct the old church, and for twelve years, under the greatest difficulties, he worked on this wonderful building, which has not its like in the whole world. In searching the foundations, it was discovered that, at different periods, three churches had been erected, one upon another. The first had been begun in the year 1515. The master builder is unknown. One report is that he was an Armenian, another that he was an Italian. The legend states, however, that misfortune continually following the builder, who is called Manoli, he buried his wife alive in the walls as a sort of propitiation to Heaven. Commenting on this strange story, Carmen Sylva, the royal playwright, says:

"I first translated the legend into prose. I worked on it for almost six years. The awful secret of the old Argesche Church, which the first King of Roumania had chosen as his last resting place, worked so



A ROYAL PLAYWRIGHT AT WORK

"Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, composing plays on her typewriter

Grace George in Her New Play "Abigail"



Abigail (Grace George) The Duke (Joseph Coyne)
The Duke: "I'm proposing"



Theodora Robbins (Selene Johnson)



Ruth Benson Grace George Mrs. Hone Joseph Coyne Willis Martin Justine Cutting
The Duke: "The funniest part of it was I didn't get a scratch"



Grace George

THE DANCE IN THE STUDIO

Vivia Ogden
Conway Tearle
Louise Closser

powerfully on my imagination that I had no rest until I tried to fathom out the important events in the life of Prince Neagoc, who had probably ordered this church to be built as an atonement for his sins, for he did away with his nephew in a mysterious way, so that he himself might ascend the throne.

"The story pursued me day and night, until I finally wove its details into a drama of my own. Two difficulties, however, confronted me in the commencement of the work, first, the grim details of the legend, and, second, the query, 'Can a lyrical poet be also a dramatist?' To test my powers in this direction, I first wrote a dialogue entitled 'Dommerung,' which was translated into French by Helen Vacaresco in Paris, and later was given by Mmes. Dudley and Reichemberg, at the Trocadero festival. Count de Lisle was present at its representation, and at the time criticised it most favorably. This gave me courage, and subsequently I founded on it a play entitled, 'Woman's Bravery.' No especial notice was taken of this work, and nothing came of it.

"Unfortunately, I was not in a position to study the details and technique of the stage, which was so necessary for the success of my work. But, notwithstanding these difficulties, I determined to persevere with 'Meister Manoli,' and in trying to fathom the truth as to the immuring of Manoli's wife, I found that there was hardly an ancient church in Europe in which a human being, animal, or effigy of some kind had not been buried alive. In cathedrals, bridges and castles stretching from Bulgaria to Scotland and Sweden, this sinister fact has been verified by the tearing down of old walls.

"For fully ten years I worked, sought and racked my brains upon the subject, and then determined to put the story of 'Meister Manoli' on paper. When the play was finished, I went to London and read my sketch aloud (translating it as I did so) to Sir Henry Irving and Max Muller. Irving wiped the perspiration from his brow, and when I had finished tried to explain that it would be quite impossible for him to present my play before an English public. Such terrible scenes, he said, as the immuring of human beings modern theatregoers would not tolerate, while Max Muller, who was equally discouraging, explained to me that in the end he feared public performances of it would be forbidden by the authorities.

"I next went to Vienna and read my piece to some well-known artists there, among them Herr Sonnenthal. This famous actor at once pronounced himself interested and was quite ready to undertake the Manoli rôle, and suggested sending some one to me to discuss the stage settings, etc. The piece was produced soon after in Vienna. Two years later it was again presented at Leipsic, by Mittenwurz, who played the part of Manoli. But its run was so short that I was forced to look upon my work as a failure. I therefore laid the drama aside, tried to forget it and turned my attention to other work.

"For a long time I did not even glance at the play. Then, one day, contrary to my expectations, there came a new demand for it. The young Roumanian artist, Enesco, came



MISS SELMA HERMAN

Young Western actress who has recently appeared on the New York stage

be used in the production.

SARAH BERNHARDT, interviewed at Naples, thus related the fortunes of her repertoire at Constantinople. "I had six plays in my repertoire: 'Tosca,' 'Phèdre,' 'Fedora,' 'L'Aiglon,' 'La Sorcière' and 'La Dame aux Camélias.' The Turkish censor prohibited five! Five! 'Phèdre,' a Greek subject, was impossible; in 'Fedora' there are Nihilists, impossible to give this play at Constantinople; 'L'Aiglon' would offend Austria; 'La Sorcière' would offend Spain—in fact, in fact, my dear friend, nothing was left me but 'La Dame aux Camélias,' which, thank God, offended no nation. I put on in all haste 'Frou-Frou,' which was also inoffensive. At Athens only 'Fedora' was excluded from my repertoire, because—the Queen of Greece is a Russian."

THE production of Gabriele d'Annunzio's new drama, "The Ship," which was to have taken place at La Scala, Milan, early in the spring, has been indefinitely postponed, for the curious reason that as at this time of the year all the best orchestral musicians, as well as chorus people, would be engaged for other pieces, it would be impossible to give the new work a worthy production.

AN INTERESTING experiment with scenery for the stage treated with a preparation invented by Professor Zamboni, a well-known Italian scientist, was made last month in Milan. The scenery was made of both paper and canvas, painted with specially prepared colors, and the experiment was conducted by the fire department. At the close of the experiment, not only had the absolute non-inflammableness of the scenery been established, but the colors as well had not suffered, and were perfectly fresh.

GERHARDT HAUPTMANN has written a new drama which has not yet been given on any stage. It is based on a novel by Grillparzer, "The Cloister of Sendomir." A monk relates this story to a cavalier who is passing the night in the monastery. Count Starschinsky, a brilliant soldier of the time of Sobieski, married the most beautiful woman of Poland. But the lady Elga was false to him, and nightly met her lover in an old tower. The husband discovers her faithlessness, strangles the lover, and leads his wife to the room, where she sees the corpse, surrounded by candles, after which he becomes a monk, and is the very one who narrates the story.

Hauptmann has dramatized this tale in six scenes dreamed by the cavalier.

MISS HELEN ROYTON
Prima donna in "A China Doll"



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New Dramatic Books

SWORD PLAY FOR ACTORS. A Manual of Stage Fencing. By F. G. Blakeslee. Illustrated: New York. M. W. Hazen Co.

In these days, when the sword drama was never more in evidence on the boards, such a book as this is almost a necessity to the ambitious leading man. The author contributed an interesting article on "Famous Stage Fights" to the pages of this magazine some months ago, and he is an acknowledged authority on his subject. Mimic sword play differs essentially from that of actual combat, in that the swordsmen, instead of striving to injure each other, have to be careful to avoid accidents. Safety, therefore, is the chief thing to be kept in mind when learning stage fencing. Many of the attacks, writes Mr. Blakeslee, used by fencers in the *salle d'armes*, where they have the protection of the mask and plastron, should never be employed on the stage, on account of the risk of accidental injury connected with them, while many of the attacks rarely used in the fencing room are admirably adapted for the stage. The book covers the important points of the different schools of fencing, ancient and modern, with elaborate technical descriptions of the different attacks as taught by such famous masters as Senac, Gouspy, Vauthier, Maury and Malchien. The author points out that besides its usefulness as a stage accomplishment, fencing is one of the most healthful of exercises, for it not only makes one graceful, but develops an erect carriage, a quick eye and active brain. It is interesting to note that the author includes Egerton Castle, the well known novelist, among the expert masters of the art of fencing, while he makes no mention of Anthony Hope or Booth Tarkington. There is an elaborate description of the fight in "Hamlet," concerning which the author says:

"Perhaps no combat in any of Shakespeare's plays is so often incorrectly presented as the fencing scene in 'Hamlet.' This should never be played with modern foils, but with blunted rapiers and daggers. The modern foil represents the short sword, which was not in existence when this play was written. The foils mentioned by the dramatist were blunted swords, such as were in common use in the fencing rooms of his time."

The book is profusely illustrated with half-tone cuts, showing different methods of attack and parry. Altogether, a very interesting book.

MODERN MONOLOGUES. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Chicago and New York: The Dramatic Publishing Co.

No doubt all these monologues are useful for the purposes of platform entertainment. As bright as some of them are, it is at once apparent, on reading them, that the aim of the writer was not literature, but entertainment conveyed largely by the magnetism, as it is called, of the speaker, and by the animated business supplied by a capable performer. The proper delivering of them, to give them life, evidently requires some command of the art of acting and of elocution; but their levity would not make any great demand upon art, other than that at the command of any one engaged in this particular form of entertaining who had gained address, adroitness and spontaneity in setting forth the little incidents of life in this form. The talks at the telephone are amusing, and some of the monologues make points



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that would evoke laughter in an audience, but literature there is not.

PLAYERS AND VAGABONDS. By Viola Roseboro. New York and London: The Macmillan Co.

The book contains nine stories of unequal merit. While the style is diffuse to a degree, the stories seem to be based on actual experiences in travelling with a theatrical company, and will be found of interest to those who see romance connected with the stage. If the managers and actors involved in its pages are intended to be reproductions, in character, of stage figures familiar to the present reading public, they are too thickly veiled to be recognized. The writer has no old scores to settle, and is thoroughly amiable, from which it may be assumed that the stories are in the main, fiction.

Books Received

DE PROFUNDIS. By Oscar Wilde. With portrait. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Revival of "London Assurance"

Before the termination of Miss Ellis Jeffreys' present New York engagement she will appear in a revival of "London Assurance." This famous old comedy by Dion Boucicault will be produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre by Liebler & Co., between April 1st and 5th, with this special cast:

Sir Harcourt Courtley, Eben Plympton; Max Harkaway, Wm. H. Thompson; Charles Courtley, Ben Webster; Dolly Spanker, Jos. Wheelock, Jr.; Dazzle, Henry E. Dixey; Meddle, Murray Carson; Cool, Herbert Sleath; Lady Gay Spanker, Ellis Jeffreys; Grace Harkaway, Ida Conquest; Pert, Kate Phillips.

The production will be staged under the personal direction of Charles Cartwright.

Miss Jeffreys' Lady Gay Spanker will be awaited with interest, for the rôle gives opportunity for the display of her qualities in comedy in which she attained distinction at the Haymarket Theatre, London.

"London Assurance" was first produced March 4, 1841, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London. Its first presentation in New York occurred October 11th of the same year at the Park Theatre. The piece ran for several hundred nights and was revived on various occasions. Many of the most noted players of a generation ago were identified with productions of the play.

Among the Amateurs

The University of Michigan Deutscher Verein presented the play "Flachsmann als Erzieher" in the Campus Theatre (Sarah Caswell Angell Hall) on March 6. The cast was as follows:

Flachsmann, Mr. Laner; Flemming, Gordon Mendelssohn; Dierhs, Ernst Schmitz; Vogelsang, Mr. Knight; Weidenbaum, Mr. Lowenberg; Rieman, Mr. Nagelvoort; Römer, Mr. Sohns; Prof. Dr. Prell, Mr. Neumarker; Negendank, Mr. Goodrich; Inspector Bröseche, Mr. Schottstaedt; Max Dormann, Wiltrud Hildner; Karl Jeusen, Egmont Hildner; Frau Dörmann, Frl. Miller; Betty Sturhahn, Frl. Schertz; Gisa Holm, Frl. Olney.

"Flachsmann als Erzieher" was the second play to be given in the new Campus Theatre. That the student body appreciates the new home for college theatricals is shown by the splendid audience which greeted the players. A plan is under consideration to take the play to Detroit, Saginaw and other nearby cities.

Russian Actors in New York

Under the auspices of Charles Frohman the St. Petersburg Dramatic Company gave a matinee performance at the Herald Square Theatre, on Thursday, March 23. This is the troupe of players which was expelled from Russia for presenting there the drama in three acts by Eugene Tschirikoff, entitled "The Chosen People."

Leiser Frankel finds, to his horror, that Lia, his daughter, has followed the example of her elder sister, and has given her heart to a Christian, and that his only son, Boruch, a student expelled from the university for joining in socialistic agitations, is abetting his sister in her secret understanding with her non-Jewish lover. Towering above these is Nachmann, the schoolmaster and Zionist leader, gathering still greater strength from his discovery that he is the champion of a losing cause.

And all through there is heard the under-tone of the storm rambling without, coming nearer and nearer, threatening death and disaster. One might say that the real protagonist of the piece is not Frankel, nor Lia, nor even Nachmann, but the spectre of panic fear that stalks grimly through the unfolding scenes. In the third act one sees Kishineff, with human beings scurrying to their hiding places like rats to their holes; rapine, murder, and the suicide that prefers death to dishonor.

The great success of McIlhenny's Tabasco, both as a relish and as a digestive agent has caused numerous imitations to be put upon the market, many of which consist simply of diluted tomato catsup, heavily charged with cayenne pepper, which any physician will tell you is a dangerous irritant and should be avoided. The genuine McIlhenny's Tabasco is a most excellent corrective and aids the digestive organs in their work. Therefore, always be sure when you use Tabasco that it is McILHENNY'S—the original—in use nearly half a century by the leading hotels, restaurants and best families of the land. It gives a fine, spicy, piquant flavor to soups, roasts, fish, oysters, sauces, etc.

Queries Answered

H. E., New York City.—Q.—Will you please publish a picture of William Bramwell? A.—See our issue for February, 1903.

E. M. S.—Q.—Where can I get reliable criticisms of "The Duke of Killicrankie," "Raffles" and "The Fortunes of the King"? A.—See THEATRE MAGAZINE for October, 1904, December, 1903, and November, 1902.—Q.—Will you publish scenes from "The Little Minister" and a criticism of that play? A.—It is now too old a story.

A Reader of THE THEATRE.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Frank Mills? A.—We may do so shortly.

J. C. G., City.—Q.—Have you on sale a photograph of Mrs. James Brown Potter? A.—We have not.

F. A. T., West Philadelphia, Pa.—Q.—Is the picture, "A First Night at the Empire Theatre," a composite picture or an original? A.—It is a composite.

"361 L. M."—Q.—In what play is Brandon Tynan going to star? A.—We do not think he is to star in any play next season. His address is care of David Belasco, this city.

F. C., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—Are the Lulu Glaser, Robert Edson and "The College Widow" companies coming to San Francisco before summer? A.—None of the attractions mentioned have any idea at present of visiting the Pacific Coast.

B. B.—Q.—Where is Frank Monroe, formerly of "The Virginian" playing? A.—He was in that organization when we last heard from it.

A Subscriber, Columbus, Ohio.—Q.—When does William Gillette's engagement in New York begin? A.—He is now at the Empire Theatre, this city. Q.—Will he remain there until this present season closes? A.—It is uncertain. Q.—Are you going to have any articles or pictures of Mr. Gillette in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Who is his manager? A.—Charles Frohman. Q.—Can you tell when Sothern & Marlowe will play in Columbus? A.—Late in the spring. They probably will be in your city about the time you read this.

B. S., St. Paul, Minn.—Q.—What is Julia Marlowe's present address? A.—Care of Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, this city. Q.—Are Sothern & Marlowe booked for St. Paul? A.—Not at present.

K. B. C.—Q.—Is Lillian Green, former prima donna, "King Dodo," living? A.—She is traveling with some musical organization.

H. W. O., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—What is the best way to get a vaudeville play produced? A.—Make personal application to J. Austin Fynes, manager for F. F. Proctor, Fifth Avenue Theatre, or apply to the Vaudeville Agency, St. James Building, 27th Street and Broadway, this city.

V. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—Q.—Under whose management is E. S. Willard appearing in this country? A.—Charles Frohman's.

K. M.—Q.—Is Vincent Serrano's wife on the stage? A.—No.

E. A. J., Grand Rapids, Mich.—Q.—How long after their initial performance at Grand Rapids did Louis James and Frederick Warde continue to play in "Alexander the Great"? A.—Write to their managers, Wagenhalls & Kemper, Broadway Theatre Building, this city.

G. E. T., Taunton, Mass.—Q.—Can you tell me who are the publishers of a book by Amy Leslie, entitled, "Some Players"? A.—We do not know. Q.—Have you ever had an interview with Miss Annie Russell. A.—See our issue for January, 1902.

C. M. S.—Q.—Will you publish scenes from "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" and a picture of William Courtenay? A.—See our issues for February, 1905, and June, 1904.

A. A. B., N. B., Canada.—Q.—Kindly let me know where Carl Eckstrom is? A.—He is now playing in the cast of "The Shepherd King" at the New York Theatre, this city.

B. N. D., New Orleans, U. S. A.—Q.—Is there now on the market a device for automatically changing the colored screens held before arc lamps for projecting the light of the stage? A.—There is such a device and if you write to Universal Stage Lighting Company, Kliegl Bros., 1393 Broadway, Metropolitan Electric Stage Lighting Company, 123 West 40th Street, all of this city, you will get the information you desire.

J. W., Roslindale, Mass.—Q.—To whom should I apply for a position as understudy? A.—The stage manager is the proper person to apply to for such a position.

A. M. E., New York.—Q.—Will William Bramwell be in New York again this season? A.—He has already played in this city this season. Q.—What do Edna Phillips and Laura Hope Crews expect to do next season? A.—We are not advised as to their movements. Laura Hope Crews is now in vaudeville with Henry Miller.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—How long has Viola Allen been starring? A.—About eight years. Q.—What is her greatest success. A.—Glory Quayle, in "The Christian." Q.—Will you have an interview with Miss Allen? A.—See our February, 1903, issue.

R. A. D., Hackensack, N. J.—Q.—Could you give the addresses of any firms that deal in stage costumes? A.—Mme. Crane, 592 Seventh Avenue; Eaves, 226 W. 41st Street; Mme. Freisinger, 127 W. 41st Street, all of this city.

I. A.—Q.—When does Maxine Elliott expect to return to New York and in what play? A.—She will play one engagement before the close of the present season at one of the Broadway theatres.

A Subscriber, San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—Is James K. Hackett expected to come to San Francisco? A.—We do not think so. Q.—Are Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Drina De Wolfe, coming to San Francisco? A.—None of them intend visiting your city this season. Q.—Who is the wife of Robert Drouet? A.—His wife is a non-professional. Q.—Who is considered the best-looking man on the stage? A.—Such questions are trivial.

Economy, Pa.—Q.—Did Isabel Irving play last season in Arizona? A.—She did not. Q.—Which character in the play, "The Girl from Kays" was called Piggy? A.—The character is that of Hoggenheimer, played by Sam Bernard.

"Rex," Paterson, N. J.—Q.—Will a letter addressed to a syndicate star on the road reach them if addressed care of Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre? A.—Yes. Q.—If I send twenty-five cents will you mail me any back numbers of THE THEATRE? A.—Upon receipt of the price, namely: (1901), \$1.50; (1902), 75 cents; (1903) 50 cents; (1904) 35 cents; (1905) 25 cents, we will send any back numbers of THE THEATRE. Q.—Will Maude Adams play in anything else this year? A.—Only in what she is now appearing.

A Reader.—Q.—Will you give me the titles and publishers' addresses of the most reliable books on the arts of play writing, acting and make-up? A.—Write to Samuel French, 24 West 22d Street, New York city. Read W. T. Price's "Technique of the Drama." It is invaluable.

R. F., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Are Klaw & Erlanger still running the free dramatic school for stage-struck girls? A.—They did open such a school, but soon closed it. Q.—Is there such a thing of its kind in Chicago? A.—We do not know of any in Chicago. Q.—How much would it cost to go through a dramatic school? A.—The price charged depends upon the length of time one continues, generally from \$300 to \$500. Q.—Will Klaw and Erlanger put out a new musical comedy this spring? A.—We do not know. Q.—What is Klaw and Erlanger's address? A.—Amsterdam Theatre, West 42d Street, New York city.

J. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—What is Julia Marlowe's summer address in full? A.—Highmount, N. Y.

G. H. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—How could I make myself known to managers of stock companies in regard to a position for impersonating different nationalities? A.—Not having been on the stage and with a good responsible company you would have much difficulty in getting such a position. Go to a first-class dramatic agent and see what he can do for you.

J. Mac B., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Is Harry Woodruff still on



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the stage? A.—He is at present the leading man at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, this city, having taken Edwin Arden's position. Q.—Would you publish a picture of Wm. Bramwell, preferably in "Captain Barrington"? A.—Perhaps.

E. M. H., New York city.—Q.—Is Dustin Farnum coming here this season and in what play? A.—He is with the "Virginian" until the season closes and he does not come to New York with it again.

R. E. W., Cleburne, Texas.—Q.—Where may one learn buck and wing dancing? A.—John Hogan, care of Elks Hall, 59th Street and Broadway, and Wilson, 256 W. 23d Street, both teach dancing.

M. E. W., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—What is the address of a concern who criticize plays and dramatizations? A.—Write to W. T. Price, 1440 Broadway, New York.

E. B., Manhattan. Q.—Where and in what play is Miss Helen Singer? A.—Write to Mittenthal, care of Knickerbocker Theatre, who will forward a letter to her or tell you the company she is with.

B. S., Minneapolis, Minn.—Q.—Will Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe be in Minneapolis this spring? A.—It is not their present intention of visiting your city.

A. W., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Could you give me the address of the following: Hauptmann, Rostand, Pinero, Jones, Shaw, Ibsen, Phillips and Sudermann? A.—Letters sent to the care of the London Era, Strand, London, England, will reach them.

E. S.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Edwin Arden and Miss Isabelle Evesson in private dress? A.—See issues for September, 1902, and Christmas, 1904. Q.—Has Mr. Edwin Arden played the part of Bunny in "Raffles"? A.—He never appeared in that play.

M. M., Montreal, Quebec.—Q.—Is Margaret Sylva married? A.—She is Mrs. W. D. Mann in private life. Q.—In what company is she at present? A.—Now in Nice, France, resting.

Mary B.—Q.—When and where was Edwin Arden born? A.—He was born in St. Louis, Mo. His right name is Hunter Smith and he is the son of Arden R. Smith, once a newspaper man in St. Louis. Was afterwards manager for Thomas W. Keene. Q.—What is his wife's maiden name? A.—Mr. Arden married Tom Keene's daughter, whose maiden name was Agnes. Q.—Have you published an interview with Mr. Arden? A.—We have not. Q.—Was he ever the manager of a stock company and when? A.—Mr. Arden had a stock company in Washington, and has managed a traveling combination. He is the author of the play entitled "The Eagle's Nest."

Renie. Q.—Is the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans" still on the road? A.—The company is still on the road and was, the second week in March, touring the South. Q.—When will the tour end? A.—The season will close in May. Q.—Have you published pictures of Kyle Bellevue, James O'Neill and James O'Neill, Jr.? A.—Often. Q.—How long has James O'Neill, Jr., been on the stage and in what plays? A.—James O'Neill has been on the stage since he was seventeen years of age. Among the many plays he has acted in was Iclius, "Forrest's Virginian." Was with Adelaide Neilson, Edwin Booth, "The Passion Play" in California, D'Artagnan in "The Musketeers," "Monte Cristo." Was with Charlotte Cushman and in the stock company at Union Square Theatre, this city.

E. L.—Q.—Has Edwin Arden played at any time in "Raffles," as a substitute for Mr. Elliott, who played the part of Bunny? A.—We never heard of his acting in that play.

Subscriber, Westchester, N. Y.—Q.—Is it true that Miss Maude Adams has just finished her farewell engagement and is going to retire from stage life? There is no truth in such a rumor. Q.—Is Lionel Adams related to Miss Adams? A.—Some relative, we believe. Q.—In what number of THE THEATRE are there scenes from "The Little Minister"? A.—We have not published any.

B. T., N. J.—Q.—Has Edwin Arden got a son? A.—He has no son, but has a daughter about sixteen years of age. Q.—Is his wife on the stage at present? A.—See answer to "Mary B." Q.—Is Miss Isabelle Evesson, leading lady of Proctor's Fifth Avenue, married? A.—The lady is not married. Q.—Is it necessary to take a course through the dramatic school to go on the stage? A.—It is not necessary to take lessons at any school to go on the stage. Q.—Is Wallace Erskine, of Proctor's Fifth Avenue Stock Company, married? A.—He is not.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Who played Dorothy to John Drew's Richard Carvel the season it was at the Empire Theatre? A.—Ida Conquest acted Dorothy. Q.—In what is Harry Woodruff now playing? A.—See answer to J. MacB.

J. S. P.—Q.—Are there agencies in New York city that make a specialty of getting church positions for singers, in New York or nearby towns? A.—Yes, see the musical trade papers.

J. C. V.—Q.—Where is William G. Stewart and in what is he playing? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is the President of The Professional Woman's League the wife of Colwin Arden? A.—She is the present President of the Professional Woman's League. Q.—Where can I address her? A.—108 West 45th Street, this city, is the address of the League. Q.—What is Edwin Arden's real name? A.—See answer to "Mary B." Q.—Do you intend publishing an interview with him? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Do you know what his plans are for next year? A.—We do not know what he will do next season.

W. W., Long Island city.—Q.—In what issue of THE THEATRE did you publish pictures of the following plays: "Checkers," March, 1904; "The Music Master," November, 1904.

E. R.—Q.—Have you published scenes from "Du Barry" and "Her Own Way"? A.—See our issues for February, May and September, 1902, and November, 1903.

M. F. M.—Q.—At what theatre did "The Way of the World" play? A.—At the Victoria Theatre. Q.—Did Drina de Wolfe ever act in that play? A.—Not that we know of, but Miss Elsie de Wolfe did. Q.—Are you sure that Drina de Wolfe was never on the stage before appearing at Mrs. Osborn's playhouse? A.—Possibly, but in obscure parts. Q.—What year was Mrs. Osborn's playhouse in existence? A.—1902.

H. G. B., Boston.—Julia Marlowe's right name is Sarah Frances Frost, Brough being a family name and assumed for the stage during the early part of her career. It is a coincidence that her first assumed name, "Fanny Brough" should also be the name of the gifted English actress playing with John Drew this season. John Bruff was the name of her father, who kept a saloon in Cincinnati in 1877. She took the name of Marlowe afterwards for stage purposes. She was also known as Sarah Frances Frost. The Court of Common Pleas in this city gave her permission to change her name.

A. A. A., Buffalo.—We do not know the address you ask for.

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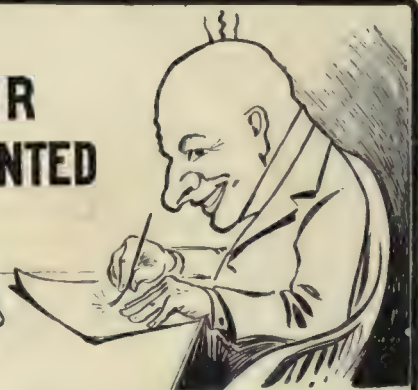
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New York's Great Hippodrome

It is somewhat odd that, enterprising as the American showman is, no attempt until now has been made to introduce in America the permanent circus, or hippodrome, so long a popular amusement feature on the Continent of Europe. The winter circus and the summer circus are not, indeed, so fashionable in Paris as they were fifty years ago, but the decline of these once famous resorts is due less to the circus form of entertainment itself as to the fact that more modern and up-to-date rival establishments have eclipsed them. The magnificent hippodrome in the Avenue de l'Alma is itself a thing of the past, but the Nouveau Cirque, with its novel water tank and comic or thrilling aquatic performances set a pace that soon outdistanced old time competitors. London soon followed suit with her Hippodrome, closely copied after the Paris Nouveau Cirque, and since then has been built the splendid Coliseum. Now New York boasts of a similar place of amusement, and in size, at least, can give points to some of its foreign rivals. Thompson & Dundy, two young men who won a fortune from the barren sands of Coney Island, conceived the idea of a Hippodrome for New York, and erected the imposing structure now completed on the Sixth Avenue block between Forty-third and Forty-fourth Streets.

The New York Hippodrome is not copied after the old world structures, nor is it expected to house the same form of entertainment. Thompson & Dundy are advancing along original lines, inasmuch as the Hippodrome will not be an in-door circus, as all the hippodromes in Europe are, but will blend the best acts of circus with spectacle, pantomime, vaudeville, musical comedy, drama, zoologic and aquatic performances.

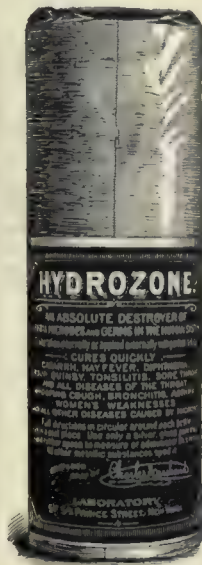
The length of the building on the Sixth Avenue side is two hundred feet, occupying the entire block, and it extends two hundred and forty feet toward Fifth Avenue. It is one hundred and ten feet high in the rear and seventy-two feet high along Sixth Avenue. In its capacious interior are found seats to accommodate 5,200 persons, promenades, a café and restaurant, lounging rooms, a stage one hundred and ten feet deep by two hundred feet wide, which is large enough to hold the entire body and stage of almost any other New York theatre.

Mr. Thompson, of the firm, is a practical electrician and mechanic with a genius for invention. The amazing effects in light and color he produced at Luna Park made him famous. In construction, appliance and manipulation the stage which Mr. Thompson has installed in the Hippodrome is novel throughout and original with him. Properly its depth is fifty feet, but an "apron," which has been made part of it, extends sixty feet into the body of the playhouse. On this are produced the water spectacles of whose novelty and beauty the American who has not been abroad has no conception, and it will be devoted, too, largely to the circus department of the enterprise. Two circus rings of the regulation forty-two feet diameter occupy it when it is not in use for the water scenes.

There is no "gridiron" on the Hippodrome stage. The massive scenery, some of which weighs as much as ten tons, works to and fro in pockets at the sides of the auditorium. In all other theatres the movement is a vertical one. Mr. Thompson has installed a system of electric cranes which pick the pieces up bodily and convey them to and fro with no apparent effort. Human hands play little part in the stage operation. Weighing unencumbered, about 460,000 pounds, the platform of the stage is controlled by hydraulics and counter-weights. The reservoir is twelve feet deep, one hundred and sixty feet long and sixty feet wide.

Thompson & Dundy have made their house comfortable. The chairs are twenty-one inches wide. No occupant feels the cramped sensation which the seventeen-inch seats of ordinary playhouses engender. Behind fourteen rows of orchestra seats are the stalls seen in European theatres. Then come a line of boxes encircling the promenade in which smoking will be allowed. It will be confined, however, entirely to this section of the house and to these boxes.

The performance in the Hippodrome is a combination of all that one may see in all types of other theatres. There will be two parts to the entertainment, "A Yankee Circus on Mars" and "Andersonville, or, The Wilson Raiders." In the first the opening scene discloses a traveling circus in financial misfortune, and the performance is progressing with a feigned air of gayety, the freaks and side show "spielers" are performing for the edification of the rustic visitors. The sheriff appears with an attachment. There is an auction sale with all the air of the nomadic fascination of the country circus "lot," and finally, a messenger appears from the planet Mars and buys in the outfit. The shift of the scene to the Palace of the Martian King discloses the first of the spectacular surprises. There, in the royal courtyard, is given the circus performance in which are employed the aerial acrobatic and equestrian marvels of the world.



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The gown shown in Fig. 1 is of light gray material, with an almost invisible check, a distinguishing feature is the blouse back, above postillion ends. This, of course, is a trying style for any save tall, svelte figures. The woman who is in the least inclined to embonpoint dares never a fancy touch or bit of trimming on the back of her bodice.

Fig. 2 is a charming model frock in pastel blue Burlingham. The sleeves are double puffed affairs and the bands of self material on the skirt have a circular shape below the knee. For wear over a lingerie blouse this is a very smart gown.

Tailored gowns of voile or veiling, made up over bright plaids are seen and will probably become all too popular. Fads of this sort invariably run themselves into the ground, for cheap imitations spring up which, while they are self-evident, are nevertheless dampening to the ardor of the smart woman who wants exclusive modes.

Check voiles in light tans and grays will be made up over plain-toned taffeta, and these veiling frocks are sure to be liked because they depart somewhat from the severity of the plain "tailor made," and may be used as afternoon frocks.

While voile is the material for out-of-door gowns, it is also greatly worn for indoor costumes. Among the trousseau of an Easter bride was seen a house gown of gray-blue voile trimmed with moiré silk and chiffon taffeta in the same shade. The bodice had a yoke effect produced by a curiously full ruffle of the moiré applied in such a way that it resembled a full flat puff. A similar ruffle was applied lower down on the bodice. Both of these ruffles came nearly together on the right side where the voile opened to show a pleated insertion of chiffon. At the ends of the ruffles there were choux effects in moiré.

Two more of the ruffles were shown on the sleeves, above long, drooping puffs of voile to the elbows, from which point the sleeves were mousquetaire and made of the moiré. The skirt had a tight fitting yoke, the sheen of the blue-gray silk showing through the voile. Just below the knees were two narrow ruffles of moiré, and the trailing skirt had a shaped section like an applied flounce, except that it was flat. It was made of the blue-gray chiffon taffeta, and was graduated to half the length of the skirt in the back, rounding out to eighteen inches in the centre of the front.

Chiffon taffeta is really an excellent material for dressy occasions. It makes very charming blouses and shirt waist suits, and needs no trimming save embellishment of self shirrings applied in various designs upon the skirt, about the hips or knees and on the waist in scalloped yoke or vest effect.

Particularly adapted to morning wear are the fine blue and

white silks. These may be trimmed with narrow braid and answer also for informal wear in the afternoon. One's summer wardrobe should contain at least one shirt waist suit of white pongee or taffeta. Better than taffeta are some of the heavier silks in white, which color will be more worn than ever during the warm months. Loose weave materials like tweed are very smart for this purpose and they are made up with or without linings. A very smart frock from a Fifth Avenue modiste was of light weight, loose woven tweed in cream white. One might have called it a basket weave, and it was made up over sheer white linen. It was a coat and skirt suit, and the glimpse of dainty linen lining as the coat was thrown back, was really very chic. These tweeds and loose weave materials are seen in grays, tans and creams, with invisible plaidings in lines of white or deeper tone of self color. They are made up in coat and skirt or shirtwaist suits and are quite the smartest thing shown for summer. The thought of the dainty linen linings

brings with it a suggestion of a charming Parisian frock only just imported. It is of daintiest rose pink linen with an untrimmed skirt and a blouse cut in a broad V at the throat and having short sleeves ending at the elbow. Under the blouse is a bodice of sheer openwork batiste, showing as a gümpe and undersleeves. There are broad turn back collar and cuffs, scalloped on the edges and buttonholed in heavy linen; a scarf of black silk is knotted under the collar, with soft, flowing ends, which gives the unmistakable French touch to the costume.

The Elizabethan figure continues to be the vogue. There must be a geometrically straight line from the bust to the point of the girdle. This effect is had usually by means of the sashet pad, sometimes heart shaped and usually of delicately colored satin, containing the wearer's favorite sashet.

Skirts are wider and much gored, often having as many as twenty-five seams. An attractive skirt is made of alternate box and side pleats, one double pleat and three single ones, and so on around the entire skirt. Another good-looking model is tucked at the waist into spaces of four inches, then bands four inches long, pointed at the ends, are attached with the skirt; fullness starting from these straps. This is a variation from the all-pervading pleated effect. All skirts have plain effects over the hips. Three tiered skirts are seen especially in checked materials. A notable model was in champagne and white. The ruffles are almost plain in front most of the fullness being gathered at the back. A good and effective idea is to edge each ruffle with a narrow band of plain material of the same color as the check. The unbecoming check effect may be relieved on the bodice by a chemisette and a small sailor collar of heavy lace, with a girdle of plain cloth.

A smart frock for early summer is of reseda green taffeta, having straps of cloth, braided with soutache, encircling the base of the full skirt. The corsage has a high draped belt, meeting broad braided green cloth bretelles. The sleeves are



Gray mixed walking gown with guimp trimming



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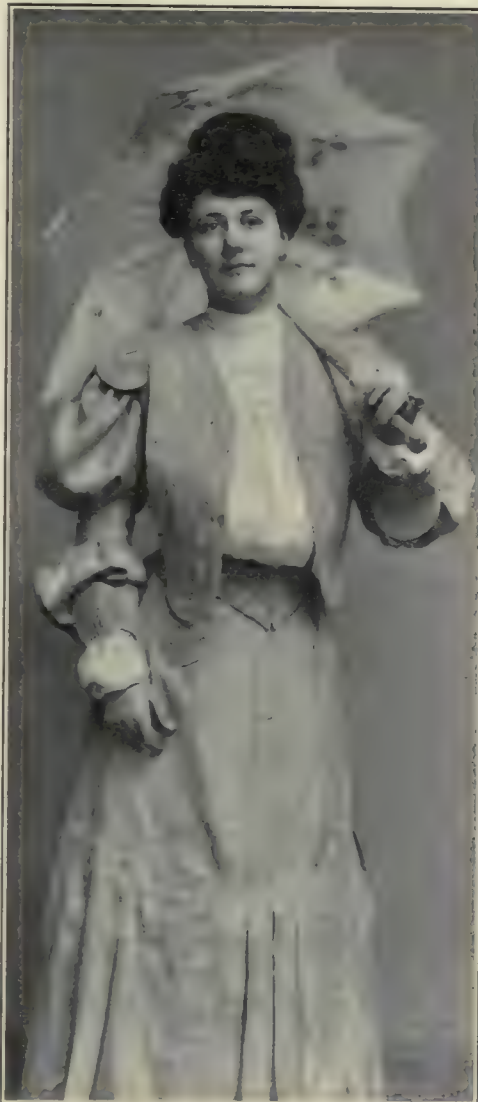
Another coat and skirt suit, which is really very good,



Postilion back with bloused effect

is of light tan etamine. The skirt is box plaited and each pleat is trimmed on the outer fold with a braiding in brown. The coat revers are of champagne velvet, spotted with pin dots in brown.

Among the traveling garments which will be in vogue for the coming summer, the Japanese pongee coats are seen. These are often elaborately embroidered and cut full length, either box-shaped or fitted. The Rajah and Burlingham weaves are also very smart for tourists'



Tailored frock of heavy pastel blue Burlingham silk, posed by Miss Isabel Plunkett of Lew Fields' Theatre

wraps. One sees them with deep collar and cuffs embroidered with raised dragons and Japanese temples. Some of the plain tailored coat-gowns are being made of black cloth with a high lustre. Velvet coats will also



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The Greatest Pleasure Palace in the World

is the story of the recently completed New York Hippodrome, with illustrations of the building, the mechanism of the wonderful stage and a few of the many attractions that are offered to the people. The size of this building is such that both the Hippodrome of Paris and that of London could be placed within the auditorium.

The Making of Roulette Wheels and Tables

is a paper of more than unusual interest, as the manufactory of these delicately constructed articles has been shrouded in mystery. The article is illustrated.

A Wonder World of Papier Maché

is a marvel of photographic illustration and brings the reader in touch not only with the secrets of the theatrical properties but with the very gods worshiped in the temples of India.

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be worn with a skirt of contrasting color. The little Louis Sixteenth jackets with deep cuffs and ruffles of lace will also have unquestioned vogue.

These are especially good for afternoon wear and dainty skirts of chiffon or lace are worn with them. Various materials are used for the jackets; some are in plain silks, others are in the pompadour patterns; often they are trimmed with tiny rhinestone buttons.

While the skirt and bodice to match are demanded by Dame Fashion, the separate blouse is still with us and likely to remain because of its utility. Some of the big shops are showing most elaborate models of chiffon silk and liberty satin, exquisitely embellished with thread-like lace over mousseline, or unlined. Those shown in the illustration are from Saks & Co., and very smart examples of the mode.

Number 1 is made of flesh-colored liberty satin, with fine lace motifs. Number 2 is of the same material in delicate blue, while number three is what the fair feminine owner will designate a "simple white china silk blouse." It is marked at twenty-odd dollars, while the other two beautiful blouses sell for respectively thirty and fifty dollars each.

At this same shop many exquisite designs are being shown at smaller prices, while special models bring still higher. Odd blouses are made now of flowered silks, one charming design was light-colored, with a bolero and elbow sleeves. Flounces of soft lace fell from the tatter and the under part was of soft mousseline to match the flower in the bolero. Ribbon girdles and knotted ribbons around the elbow added a pretty finishing touch.

A lovely crepe de chine matinee blouse was of pale blue with an unseamed back. The material was drawn up in front to the centre of the bust, where it formed a knot under a stiff bow of chiffon velvet of the same shade. A narrow cravat of the velvet was tied at the base of the throat. The entire front was a mass of cream "val" ruffles on a chiffon foundation. The elbow sleeves were slashed and buttoned with three fancy buttons, the lace frill rippling down the outside of the arm and then around.

A good design in an all lace waist is made to fasten under the arms. Broad velvet bands hang from the shoulders and two more cross these and go around the figure. Velvet cuffs flare at the elbow and lace hangs down from them. The belt is also of velvet. This might be made up in black lace or in net.

The short skirt, or what the French people call the "trottoir" is a recognized feature of smart wardrobes now. For a long time this sensible and practical garment struggled vainly for recognition in correctly dressed circles, but it was regarded as a plebeian intruder and frowned upon accordingly. Now every one is wearing the ankle length skirt for walking and, not content with its establishment for out-of-door service, it is endeavoring to be received in the ballroom. Indeed, many, if not most, of the new dancing frocks are being cut round, or "1830" length.

For the girl with a pretty ankle this fashion will be a welcome innovation. Dinner frocks are still made according to regulation evening length. The round length gowns for dancing are made close fitting around the hips, with a very full flare at the hem.

ANNA MARBLE.

SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH

Sarah Bernhardt, in a recent interview, laughingly alluded to herself as an apostle of youthfulness, and called attention to the widespread activity among American women, both in professional and private life, in following her example. It is now considered almost a crime to grow old before one's time. Actresses know very well the practical value of a youthful appearance and women in general are now striving just as hard toward the same end. It is considered as important for a woman to retain the admiration of a husband as of a public audience.

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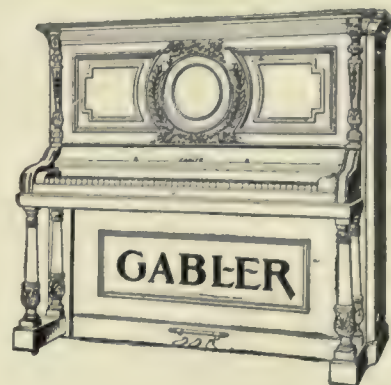
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Only the best and highest class productions available in the stock field to-day are considered worthy of being offered patrons of the Empire Theatre. For instance, during the week of February 27, Bertha Garland's success, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," was produced at this theatre for the first time by any stock company. It was secured by Manager Weisman, and its production was one of the most brilliant events of the season at the Empire. And this is but one instance. Seldom in the history of stock productions in America has such a series of high-class, expensive and meritorious plays been produced in rapid succession, as is now being presented at the Empire Theatre. Productions at this house are as nearly perfect from an artistic and scenic standpoint as talent and ingenuity, combined with the liberal expenditure of money, can make them. Harry McRae Webster, the stage director, has achieved many triumphs in the productions he has staged and with the able assistance of Scenic Artist Gustav Schell, the most gorgeous and perfect scenic equipment is always provided.

The orchestra, under the skilled direction of Mr. Fred Neddermeyer, deserves especial mention, for not only the leader but every member is a true artist, and the weekly musical programs are feasts of delightful harmony. Frank Camp and Mr. Charles Waldron, the leading men, and Miss Ida Adair, the leading woman, have had wide experience and unusual talents. They have all become extremely popular with Columbus theatre goers. And, indeed, this can be said emphatically of every member of the company.

Louisville, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 10.—Louisville has had so many good plays spoiled by second and third rate companies this season, that a good company or actor presenting a high-class play is thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. During the month of February, Macauley's Theatre offered such high-class productions as Chas. Hawtry, in "A Message from Mars;" Maxine Elliott, in "Her Own Way;" Wm. Crane, in "Business is Business;" and Wm. Gillette, in "The Admiral Crichton." Of these, Chas. Hawtry and Maxine Elliott made the most decided hits. Miss Elliott was greatly admired, and with her excellent support, it is no wonder that she has proven one of the successes of the season.

At the Masonic, Miss Ruth Peebles, in "The Seminary Girl," proved a popular attraction. Miss Peebles made a coy and charming school maid, while the rest of the company took their parts acceptably. The scenery is new and unique, and the costumes pretty. This company is en route for New York, where it hopes to make a hit. Miss Florence Bindley, in "The Street Singer," was only fair. The piece smacks too much of the "blood and thunder" type to please the Masonic audiences, and is too much drama and not enough music. However, the "Diamond Dress," of Vaudeville fame, worn by Miss Bindley during the third act, proved a drawing card. Harry Brown, in "David Harum," also made a hit. While most of us can think only of Crane in this celebrated rôle, Mr. Brown made an acceptable David, and filled the house during his engagement. "York State Folks" pleased audiences, and its simple story never fails to interest.

Hopkins' seems to increase in popularity with each succeeding week. This is the first strictly

vaudeville house Louisville has ever had, and it deserves its remarkable success. Paul Conchas easily tops the list of head-liners, and his wonderful act of catching great shells and thirteen-pound cannon balls on the nape of his neck, is the most daring ever witnessed in this city. Next to Conchas, Katheryne Osterman, Flo Adler, and the Ford Sisters proved most popular. The Ford Sisters are now in their second week, and their clever dancing pleases large audiences at every performance.

At the Avenue, "A Race for Life," "The Flaming Arrow," and "The Streets of New York," give their audiences all the thrills and nerve-tingles that they could wish for. This house gives its patrons what they want, and as a result draws the best crowds of any theatre in the city.

During Miss Elliott's engagement at Macauleys, a panic was narrowly averted. During the second act, a fuse in the gallery burned out, and soon the smoke began to descend into the pit of the theatre. Immediately, the entire house was on its feet, and only the timely speech of the stage manager, and the coolness of the orchestra, which began to play a lively air, saved what might have been a dangerous panic. EDWARD EPSTEIN.



HAROLD A. WEISMAN
Manager Empire Theatre, Columbus, O.

Wausau, Wis.

WAUSAU, WIS., March 12.—Daniel Sully appeared at the Grand Opera House to two houses, presenting Jerold Shepard's play, "Our Pastor." The Donna Troy Stock Company also played a week's engagement at the same house and gave good satisfaction. Their bill was made up of new stock plays, and therefore drew good houses every night.

Mildred Holland, supported by an exceptionally strong company, presented "The Triumph of an Empress" to a large house, and the Alphonse and Gaston Company were also seen here. Weber and Fields' "Hoity Toity" played to a standing-room only, last evening, and was enjoyed by all. Manager Cone is to be complimented on the high-class music that he is furnishing for all of the attractions at his house. Cone's orchestra comprises twenty of the best musicians in the West, each member being a soloist of note.

Coming attractions are, "The Girl and The Bandit," "Silver Slipper," "Superba," "Across the Pacific," "W. J. Bryan."

E. S. DICKENS.

Easton, Pa.

EASTON, PA., March 14.—Manager Wm. K. Detwiller, of the Abel Opera House, Easton, Pa., has been especially fortunate in his bookings this season, and the attendance has been very good. Companies that have played here within the last two weeks are "Babes in Toyland," "The Second Fiddle," Nance O'Neil in "Magda," and "Woodland."

H. D. SMITH.

Columbus, Ga.

COLUMBUS, GA., March 10.—The new Springer Opera House is one of the most modern in the South, and there are only two theatres in the South that have as much stage space, one in Louisville, Ky., and the other in Richmond, Va. The seating capacity is seventeen hundred. The manager, Frank Springer, numbers his theatrical friends by the score. He has made the theatre one of the most popular in the South by securing the best companies which come to this section of the country. He has in connection with the Opera House the most modern European plan hotel in the State and it is well patronized by the players. THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is the most popular with the theatre people here. Our manager is in his delight when he is scanning the pages of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. We all sympathize with you in the loss of your building by fire and think it is wonderful that you have gotten out such a splendid number this month. Dustin Farnum was very popular here.

HOMER M. LYNCH.

Pictures at left are: 1. Ida Adair—Leads. 2. Charles Waldron—Leads. 3. Faye Courteney—Ingenue. 4. Gavin Harris—Character. 5. Elinor Westcott—Juvenile. 6. Wilton Taylor—Character. 7. Gustav Schell—Scenic Artist.

Pictures at right are: 1. Frank Camp—Leads. 2. Louise Marcelli—Heavies. 3. Jay Quigley—Character. 4. Lillian Andrews—Character. 5. Walter Greene—Heavies. 6. Guy Coombs—Juvenile. 7. Harry McRae Webster—Stage Director and Light Comedian.

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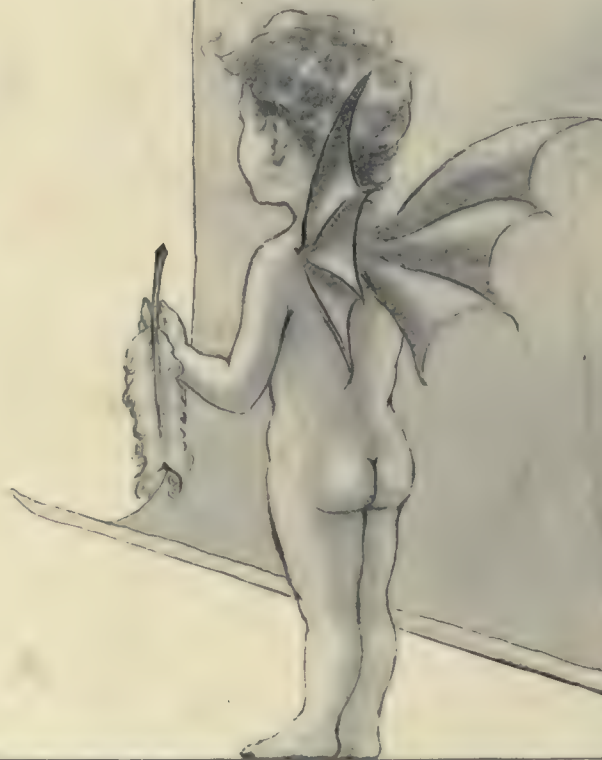
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THE THEATRE

VOL. V., No. 51

NEW YORK, MAY, 1905

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo Fowler, Evanston, Ill.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS MAUDE ADAMS



The Current Plays

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE. "The Misanthrope." Comedy in five acts, by Molière. Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormley. Produced April 10, with this cast:

Alceste, Mr. Mansfield; Philinte, Mr. Andrews; Oronte, Mr. Kenyon; Célimène, Miss Barry; Eliante, Miss Prahar; Arsinoë, Miss Gheen; Acaste, Mr. Selden; Clitandre, Mr. Berthelet; Basque, Mr. Coleman; Soldier, Mr. McGinn; Dubois, Mr. Wenman; Maid, Miss Morris.

When it is considered to what extent the English-speaking stage is indebted to the dramatists of France, it seems remarkable that the father of French comedy, the Master after whom the home of the Comédie Française itself is named—Jean Baptiste Poquelin, or Molière, as he styled himself—should have been neglected by our managers and players so completely that, outside of France, practically only students are to-day familiar with his immortal comedies. The eighteenth-century dramatists found in his pieces a fertile source of inspiration, and in the plays of Wycherly and Sheridan his influence is particularly apparent. Not only for its title, but for several of its situations, "The School for Scandal" is indebted to the author of "Le Misanthrope."

Molière lived, as every one knows, during the reign of the Grand Monarch. He began life as an upholsterer, but being studiously inclined and of restless disposition, he soon abandoned this vocation and appeared as leader of a band of strolling players, destined to become later the founders of the Comédie Française. His first play, "L'Etourdi," was written in 1653, and then came "Précieuses Ridicules," "L'Ecole des Femmes," and "Tartuffe." At all times, Molière enjoyed the royal favor, and in 1655 Louis XIV. granted him and his associates a charter under the title, "Comédiens du Roy." Now a celebrity, Molière produced in rapid succession, "L'Amour Médecin," "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," and "Le Misanthrope," which last piece is generally conceded to be his masterpiece. An unhappy marriage with an actress twenty years his junior caused the dramatist much distress, and to console him and as a special mark of his favor, Louis XIV. did the actor-manager the unprecedented honor of standing as godfather at the christening of his child. Furious jealousy aroused by the actions of his frivolous wife embittered the last years of his life, and

he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-one, four days after the first performance of "Le Malade Imaginaire," in which he played the leading rôle.

Posterity has ranked Molière among the world's famous men and in the modern drama as the greatest playwright since Shakespeare. He was more than a purveyor of mere dramatic entertainment. Rather

was he a philosopher who used the stage as a medium for expression. While his plays are lacking in plot and action, as character studies they are inimitable. Molière created in France the modern comedy of manners, flaying mercilessly the social absurdities of his day and yet dealing simply and thoughtfully with the deeper questions of humanity.

"The Misanthrope"—the leading personages in which are believed to have been modeled upon himself and his wife—has only eight characters, and the action passes in one house in the brief space of eight hours. Alceste is disgusted with society. Himself honorable, modest and sincere, he finds men and women pretentious, hypocritical, deceitful, corrupt and self-seeking. His friend, Philinte, who takes a more philosophical view of mankind, argues that one must take the world as one finds it, and that too much sincerity is not appreciated. But Alceste will not listen. A fop comes to read to him some sentimental verses of his own composition, expecting approval, but Alceste frankly declares them rubbish, and off goes the would-be poet, furious. He is involved in a lawsuit with an unscrupulous adversary, but he refuses to take steps to convince his judges, resting his case on justice. "Either I am right or I am wrong." Only one being succeeds in holding the misanthrope's patience. This is the fair Célimène, a frivolous young woman whose house is the rendezvous for all the scandal-mongers of the capital. Célimène has every vice Alceste most detests—frivolity, inconstancy, deceit, a slanderous tongue—but love holds him in the toils until, by means of a letter, the worthlessness of the coquette is revealed to him. This last hope in human nature destroyed, Alceste repudiates society



Byron

The Artist
(Frederick Lewis)

Irene
(Florence Kahn)

Scene in Ibsen's last play "When We Dead Awake," recently presented in New York. An artist is at the seashore with his wife. They are not well mated, he being of the spirit, she of the earth. On a peak their ways part. The wife goes down the mountain with a forester who infatuates her, while the husband ascends higher with Irene, a former model, towards the ideal.

forever. "Deceived on every side and overwhelmed with injustice, I will fly from the vortex of vice and in some secret nook on earth, if such

there is, enjoy the freedom of being an honest man!"

More than two hundred years have come and gone since Molière penned this brilliant comedy, and men and women have not changed materially since. Society, as constituted to-day, has the same vices, the same shams, the same hollowness, as when Molière scourged it. And that is why, when this great comedy is taken from the shelves and cleansed of the dust of centuries, it is found to be as fresh, as vital, as clever, as pregnant with meaning, as when Molière wrote it. We of the twentieth century also have a few Alcestes wandering in our midst, seeking, like the hero of the play, for an honest man. All the satire in the comedy, each of its characters, are as applicable to New York drawing-rooms to-day as to the salons of Louis XIV. The amusing scene between the two jealous women, who pass from conventional courtesy to almost tearing each other's hair, the scene of the scandal-mongers, the silly drawing-room chatter—all this is delightful, in the truth of the picture presented.

Theatre-goers owe gratitude to Richard Mansfield for having had the artistic courage to produce this neglected masterpiece, and its unquestionable success will be his

reward, for, undoubtedly, a notable rôle has been added to his repertory. This distinguished and popular actor has assuredly never been seen to better advantage. Made up to resemble Molière, his own personality fits the character of Alceste with marked felicity. Haughty and aristocratic, he conveys all the cynicism and force of the rôle, and in the scenes of tenderness with Célimène, he is eloquent and convincing. The smoothness of *ensemble*, always so noticeable a feature of Mr. Mansfield's productions, is particularly conspicuous in the performance of this old classic. Miss Eleanor Barry made a delightful Célimène, bewitching and artful, and Miss Gheen was hardly less satisfactory as Arsinoé,

modern subjects and localities, but the proper tendency and test must be

recognized as fixed, namely, towards actions of the present time. The modern theatre-goer does not take the costume plays seriously. Their strength and purpose may overturn prejudice and the law of opinion, but, as a rule, they are simply entertainments. "The School for Husbands" does entertain sufficiently to serve a commercial purpose. Alice Fischer is personally very popular, and is both capable and intelligent in her acting. To say that one is intelligent in acting is no small praise, for intelligence is the rarest thing on the stage. The actor that can convey details of apprehension, whose spirit is communicable, who can possess you, who has variety of expression, who is without vanity, who has freedom of movement, an unchained spirit, perfect *abandon*, who is

a prude. The scene of the quarrel between the two women was delightfully done. Mr. Andrews as Philinte, Mr. Kenyon as the poet, Mr. Berthelet as Clitandre, were well in the picture. Mr. Mansfield has given the old play a handsome setting. The costumes of the period are beautiful, and the scenery is painted after Meissonier, by Mr. Physioc.

WALLACK'S. "The School for Husbands." Comedy in four acts, by Stanislaus Stange. Produced April 3, with this cast:

Betty, Lucy Ashton; Roger, Charles Bowser; Captain Lovel, Wilfred North; Lord Drinkwell, Robinson Newbold; Lord Playmore, H. Bruce Delamater; Sir John Manners, Joseph Kil'our; Lady Belinda Manners, Alice Fischer; Clarissa Huntleigh, Frances Stevens; Prince Assam, Arthur Forrest; Lady Airish, Grace Filkins; Lady Speakill, Ida Jeffreys-Goodfriend; Lady Tattle, Mrs. Goldfinch; Jocko, William Sampson; Lord Foppington, Jameson Lee Finney.

This piece, which resembles Molière only in its title, is musty in its reminiscences of the costume comedy of manners. It is romantic and sentimental, with a strong element of farce. Necessarily, plays of this kind are at second hand, it matters not how much originality may be introduced into them or how diverting they may be. New plays cannot be restricted to



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MR. MANSFIELD AS BEAU BRUMMEL



Hall

SELENE JOHNSON

Leading woman for William Faversham in
"The Squaw Man"

the character presented, is a rare individual. Miss Fischer has many of these qualities. She is better in comedy than in the sentiment of love. She needs a play that will fit her personality strictly, for her personality is marked. The gist of the present play is that a wife pretends to enter into the gayeties and frivolities of the world of fashion, in order to bring her dissipated husband to his senses. Farcical situations are brought about, and the husband is finally cured of jealousy and his own disregard of the value and faith of his wife. Frances Stevens made a most agreeable impression in her part of a romantic girl passionately in love with an

Indian prince. Mr. Forrest's prince, bejewelled and beturbaned, was played in operatic style, with exaggerated fervor, and was done well, affording entertainment. The play, for that matter, has no other purpose.

HUDSON. "The Lady Shore."
Romantic drama, in four acts, by
Mrs. Vance Thompson and Lena
R. Smith. Prod. March 28. Cast:

Edward IV., Robert Loraine; Richard, John Blair; Edward, Suzette Corrigan; Richard, Ory Dimond; Sir Marmaduke Neville, Fred. Eric; Sir Richard Radcliffe, Edward R. Mawson; Sir William Catesby, William Temple; Bishop of London, John Wallace; Master Rufford, William Bonelli; Will Spencer, Daniel Jarrett; Matthew Shore, George Soule Spencer; Master Hobbs, William L. Branscombe; Gilbert Josselin, Charles H. Crosby; Mistress Hobbs, Alice Cobourn; Alison, Jane Gordon; Kate, Jane Lloyd; Bib Meg, Elizabeth Brock; Jane Shore, Virginia Harned.

It was a brief stay, yet an interesting one, which Virginia Harned made at the Hudson.



Schloss

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gence displayed in the stage management resulted in some pictures of splendid and varied movement and force. That the authors endowed the wanton of Edward IV.'s reign with more than the usual share of the cardinal virtues, save one, does not disturb history a bit, but that they overdid it did rob their principal character of some of its human strength and truth. Not only was she pictured as the people's champion, but as the savior, for a time at least, of the young princes from the bloody clutches of the Duke of Gloucester. This particular scene was the great one of the drama and suggested the inspiration of Sardou. The dia-



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BEN WEBSTER

Lately of the Haymarket Theatre, London,
and now leading man with Ellis Jeffreys

Theatre. "The Lady Shore," in which she appeared, was not a great play, but its aim was so superior to the general run of the futile twaddle which has encumbered the local stage this season that it was quite a relief to listen to its flowery periods and to witness its old-fashioned but effective stage tricks. The character of King Edward's mistress has inspired many dramatists. Rowe's tragedy, "Jane Shore," was a favorite with Mrs. Siddons. The authors of this latest version should certainly prove grateful for the sumptuous setting which the star gave their play. The costumes were magnificent, and the intelli-



Schloss

GRACE FILKINS

Now playing in "The School for Husbands"



Hall

DOROTHY DONNELLY

Recently seen as the wife in "When We Dead Awake"

logue in the main was effective and the outcast's death after being misunderstood by her royal lover was dramatically sympathetic. Pictorially, Miss Harned absolutely realized the goldsmith's persecuted wife, and acted it in spots with vigorous spirit and much sensuous charm, but the modern spirit would intrude at times, jarring very positively the historical verisimilitude. Robert Loraine made a gallant and dashing figure as the King. The impersonation of Gloucester by John Blair was marred by trying mannerisms. Elizabeth Brock, in the mob scene, shone out as a vegetable woman and Daniel Jarrett as a strolling player. and Mabel Dixey, as a flower girl, lent valuable aid in projecting the theatrical interest; the others in the very long cast were generally competent.

KNICKERBOCKER. "London Assurance." Comedy by Dion Boucicault, revived April 3, with this cast:

Sir Harcourt Courtley, Eben Plympton; Max Harkaway, Wm. H. Thompson; Charles Courtley, Ben Webster; Dolly Spanker, Joseph Wheelock, Jr.; Dazzle, James Neill; Meddle, Murray Carson; Cool, Herbert Sleath; Solomon Isaacs, Herbert Ayling; Martin, Alfred Lester; James, C. M. Dowd; Grace Harkaway, Ida Conquest; Pert, Kate Phillips; Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Ellis Jeffreys.

In the present revival of Boucicault's old comedy, Miss Ellis Jeffreys is the one redeeming feature. Any one familiar with the acted history of the play could easily say that her performance is not pre-eminent among those he had seen, but she has that aristocratic distinction and democratic freedom, if we may so put it, that are essential to the part. In its palmy days, and surely this piece has seen *its* palmy days, Lady Gay Spanker's description of the hunt and the hounds was a famously effective passage, that used to uplift the audience, and the people on the stage co-operated to this end. The stage management and the actors fall short in this scene, as now presented. It is possible, too, that we are getting less English every year, with reference to the drama. The English are worshipping our money more, and we are worshipping their aristocracy less, except, perhaps, on Fifth Avenue. It never was a worship with us, but it was a habit of convenience, in order to assimilate the plays which were all English. At present, certainly, Sir Harcourt Courtley is an insufferable old prig; and when, at the close of the play, after his senile imbecilities and attempted amours, he has the last lines extolling virtue and the true gentleman, the topmost dead bough of the cottonwood tree of absurdity is reached. The old man with his dyed whiskers seems alien to the century. The Dazzle of 1840 has been submerged by the equally absurd Razzle Dazzle of the present. Meddle was supplanted long ago by Marks the Lawyer, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Marks survives only by subsisting on turnips on the country circuits. The artificiality of Dazzle's relations to the action may have been a brilliant compliment to the nobility sixty odd years ago, but it would take an actor with more electricity in him than the present one to make him go down in the mismanaged year of our Subway of 1905. In the sheer brightness of its lines the play still reads well, but therein is an artificiality that must be corrected for audiences of the present day, with the old simulation of naturalness and animation. It can be done, but it is not done in this instance. Apparently, some attempt at revision has been made, particularly in cutting down the long monologues, which, with the forced but exceedingly bright epigrams, go to make the play old-fashioned. A bolder hand is needed to save it. Some one could do with it what Joseph Jefferson accomplished with "The Rivals." This is desirable, nay, indispensable, as times change. It is not a question of wholly modernizing; for, while a play may and should remain of its times, dramatic technique is improving all the time, and up to date technical form is essential to life. This is absolutely true, and it is not spoken in derogation of Boucicault, that master of his art. And yet, we must take care of our monuments or they will crumble. Shakespeare, in spite of the pedants, must and does undergo the same treatment. There are some good names in the cast, Eben Plympton, W. H. Thompson, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., James Neill, Murray Carson, Miss Ida Conquest and others, but on this occasion they are names only. In a way, the play is more curiously interesting than if it were well played.

SAVOY. "A case of Frenzied Finance." Comedy by Kellett Chalmers. Produced April 3, with this cast:

Mr. J. Willoughby Johnson, Robert Fischer; Mr. John Wesley Johnson, Wm. J. Ferguson; Mr. Bat Scranton, Frank Hatch; Mr. Madison Schuyler, John Flood; Mr. Barre, C. J. Campbell; Mr. Gilfeather, Harry Botter; Broker's Clerk, Sam Baum; Bennie Tucker, Douglas Faribanks; Miss Daisy Johnson, Laura Lemmers; Mrs. John Wesley Johnson, Emily Wakeman; Miss Irene Johnson, Olive Murray; Mrs. Cramp, Ada Gilman.

There is a strong tendency among managers with an eye to practical business to exploit anything and



Otto Sarony Co.

MARIE TEMPEST

This charming comedienne heads the English company which Charles Frohman has sent from London on a flying trip to present Gordon Lennox's new play "The Freedom of Susanne" in New York

everything that is engaging public attention at the moment. It is often enough if the play touches the event in title only. For example: "A Case of Frenzied Finance," by Kellett Chalmers, produced by W. A. Brady, first at the Savoy, and then transferred to the Princess, is less a satire on modern methods of conducting "business" as seriously discussed by Thomas W. Lawson than it is a farce eminently local and American in its details. Structurally and in its comic idea, it is much as if a farce by Labiche had been accommodated to the emergency. There is a degree of originality about the piece, however, that easily announces that we have a new and promising dramatist in Mr. Chalmers. In detail of life and character, and in the technical handling of it, he has the touch of Clyde Fitch. It would be easy to say that the plot, almost in its entirety, is preposterous; but any critic, professional or lay, who should set himself up against the abundant laughter of the piece would be confounded. It is certainly not a serious study of frenzied finance and was not meant to be.

A bellboy at the Hotel Vanbillion is ambitious and confident of making

subordinate characters all succeed in amusing the audience.

The natural method of acting contributes much to the play. Wm. J. Ferguson is the Johnson of Yonkers. It is a case of most amusing imbecility. John Flood, as the broker, has some amusing scenes in his courtship of the undertaker's daughter, under the belief that she is the daughter of the real Copper King. Frank Hatch, as Bat Scranton, of Tombstone, is the familiar man with the ready gun, come to real life from the comic papers. Bennie Tucker, the bellboy, is played by Douglas Fairbanks with all the animation, glibness and assurance required, while Laura Lemmers, as the daughter of the Copper King, is wholly satisfactory.

PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE. "Anna Karenina." Dramatization of Leo Tolstoi's novel, by A. E. Lancaster. Produced March 27, with this cast:

Count Vronsky, Henry Woodruff; Alexis Karenin, Theodore Roberts; Prince Belinsky, Gerald Griffin; Captain Prokovsky, A. S. Howson; Monsieur Landau, Ralph J. Locke; Vasili Luditch, J. Gunnis Davis; Anna, Isabelle Evesson; Serozha, Little Frances; Baroness Betty, Lilla Vane; Count-



Grace Harkaway
(Ida Conquest)

Charles Courtley
(Ben Webster)

Dazzle
(James Neill)

Sir Harcourt
(Eben Plympton)

Max Harkaway
(W. H. Thompson)

Lady Gay
(Ellis Jeffreys)

Dolly Spanker
(Joseph Wheelock, Jr.)

Sir Harcourt to Dazzle, "And who the devil are you, sir?"

REVIVAL OF BOUCICAULT'S COMEDY "LONDON ASSURANCE," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

millions. On Sundays he dresses and plays the part of a gentleman in his walks through fashionable New York. He has become acquainted with the daughter of J. Willoughby Johnson, the Arizona Copper King, neither knowing the identity nor name of the other. At the hotel is stopping one John Wesley Johnson, who finally turns out to be the leading undertaker of Yonkers, a sodden drinker, in that condition of mind which leads a man to leave home for an indefinite time, not realizing, in his imbecility, his surroundings. The bellboy gets a tip, mistakes him for the Copper King, gets him to place "fifty," which is interpreted by the broker to mean fifty thousand on the stock. The result is a profit of one million six hundred thousand dollars. The broker had asked no deposit from the supposed Copper King. The real Johnson turns up. When the complications are unravelled, the bellboy gets the Copper King's daughter and the greater share of the profit. The characterizations are good. The minor incidents are well carried out, and the

ess Vronsky, Gertrude Berkeley; Princess Belinsky, Mathilde Deshon; Natasha, Mabel Crawley Glinka, Marion Berg; Lydia Ivanivna, Virginia Arthur; A Tartar Man, Charles Howson.

This piece was at one time in the possession of Blanche Walsh, and that actress announced her intention of producing it, but, for some reason, this plan miscarried and the manuscript reverted to the adapter, who did wisely in giving it to Mr. Proctor, thus securing a production. Mr. Lancaster is an experienced dramatist and he has handled Tolstoi's tremendous story with no little skill. The Russian philosopher always strikes at some living evil, some social condition that asserts itself in unhappiness. His work is rooted in the soil of Russia, but his appeal and his philosophy are universal. He is serious and powerful. Thus, while this play—which gives the spirit of the novel and follows its massive lines to every available extent—resembles "Frou Frou," it is much deeper, less merely theatrical in certain aspects and more truly dramatic. Anna Karenina follows the call of love and breaks the bondage of life with a stern and selfishly cold husband. In the manuscript version of



Ida Conquest W. H. Thompson

Max. "Oh, you little rogue!"

ACT V. "LONDON ASSURANCE"

the play the ending is more tragic and impressive than it was in the production, which had been altered so as to permit the husband to die and leave her free. Henry Woodruff and Isabelle Evesson were the lovers, and Theodore Roberts the husband. The Proctor productions are made with care and are receiving more attention.

HUDSON THEATRE. "A Blot In The 'Scutcheon," by Robert Browning. Revived April 7, with this cast:

Mildred Tresham, Grace Elliston; Gwendolin Tresham, Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne; Thorold, Earl Tresham, William Beach; Austin Tresham, William Lamp; Henry, Earl Mertoun, John W. Albaugh, Jr.; Gerald, Theodore Hamilton.

This impressive, though theatrically difficult play was presented for the benefit of the Music School Settlement, and most of the audience found it worth the five dollars a seat collected in the interest of philanthropy. It was, indeed, an intellectual treat, and an emotional experience too, notwithstanding the poet-dramatist's undramatic manner of clogging the action with studied soliloquies and elongated dialogue. "A Blot In The 'Scutcheon" was written for Macready, and performed first at Drury Lane on February 11, 1843. Lawrence Barrett revived it in 1884, when, with the author's consent, he made certain changes in the text to give the story more of its true dramatic value on the stage. Mrs. Le Moyne, on the other hand, presented the play practically as it stands in the book. In this she pleased the ardent Browningites, who have necessarily infinite patience with their author's verbal peregrinations; and at the same time, it must be said, she succeeded in drawing passionate intensity from all but the most prolix passages. The story of the young daughter whose innocent love brought shame and dissension and tragedy into the noble Tresham family is not for boys and girls—not, for that matter, for any theatre-goer who wants his facts of life, like his liqueur, iced. Mrs. Le Moyne knows her poet ardently and well, and she achieves wonderful clarities with the Browning opaques—makes you actually see through the stained-glass obscurations of his involuted

speech. Her Gwendolin Tresham was a beautiful piece of personation; passion and appeal and deep feeling, particularly in that great scene wherein she brings her husband's heart into the councils of his intellect when he judges his unhappy sister. As that sister, Mildred, Miss Grace Elliston effected very convincingly the hazardous mingling of woman and child in one weak and loving girl. Mr. Albaugh's performance of the lover, Mertoun, whose death on a Tresham sword was not yet the end of the tragedy, was not satisfactory in elocution though fair enough in action. The other players were as capable as need be, for Mrs. Le Moyne's art dominated the whole play so rightly and memorably that much less artistic work in her support would have been forgiven.

HUDSON. "The Heir to the Hoorah." Comedy by Paul Armstrong. Produced April 10, with this cast:

Morris, Horace James; Hush, T. Tamamoto; Mrs. Kent, Eleanore Morewin; Mrs. Joe Lacy, Norah O'Brien; Joe Lacy, Guy Bates Post; Mrs. Kate Brandon, Beverly Sitgreaves; Dave Lacy, John W. Cope; Bud Young, Wilfred Lucas; H. Van Rensselaer Kelly, Wright Kramer; Livingstone Winthrop, H. S. Northrup; Bill Ferguson, C. C. Quimby; Lon Perry, Colin Campbell; Gus Ferris, Menelee Johnstone; Madge Casey, Norah Lamison; Whipple, George Barr.

We are not aware if Mr. Paul Armstrong has written for the stage before, but that he will one day produce a play worth while may be safely predicted from the technical skill displayed in "The Heir to the Hoorah." This piece is hardly a play, but rather a series of character sketches loosely strung together over five acts. The Hoorah is a mine—gold or lead is immaterial—and Joe Lacy, a husky young Westerner, is its principal owner. He has dug out of the soil so much wealth that he fancies he'd like a wife to share it, and so falls easy prey to a couple of Eastern grafters, mother and daughter, the latter of whom he marries. He celebrates the wedding by inviting his mining pals to dinner, and their eccentricities of dress and manner and Joe's own unconventional behavior so jar upon the sensitive feelings of his wife and mother-in-law that they insist on a separation. Joe takes them at their word and goes to Europe. Eight months later he returns and finds himself the father of a bouncing boy, which, of course, is instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation with his wife. Thus baldly stated, the plot is thin. There



Eben Plympton Joseph Wheelock, Jr. Ellis Jeffreys,

SIR HARCOURT. "A very handsome ring, indeed!"

ACT V. "LONDON ASSURANCE"

is a dramatic action, but it is all too obvious and the sequel is never for a moment in doubt. The curtain of the first act gave promise of something happening, but the succeeding acts developed nothing. The merit and interest of the piece lay in the character drawing, the bright dialogue and the incidental details. For example, the second act is almost entirely devoted to the humor to be found in misfit clothes. Joe's pals have arranged a dinner of welcome and do violence to their convictions by donning dress suits. Their contortions while getting into the apparel of polite society furnish much genuine amusement. It has, however, nothing to do with the action. In the same way, a Japanese valet is introduced apparently for the sole purpose of giving an exhibition of Jiu-Jitsu. Guy Bates Post was seen as the rich young miner, a part hardly calling for an actor of his ability and which gave him little opportunity. Wright Kramer, a rising young actor, who made a hit recently as Professor Fether, in "The System of Dr. Tarr," lent authority and dignity to the rôle of Foreman Kelly, and Beverly Sitgreaves acted with her customary charm and distinction the part of Mrs. Brandon.



Byron, N. Y. Migney
(Emily Stevens)

M. d'Ancelet
(George Arliss)

CRITERION. "Jinny the Carrier." Comedy by Israel Zangwill, author of "The Children of the Ghetto." Produced April 10, with this cast:

Jinny Quarles, Annie Russell; Ill Flynt, Oswald Yorke; "Gaffer" Quarles, Fuller Mellish; Caleb Flynt, John W. Jennings; Joshua Mawhood, George W. Wilson; Elijah Skindle, Grant Stewart; "Uncle" Bundock, Charles S. Abbe; Martha Flynt, Kate Meek; Miss Wagstaffe, Sarah McVicker.

When Israel Zangwill first came to this country some years ago he delivered at the old Lyceum Theatre a very witty address on The Drama, since which time he has himself taken to writing plays, be it said with

variable success. It might be stated that for one writing for the public he is a testy author—something like Hall Caine. Convinced of his own merits, he is loath to accept the judgment of others when they run contrary to his established beliefs. It will be a wrench to his vanity when he absorbs the conclusions reached by the critics as to the value of his latest comedy, "Jinny the Carrier." A study of rural English life, it is a peculiar combination of actual truth and ridiculous exaggeration. What might have been a veritable idyll is the greater part of the time a feeble farce made up of worn-out theatrical tricks and expressed in dialogue of such a childlike character that one stands appalled. Jinny, who does the errands for a small Essex village, is symbolic of the past, with her rickety old wagon and aged horse. When Will Flint, returning from Canada, shows his progressiveness by starting in in opposition with a coach and pair, the future looks very black for Jinny and her tottering old grandfather. Will proposes a partnership, but it is rejected, as Jinny is proud, although she secretly loves her rival. But the flood comes, and it is Will who is wiped out. The partnership, commercial and matrimonial, is finally effected after a comedy act that is as tiresome as it is

trivial. The charm of Annie Russell's gracious personality finds an agreeable outlet in the title rôle. It is hardly a study of a particular type, but the execution is graceful, fluent, full of comedy, charm and humor.

At the Manhattan Theatre three one-act plays written by Mrs. Fiske have afforded three matinees that have added to her popularity, the



Byron, N. Y. Marie (Gertrude Graham)

Count de Rohan (George Arliss)

Baptiste (Etienne Girardot)

An unworthy husband ends his useless life in order to give a better life to his wife
SCENE IN MRS. FISKE'S ONE ACT PLAY "THE ROSE"

growing recognition of the scope of her activities and force, and have rounded off the complete success of her present season. The audiences were uniformly large, success written large in the ledger of receipts. The three plays indicated very definitely the actress's tendencies in the drama—dramatic quality, good technique, novelty and an invariable note of sympathy. In "The Eyes of the Heart," George Arliss was seen at his best in the part of the blind old grandfather, from whom had been kept the fact that he had lost his fortune and was penniless, because of which the father of the young man betrothed to his granddaughter had forbidden the marriage. The blind man is made to believe that the father of the young man opposed the marriage because of his own loss of property. His talk with this father and his pressing money on him to

"A Light from St. Agnes," originally produced some eight years ago, is theatrically and dramatically the most striking of the plays. It has all the essentials of a thoroughly American classic. The scene is laid in the village of Bon Hilaire, Louisiana. 'Toinette is living in a hovel on the estate of a bountiful woman of high estate with Michel, a drunken marauder. Her life is not of the best, she hates her superiors, disregards the admonitions of the priest. When the woman who has labored to improve the condition of the poor dies, 'Toinette angrily tells the priest that she cares nothing for her, and she, in turn, is told that her last message concerned her, involving a deed of kindness. This melts her heart. Michel returns. He is drinking. He has seen the body of the mistress laid out in satin in the chapel near by, costly jewels, a cross of



Byron, N. Y.

'Toinette (Fernanda Eliscu).

Michel (John Mason)

SCENE IN MRS. FISKE'S ONE-ACT PLAY "A LIGHT FROM ST. AGNES."

relieve him of immediate wants lead to a happy dénouement. The little play abounds in little incidents that show the keenness and quickness of his inward vision. His little turns or devices to get at the truth are very diverting. Wishing to talk privately with the visiting father, he asks if they are alone. When assured that such was the case, he falls back in a sudden faint, whereupon his son and his granddaughter, still in the room, rush to his side. The play is full of feeling and touchingly demonstrates its title. In "The Rose," the actor was far too minute in his art, much after the manner of the engraver who thinks it an achievement to get the Lord's Prayer, the Declaration of Independence or what not, on a silver five-cent piece, to be read only by the use of a microscope. It is a fault. Mr. Arliss sometimes lacks breadth, but he is always artistic.

diamonds on the breast. As he drinks, he unfolds his plan of robbing the body. 'Toinette pleads with him, saying that he could not escape if he committed the theft, that the alarm would be given from the bell in the belfry. He is going to cut the rope. She finally persuades him to let her have the knife, that she herself will cut the rope. She goes, but she sounds the alarm. On her return he murders her. As he leaves in the darkness, the reflection from the stained windows of the Chapel of St. Agnes shines in a mellowed glow on her form on the couch. It had been her habit to sleep there where the light would awaken her early each morning. John Mason and Fernanda Eliscu embodied the spirit of the play in a most uncommon degree. The sincerity and intelligence underlying their art is uncommon. Technically, the play is a model of perfect work.



Otto Sarony Co.

HOLBROOK BLINN

As Napoleon Bonaparte in "The Duchess of Dantzic," at Daly's

Theatre Managers as Prophets

IT MUST be admitted that the theatre manager as an infallible prophet and expert in his own line of business has not always shown himself to be an unqualified success. We are not now shedding tears over the alleged debasement of the drama, nor are we taking the manager to task for his so-called commercialism. It is cheerfully conceded that the average theatre manager is in the business only to "make money," and that he has neither the inclination nor the leisure to bother with the drama as an art. But we do insist that very often the manager is suicidal to his own interests, sadly lacking in judgment, and inexpert even from his much vaunted box-office point of view. "We give the public what it wants," declared pompously a prominent manager the other day. The object of this article is to show that the manager very often does not know what the public wants and that, on the contrary, his notion as to what the public wants is often promptly repudiated by that public, which shows its displeasure by staying away from the theatre. Let, therefore, the rejected dramatist take heart. If your play has been "respectfully declined" by manager after manager, perhaps it is a hopeful sign that you will eventually secure a successful production. The examples are many to sustain this contention, just as, on the other hand, there is an imposing list of dire failures on which those directors of our playhouses "who know their public" have lavished untold money in vain.

In days gone by, managers were loath to acknowledge out-and-out failure. Local runs were prolonged in the face of public indifference, for the sake of the effect this might have on the road. But the "dog" grew wise in his generation. He began to realize that the statement that a piece had a record of "one hundred nights" in the metropolis meant nothing as to its intrinsic value. The loss in a city run could not be overcome by a road tour. The "dog," like the worm, had decided to turn. Some managers at the close of this season will be ready to admit their calculations were a little "off." The theatrical year of 1904-5 will be remembered for more out-and-out failures, comparative failures and quasi-successes than any other in a decade. The number of productions that made money may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

How futile is anterior judgment is manifested in the following list of plays whose careers ended almost before they had begun. For weeks Della Fox and her associates labored over "The West Point Cadet"; its fate was settled before four days had passed. R. C. Carton, a playwright of reputation and an author of numerous successes, found that exactly four performances were all the New York public wanted of "The Rich Mrs. Repton," while "Bird Centre," a comedy based on McCutcheon's cartoons, yielded up the ghost after a most limited number of presentations. "A China Doll" fared but little better. "Jack's Little Surprise" held the boards for about two weeks, and would probably have been withdrawn earlier if there had been anything to follow. The same state of affairs attached to the history of "The Money Makers." Pinero, undoubtedly the greatest living English playwright, sent over for production "The Wife Without a Smile." To be sure, an over-sensitive management took away all its *raison d'être*, and the piece was withdrawn after a two weeks' career, and then came Murray Carson all the way from London to make his American debut in "The Trifler." It took just four performances of this comedy to close the house. Nor was he the only English star to suffer from the want of effective stage material. "Lucky Durham" and "The Brighter Side" failed E. S. Willard, and "Love and the Man" did little more for Forbes Robertson. Will the managers who backed the productions of "The Coronet of a Duchess," "Brother Jacques," "The Cingalee," "Friquet," and "Nancy Stair," declare themselves satisfied with the reception these pieces met at the hands of the public and the critics?

Under these circumstances, the dramatist with his rejected play might reasonably hold that the managers do *not* know what the public wants, and if recognized playwrights can produce such a list of failures, why doesn't the manager take a gamble and give him, the untried, a chance. Apparently, he wouldn't cost the manager much more than some of those with a reputation. But if the preceding shows that managerial discernment is lacking in what the public does want, the other side is almost equally conclusive. Time and again these same managers have had in their possession just what their audiences were clamoring for and yet let



Mrs. Rolfe (Blanche Walsh) The lawyer (George Fawcett)
(1.) Mrs. Rolfe chums with Claire, a demi-mondaine, in order to drag from her an admission of her husband's innocence.



Claire (Dorothy Dorr)
(2.) With the connivance of her lawyer, Mrs. Rolfe arranges a little champagne supper, at which she hopes to make the woman in the case talk.

the opportunities slip by. Options expired in plays that later made fortunes in the hands of other and more wide-awake managers.

Admirable a judge of plays as was the late A. M. Palmer, two of his greatest successes nearly escaped him, and two did get by, either one of which would have rehabilitated his fortunes at a very critical time. In the history of the old Union Square Theatre, "The Two Orphans" opened up an era of prosperity that few of the other great hits of his régime ever equalled. And yet when D'Ennery's manuscript was sent over, Hart Jackson, Palmer's agent, described it as a Bowery melodrama, impossible for this country and utterly unsuited to the clientèle of the house. How far amiss was this opinion the records go to show. It was at the close of his last season at the Madison Square, which had been far from satisfactory, that in sheer desperation and with no particular faith in the piece that Mr. Palmer produced "Alabama." It was late in the Spring when Augustus Thomas' charming idyll went on, but so hearty was its reception that it was the opening attraction the following September, when he took the management of Wallack's and ran at that house for several months. Palmer, too, had the rights to Bartley Campbell's masterpiece, "My Partner," but he was afraid of it. It was considered in its day a very daring piece of work; some declared it immoral and so he let the option expire, and the late Louis Aldrich snapped it up and made himself by his temerity a very rich man. The "might have beens" in Palmer's case were "The Heart of Maryland" and "The Little Minister." Belasco had separated from



(4.) Maudlin from too much wine, Claire admits that she had made a false charge against Rolfe, and the indignant young wife springs at her throat.

Charles Frohman and was looking about for a theatre in which to present his Civil War play. In certain directions that Belasco had tried little faith was placed in Mrs. Carter's value as a star. But the author declared that unless Mrs. Carter was taken no one could have "The Heart of Maryland." Finally, terms were made with Palmer. The production was gotten ready, but Palmer hesitated. Finally, there was a crying need in the middle of the season for it, but it was then Belasco's turn to demur. It was good for a season's run, he declared, and to start in so late was something he would not agree to, and so "The Heart of Maryland" went elsewhere to win fame and shekels for star and author. In the matter of "The Little Minister," Palmer thought Barrie's royalties excessive, and would not pay them. W. A. Brady, too, refused the comedy, which Charles Frohman promptly snapped up.

But the Napoleon of the theatrical world has also been caught napping and neglected his opportunities. Did he not overlook "The Christian," "My Friend from India," "Arizona," "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "Leah Kleschna"? The Hall Caine drama got away from him entirely, and for the English rights to Du Souchet's comedy of misunderstandings Mr. Frohman probably paid more than he would have for the local option. "Arizona," he declined, and Kirke La Shelle, who had faith in Augustus Thomas' graphic story of ranch and military post life, swelled his bank account by thousands. Then Mr. Frohman made a contract with Thomas for his output for five years and drew a sad blank in



(3.) The supper proceeds amid great animation, Claire drinking champagne recklessly and Mrs. Rolfe awaiting her opportunity.



(5.) The lawyer and detective rush in and find the outwitted Claire in a dead faint, and Rolfe's wife triumphant.

The Sensational Tenderloin Flat Scene in Clyde Fitch's Latest Play, "The Woman in the Case."

the next production "Colorado." By the terms of his agreement, "The Earl of Pawtucket" was next delivered to him. Thomas, who had studied the personal eccentricities of Lawrence D'Orsay, well known as an exponent of the heavy English "ha ha parts," wrote the piece expressly as an exploitation of his personality and urged Frohman to star him in it. D'Orsay at the time was under engagement to Frohman, but the latter had no confidence in D'Orsay's draught as a star and declined the piece, which the ever alert and discriminating La Shelle again snapped up and from it reaped still another fortune. C. M. S. McLellan, author of the book of "The Belle of New York," rapped in vain at Frohman's office bearing the MSS. of "Leah Kleschna," and one of the greatest successes of the season fell into the artistic clutches of Mrs. Fiske.

The experience of Henry Hubert Davies is one that aspiring playwrights may take well to heart. He wrote three plays. They went through the usual experience associated with untried pieces. Sent to various managers they were as invariably returned. On the basis that a prophet is without honor in his own country, Mr. Davies resolved to try the foreign field. Before long "Cousin Kate" was produced in London with such signal success that the American rights were immediately gobbled up for Ethel Barrymore's use.

The brilliant satire of George Bernard Shaw as a theatrical factor was first introduced to American audiences by Richard Mansfield. "Arms and the Man" was finally grasped and appreciated, and so was "The Devil's Disciple," but when it came to "Candida" Mansfield halted. He had already imported Janet Achurch for the title rôle and the comedy

was rehearsed only to be abandoned at the last moment. The star, it was said at the time, could not decide which was the more effective rôle—the Minister or the Poet. Then, too, the merits of the piece were urged upon Daniel Frohman as a splendid vehicle for Annie Russell, but Mr. Frohman refused to bite. These indecisions, however, were fortunate indeed for Mr. Arnold Daly, as it gave that enterprising young actor an opportunity to demonstrate his faith in the comedy.

Richard Ganthony had an experience that would have disheartened most young authors. About every player of note in this country at one time or another had "A Message from Mars" under consideration. Henry Miller had it so long that the author came and begged him to get it out of storage where it was peacefully reposing, as he had no other copy in existence. Miller fished it out and Ganthony tried his luck with the English managers. Charles Hawtrey finally produced it and has practically been playing nothing since.

A playwright should never be discouraged if his play be rejected. Ninety-nine managers may declare it worthless, the one hundredth may bring it forth into the triumphal limelight of success. And another bit of advice is, never destroy a play. Once success has perched upon your banner it is astonishing how general becomes the belief that you are "it." There will be many demands for plays you couldn't possibly find the time to write, but out of that trunk of manuscripts may be dug pieces that will not only bring in money, but which critics will declare "mark the splendid advance Mr. Blank is achieving in the profession of which he has become such a brilliant example." EDWARD FALES COWARD.



Byron, N. Y.

Mr. Holmes' characteristic manner of studying a police mystery



Mr. Holmes thinks Miss Faulkner (Jane Laurel) the sweetest thing on earth

WILLIAM GILLETTE IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES," AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

Scenes in "The School for Husbands," at Wallack's



Betty (Lucy Ashton)

Lady Belinda (Alice Fischer)
LADY BELINDA: "And do I bid you all good night!"

Capt. Lovell (Wilfrid North)



Sir John Manners
(Joseph Kilgour)

Lady Airish
(Grace Filkins)

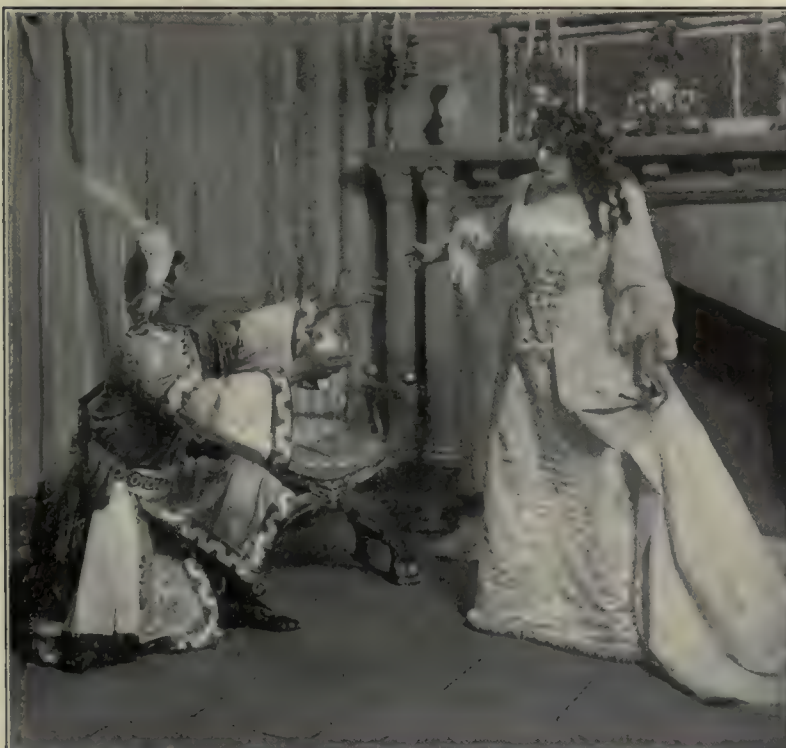
Lord Foppington
(Jameson Lee Finney)

Clarissa
(Frances Stevens)

Prince Assam
(Arthur Forrest)

Lady Tattle
(Mrs. Goldfinch)

LORD FOPPINGTON: "Tell him, dear Lady Manners, you did not give me the Regent's snuff box"



PRINCE ASSAM: "Plead my cause, fair lady!"



LADY BELINDA: "Jealous, Sir John?"



Lester Wallack in 1880

FAMOUS FAMILIES OF AMERICAN PLAYERS

No. 7—THE WALLACKS



Lester Wallack as Benedick

THE theatrical claims of the Wallack family extend from the time of Garrick, for Lester's grandmother was, at one period of the great tragedian's career, his leading lady. The active years of the two important representatives, James William and his son, John Johnstone, cover well nigh a century, during which they both became associated with those persons who have made America's dramatic history what it is. One has but to glance at the portraits contained in Lester Wallack's "Memories of Fifty Years," to realize how far-reaching the acquaintance of this family was; and though, at the present time, unlike the other famous families of American players, no Wallack claims our attention, much has been added by that name to what we hold as our most valued theatrical tradition.

As actors, the line began well, for both William Wallack and his wife, Elizabeth Field Granger, had won considerable applause at Astley's Amphitheatre in London. Indeed, biography does not record whether the fact that William was famed for his maritime rôles had anything to do with his desire to see his son, James William, in the Navy, where an opening as midshipman could have been his for the asking; or whether in the case of John Lester, it had anything to do with his youthful preference for the Army. Suffice it to say that the art of acting these two alone inherited. It is recorded somewhere that a two-act melodrama was once published entitled "The Pilot of the German Ocean," by W. H. Wallack, Esq. Wallack's wife had been previously married to a Dr. Granger, and her daughter by this alliance was the Mrs. Jones who, playing at the New York Park Theatre during the season 1805-6, was called "the Jordan of America." She, in turn, had two children, known to the stage as Mrs. Edmund Simpson and Mrs. Bancker.

The Wallack, *par excellence*, was James William, born August 24, in the year 1795, the most authentic date, though some believe it to have been in 1794, when Astley's Amphitheatre, where his father and mother were both playing, was burned down. His stage career began when he was four, in a production of "Black Beard" at the Royal Circus, which afterwards became the London Surrey Theatre. Even at the early age of twelve, he came under the notice of Sheridan, and the next two years found him at Drury Lane, until that house was burned down on February 24, 1809. There followed an engagement at the Dublin Royal Hibernian Theatre

(1810), but it does not seem that young Wallack made any decided impression until after the reopening of Drury Lane, October 12, 1812; it was then that his Laertes to the Hamlet of Charles Lamb's Elliston won him recognition, and thereafter, until his first trip to America in 1818, he became more and more prominent in such rôles as Petruchio, Mercutio and Benedick. He was likewise, at this time, a friend of Byron's, who was a member of a committee for the management of Drury Lane, from the early summer of 1815 to the spring of 1816. These pioneers of our stage had the inestimable value always of being brought close to the greatest of artists. Wallack was familiar with Kean's Shylock; he heard Elliston at his best; Kemble, Munden, Mathews,

Mrs. Siddons and others equally as noted, he came in contact with. His mother, as lead with Garrick, brought to him the flavor of that golden age. Yet one would imagine Wallack's genius to be something native; in all accounts of this family, the word picturesque is oftenest used to characterize each actor—personal charm, exuberance of spirit, which Ireland believes led Lester Wallack to become too familiar with his audience. James William, after his first appearance in America, September 7, 1818 (the Old Park Theatre) undertook the rôles of Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth and Richard III, in which he was seriously considered. His range was remarkably varied: Don Cæsar de Bazan, Rolla in Sheridan's "Pizarro," and even "Coriolanus," during this first trip. It was in 1822, when on his second visit to America, that he broke his leg while travelling by stage between New York and Philadelphia, an accident which made him lame for life. Returning to England in 1824, he became stage manager for Drury Lane, under the guidance of Elliston, and in 1827, played Iago to the Othello of Edmund Kean, besides creating the parts of Edgar, Macduff, and Richmond. That he was popular is



Collection, T. Allston Brown

LESTER WALLACK as the Prince of Wales in "Henry IV"

shown by the fact that when the season closed in 1828, the elder Mathews, in behalf of the company, gave him a silver service.

When he returned to America in 1828, he went to the Philadelphia Arch Street Theatre. In the same city, at the time, were Forrest (at the Walnut), and Cooper (at the Chestnut), a fact which brought Wallack two hundred dollars nightly, a good salary for the period. In 1832, and from 1834 to 1836, Wallack returned to the other side; but his interests were becoming more and more American; in the New York *Mirror* for

May 28, 1836, appeared the announcement that Mr. Wallack would give one thousand dollars for a good play by an American. Some believe that N. P. Willis's "Tortosa, the Usurper," given its first production April 8, 1839, was the belated result.

On September 4, 1839, the New York National Theatre, at the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, the first Wallack Theatre in history, though not in name, came under the actor's régime, with his brother Henry as stage manager; but on the evening of September 23, 1839, when Charles Kean was booked to play Richard III, the house was burned down, and Wallack had to go to Niblo's Garden, for a short season. During 1843 we find him stage manager at the London Princess Theatre, where he made a decided hit as Don Cæsar; and then the next season he was back at the old Park Theatre, New York. So the varied changes occurred until the year 1851; then it was that, at the London Haymarket, he presented his nephew, James W. Wallack, Jr.; that he made his last appearance before London audiences as St. Pierre in Knowles's "The Wife;" and that he definitely decided to settle in New York.

The outcome of this last decision was the building, from the wreck of John Brougham's Lyceum—whose checkered career had stretched from December 23, 1850, to March 17, 1852—the first Wallack's Theatre to be so called. The actor's life was now closely identified with the success of his theatres. Down on Broome Street and Broadway he opened his new home September 8, 1852, with Morton's "The Way to Get Married," and his stock company comprised, beside himself, Lester Wallack, W. R. Blake, John Brougham, Malonia Pray (afterwards Mrs. W. J. Florence), and, for a short time, Laura Keane. When, in 1861, he came up to the Thirteenth Street Theatre, on Broadway, and started another Wallack's Theatre, the course of James William, as an active person, was well nigh ended. On the opening night, September 25, there was acted Tom Taylor's "The New President," a timely title, considering the march of historical events. Even before this, however, Wallack had ceased to act, his last original rôle being studied early in 1859, in his son's drama, "The Veteran," while on May 14, 1859, he appeared for the final time as Benedick in "Much Ado." Once more, in 1862, he stepped before the curtain to deliver a short address; but, after that, he lived in comparative retirement until his death on Christmas, 1864, at his home, 210 East Fourteenth Street.

The records left of this actor speak of his voice, rich and sonorous, all the more attractive because of his clear articulation; of his rapid movements, which occupied the whole stage; and of his temperament, which was keenly and nervously alive. As he was on the stage, so he was off—the dramatic always *en evidence*. James H. Hackett has sketched this early portrait of his contemporary:

"His figure and bearing were very *distingué*; his eye was sparkling; his hair dark, curly and luxuriant; his facial features finely chiseled; and, together with the nat-

ural conformation of his head, throat and chest, Mr. Wallack presented a remarkable specimen of manly beauty."

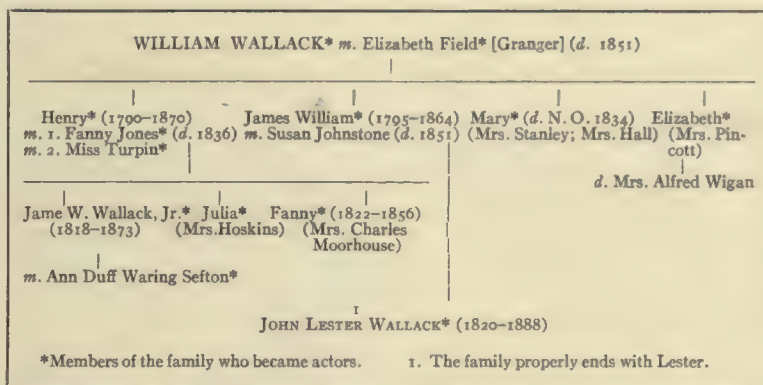
Wallack had been married, since 1817, to the daughter of John Johnstone, himself a singer of sweet quality and popular manner; the young Mrs. Wallack brought with her a dowry of £20,000. Wallack's brother, Henry, while not having a pronounced career, was varied in his character portraits: the "Man-in-the-Iron-Mask," Hamlet, Sir Peter Teazle, Coriolanus, Squire Broadlands, in "A Country Squire," and Anthony Absolute. In turn, Henry's son, James W. Wallack, Jr., a most magnetic actor, played Fagin, in which Henry had appeared, and won favor as Mercutio, and Mathias, in "The Bells," besides forming an integral

unit in the stock company, which made Wallack's Theatre so famous. Henry's daughters, Fanny and Julia, made their débuts with their father in "The Hunchback," at the New Chatham Theatre (December 23, 1839). Fanny was an actress of uncommon excellence, being, for the season of 1847-8, leading lady at the Broadway Theatre, and Julia was best noted for her music, which found outlet in English and Italian opera. Henry Wallack was divorced from his first wife.

Regarding the other members of the elder Wallack's family, Mary played in heavy parts and came to America, where, as Mrs. Hill, she appeared at the Chatham Theatre, June 11, 1827. Elizabeth never came to this country. But the representative of them all was the actor whose career has been traced, who was famed for his merciless Shylock, as well as for his romantic Don Cæsar; who could play the melancholy comedy of Jacques, as well as the part of Sir Edward Mortimer in "The Iron Chest." One of his most successful rôles was in Douglas Jerrold's "Rent Day." He was a model stage manager, and E. A. Sothorn has left a tribute to his ability in this line:

"I owe much of my success to the elder Wallack and to Rachel. Wallack showed me the necessity of conveying at a rehearsal what you intend to do at night, and the importance of paying strict attention to the minutest details. He was one of the most thorough stage managers I ever met."

John Johnstone Wallack was born at midnight on December 31, 1819, so near the verge of either day that it was doubtful whether he did not come as a New Year's gift; a doubt set at rest by himself in after years (1848), since he adopted January 1, 1820, the day being his wife's birth day also. His first appearance in America was literally a disappearance, for at the Broadway Theatre (September 27, 1847), he fell through a trap-door while playing "Used Up," a most appropriately named farce. At this time he called himself John Wallack Lester, for he was determined to win his way without aid of his father's prestige. During this season of 1847-8, he took such rôles as Captain Absolute, Sir Frederick Blount in Bulwer's "Money," Osric in "Hamlet," and Mercutio. Before this, young Wallack had obtained considerable training. He had played abroad with his father, as Angelo in "Tortosa, the



CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE



From "Memories of Fifty Years." Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons

National Theatre

Broadway and Broome Street

Broadway and 13th Street

Broadway and 30th Street

THE FOUR THEATRES IN NEW YORK MANAGED BY THE WALLACKS

Usurer," and also as Macduff and Richmond. At Manchester he had had his first experience as Benedick to the inspiring Beatrice of Helen Faucit; he had even, in 1845, unexpectedly assumed the rôle of Mercutio, when Charlotte Cushman played Romeo to her sister's Juliet, thereby winning praise from the great tragedienne, who spoke of him as "the coming young man." Just before leaving England, he appeared as Dazzle in "London Assurance."

Thereafter, Lester Wallack steadily rose in public favor as a player, a dramatist and a manager. At the Chatham Theatre (July 17, 1848) he won praise for his Don Cesar; at the Broadway Theatre (August 28, 1848) he was a creditable Cassio to the Othello of Forrest; and then, on Christmas, 1848, the melodrama, "Monte Cristo," gave him scope for the active part of Edmund Dantes. During 1849 he presented to the public two of his own pieces: "The Three Guardsmen" (November 12), with himself (still as Mr. Lester) the d'Artagnan; J. W. Wallack, Jr., the Athos; John Gilbert the Porthos, and James Dunn the Aramis. This was followed by the "Four Musketeers, or Ten Years After" (December 24). Beginning September 2, 1850, Wallack became associated with Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, and during his two seasons' stay there, he appeared in many parts, the most worthy being Charles Surface and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

From this time on, Lester Wallack's career became one with the theatres managed by his father and himself. At the Broome Street house, his rôles were diverse: Don Pedro, Orlando, Bassanio, among others; besides De Rameau in his own play, "Two to One, or The King's Visit" (December 6, 1854); Peveril, in his comedy, "First Impressions" (September 17, 1856); Leon Delmar, in his "The Veteran" (January 17, 1859); Manuel, in his adaptation from "The Romance of a Poor Young Man"; and, finally, (February 14, 1861), Wyndham Otis, in his local drama, "Central Park." When the theatre closed on April 29, 1861, he was in the cast which presented "Jessie Brown." During those days, this stock company became the starting point for many actors. In quick succession, we find mentioned Laura Keane, E. A. Sothorn as "Douglas Stuart," Henry Placide, George Holland, Mrs. John Wood, Mary Gannon and Effie Germon, besides John Brougham, who continued to hold his power.

An amusing anecdote is preserved about Brougham and young Wallack. The story takes us to the gates of Heaven, where Wallack stands begging admission of Saint Peter. He is at the threshold, where, within the garden, he catches sight of Brougham, walking up and down. "May I come in?" Wallack asks, in his *debonnaire* way. "Who are you?" inquires Peter, in

the tone of one who has been used to the business for many years. "An actor," Wallack promptly responds. "We don't allow actors in here," answers Peter, with a little scorn. "Why, there's Brougham," exclaims

Wallack, peeping through the gate. "Oh," exclaims Peter, smiling naively, "he's no actor!" Wallack himself used to tell this tale with considerable glee.

At the Thirteenth Street Theatre, Lester continually assumed new characterizations: Elliott Grey, in his own "Rosedale" (September 30, 1863); Hugh Chalcote, in "Ours" (December 19, 1866); Colonel John White in "Home" (December 8, 1869); Henry Beauclerc, in "Diplomacy" (April 11, 1878), while on March 10, 1879, he played Prosper Couramont in "A Scrap of Paper." The house closed on April 11, 1881. During its history, it gathered together many notable names: Charles Fisher (1861); John Gilbert (1862); E. L. Davenport (1865); J. W. Wallack, Jr. (1865); Charles James Mathews, (1872); and H. J. Montague (1874). Here, also on December 27, 1867, was given "Oliver Twist," with J. W. Wallack, Jr., as Fagin; Davenport as Bill Sykes; Rose Eytinge as Nancy; and George Holland, as Bumble. It was likewise in the office of this theatre that Boucicault proposed mounting "The Shaugraun."

The Wallack Theatre, which is still a landmark on Broadway and Thirtieth Street, was opened on January 4, 1882, and was managed by Wallack until October, 1887,

when he retired. In those five years much was done to uphold the prestige of former fame; but "young" Wallack was advancing in years. On May 29, 1886, he made his last appearance at the New York Grand Opera House, in "She Stoops to Conquer," playing young Marlow, with Gilbert and Mme. Ponisi as Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle. Thereafter he was seen but once more in public, when, on May 21, 1888, he made a curtain speech during his famous benefit.

Recently, the actors banded themselves together to aid Joseph Holland, and they made him richer in friends as well as in purse. But the historic benefit will ever remain that of Wallack's, where "Hamlet" was acted by this cast, which it would be hard to equal:

Hamlet, Edwin Booth; Ghost of Hamlet's father, Lawrence Barrett; King Claudius, Frank Mayo; Polonius, John Gilbert; Laertes, Eben Plympton; Horatio, John A. Lane; Rosencranz, Charles Hanford; Guildenstern, Lawrence Hanley; Osric, Charles Koehler; Marcellus, Edwin H. Vanderfelt; Bernardo, Herbert Kelcey; Francisco, Frank Mordaunt; First Actor, Joseph Wheelock; Second Actor, Milnes Lavick; First Grave-digger, Joseph Jefferson; Second Grave-digger, W. J. Florence; Priest, Harry Edwards; Ophelia, Helena Modjeska; The Queen, Gertrude Kellogg; The Player Queen, Rose Coghlan.

This was the final curtain for Lester Wallack, who died at his home near Stamford, Conn., on September 6, 1888.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



Schloss, N. Y.

FLORENCE DAVIS

Grandniece of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. Miss Davis was a Kentucky society girl before going on the stage. She is now starring under the management of Mrs. H. C. De Mille in a piece called "The Player Maid"



Sarony

HARRY WOODRUFF

This interesting young actor is now leading man at Proctor's 5th Avenue Theatre Stock Company



Photo Windeatt, Chicago

ARNOLD DALY

The young actor-manager who has achieved success on the metropolitan stage with unprecedented rapidity. Less than a decade ago, Mr. Daly was an office boy in the employ of Charles Frohman. He first attracted attention as an actor in "Puddin' Head Wilson," with Frank Mayo, and later was seen in "Hearts Aflame," "The Bird and the Cage," and other pieces. No special recognition, however, was accorded him until he himself organized a little band of players and produced at the Berkeley Lyceum George Bernard Shaw's play, "Candida," a piece which had been going begging for years. The clever work of Mr. Daly and his associates in this piece attracted much attention, and Shaw's superficial yet brilliant satire became the topic of the hour. His success prompted Mr. Daly to devote himself henceforth to Shaw pieces, and "You Never Can Tell," which he is now presenting at the Garrick Theatre, was his next production.



Photos, Wurthle & Sohn, Salzburg

SHOWING THE MAGNIFICENT TEMPLES WHICH GERMANY ERECTS TO THE DRAMATIC ART

The building on the left is the Hof Theatre, of Munich. The building on the right is the Prinzregenten Theatre, also of Munich. Over the entrance to the Hof Theatre are colossal figures representing the Muses. In the square in front is a statue of Bavaria's first King. Over the portal of the Prinzregenten Theatre are inscribed the simple words: "DER DEUTSCHEN KUNST" (Dedicated to German Art.)

Possart—Germany's Famous Actor-Manager

AMONG the many distinguished players of which the German stage boasts, the name and strong personality of one man stands out pre-eminent, not alone by virtue of high official position, but by his own artistic achievements as well. Ernst von Possart completes this month his sixty-fourth year, an age when most men are ready to relinquish the responsibilities of active life to younger men and rest on the laurels they may have gathered in the course of their career. But Possart is as active and hard worked as he ever was, full of new ideas and constantly adding to instead of diminishing his artistic labors and responsibilities.

Not only is he one of Germany's most famous actors, but he is the Royal Intendant of all the Court Theatres in Munich. He is sole manager and director of the noted Prinz-Regenten Theatre, where, during the summer, the great Wagnerian Festival is held, in the spring the Schiller Cyclus, and in the winter months a number of classical plays are produced, and he is also manager of the Hoftheatre, the old Munich Opera House. The arduous labors demanded by such a position, the tremendous capacity for business required, the tact and diplomacy needed, to say nothing of the profound knowledge of art and music necessary, almost beggar description and comprehension, excepting by those who hold similar offices.

There is a curious similarity between the career of Ernst von Possart and that of Heinrich Conreid. Possart was born in Berlin and Conreid in a small town not far from Vienna. Both are entirely self-made men, who have worked their way, unaided, to the summits of their individual ambitions, by their extraordinary powers of unlimited concentration, infinite labor, clear-sightedness, and unique and varied gifts. Both in early youth decided to follow the stage as their profession and both eventually become noted personalities in the German and American worlds of art. As actors they are considered the most perfect enunciators of the German tongue, together with Kainz, Levinsky and Sonnenthal, and both at last stand as Impresarios of the two most important Opera Houses in the world (Bayreuth excepted), the

Metropolitan Opera House of New York and the Prinz-Regenten Theatre of Munich.

Strangely enough, there is a slight resemblance in their looks. They are about the same height, short and inclined to be a trifle heavy. The foreheads are massive and intellectual, the eyes deep set, alert, keen, watchful. The hair thick, brushed back and worn a little long. The hands and feet noticeably small. The mouths large and flexible, the mouth of the born orator, actor and humorously gifted man. Mr.

Conreid is the younger of the two and his personality breathes more geniality, simplicity and kindness of heart than that of the stern-faced Possart, with his satyr-like cast of features and expression.

There is a great difference of opinion in Germany and even in Munich, as to whether Possart is or is not a great actor, yet all who have come under the influence of his extraordinarily domineering personality, with its repellant magnetism, acknowledge that he is a very remarkable man—a man of enormous talent, of portentous powers of authority, and of intense and indomitable will power.

His knowledge of his art (as he understands it) is indisputable, even though he has shown little marked originality, in either his ambitions, his work, or form of expression. He is a man to whom the technical perfections are of the first, last and most vital import.

Possart, in his long stage career of forty-four years, has not only impressed himself as an actor on the whole face of artistic Europe, but he has earned lasting fame for his untiring efforts on behalf of the now established Prinz-Regenten Theatre. The Crown Prince of Bavaria, and the Bavarian people, are more than liberal where art is concerned, and both contributed royally to the building and sustenance of this beautiful monument; but a man of strenuous will

and powers of work was needed to keep the scheme alive and throbbing, to infuse vitality into it, and by well-balanced practical knowledge to urge it on to its eventual fulfillment.

Possart was born in Berlin, May 11, 1841. His parents desired him to



Photo, Boll, Berlin

ERNST VON POSSART

This celebrated German actor was knighted for his services, and created Intendant of all the court theatres of Munich



Grainer, Munich

Lili Marberg in the rôle of Salome



Lutzel, Munich

Fraulein Dandler as Magda



Lutzel, Munich

Fraulein Berndt as Marie Stuart

THREE ACTRESSES WHO ARE GREAT FAVORITES IN GERMANY

follow the profession of a minister. At a very early age he evinced quick and unusual mimetic powers. For a short period in his boyhood he served as an apprentice in a book-store. He showed even then his tremendous capacity for work and an earnest ambition and passionate love for classical literature. The inherent love for the drama, which manifests itself so strongly in all Semitic temperaments, eventually led him to adopt that precarious profession as his life's work. His path was not one unbeset with difficulties, and he had a long and arduous fight before attaining the position which he now fills. Probably, as is often the case with unusually successful men, he little dreamed of the great position and honor which awaited him. He commenced the study of his art by placing himself under the guidance of some dramatic teachers, at that time well known in Berlin. His first professional engagement took place in Breslau, in 1861, and after many years of that strenuous experience which every artist on the German stage must go through, in all sorts of rôles, and in theatres all over the German-speaking world, he came to Munich to seek an engagement. There are many pathetic anecdotes told of his early struggles in that city, where the art standards are so high, and so much is demanded of the actor. His stature was very much against him, and his extremely self-confident individuality antagonized those in authority. But his genuine talents and indomitable ambition broke through all barriers, and at length secured him a position at the Hof-theatre.

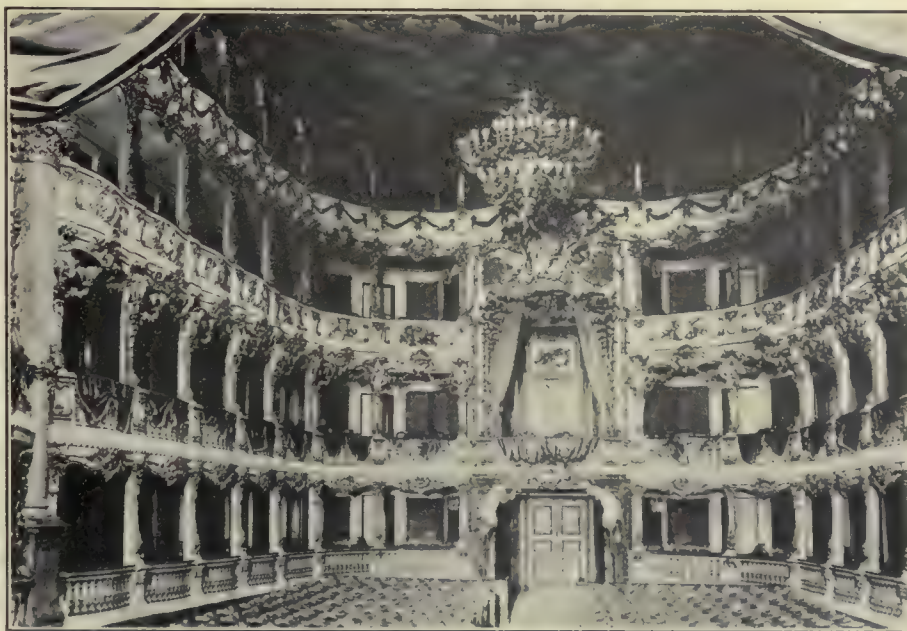
It was not long before he began to make himself known to the Munich public, and by his intense conscientiousness and vivid impersonations soon raised himself to the front ranks as an artist of potent, intellectual gifts. He remained in Munich a number of years, impressing himself more and more each year on the minds of his audiences, and exerting a wide influence in the theatrical element. Then, at a crucial moment, he went

away, and sojourned elsewhere, making his absence keenly felt. He was recalled, decorated, honors were heaped on him, the crowds flocked to welcome him back, and eventually he received the highest honors an artist can attain; he was knighted, and made the "Königlichen Intendant" of all the Court theatres. His power now is absolute and indisputable.

In 1887 Herr von Possart came to America, playing at the Thalia Theatre. He also visited us later, appearing at the German Theatre in Irving Place. He pays frequent visits to London, chiefly to give recitations, and his tours over Germany and Austria to the large cities, take place constantly during the winter. He does not often act now outside of Munich, but on his tours gives his far-famed Schiller and Goethe evenings. In Munich he acts about three times a week during the winter, at a number of special performances in the summer at the Prinz-regenten, and in the spring takes part in the great Schiller Cylus.

The extraordinary number of rôles he has interpreted from the beginning of his career are too numerous to be annotated here. The ones which have brought him the most fame are those in which he appeared in America, namely, Shylock, King Lear, Macbeth, Julius Caesar, Malvolio, Richard III., Napoleon, Freund Fritz, Mephistopheles, Nathan the Wise, Wurm, Behrent, Hermann Gessler in "Wilhelm Tell," and Octavio in "Piccolomini."

Opportunity has been granted the present writer to see Possart in his various capacities of Intendant, actor and elocutionist. Criticism is ever a matter of personal opinion and impression. We all differ about art, beauty, morals, etc., and one man's ideal on the stage is another man's bane. In our opinion Possart is much overrated as an artist and his diplomacy as a business man is underrated, although of latter years, his scenery, especially in the Shakespearean productions, leaves much to be



Interior of the Residenz Theatre, Munich, famous for its fine Rococo decorations

desired, and herein his business faculty is at fault, for scenery of the decorative and realistic kind is at high water mark in Germany and Austria, and one does not soon forget those rare productions to be seen at the Hof Burg Theatre in Vienna, etc. He also has that very human failing which consumes some artists at the approach of their decline; he fears an usurper, and consequently has not made efforts to secure the services of some other younger and great artist to take his place when he is unable to play.

The company at the Residenz is of unique excellence, but scarcely bears comparison (except in a few of its individual members) to the Schauspielhaus, or so many of the independent theatres in Germany.

In method, Possart follows the old school of acting, of which Sonnenthal is the most notable exponent. His impersonations are always vivid and portentous, but seldom quiet and never natural, as we now conceive naturalness, on the stage, to be. The assumption is ever obvious, never covered, as it is with the art of a Duse, Wyndham, W. H. Thompson, Mrs. Fiske or Mary Shaw. The tricks and telling points are frankly revealed. The subtlety is self-conscious, never suggestive. The conceptions are insistent, and as far as they go consistent, but the rich gifts of a luminous imagination are not visible. They may register strongly on some of the mental faculties, but the deep side, which lies open in most play-goers, when witnessing such dramas, the side wherein, through the genius of the artist's interpretation, we are the better able to understand human nature, life, and the heights and depths of the soul, are left unawakened.

Despite Possart's trenchant, melodramatic and declamatory powers, his dry, pervasive humor, which infuses all his work, his wonderfully trained voice (every inflection of which we are told he studied at the piano) and his domineering intellect, there is ever a lack of spontaneity. The study is too self-evident, the vast labor attendant, pushed to the fore in a too egotistical opinion of its worth, as who should say, "See, how great is my profundity here; watch the effect of this most subtle trick." One is never by any chance moved; one somehow never expects to be; the critical faculties are coldly alert. The heart of the player, one imagines, has never throbbed, even when absorbing and conceiving the tragedy. Two words epitomize Herr Possart's work, "strenuousness" and "virility," qualities which, these days, appeal much, having been selected from the mass of persuasive adjectives for idealization, to the detriment of others more delicate and humane. The creed of many nowadays, in art, life and politics, is "Be strenuous, and much will be forgiven you."

All that Possart touches is precise, clear-cut, definite (and herein lies the chief source of his success as an artist). It is an art wherein one can see the springs at work; an art that is over-punctuated. Everything is in

"italics and capitals," as Arthur Symons would say, but it is entirely lacking in tenderness, poetry or spirituality, adjuncts which many think superfluous, which many possess, curiously enough, without being conscious of them, and which the greatest artists work to reach, or keep, and without which no artist can hope to probe deeply in to the souls of an audience. Therefore, in spite of his enormous technique, Possart's interpretations fail succinctly to delve into the crypts of our soul's life. They seem to be more dramatized egotisms of his own nature, than attempts to interpret the life, soul, habits and temperament of another's.

Lately the writer heard Possart recite Max Wildenbruchs "Hexenlied," accompanied by a large orchestra, to music composed by Max Schillings. He presented an imposing little figure of perfect poise and equilibrium, and had firm control of all his faculties and forces. His delivery, as usual, was perfect—the diction fluid, musical and penetrating, but entirely self-conscious. The whole man is sublimely that. Possibly if he had possessed those qualities which some find so lacking in him, those qualities of subtle, elusive, delicate and imaginative art, we should never have had the Prinz-Regenten Theatre, and Bavaria would have lost an invaluable pioneer in the formulating of the theatrical and operatic elements. In all things there are compensations.

Possart is a constant student of the literature of all countries. He is one of the greatest living authorities on Shakespeare. He translated Pericles into German, and has also written a long treatise on how to produce the plays of the great dramatist. His numerous writings fill many published volumes. He has also written several plays (two of which were produced in Munich this last winter) and has translated and adapted many

plays, both from the French and English.

The Prince Regent Theatre and the Hof Theatre are playhouses too well known to need description here, but a word about the company employed at the Residenz may be of interest. It is certainly a notable collection of artists, of vast experience and technical authority, which keeps up the wide repute of this famous little house. Mostly classical plays are produced here, but occasionally a modern play by some noted author is put on, such as Suderman's "Heimath," Hauptman's "Arme Heinrich," Ibsen's "Doll's House," etc. The most prominent women members of the company are: Fraulein Berndt, Frl. Brunner, Frl. Dandler, Frl. Reubke, Frl. Swoboda, Frl. von Hagen and Frau Conrad-Ramlo. Among the men are Herr. Lutzenkirchen, Sturz, Salfner, Wohlmuth, Schroeder, Suske, Basil, Schneider and Häusser, the last named being the finest artist in the company, probably the finest artist in Munich, and in his line one of the finest actors in Germany. He plays all Possart's rôles, but his most famous interpretation is Falstaff.

GERTRUDE NORMAN.



Baumann, Munich
POSSART AS JULIUS CÆSAR



Lutzel, Munich

STUKZ

Copyright, Elvira, Munich

SALFNER

Copyright, Elvira, Munich

FRL. SWOBODA

Baumann, Munich

LUTZENKIRCHEN

Grainer, Munich

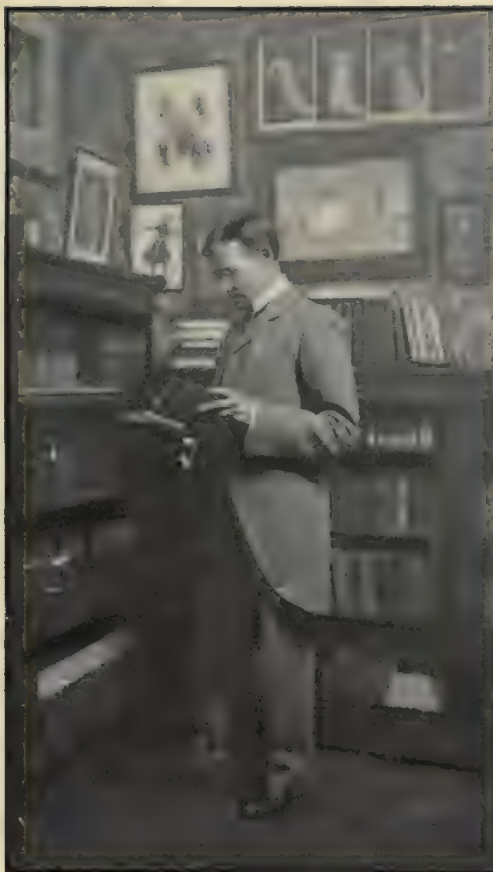
HAÜSSER

FIVE FAVORITE PLAYERS AT THE RESIDENZ THEATRE, MUNICH



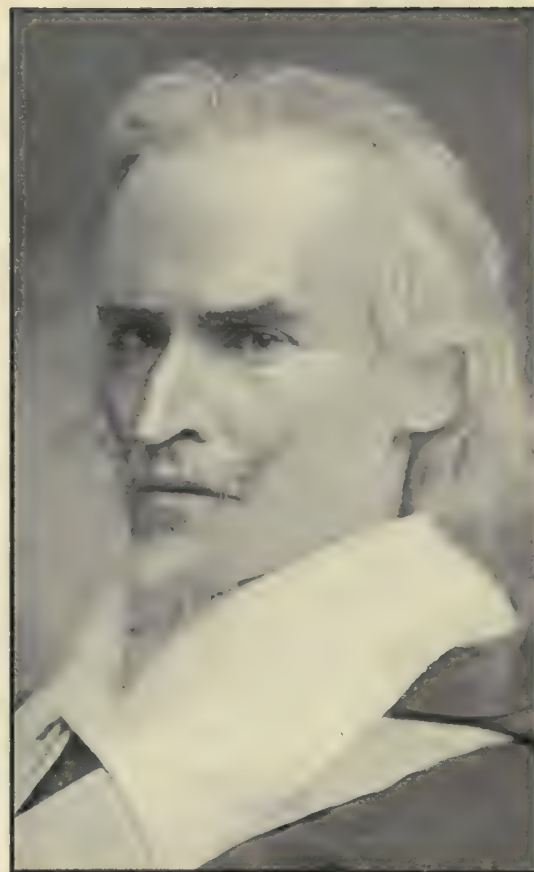
White, N. Y.

As Pierre, the cripple in "The Two Orphans"



Byron, N. Y.

Mr. Dodson is a book lover and spends most of his recreation hours in his library



Copyright, B. J. Falk

As Cardinal Richelieu in "Under the Red Robe"

Behind the Mask of a Great Character Actor

(Chats with Players No. 38)

AN ACTOR whom actors reverence is J. E. Dodson. Not the veneration due to age such as is accorded those grand old men of the stage, Joseph Jefferson and J. H. Stoddard—for Mr. Dodson, whom his intimates call "Doddie" is still on the sunny heights of life. His work, not his years, has won for him the "hats off" of the profession's manual of arms.

At a recent dinner of the Lotos Club, Bronson Howard proposed this toast to the great character actor: "To J. E. Dodson, whom I regard as one of the great artists of the world. Not a 'star,' but of that small and illustrious group of artists whose head is Coquelin."

J. E. Dodson it was for whom the brazen-lunged, barbarously frank pit of Drury Lane Theatre waited twenty minutes after the final curtain to give him the ovation it believed he deserved for his superb Simonides in "Ben Hur." The actor had already divested himself of his garb and "make-up," as the ancient Hebrew, and was attired in his bathrobe when he heard the cockney shouts for "Dawdson! Dawdson!" The actor paled. Go before the curtain in a bathrobe? Impossible! Simonides again? The "make-up" was the matter of an hour.

"Ah, I say! I can't, you know," he made nervous reply to the stage manager.

"But you must. They'll wait all night if you don't."

And so while Simonides was thrusting himself feverishly into the immaculate street suit of J. E. Dodson, gentleman, the pit bawled and waited. Bowing before it at last, his cravat had a sidewise inclination and his hair a startlingly upward turn, but the pit vented its satisfaction in a final, throat-splitting yell of delight and departed.

Knowledge of these events and many more similar in purport, causes the most callous interviewer to approach Mr. Dodson, in the handsome apartment home at the Windsor, with the awe always inspired by superiority. Yet one finds merely an affable gentleman who meets you on your own mental native heath, and with whom it is joy to spend such part of an afternoon as he can spare from his studies or his friends or his Bridge Whist. I have designedly spelled whist with capitals because bridge whist is Mr. Dodson's fad.

"It is the greatest of all games," said Mr. Dodson, with an expression of apology for what he regarded as an air of sleepiness, but impressed me as an uncommon alertness. "I was at the Bridge club late last night. It is a most fascinating game," and he looked regretfully, and with a

shade of reproach at the interviewer, who admitted that she knew nothing about this greatest of games.

"It would be hard to analyze its fascination to one who doesn't know whist. Bridge especially requires an analytical mind. It is a favorite game of many lawyers, notably of United States District Attorney Burnett."

It developed that Mr. Dodson is the only one of his cloth who belongs to the Bridge Whist Club, which numbers John W. Gates, J. Pierpont Morgan and half a dozen other multi-millionaires on its membership roll. Mr. Dodson blushed in rosy delight when he confirmed the rumor that Tom Wheelan, president of the Whist League of America had said to him, sententiously but significantly, "You play beautiful bridge."

And all the time that Mr. Dodson was galloping his hobby, I was thinking with a woman's singular irrelevancy about his eyes. They are gray, not over large, of expression changeful and with the steady brilliancy that betokens a mind extraordinarily alert, and an impressionability almost abnormal. One sees them through glasses, else their continuous twinkling would be a bit disconcerting. Then, ruthlessly dragging him away from bridge, I got him to talk about himself.

Born English, but of spirit intensely American. He had been in America fifteen years and in America he would remain. Not another actor in the family. His father had belonged to the class known arbitrarily in England as "gentleman," here as a man of leisure. He was designed by that father for the law, but, as other fathers before and after him, he reckoned without the stage. The younger Dodson read Blackstone with a London firm, and went to court with the barristers for six months, and the preparation was excellent—for the stage. He went daily to that famous criminal court, the Old Bailey, where the stream of crime washed up such human debris as is beached at the Tombs and Jefferson Market Court, New York. He looked upon human nature in the raw. He studied types. He determined to reflect those types. It was the Old Bailey that inspired Mr. Dodson to become the fine actor he is.

"Through a friend of J. L. Toole, the great English comedian, I obtained my first engagement. It was in Manchester. Toole was the star of the piece, 'The Spelling Bee.' I played a small walking gentleman. After a few nights I was cast for 'private box man.' It was the duty of this character to interrupt the performance and ask a series of questions of Mr. Toole, the audience imagining that the interruption was



White, N. Y.

MISS CATHERINE CALHOUN

Now playing the leading feminine rôle in "Captain Barrington" with William Bramwell, and whose performance as Ruth Langdon has been highly praised.

said, 'May I have a word with my wife?' My answer being "yes."

"He then turned to his wife (in the piece) and said, 'Has the gentleman paid his money?' to which she replied, 'Yes,' and he said 'Then I will answer his questions.' Being filled with ambition and conceiving the idea that it was not fair for him to get all the laughs when he asked, 'May I have a word with my wife?' I answered, 'You should never have words with your wife.' The audience laughed and Mr. Toole was thrown into confusion.

"In my inexperience I fondly fancied that I had scored, but I was soon disillusioned. That, however, did not prevent the genial Mr. Toole from giving me two bits of advice that I have remembered, if not strictly followed. 'Remember two things, my boy,' said he. 'Don't "make-up" too much. Let the audience see your face. They like to know you as soon as you come on the stage. And, keep out of the saloons.'

That Mr. Dodson disregarded the first advice those who have seen him in a few of his phenomenally wide range of parts, as Guinnion in "The Squire," as the quixotic loungeur in "Bohemia," as Cardinal Richelieu in "Under the Red Robe," as Radford, the spy, in "All for Her," Mathew Keber, in "The Bauble Shop," Baron Croodle in "The Money Spinner," Cayley Drummle in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and Penguin in "A Scrap of Paper," as John Weatherby in "Because She Loved Him So," as Ralph Warriner in "Miranda of the Balcony," recognize. Pressed about the saloons, Mr. Dodson admitted a slight acquaintancè, but not a close intimacy with them. His versatility was proven in his early youth, when, in the play, "The Twins," he doubled as a drunken waiter and the drunken waiter's brother, a bishop.

Edmund Kean said to Samuel Phelps, when he was in the winter of his age and that actor a disregarded stripling in his company, "Youngster, the world will hear from you some day." Oddly enough, Samuel Phelps, in his own age, addressed the same phrase to the boy who has never outgrown his boyish nickname, "Doddie."

genuine and coming from one of themselves. Mr. Toole made replies which turned the laugh on the interrogator, to the great delight of the audience. I took my place in the box and at the proper cue called him by name (the name of his part) 'Professor Muddle,' two or three times, until he came down to the footlights and 'discovered me.' I then had to say, 'May I have a word with you?' upon which he

Unlike most actors, Mr. Dodson's view of the future of the stage is optimistic.

"We hear that it is going to the dogs," he said, smiling cheerily, "But we have always heard that. We always will hear it. The trend of the times is toward greater excellence. There is, for instance, a great hue and cry about the lack of good stage managers in America. There are some excellent stage directors in this country. I do not know Mr. Belasco, but I should suppose that he is a fine stage manager. Joseph Humphreys was a good stage manager. So is William Seymour. And Mr. Erlanger has the best trained ear for a proper reading I ever knew."

Mr. Dodson brims with enthusiasm. He is enthusiastic about the profession of acting.



Falk, N. Y.

HOWARD KYLE

As John Ermine of the Yellowstone. Mr. Kyle is now a co-star with Rose Coghlan, and appearing with that actress on tour in a revival of "Diplomacy." Next season Mr. Kyle expects to produce a strong American play.

"The right attitude of an actor toward the stage is that of devotion," he said. "Unless he loves it he will not get on in it. That is true of everything."

He is enthusiastic about American women.

"When I go to London I am horrified at the contrast with our women," said this amiable expatriate. "American women are the most beautiful in the world. They are the best dressed. They are the most delightful conversationalists."

He is enthusiastic about Sir Henry Irving.

"He is a great actor—a great actor," he repeated with reverence. "Yes, yes; I know that some find fault with his mannerisms." He raised a thin, tense forefinger by way of emphasis, "But he is a great actor in spite of the mannerisms. That is the point. And the revolution in the social status of the actor in England, and to a great extent, in America, is due to him. Irving refused to accept hospitality extended to him as a pungent morsel to whet the jaded social aste. 'I must be invited as Irving the gentleman, not as Irving the actor,' he said. When he returned the hospitality of the Prince of Wales it was in the same way, not at the back of the stage, but as one gentleman entertains another in his club or home. Three times he refused knighthood. When he accepted it at last it was because he had been waited upon by a committee of actors, who pointed out to him that in the old English law, never repealed, players are 'rogues and vagabonds.' Accept this honor offered you and wipe out the stain, they pleaded, and it was for his fellow players that Irving, the actor, became Sir Henry Irving, knight. At a great meeting of actors, when there were on the stage alone three hundred of his profession, he was presented with



Strauss, Kansas City

ELIZABETH WOODSON

Young California actress who, during the illness of Annie Russell undertook the star part in Clyde Fitch's play "The Girl and the Judge," reading it from the mss. on the opening night, and a few nights later playing a full characterization.



Arkissus (Tyron Power)

Adrea (Mrs. Leslie Carter)

Kaesoo (Chas. A. Stevenson)

Thryssos (Francis Powers)

OUTRAGED QUEEN ADREA HANDS HER FALSE LOVER KAESOO OVER TO THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE HAIRY MASTER OF THE WILD HORSES,
WHILE THE HANDSOME ARKISSUS COUNTS THE VIOLENT HEART THROBS OF HER MAJESTY'S PULSE

a golden casket in which was an illuminated scroll, bearing the thanks and congratulations of the actors of England."

Another of Mr. Dodson's enthusiasms is, what American actress do you suppose? Fay Templeton. "One of the greatest of American actresses," he said. "To burlesque is to give all its strength to a great emotional scene and turn it into a joke by some quirk at the last. It takes rare power to do that and Miss Templeton has it."

Mr. Dodson has almost none of the player's bugaboo, first-night nervousness. It was Pinero, the playwright, who cured him of this dreadful mental stuttering, this paralyzing vertigo of the intellect.

"Pinero said to me one day before an opening in one of his plays, 'Doddie, how are you feeling about your part?' 'M-m—I don't know—not very well,' I said.

"'Why not?'

"'I don't know.'

"'Haven't you my idea of the part?'

"'Yes.'

"'And don't you know the part?'

"'Oh, yes,' for I knew that I was as always letter perfect.

"'Don't you know your 'business'?' "

"'Oh, yes.'

"'And haven't you done the very best you know how with the part?'

"'I have.'

"'Then why be afraid?'

"'I went home and thought that over. Sure enough. 'Then why be afraid?'

"'Since that time I have never had actual first night nervousness. Anxiety about the part? Yes, for we never know whether the public will agree with our conception of the character. But, so far as I am concerned, I have the consciousness of having done the best I am able to do with the part, and that is a most sustaining sense.

"'If I were not perfectly sure of what I intended to do, if I trusted for one fleeting second to that ignis fatuus, the inspiration of the moment, I would be the most nervous man on the stage, for I am an exceedingly nervous, irritable man.' He smilingly waved aside a protest. "Oh, but I am."

In the serious conclusion of what had been an illuminating chat, this one of the most scholarly of actors told me his method of studying a part.

"First, I labor until I am letter perfect. That is a hard task for me," he said, ruefully, "for I would never in the world win a prize as a quick study. I get the idea quickly enough, but I have a beastly tendency to substitute words. I have a bad verbal memory. I have to toil at memorizing my parts, but I never begin rehearsing until I am letter perfect. My next step is to get at, and into, the mentality of the character, to know what he thinks, as well as I would know it were he my own brother. The way he walks and talks, the kind of gestures he uses, the ordinary



MISS DOROTHY REVELLE

Recently seen as the Prima Donna in "The Second Fiddle"

acts of the man, naturally grow out of that acquaintance with his mind. They flow out, as it were. Next, I give a great deal of thought to how such a man would display the certain emotions I must portray in the play. Take jealousy, for instance! A recluse would reveal that passion in a different manner from a society man, a business man than a scholar. And when I have worked out all these things to my entire satisfaction, I get outside myself, as it were, and give myself a severe critical drubbing."

We spoke of the actor who is in love with his voice, so deeply in love that he sacrifices part and career to those two or three notes of his adoration, which the public never loves as well as he thinks it does, and Mr. Dodson delivered this epigram:

"Don't let your voice tickle your ear."

We talked of naturalism and he delivered this other. "It is not always feasible to be natural, but it is always necessary to appear natural."

Green room traditions relate that during the

days of Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells, London, Phelps, who preceded Sir Henry Irving in the procession of the great figures of the English stage, the best actors of the kingdom were in his supporting company. Yet these actors are cited as having scratched whitewash from the walls and spreading it upon their faces, scraped a convenient red brick for rouge, and with the end of a burnt match blackened their eyebrows, and drew broad, irregular lines where they desired wrinkles. This finished, they strode to the centre of the stage, flushed with the pride of duty done.

It would appear, then, that the artistry of makeup is modern. Certainly in this important branch, which Wilton Lackaye says, having accomplished well, the actor has played his prologue, no one has ever excelled J. E. Dodson. And in even so superficial a matter he has discerned a philosophy. His recipe is like that older one for cooking a hare, "First catch your hare."

"Find in real life the character you wish to study."

Seeing Mr. Dodson in the fine old drawing room, where quaint furniture and exquisite etchings on the dull toned walls, and the vista of a large dining room with spacious side board and carved oak table and stately high-backed chairs that might have come from one of England's oldest castles by way of Scott's novels, and seeing him again in his own tobacco flavored den which his gracious wife, Miss Annie Irish, permits him to keep in all the disarray men demand for their particular belongings, the little sunny room, lined from floor to ceiling with the best books, old and new, and the plays, whose tattered covers showed how often and avidly they had been read, one realized that one had met here that union we would see in every actor, the man of refinement, the scholar, the easeful, modern man of the world.

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As "Phil" in "You Never Can Tell"



LILY LORRELL
Lately playing an important rôle in "The Girl from Kays"



EDWARD MACKAY
Leading man with Mary Mannering in "Nancy Stair"



Armstrong

IDA BROOKS HUNT
Prima donna in "Woodland"



LILLIAN REED
In "The Chinese Honeymoon"



LOUISE LE BARON
Lately seen at the Broadway with Fritz Scheff

PLAYERS RECENTLY SEEN ON THE METROPOLITAN STAGE

Maurice Barrymore—Actor, Scholar and Wit

By Henry Miller



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HENRY MILLER

IT IS with considerable trepidation that I attempt to catch any of the myriad glints of color which combined to make the personality of poor Maurice Barrymore one of the most picturesque and lovable men I have ever known, and to set them down here calmly in prosaic lines of cold type. But, as the French say, "*à chaque saint sa chandelle*," and these all inadequate words of mine may possibly serve some purpose if they throw a shaft of light upon the many admirable qualities and characteristics of a fellow player, for the benefit

of those who were denied the privilege of his acquaintance.

It has been frequently said that Barrymore was a squanderer of his time and talents, and the good-humored jest of a friend, who wrote:

"He lived in the land of going to do,
And left with nothing begun."

was misunderstandingly seized upon to epitomize the career of this gifted man. Yet who can say with truth that the life of Maurice Barrymore was without accomplishment? The distinction he achieved as an actor would satisfy the ambition of most of his fellows, and in the world of letters he also won an honorable place, without that cruel spur, Necessity. And if, as has been said, one's honor is the opinion of the social set in which one moves, then the sense of honor of those who knew him must have been influenced for good, for they learned by his example that kindness and wit could go hand in hand, that bravery and boasting are things apart, and to look upon smug hypocrisy with contempt. Surely this is not a wasted life; if it be, then may mine be so wasted.

Strength and gentleness were Maurice Barrymore's cardinal virtues, and to which his whole nature seemed attuned.

Whatever admiration his wit and picturesque personality may have brought to him, those predominant traits were the most appealing. Now, this handsome figure stands in the perspective of the past, but the memory

of the man will long remain an ever present pleasure to dwell upon. We, his comrades behind the foot-lights, will miss the brilliant flashes of his wit that were wont to set the dinner table in a roar. "Barry," as we called him, was extremely popular with his fellows. He was ever ready to sacrifice personal comfort to good fellowship, and it was impossible to be dull in his company. His witticisms were celebrated, and it would require a good memory to recall them all. Famous in his university days as a middleweight amateur boxer, he was essentially a manly, chivalrous man. Once, when livid with rage at a reflection cast upon a woman he knew, he was asked why he restrained himself.

"Every blow struck in defence of a woman is a dent in her reputation," was his reply.

Another time he had a dispute with a boastful bully in a Broadway café, who said:

"If I had you in Texas, I'd blow your head off!"

"Then your courage is merely a matter of longitude," answered Barry, urbanely.

His power of repartee was, indeed, remarkable. There was a painting called "Summer," in the Players' Club, that had been severely criticised. One evening Barrymore was listening to a discussion on the prodigality of actors and the nearness of the idle season.

"Why don't you save your money like me? But cheer up, boys; summer is not half as bad as it is painted!"

His wit sometimes had a philosophical quality. He was once at a table with a young woman who wanted to taste absinthe.

"It is like something I had when I was a child. I mean it's just like paregoric."

"Yes," said Barry. "Absinthe is the paregoric of second childhood."

Steele Mackaye once told him that he would never become a great actor until he experienced a great sorrow or a

thrilling experience. Instantly, the retort came:

"Write a play for me, Steele, and I shall get both."

Come, let's draw our chairs a little closer. There is none to take his place.



Falk, N. Y.

THE LATE MAURICE BARRYMORE

Father of Ethel Barrymore and one of the most accomplished and popular leading men on the American stage. Born in India in 1847, he was educated at Cambridge University, England, and came to America in 1875, where he was married in the following year to Georgia E. Drew, sister of John Drew. He died March 25, 1905.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Beginning in the next issue, THE THEATRE MAGAZINE will start the publication of a highly important contribution to current dramatic literature, namely, a series of papers, to be completed in three parts, entitled:

MEMORIES OF AUGUSTIN DALY

Written by a close personal friend of the late manager and profusely illustrated with many scarce and heretofore unpublished photographs.

Augustin Daly was the most conspicuous figure in theatrical management that the American stage has known. He has had no successor. While he directed the famous Broadway theatre bearing his name, he cast a lustre on our boards that has not since been equalled. He succeeded in imparting to the New York stage that brilliancy and polish so characteristic of the theatres of continental Europe, and for this reason he attracted to the playhouses a class of American society—usually seen only at the Opera—which had previously ignored the theatre and have again neglected it since his death. The stock company he organized was unrivalled on the English-speaking stage and it compared favorably with any other troupe of players in the world. His death, at a comparatively early age, was a distinct loss to American dramatic art, and with his disappearance began the first serious tendency toward pure commercialism.

A glimpse into the intimate life of a man capable of accomplishing what Daly accomplished must possess keen interest for all lovers of the theatre. The writer will show the brilliant young manager at the outset of his career, his direction of the playhouse adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and tell what he accomplished until a catastrophe overtook him that threatened to end his managerial career. How, undaunted, he rose again, below Astor Place, where Society laughed and wept with Clara Morris, Sara Jewett, Kate Claxton and other famous players. Then came the old Fifth Avenue Theatre and again failure, and Mr. Daly's disappearance for a time until he gained control of the present Daly's Theatre. All the events connected with the opening of that famous house will be told in detail, and the extreme hardships which Daly experienced while trying to regain public favor. He had very little money, his credit was impaired, the theatre (Wood's Museum) which he had taken was of cheap rating, the whole world seemed against him during this harrowing struggle. The writer tells of his wonderful pluck and perseverance, how "first nights" in those days were perfect nightmares to him, how he scorned the benefit of the bankruptcy law at the time of his failures and paid every cent to his debtors, of his attitude toward speculators, how he fought and conquered them. There will be a great deal about Ada Rehan, Fanny Davenport, Edith Kingdon, Mrs. Gilbert, John Drew, George Clarke, May Irwin, and extracts from letters of Mr. Daly while travelling here and in Europe, with much about his personal traits, many anecdotes, his superstitions, the religious element in his nature and life, his love for his library, his Sundays at home, his devotion to duty, and his death.

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New Dramatic Books

DE PROFUNDIS. By Oscar Wilde. With Portrait. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

A shining light of literary purity reflected from a dark background of insincerity and depravity, describes this book only in part. It will speedily perish; otherwise, it would be our duty to combat any possible influence it might have and to expose by an analysis of its internal evidence its odious pretensions.

It is a homily, or pretended poem in prose, on the value of grief and sorrow. It is in no degree a revelation of any change in spirit, character or theories wrought by his punishment and confinement in prison. The greater part of the book could have been written before his conviction, and probably was. This greater part is taken up with a condescendingly polite discussion of Christ as a man of sorrow. He also regards him as a very superior gentleman. He also makes due recognition, with some touch of gratitude, that the Lord of All bestowed on himself genius and refinement. He claims that he should be regarded with a certain reverence, because of his purification.

He says of the people, page 8: "Then, perhaps, they will realize how and in what spirit they should approach me." On page 18, we find: "Morality does not help me. I am a born antinomian. I am one of those made for exceptions, not for laws. But while I see that there is nothing wrong in what one does, I see that there is something wrong in what becomes. It is well to have learned that." A loathsome distinction, too fine to be understood by any but the most elect of reprobates. "Religion does not help me. The faith that others give to what is unseen, I give to what one can touch, and look at. My gods dwell in temples made with hands." "Agnosticism should have its ritual no less than faith." Page 54: "I had said of Christ that he ranks with the poets. That is true. Shelley and Sophocles are of his company." We are told, page 72, that we owe to Christ the most diverse things and people, Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," for example, and Verlaine's poems, Burne-Jones, Lancelot and Guinevere, Tannhäuser, and many other things. He was the origin of romanticism. All of this is plainly foreign to any possible reflections of prison life. It obviously antedates that experience. Oscar Wilde was a poser to the last, always proclaiming the beauty of something, once the beauty of sin, now the beauty of sorrow. The beauty of his literary expression cannot be denied, but his theories are neither definite nor sound; they are empty and applicable to nothing, sometimes with an appearance of meaning, but wholly empty, a mere matter of verbal form.

He closes thus: "Society, as we have constituted it, will have no place for me, has none to offer, but Nature,

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whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars, so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my foot-prints, so that none may track me to my hurt; she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole." The fact is that he sought Nature in Paris, and accepted absinthe as her choicest gift, until the world was rid of his empty pratings about the beauty of things.

ICONOCLASTS. A Book of Dramatists—Ibsen, Strindberg, Becque, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Hervieu, Gorky, Duse and D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck and Bernard Shaw. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. 1905.

Mr. Huneker has written a book of real value, always brilliant and always erudite; sometimes too brilliant and sometimes too erudite. The fact, however, that it is written on the supreme heights of knowledge does not make it the less interesting in the reading, but rather invites the student to further investigation in order to place himself on a footing with the scholar. The dramatists represented in Mr. Huneker's discussions are all, more or less, iconoclasts. He begins with Ibsen. In point of fact, the great Norwegian is more of an iconoclast of technical conventionalities than all the others put together; but no one of them has ever overturned a dramatic law, and no writer ever will as long as the world stands. It has been said of Ibsen that the greater part of the action has taken place before the rise of the curtain. This method of treatment is not entirely unknown, but it is a distinguishing mark of this dramatist and shows his mastery of an art that, on the whole, must be the common possession of dramatists or be no art at all. He is simply using the conditions precedent of the action with magnificent skill. He begins the real action at the highest point, and this explains the intensity of his work. Mr. Huneker illuminates the meaning of Ibsen admirably, but, frankly, we do not believe that any of his commentators or interpreters have sounded the depths. It is almost impossible for one who is not entirely familiar with Norwegian life to understand the significance of the details; and, on the other hand, the Norwegian commentators fail to supply the point of view essential to the foreigner's comprehension. Taking the impression that we receive, Norway is simply one of the purlieus of hell. There must be types of character and social conditions there which are certainly impossible and inconceivable in this country. Here and there the plays strike home to us, and are not so deeply rooted in Norway as not to take some root with us. In any event, they are powerful in effect and noble in purpose. Again, they are absolutely merciless in their exposure of human erring.

Mr. Huneker applies comparative criticism throughout his book, but we must disagree with him as to that method in this case. George Tesman is not "own brother to Georges Dandin and twin brother to Charles Bovary." Hedda is not "like Emma Bovary." The Norwegian and the French conceptions are from absolutely different angles. The intent is not the same, nor is the treatment or the effect. Certainly, dramatic characters usually have a distinct lineage, but to seek to place Tesman in line is to deny the independence and unconventionality of Ibsen. In technique there is nothing absolutely new in Ibsen, in subject everything. In taking issue with Mr. Huneker on what might seem to be a trifle, we disclaim any wish to impugn the very great value of his critical discussions. His book is invaluable to the student, for it comprehends all the forces in the new drama. We need only to refer to the list of names under the title. It is a thoughtful book, full of details, and consequently admits of no brief summary. It should be read.

Ibsen at the Berkeley

The Progressive Stage Society announces a series of performances of Ibsen's play, "The Masterbuilder," to be given at the Berkeley Lyceum, beginning the first week in May.

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There is no Resort place in this wide world which assures its Visitors such ideal weather—balmy as the rose-laden breeze from Paradise which in brief dreams our senses sometimes feed upon, and bracing as the Spring ozone which blows in from Northern seas upon Norwegian coasts—as Asheville and Western North Carolina supply during April and May. Early spring life among the mountains of Western North Carolina is a true and exquisite taste of terrestrial joy, spiced by climatic ambrosia and nectared by the air-wine of the hill gods. Send for Booklet to ALEX. S. THWEATT, E. P. A., 271 and 1185 Broadway, N. Y.

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Modjeska's Farewell



Modjeska in 1870

Helena Modjeska, the distinguished Polish actress, whose delightful art has endeared her to thousands of American theatre-goers, is about to bid farewell to the stage. Her last public appearance will be made at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 2, at a testimonial performance arranged by a number of prominent artists. Mme. Modjeska has been living for some time in retirement on her California ranch and report has it that she has been in financial difficulties. On the initiative of Ignace Paderewski, the celebrated pianist and fellow-countryman of the actress, the coming testimonial performance—in token of the universal affection and esteem in which Modjeska is held—was arranged. Otis Skinner, at one time leading man to Modjeska, has written for *THE THEATRE MAGAZINE* the following sympathetic appreciation of the tragedienne:

THE ART OF MODJESKA

BY OTIS SKINNER

IF there is one characteristic of the art of Helena Modjeska that to me has transcended its other aspects, it is its contagious joyousness. I was nearly tempted in remembering her Queen Katherine, her Mary Stuart and her Lady Macbeth, to place the poise and dignity of her performances before other qualities, but when I recall the uplifting note of ecstasy in her entrance upon the scene of the meeting of the two queens in "Mary Stuart," the burst of almost masculine triumph with which she greeted her husband in "Macbeth," and even in "Henry VIII.," with the joy of finality permeating the pathos of Katherine's death scene, I retain as my most vivid recollection of her work its dominating note of joyousness.

It is this quality, governed by the keenest, most intuitive art sense, that has carried conviction and indescribable charm to her auditors in Rosalind, Beatrice, Magda, Camille and Donna Diana; a contagious winsomeness that overrides criticism. As with all artists, there is much of "Madame's" own life in her work, much of its characteristic spirit.

I was fortunate enough once to be her guest at "Arden," the California home of the Modjeskas. It was here that her personality took its most real and sincere form. Under the shade of spreading trees, by the banks of the mountain stream, on the green lawn fronting the low and rambling length of her home, her years and dignity fell away. She was a school girl, responding to the beat of her blood and ready for any prank.

Had she suddenly swung herself, then, into the branches of one of her sycamores and in her familiar Rosalind manner called out, "Come, woo me! Woo me! For now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent," I should not have been in the least surprised. Once she arranged a barbecue. It was a most successful affair and brought together many of her neighboring Mexican rancheros. They came shyly, in their Sunday

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best, with carefully washed hands and sleeked hair, but their shyness fell away before the abundant cheer of roasted meat and generous wine, and it was the most natural and unaffected thing in the world to see the chatelaine gayly dancing with the brown-skinned field laborers to the tuneful strumming of guitars and mandolins.

Her generosity and sympathy have always been keenly alive, particularly in the cause of her poorer compatriots in this country. I remember a performance in a little hall in an obscure part of Polish Chicago, for the benefit of a local charity. It was a short play that was presented by amateur actors supporting Madame Modjeska in their native language. Madame played a grotesque comedy part in the make-up of a fat peasant woman. I don't know what it was all about, but it was howlingly funny, and the Polish audience chortled in no uncertain approval of an impersonation that surely was unique in this country. They laughed until they wept, and "Madame" was obliged to respond to a full dozen of acknowledgments when the curtain fell.

There is an oft-repeated story that may not be out of place here, which shows her mimetic and sympathetic power. At a banquet given to her she was asked to recite. She said that she had never recited in English, but if the guests would accept it she would give them something in her native tongue. She was naturally overwhelmed with grateful assurances, and began what appeared a most poetic and dramatic narration. It began with a sort of adagio movement of the verse, struck into the lighter fantastic vein, merged into passionate and pathetic measures, and finally ending in a wailing tone of despair, like the cry of a damned soul. There were tears in her hearers' eyes as she finished, and after a breathless pause, the room vibrated with "bravas." "What was it? What was it?" came from all sides. "Guess," replied the actress. A score of explanations were suggested and rejected. One tearful little miss said, "Oh, Madame, it was the most touching thing I ever knew! I could just see the poor girl when they laid her in the grave. But, oh, please, please, PLEASE tell us what killed her." "Certainly, my dear, I just recited the alphabet in Polish. A-B-C—and there you are."

OTIS SKINNER.

The Most Ignorant of All

[Anonymous letters, as a rule, go into the waste-paper basket, but the following one is so unintentionally humorous that we cannot resist the temptation to reprint it, with all its picturesque orthography:]

CINCINNATI, April 8.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Gentleman.—How plainly in your criticisms on players one sees your partiality to Mansfield and Mrs. Fiske as these are the only ones who receive any praise or kindness from you. Injustice, malice and censor are the remaining players' portion at your hands. True, there are a few who deserve censor, but even then to temper censor with a little kindness would be showing more intelligence and sharity. As this inclosed slip [a clipping from our last issue] indicates you are *very much* in the *wrong*, as Mansfield is just the very actor (and about the *only* one) who resorts to cheap tricks. He is allways advertising his enormous scenery, his private car lodging and transportation in the same, his mastery of several languages (but butchery of languages is understood so by the intelligent) e.t.c. to catch the mediocre, to whom he caters hence the crowded houses, as the intelligent are not in the majority to crowd a house very often.

As persons who have made the art of the stage their study, claim that if Mansfield was in his proper place, he would be playing in second-class theatres. May this be as it is, I can't see how an intelligent person can attribute any greatness to him. But how few critics (deserve the name of critic) have the cobwebs from their brain, and are consistent or sincere.

Mrs. Fiske deserves all praise she receives and she does *not* resort to cheap tricks, but is honest and true, but there are a few others who deserve just as much, but do not receive it from *your* hands, but do so from more competent critics. All one reads in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is censor and malice through it all, with the two above acceptance. And now I see you have "Hunneker" the most ignorant of all.

[NO SIGNATURE.]

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Queries Answered

TO CORRESPONDENTS

This department has become so popular with our readers that this month we find it absolutely impossible to print replies to all the queries sent in. If we published them all it would take over a page and a half of this issue. Next month we shall try and give more space to them. Those correspondents who have sent in queries and do not find them in this month will find them in our next issue.

An Interested Reader, Birmingham, Ala.—Q.—What is the address of Al. H. Wilson? A.—Holliday St. Theatre, Baltimore, Md. Q.—Will you publish pictures of William Bramwell in "Captain Harrington," and Sophie Brandt in the "Princess Chic"? A.—Perhaps. J. A. R., Springfield, Mass.—Q.—Will you publish Sherriden's picture as King Louis XI and William J. Kohler and J. A. Robertson's? A.—We cannot say.

F. B. K., Columbus, Ga.—Q.—Is Dustin Farnum going to continue to play "The Virginian" next season? A.—We think so. Q.—Will you publish scenes from "The Virginian"? A.—See our issue for February, 1904. Q.—Is Chas. D. Hanford to come here this season? A.—We do not know. Q.—In what is he now playing? A.—"Othello."

C. H., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Where is Marguerite Sylva? A.—Now resting in Nice.

A Subscriber, Minneapolis, Minn.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Florence Stone, member of the Ferris Stock Company? A.—We cannot say.

N. C. W.—Q.—Have you the picture called "A Wyoming Round-Up"? A.—See our February, 1904, issue.

G. O., Sandy Hill, N. Y.—Q.—When a musical comedy is sent to be copyrighted, will they accept the plot of the play without the speaking parts, or do you have to send the music, lyrics, names of the characters as they will appear in the play, number of acts, etc.? A.—Write to Copyright Bureau, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

The Magazine Lover, Newark, N. J.—Q.—What is the proper age for a young man to enter a dramatic school? A.—About 18.

New York.—Q.—Where is Lulu Glaser now playing? A.—Buffalo, N. Y. Q.—Will she be in New York at Easter? A.—We cannot say.

Q.—What is her private address? A.—A letter written care of Chas. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre Building, this city, will reach her.

E. L., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—Are Lulu Glaser and "Strongheart" coming to San Francisco? A.—We do not think so. Q.—When have you published pictures of Richard Mansfield, Ezra Kendall, and scenes from "The Virginian"? A.—March, 1904, December, 1902, February, 1904, respectively. Q.—Where is Melville Ellis now playing? A.—We do not know.

A Reader.—Q.—How soon is Dustin Farnum to appear again in New York? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Has he a new play in view? A.—None is yet announced.

Marcelle, Colorado Springs, Colo.—Q.—Who was the first lady to come on the stage in the song entitled "The Tortured Thomas Cat" in "The Tenderfoot"? A.—We think you mean Elsie Nunn. Write manager Tenderfoot Company.

V. S.—Q.—Will you print scenes from Forbes Robertson's production of "Hamlet"? A.—We published a portrait of Forbes Robertson as Hamlet in our March, 1904, issue.

G. R. B.—Q.—In what will William Gillette play after "Sherlock Holmes"? A.—He goes to London to play his new piece "Clarence." Q.—In what numbers were pictures of "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," William Gillette, William Courtenay and Vincent Serrano? A.—February, 1905, January and June, 1904, respectively. Q.—Is it possible to secure back numbers of THE THEATRE? A.—Yes, at this office. Q.—Have you had a picture of Adele Ritchie? A.—See our issue for February, 1902.

A Subscriber.—Q.—Where is Gwendolyn Valentine? A.—A couple of seasons ago she was private secretary and understudy to Julia Marlowe.

W. A. B., New York.—Q.—Have you had pictures of Wm. Gillette in "The Admirable Crichton," and Edgar Selwyn, who takes the part of Jacky in "Sunday"? A.—See our issues for January and November, 1904.

A Subscriber.—Q.—Have you had a picture of Maude Adams as she appears in the last act of "The Little Minister"? A.—We published the picture on the front cover of February, 1905. Q.—Has the play closed? A.—It is now on the road.

A Subscriber, New York.—Q.—When will you have an interview with Ethel Barrymore? A.—See our issue of November, 1902.

W. W. B., Paterson, N. J.—Q.—Have you printed these actors' photographs: Thos. Ross (A.—April, 1904), Dustin Farnum (A.—June, 1904), Will H. Vedder (A.—Not yet).

G. B. T., Buffalo, N. Y.—Q.—I have written a play which has been declined by several managers. I, and others who have read it, believe it would be successful if produced on the stage. What opportunity has an untired playwright to secure a trial production? A.—Managers are often mistaken in their verdict. Plays that have made fortunes were at first rejected by supposedly shrewd managers. Yours may be in this class. Write to W. T. Price, 1440 Broadway, he will advise you.

C. S. K., Detroit, Mich.—Q.—Did Wm. Gillette lose his wife by death, and shortly afterwards leave the stage for two seasons on account of ill health, and spend his retirement in the mountains of West Virginia? A.—Yes. Q.—What was his wife's professional name? A.—Courtney. Q.—When does William Gillette's engagement at the Empire Theatre close? A.—When you read this engagement will have closed. Q.—At what theatre in London will he present "Clarence"? A.—Probably the Duke of York's Theatre.

L. H., Waltham.—Q.—Where can I get a copy of "The Two Orphans" with autograph pictures of the cast? A.—Write to Wilbur Bates, care Klaw and Erlanger, New Amsterdam Theatre Building, New York City. Q.—Has the company disbanded? A.—If you mean as originally cast, yes.

A Reader.—Q.—Are Wm. F. Courtney, who plays in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," and the Wm. Courtney who was with Mansfield, one and the same person? A.—Yes. Q.—Are E. M. Holland and Joseph Holland related? A.—Brothers. Q.—Are Joseph Cawthorne and Herbert Cawthorne related? A.—Brothers. Q.—Is Katherine Florence related to William Florence. A.—No relative. She is the daughter of Katherine Rogers. Q.—Is Elvia Croix the wife of T. Q. Seabrooke? A.—She separated from Mr. Seabrooke in April, 1896. Q.—Is Selena Fetter the wife of Milton Royle? A.—Yes. Q.—Is "James Erskine" Lord Eric Hope? A.—James Erskine is Lord Roslyn.

L. W. C., Utica, N. Y.—Q.—Have you ever published pictures of Richard Mansfield in "Julius Caesar," or scenes from the play? A.—See our issue for May, 1903. Q.—Where is Cecilia Loftus now? A.—Playing in vaudeville.

C. L. S.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Mrs. Carter in "Adrea," and of Mildred Holland in "The Triumph of an Empress"? A.—See our issues of March, 1905, and February, 1904.

Reader, Burlington, N. J.—Q.—Who played Romeo to Miss Adams' Juliet? A.—William Faversham. Q.—Have you published pictures of "The Little Minister"? A.—Not yet. Q.—When were scenes from "Du Barry" published? A.—February and September, 1902. Q.—Was Maude Adams' performance of "L'Aiglon" in French or English? A.—English. Q.—What is William Farnum playing in this season? A.—He is manager of a stock company at Buffalo, N. Y.

M. E., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Will you publish pictures of Edna May or Cecil Spooner? A.—See our issues for November, 1904, and May, 1903. Q.—Is there a place in New York where a photograph of any noted stage actress could be obtained? A.—Write Meyer Brothers & Co., 26 West 33rd Street, New York. Q.—Was Iris considered Virginia Harned's greatest rôle? A.—It was considered to be one of her strongest characters. Q.—Will you publish an interview with Mary Mannering or Virginia Harned? A.—See our issues for July, 1902, and April, 1904.

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Early Summer Modes

EXQUISITELY dainty are the summer frocks of mousseline and other sheer materials. That shown in illustration No. 1 is from the house of John Forsythe. It is an especially graceful model, made with full skirt and having a girdle of rose colored chiffon taffeta. The skirt garniture consists of applied festoons of soft lace, the same trimming being used on the full sleeves of the bodice and also on the corsage.

Illustration No. 2 shows one of the popular "frocks and frills." This model is in white, heavily embroidered linen with bolero to match, applied motives are also used on skirt and jacket. Rather odd is the lining of this costume, which shows through the openwork embroidery. It is of pale blue lawn, made loose from skirt and frill, and in both instances edged with a narrow ruffle of val. The hat worn with this charming gown is a

lingerie model of white lace trimmed with tiny pink rosebuds. (Hat from Mme. Ragot.)

Illustration No. 3 shows an exceedingly smart three-quarter length coat of embroidery Anglaise. This is made over a foundation of white taffeta. It is close fitting and bloused slightly in front, fastening with tabs of black velvet lined with the white taffeta and edged with ruffles of narrow lace. The sleeves are double puffed affairs in the smart three-quarter length. They are finished with black velvet cuffs lace-trimmed. The collarless effect is finished correspondingly. With this is worn a lingerie toque, banded with soft rose-color Louisine ribbon. The low trimming in the back, so much affected at present, is seen here in a cluster of drooping rosebuds, which fall over the coiffure in the back.



(1.) Dainty afternoon frock of white mousseline and lace, with girdle of rose colored chiffon silk.
(From John Forsythe. Posed by Miss Grace Ainsworth.)



(2.) Bolero suit of white linen, lined with pale blue mousseline. (From John Forsythe. Hat from Mme. Ragot)

The present fads for lingerie effects is expressed in particularly charming coats; not only is the model shown an elaborate example of this mode, but many other models which more nearly justify the name are to be had at all prices. Most of these coats are cut three-quarter length. The sleeves are usually bouffant or drooping at the shoulders, and ending in a flare. Some are made of fine linen beautifully embroidered. Others are in eyelet embroidery, lined or unlined, to suit one's taste. The materials best liked for linings are white taffeta or fine lawn. Some very good looking models are shown in grass linens, and equally smart are those of white pongee in a heavy grade. The latter are much more serviceable than people fancy, for they really launder well and wear—well, until they have quite passed out of vogue.

Coat suits of heavy white burlap or pongee are among the newest and best liked outing suits. Very much liked are the bias skirts which are seen in these costumes, and which are cut quite unusually short.

Light colored parasols to match summer gowns are

shown in a prettier variety than ever before. Those of sheer linen lined with chiffon and embroidered elaborately carry out the lingerie effect again. A dainty sunshade shown here, in illustration No. 4, is from the firm of Youman's. It is of Dresden pattern taffeta, with four-inch lace insertion as an edging. Illustration 6 is a chic little sunshade of distinctly French origin. It is of white taffeta with Pierrot dots of black velvet. These are graduated in size from the ferrule end toward the rim. The edge of the parasol is buttonholed in black silk. The other model, shown in illustration 5, and from the same firm, is in black peau de soie, with edge trimming of black chiffon, and lined with the same filmy material. A design in white silk is embroidered on one side with rather striking effect.

Other parasols are shown in the all prevailing pongee. Some of these are severely plain for tailored costumes of the silk, others are smartly embroidered.

The broken handle parasol is one of the season's best liked novelties. It is indeed a boon to the summer girl, who is enabled to pack a number of sunshades to match

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THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE was recently characterized as "The Magazine that isn't in a rut." The May issue sustains this enviable reputation by a table of contents that is bright, popular, and up-to-date. The cover design by Boyd-Dillon is unusually charming in design and color. It suggests the beauty of maidenhood and the fresh greenery of early Spring.

"DOWN IN THE DIAMOND DIGGINGS OF KIMBERLY," by John Lewis Aldmann, is of timely interest, owing to the recent discovery in the diamond fields of Africa of the largest diamond in the world. It is written by a man who has recently returned from the diggings, and is illustrated by a series of photographs that give a vivid picture of the life and environment of the diamond seeker.

"INDIVIDUALITY IN PHOTOGRAPHY," is an important paper contributed by Gertrude Kasebier, the creator of the new school of photography, and unquestionably the most distinguished and original photographer in this country and Europe. The article is richly illustrated by a number of Mrs. Kasebier's photographic portraits which have the same distinction in the world of art as paintings or etchings.

"SHAD HATCHING ON THE POTOMAC," by Rosalie A. Wood, is an exhaustive history of the great Shad Hatchery in the South that supplies the Eastern markets with this national delicacy. The photographs and information, which are exclusive, were obtained through the courtesy of the United States Fish Commissioners.

"ON THE ROAD TO JOCKEYDOM," by N. C. Marbourg, is an illustrated story of a training school where lads are instructed in the lore of horses and race winning.

"THE ISLAND OF THE FORSAKEN ONES," by Alvin Hovey-King, describes an interesting visit to the leper colony at Molokai, Hawaiian Islands. Among the interesting illustrations is a picture of the sainted Father Damien's grave and memorial stone.

"THE STORY OF MY VIOLINS," is a bit of intensely human autobiography contributed by Fritz Kreisler, the famous Austrian violinist.

No aspirant of Grand Opera honors can afford to miss the practical, frank, and valuable advice contributed by the eminent vocal trainer, Mme. Frida Debele Ashforth, which she sums under the heading of **"A GIRL WITH A VOICE."**

Other contributions are: **"A THREE CENT LODGING HOUSE,"** **"THEATRICALS OF THE MONTH,"** by Geo. C. Jenks; poems, clever pictures, humorous sketches, and full-page illustrations of well-known people.

THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE is an all around education for ten cents a copy.

various frocks in the trunks containing her trousseau. The adjustable handles of these parasols are worked by means of a slide and screw. The handle is first unscrewed, the slide then drawn out and one is able to lessen its length by almost half, simply bending it backward.

These handles are attached to sunshades of all descriptions and are seen also in the rain umbrella.

Another adjunct to the outfit of the summer girl must be mentioned here; that is, the walking pump which is really new in footgear. This is probably an offspring of the Du Barry tie worn a season or two ago. The walking pump is a compromise between an English low tie and a dancing slipper. Some of them show the extended sole and are made to lace through only one or two eyelets. Others do away entirely with this suggestion of the tie and end with the vamp being finished with a flat bow of black silk.

Spats of white linen will be worn to match summer costumes. Some of these will also be seen in the grass



(3.) Smart three quarters coat of embroidery Anglaise, collar and cuff trimming of black velvet and lining of white taffeta. (From John Forsythe. Lingerie hat from Mme. Ragot).

linen and tan shades and in the much liked blue.

Never have styles been more appealing than this season. Never have the opportunities for extravagance been so many. It was estimated by several of the biggest firms in New York that one outfit for the coming Newport season cost \$10,000 at least. That is, of course, for one young woman. Among the lists furnished was one for shoes, summing up \$497. Of this amount eighty odd dollars was set down for boot-trees alone. This sounds almost incredible to the woman who would spend very much less than this sum for her entire footgear. One of the items, however, was riding boot-trees, which cost \$12.50 a pair. There were several kinds of ties and pumps for morning and afternoon, evening slippers galore, dainty mules for bedroom wear, golfing ties, bathing shoes, and, indeed, the dealer who furnished the estimate declared that he had in his shop fifty-five different kinds of ties and other footgear for summer wear alone. Next a famous hosiery shop was asked for a like estimate. Nearly \$400 was the sum designated to cover the necessary outfit of stockings. There were black silk and black lisle, ten in various shadings, silk and lisle, white silk, and all the evening shades besides, including one or two pairs with lace inserts. This was said, by the salesman, to be a moderate outfit. The smartest corsetiere was next visited. Her bill would be, so she said, about \$450. Of these there would be six pairs of morning corsets, costing \$180. This in order that the Newport belle might wear a fresh pair daily, and thus preserve their shape (and hers). One pair of bathing corsets at \$25, two for afternoon wear, of finer material than those worn in the morning, at \$70, two pairs of satin evening corsets at \$80, two pairs of exercise



(4.) Dresden silk with edge of heavy white lace and natural wood stick.

corsets for gymnasium, golf or tennis, at \$60, and one negligé at \$40. The rest of the total was made up in



(5.) Black silk and chiffon with applique of white lace—striking effect. outer garments, and, of course, it might be carried far beyond the \$10,000 mark, if the purse of the fair wearer



(6.) Dainty Pierrot parasol of white taffeta. The scalloped edges buttonholed with black silk and graduated dots of black velvet.

Parasols from Youmans

and her inclination agreed in the matter.

*ANNA MARBLE.



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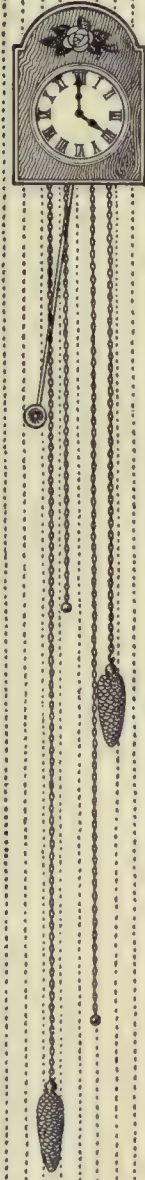
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ALBANY, NEW YORK

(From Our Correspondent.)

ALBANY, N. Y., April 10.—Being the first large city on the theatrical circuit north of New York, Albany has the advantage of seeing many of the biggest stars soon after their metropolitan runs. And having, in Harmanus Bleeker Hall, one of the largest and best equipped theatres on the road, we see the big productions well staged.

The present season began late, owing to the timidity of managers in a Presidential year, but, beginning with William Collier in "The Dictator," just before election, we have had a dramatic feast fit for the gods—and parquet. All is grist that comes to our mill, whether it be musical comedy or Shakespeare, and the public responds with a catholicity of taste and generosity which has well repaid Manager H. R. Jacobs for the splendid bookings he has made. Among the many fine attractions it is hard to pick any one and say it is the event of the season, but judging by the general satisfaction which it gave, the importance of the two stars, and the beauty of production, one can safely call the Sothern-Marlowe engagement in "Romeo and Juliet" the most noteworthy.

To drop from the sublime to the ridiculous, probably May Irwin in "Mrs. Black is Back" drew the largest audience that has ever been within the Hall for a theatrical performance.

Just to pick at random from the list of "things seen," there have been Mrs. Campbell in "The Sorceress," Lillian Russell in "Lady Teazle," Fritzi Scheff, Schumann-Heink, Nance O'Neill, Wilton Lackaye, Viola Allen, Ethel Barrymore, Kyrie Bellew, Grace George, "The Other Girl," "Piff, Paff, Pouff," Nat Goodwin, and about as much again. All things considered, Albany has been about as favored as any provincial city could expect.

WILLIAM H. HASKELL.

ITHACA, NEW YORK

(From Our Correspondent.)

ITHACA, N. Y., April 11.—The record of The Lyceum for the past four weeks comprehends a list of attractions that shows unabated adherence to the high standard that has ever obtained in the management of Ithaca's pretty theatre, each offering of the month, with the possible exception of two, playing to "Standing Room Only." Beginning with "The Maid and the Mummy," there followed Ezra Kendall in "Weather Beaten Benson," "Miss Bob White," Annie Russell in "Jinny the Carrier," "The Burgomaster," "The Royal Chef," "Babes in Toyland," Fritzi Scheff in "Boccaccio," and Kyrie Bellew in "Raffles." W. J. ROMER.

PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

(From Our Correspondent.)

PITTSBURG, PA., April 10.—Pittsburg playgoers may congratulate themselves. Harry Davis, an interesting figure in this city's later theatrical history, has shown the courage of his conviction by a revival of the old star-stock system. He first presented Amelia Bingham, supported by Harry Woodruff and the resident stock company, in "The Climbers," "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," and "Olympé." Robert Mantell then followed in classic repertoire, including "Richard III," "Riche-lieu," "Hamlet," and "Othello," with a weekly change of bill. The engagement of such artists, with a support seldom found in so-called stellar companies, was an appeal to playgoers of discriminating taste and proved a notable achievement from an artistic point of view. That the experiment has proven a financial success is evidenced by Mr. Davis' announcement of his intention to elaborate and continue the same plan next season. The moral of the venture lies in the fact that Mr. Davis charged but one dollar to see players of fine intelligence, ably supported. HOWARD JOHNSTON.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(From our Correspondent.)

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 5.—The month of March was the best theatrical month that Louisville has had in many years. The most prominent stars in the country delighted our theatre-goers, presenting a variety of plays that catered to every taste.

At Macauley's, Rose Coghlan was seen in a revival of "Diplomacy," but her audience was not large. "The Girl from Kay's," played by a third-rate company, disappointed good houses. This musical comedy, if handled by a good company, would be popular, but the company that played Louisville was undoubtedly the poorest that Macauley has presented in several seasons.

"The Shogun," however, made amends. This clever opera was by far the best seen here this season and played to capacity houses. There is not a line in the entire piece that is not sparkling with typical "Ade" wit, and the music is snappy and catchy. John Henshaw in the principal rôle seemed to be "made for the part," while Christy McDonald and Charlotte Leslie were winsome and clever. The chorus was exceptionally good and the costumes rich and beautiful.

Richard Mansfield was seen in his repertoire. "Beau Brummel" drew the largest audience, although his entire engagement was a great success.

The Sothern-Marlowe engagement was a treat for

Louisville theatre-goers. Miss Marlowe is a great favorite here and her visits are always anticipated with delight. The stars made an ideal Romeo and Juliet. EDWARD EPSTEIN.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

(From our Correspondent.)

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 5.—Milwaukee has been favored during the past month with first-class attractions. At the Davidson Theatre, March 5-8, Edna Wallace Hopper appeared in "A Country Mouse," followed by Paula Edwards in "Winsome Winnie," both companies drawing well. March 12, Kyrie Bellew was seen in "Raffles," and proved intensely interesting. March 16, Richard Carle, with "The Tenderfoot," attracted audiences of goodly size. March 19, Thos. W. Ross pleased in "Checkers." March 20, Mrs. Patrick Campbell was seen in Sardou's play, "The Sorceress," and she was followed by the Ben-Greet players in "Everyman." Unusual interest was taken by Milwaukee theatre-goers in "Parsifal," which was here the week of March 27. C. W. HEAFFORD.



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ATLANTA, GEORGIA

(From our Correspondent.)

ATLANTA, GA., April 5.—As the present season draws to a close, we are getting the best New York attractions, and they are playing to excellent returns. March started off with "The Rogers Brothers in Paris." They were ably assisted by winsome Josephine Cohan, who has a host of admirers here. Rose Coghlan and Howard Kyle gave an artistic presentation of "Diplomacy." Dainty Helen Byron was charming in "Sergeant Kitty," a tuneful and delightful opera of real merit. Wm. H. Crane, in "Business is Business," teaches very forcibly the fact that money does not always bring happiness. Mme. Melba delighted a brilliant audience by the beauty and richness of her voice. In the "Mad Scene" from Lucia her singing was superb. We are indebted to John Drew, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Margaret Dale and Fanny Brough for one of the best evening's entertainments of the season. D. E. MOORFIELD.

WAUSAU, WISCONSIN

(From our Correspondent.)

WAUSAU, Wis., April 5.—Business continues good, despite the Lenten season, and prospects are promising for a solid and successful summer season. Mildred Holland, supported by an exceptionally strong company, presented two performances of "The Triumph of an Empress," to packed houses, and pleased. W. J. Bryan spoke on the "Value of an Ideal," to a packed house, under the Y. M. C. A. Lecture Course. Weber & Field's company of forty people in "Hoity Toity" pleased a "S. R. O." house. Other attractions which have pleased audiences at this house, during the month,

(Continued on page xiv)

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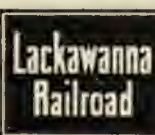
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(Continued from page xii)

are, Whalen's "Alphonse and Gaston," "The Fatal Wedding," De Kourtenay Stock Company, and Walter Fane Stock Company, Smith & Gorton, Protean Entertainers, Lyman H. Howe's Moving Pictures. The advance sale for the Joseph Shipman's Company, in "The Twelfth Night," promises to bring a crowded house.

E. S. DICKENS.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

(From Our Correspondent.)

HAMILTON, April 5.—The past month saw continued good business here. Edward Terry appeared for performances of "Sweet Lavender" and "The House of Burnside," with "Bardell and Pickwick" as an after-piece to the latter, both of which drew large audiences. The work of the star was well liked, especially in "Sweet Lavender." "Bardell and Pickwick" was very disappointing to members of the legal fraternity, who were out in force to see Mr. Terry as "Sergeant Buz-fuz." Jane Corcoran gave two performances of "Pretty Peggy" to S. R. O., and later played a return engagement, which was equally successful. Andrew Robson, her leading man, is an ex-Hamiltonian and very popular here.

"The Cingalee" played two nights to capacity and was well liked, although voted generally inferior to "A Country Girl." "San Toy," with James A. Powers also appeared to very large business. May Yohe and her supporting company gave two nights' vaudeville to fair houses. The star was fairly well liked and several of the support made hits.

C. W. BELL.

BRISTOL, VA., TENN.

(From Our Correspondent.)

BRISTOL, Va.-Tenn., April 5.—Featured among last month's attractions was Faust's Minstrels on the 10th with a refined programme that was well received by a fair house. The Olympia Opera Company presented "The Telephone Girl" and "El Capitan" to big business. The comedian, Ed Eagleton, already a local favorite, gained fresh laurels by his clever impersonations. With the engagement of Arthur Dunn in "The Runaways" on the 17th, the management announced the last big attraction of the season. This proved to be a record-breaker, from the box office standpoint, being greeted by the largest house of the year. The shortcomings in this direction were outweighed by the Vaudeville features, however, while the diminutive stature and grotesque wardrobe of Mr. Dunn were the source of much merriment. This has been the most prosperous year in the history of the local theatre. Many first-class attractions have been offered to excellent patronage.

C. A. JONES.

LEWISTON, PA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

LEWISTON, Pa., April 5.—"Quincy Adams Sawyer" was the attraction at the Temple Theatre Friday, March 24. W. A. Williams in the title role certainly proved himself an actor of much merit. He was supported by a strong company. The work of the persons taking the parts of Samantha, the Old Rube and Alice Pentigil met with great success. The audience was fair. On March 25th "The Old Cross Roads," played to a good house, which they did not deserve. The house was well ventilated and the orchestra rendered many pleasant selections.

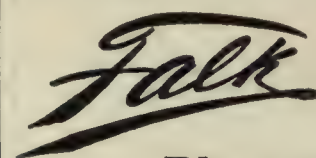
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Later "The Strollers" played a week's engagement at this house to capacity business.

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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo by Byron N. Y.

RICHARD MANSFIELD AS ALCESTE IN MOLIERE'S COMEDY "THE MISANTHROPE"

The Current Plays



Aceste (Mr. Seltén) Celimene (Miss Barry) Alceste (Mr. Mansfield) Eliante (Miss Prabar) Philinte (Mr. Andrews) Oronte (Mr. Kenyon)

RICHARD MANSFIELD AND HIS COMPANY IN MOLIERE'S COMEDY "THE MISANTHROPE"

NEW AMSTERDAM. "She Stoops to Conquer." Comedy by Oliver Goldsmith. Revived April 17, with this cast:

Sir Charles Marlow, George Holland; Young Marlow, his son, Kyrle Bellew; Hardcastle, Louis James; Hastings, Frank Mills; Tony Lumpkin, Sidney Drew; Diggory, J. E. Dodson; Roger, H. A. Bethuy; Dick, William Little; Thomas, Willard Howe; Stingo, the landlord, Herbert Wainwaring; Jack Slang, Thos. F. Graham; Amindas, W. A. Hackett; Dick Muggins, Fred. Quimby; Tom Twist, Richard Meeking; Jeremy, Wm. A. Hackett; Miss Hardcastle, Eleanor Robson; Mrs. Hardcastle, Mrs. Calvert; Miss Neville, Isabel Irving; Dolly, a maid, Olive Wyndham.

In a season of futile revivals—failure often coming from reasons foreign to the plays themselves—many people have been led to decry the old. It is a cheap form of asserting superiority of judgment and taste. Naturally, some plays become outworn, the material too familiar, the art comparatively too crude; but not all of these pieces can be relegated to the lumber room by the criticism of easy contempt. Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" is a comedy that will hold its own whenever played properly and in the right spirit. These conditions were met in the production at the New Amsterdam Theatre, proof was made that the play is still serviceable.

It is not likely that the improbabilities in the play will ever disqualify it. At the time Goldsmith wrote, it, no doubt, was far less improbable than it would be now, that the house of a country gentleman should be mistaken for an inn. If criticism is a creditor on this score, the effective nature of the action in the various incidents discharges every indebtedness in full. If Goldsmith had not been a dramatist of skill, conscious of his art and its means, he could not have conducted the action so as to give it the appearance of truth. The mistake as to the house being an inn could have been disclosed by a single word. A similar fault has ruined many plays. Goldsmith provides against the disclosure by natural devices that only a dramatist of skill could successfully employ. He knew the stage. His scenes are scenes, they are not mere talk. A roystering tavern scene, with songs, is the safe reliance of any dramatist who knows the tricks of the stage, but such things are commonly cheap compared with Tony's scene at the Alehouse. The drilling of the servants by Hardcastle, the meeting with Young Marlow and Hastings, the drinking from the cup, Young Marlow's bashful interview with Kate, the subsequent scenes between them, and so throughout the play, all are scenes, distinct, compact, little comedies by their own right. Goldsmith's secret was the secret of art as much as it was of genius.

The production at the New Amsterdam had the strong saving quality of adherence to tradition in the acting. It is the only way to play these old pieces. Otherwise how could they be termed classic? How is the spirit of the author to be sustained? How, otherwise, are the manners of past generations to be handed down? Is no authority of interpretation to be recognized but that of the present moment? Assuming that we had

plays written to-day by American authors worthy of becoming classic, would they have future life if no traditions of their present acting should be preserved? What would a cowboy look like on the stage a hundred years from now, not to speak of the infinite number of other types? The stage may well permit some of these passing types to die, it is true. Perhaps it would not be worth the while to resuscitate Mose, the Fireman. But these people in "She Stoops to Conquer" are worth the while. Tradition in acting does not make anatomical specimens of characters in classic plays. It gives them life.

Kyrle Bellew played the part of Young Marlow in the right spirit and in the right way. Here is an actor with a following. How else can you explain his prolonged success in "Raffles," a play to see which wild horses could not drag any human being with properly balanced mind and morals—a piece with a hero a society gentleman given to stealing because his skull needed trepanning? It requires explanation. That explanation is art, personality and grace. Some of us may think that his grace is too much in the nature of nimble capering in my lady's chamber, but his grace remains. To some of us he is too urbane, but his soft urbanity is dominant. It is calculable in dollars and cents. He has pretty tricks of his own. His Young Marlow would lose half his charm if he lost his pocket handkerchief. If not a part of the action of the play, it becomes an animated and interesting accessory, inviting wonder as to its next use. It flutters in every breeze, in elation held aloft, in moments of depression tightly clasped. Faultless in attire, too, was this Young Marlow, a gentleman. Mr. Bellew has the trick of tossing off a part with an insouciant air of superiority to common mortals which falls short of impudence by reason of its amiable self-confidence.

Eleanor Robson was the Kate Hardcastle, and her personality was too pleasing to permit of failure, although, perhaps, she was a little lacking in that spirit of roguery which must be keyed high in order to sustain the impression of reality. It is a case where the acting must be strongest at the weakest point of a play.

J. E. Dodson, as Diggory, gave all the humor in the role of the grotesque man-servant. Sidney Drew hardly suggested the hoydenish youth of the ideal Tony Lumpkin. Louis James' Hardcastle was satisfactory, although his performance was marred by the irritating mannerisms that this veteran actor has acquired "on the road." Frank Mills, an excellent young leading man, was a graceful and handsome Hastings. An agreeable surprise was the Miss Neville, delightfully played by Isabel Irving. This young actress looked charming in her gowns of the period and gave life to a part that as usually played is little noticed. The stage settings were in every way adequate, if not elaborate.

NEW LYCEUM. "A Doll's House," a play in three acts, by Henrik Ibsen. Revived May 2 with this cast:

Torvald Helmer, Bruce McRae; Nora Helmer, Ethel Barrymore; Dr. Rank, Edgar Selwyn; Nils Krogstad, Joseph Brennan; Mrs. Linden, Sara Perry; Anna, Eleanor Wilton; Ellen, Davenport Seymour.

It is a peculiar thing that the queer and daring theatrical experiments are all reserved for the spring season. Untried plays, of course, can be produced more cheaply at that time of the year than during the winter months, but if any actor or actress has had a secret yearning to astonish the public and critics with some rendering of a standard rôle the vernal influence is as sure to bring it forth as it does the birds and leaves. It

was but natural, therefore,

that Miss Ethel Barrymore, before the long vacation should begin, should wish to display her talents in something more human and literary than such a trivial creation as "Sunday." It was as Nora that she elected to stand up before her critics and be judged. Time was when a revival of "A Doll's House" drew forth theses by the score as to what Ibsen did or did not mean when he drew Nora Helmer. In her revival of his best known play at the Lyceum, Miss Barrymore wisely went about it to present the child-wife as a normal human being. The text was intelligently and carefully studied, and the result was a performance of agreeable simplicity, undeniable charm and moments of commanding dramatic power. It is unnecessary to compare her work to that which Sorma, Achurch, Fiske, or other players brought to the rôle. Her rendering is free from any striving for symbolic signifi-

incisive reserve she admirably brought out the great revolution that was working in Nora's heart and soul. Bruce McRae's Torvald Helmer was somewhat insular, but at least earnest, and Edgar Selwyn imparted sorrowful distinction to the consumptive Dr. Rank. Joseph Brennan is forceful and convincing as Krogstad, and Sara Perry lent refinement and intelligence to the part of Mrs. Linden.

The revival of "Trilby," at the New Amsterdam Theatre, with substantially the original cast of ten years ago, met with a renewal of the first success of a play which is unique in some ways and puerile in others. Du Maurier's book had a singular fascination for readers a generation ago, and while it is little read these latter days of newer literary fads, it has many qualities entirely its own. This author's "Peter Ibbetson," with its "dreaming true," has a like charm. His sentiment is true. He makes real the unreal. Truth is in him everywhere. The

called upon to deal with. She was particularly happy in the opening passages and, in fact, throughout the first two acts she ably presented the winsome and attractive irresponsibility of the child-wife. She was Nora in these scenes, and the telling curtain at the end of the second act with its hysterical rendering of the Tarantella Miss Barrymore executed with a youthful enthusiasm all her own. There was a nice sense of awakening responsibility displayed in the scene with Dr. Rank, and in the closing passages of the play in which the utter selfishness of Torvald is made known and the hollowness of the whole domestic situation revealed; by her calm yet



Sarony

Svengali (Wilton Lackaye)

Trilby (Virginia Harned)



Zouzou (Leo Dietrichstein)



Gecko (Robert Paton Gibbs)

cance and from any desire to unduly complex the character with original readings. If it occasionally fails in the grasp of some of the essential technical requirements, the intent and purpose is so clear and sincere that the effect is excellent and demonstrates to a certainty that the young actress has it in her to cope with rôles of greater emotional scope than she has hitherto been

hypnotising of the heroine upon which the main action of "Trilby" is based might well, at first, have been doubted as a feasible dramatic resource, and, in fact, Paul Potter, who made the dramatization, himself doubted its effectiveness. To stage manager Eugene Presbrey, it appears, belongs the credit for recognizing the dramatic value of



The Laird (John Glendinning)

Little Billie (Alfred Hickman)
Now taken by William Courtenay

Taffy (Burr McIntosh)

Svengali and his hypnotic powers. It is even reported that Mr. Potter absented himself from rehearsals for three days, because he did not approve of Mr. Presbrey's idea, which, however, was allowed to prevail with happy results for all concerned. Much credit, no doubt, is due, also, to Wilton Lackaye. With another actor, one of less authority and force in the role of Svengali, the success would not have been complete. At all events, he was exactly the man for the part. To a certain extent, his selection was an accident. He was a member of Mr. Palmer's company; his capabilities were known, but his Svengali was a revelation. His performance may well be ranked as one of the very best that our stage possesses as distinctly of its own. If it were a mere melodramatic trick, it would not be entitled to high consideration. While, in the production, there is a slight, but discreet use of theatrical device, the light that occasionally touches him, of that greenish tint of the scum that gathers on the margins of the remote lakes of hell, does not take away from the possibility, the naturalness of the character. It is easy to say that the "make-up" conceals the individuality of the actor, but there is not a trace of the man in it. In voice, gesture, movements, in a hundred details, it is Svengali, and Svengali alone. Others have played the part, the play has succeeded, but none has even approached Mr. Lackaye. The cast—practically the original one, save for the parts of Little Billie and Gecko—gave a performance that established the ideals and measurably reproduced Du Maurier's types. It was pleasant to see once more Virginia Harned as Trilby. In quiet pathos, she has some notes in her voice that to hear once, as uttered by Trilby, is a memorable experience. Among the diverse elements in the play that contribute to its success, the Bohemian spirit is one that works for its prosperity. The wild dance of the second act is real naughty.

EMPIRE. "The Freedom of Suzanne." Comedy in three acts, by Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Produced April 19, with this cast:

Suzanne Trevor, Marie Tempest; Charles Trevor, Allan Aynesworth; Fitzroy Harding, Charles Suggden; Sir Horace Hatton, G. S. Titheradge; Lord Datchet, John Cabourn; Captain Harry Cecil, Vernon Steel; Tommy Keston, E. W. Tarver; Mason, Herbert Budd; Lady Charlotte Trevor, Hilda Thorpe; Miss Fanny Minching, Henrietta Cowen; Lady Isobel Bury, Beatrice Beckley; Mrs. Tustall, Adie Burt; Mrs. Putnam, Minnie Griffin; Mr. Budd, McIntyre Wicksteed.

But for the circus-like circumstances under which this piece was presented to a New York audience, it is not likely that its reception here would have been encouraging to its promoters. The flimsiest of farces, with a stale story, dull in the telling, the piece was unworthy the stage of the Empire Theatre, nor did the "special English company" it introduced to Manhattan playgoers represent with any particular brilliancy the contemporaneous London stage. We have more competent all-round companies and players of greater personal distinction appearing on the boards of many of our rural stock theatres. The bringing of "The Freedom of Suzanne" to New York was a clear case of carrying coal to Newcastle, but Mr. Frohman got what he wanted—a novel advertisement. He realized that at the fag end of an anemic season the jaded palates of our play-goers needed tickling by something out of the ordinary, and so he conceived this flying trip from the British metropolis "for four weeks only, of Marie Tempest and company from the Criterion Theatre, London." The Anglo-maniacs eagerly swallowed the bait, and fashion and finance, entirely indifferent to the merits of piece or actors, crowded the Empire Theatre, with the natural result that everything went with such an unexpected hurrah that the surprised Mr. Frohman, finding New York liked the play better than London, extended the American run indefinitely.

The play itself, erroneously styled comedy, is farce, pure and simple, with accent on the simple. It is devoid of any real humor or originality of complication. The author, who is also the husband of the star, acknowledges indebtedness to the Comtesse de Martel, a lady who writes décolleté stories of fashionable French life under the pseudonym "Gyp." The French flavoring is, indeed, very much in evidence throughout. Suzanne Trevor is mar-



Blanche Ring

Frank Daniels

FRANK DANIELS IN "SERGEANT BRUE" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

ried to a husband who does not approve of his giddy young wife's carryings-on, and when, one evening that the family is assembled, she arrives home after midnight, he angrily demands an explanation. Her story only serves to further exasperate him, and at the fall of the curtain a divorce has been decided upon. In the next act Suzanne is at the seaside with her many admirers, whom she finds even more stupid and tyrannical than her husband. He is also present, pretending to pay attention to a former friend of hers. One of Suzanne's admirers makes an insulting proposal to her, and she appeals to her former husband for protection, but he declines to interfere and goes off to town with the other woman. Suzanne, raging with jealousy and really very much in love with her husband, follows in an automobile. The last act is laid in the husband's bachelor apartments and here Suzanne goes, quite ready to surrender her dearly purchased freedom. To give spice to this rather tame ending, Suzanne allows her bachelor-husband to remove her wet stocking and rub her cold bare foot in view of the audience, which enjoys the salacious incident hugely.

The burden of the acting lay upon Marie Tempest, a delightful comedienne, who may rightly claim to be the Réjane of the English-speaking stage. There is, however, little opportunity in this piece for the exercise of her art. The author gives her nothing but the most obvious things to do. Her petulance as the wife is all in one key, and there is no light and shade to the character, which ends by becoming monotonous. In such an artificial rôle Miss Tempest could not be otherwise than artificial herself, and while her little tricks of speech and gesture kept the audience in constant good humor, there was no sincerity in her work, and it failed to carry conviction. Allan Aynesworth, the English leading man, lacks distinction, but gave a clean-cut performance as the husband.

HERALD SQUARE. "The Rollicking Girl." Musical play in three acts. Libretto by Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by W. T. Francis. Prod. May 1. Cast:

Schmaltz, Sam Bernard; Panagl, Joe Coyne; Miklos, Harry Fairleigh; Count Istvan, George Howard; Kokos, A. W. Fleming; Buros, Karl Vonrad, Sydney De Grey; Imre Von Blenheim, George Odell; Robert, Harry Sammis; Henri, Armond Cortez; Firenzi, Eugene O'Brien; Ilonia, Hattie Williams; Lena, Aime Angeles Fanchette, Esther Tittell; Aranka, Thelma Fair.

In its resplendent new dress, it is difficult to recognize in "The Rollicking Girl" a revised version of "A Dangerous Maid," seen for a brief period at the Casino in 1898. Very little, in fact, save the main outline of the story has been retained and the result is practically an entirely new piece, which promises to enjoy a long and prosperous run.

Sam Bernard has not got as good an acting rôle in this vehicle as he had in "The Girl from Kays." The little German wig maker is not nearly so funny as his "rich Mr. Hoggeneimer"—a real and delightful characterization—but this popular comedian is always droll, even in an impossible part, and while he is on the stage, the laughter is incessant. But why that dislocated English? The action of the play takes place in Vienna. There is no sense in making the Viennese wig maker utter broken speech in his own country. Or is expertness in Dutch-English the limit of this actor's comic powers? An artist of Sam Bernard's calibre is surely ambitious to rise above the Dutch comedian class. No matter how successful an actor may be in certain roles, it is a mistake to become known as a one part man. It is fatal to artistic development.

The plot of "The Rollicking Girl" deals with the adventures of Ilonia (Hattie Williams), who runs away on her wedding-day to become an actress in Vienna. Here she meets Schmaltz, who is wig maker at the Royal Theatre, and, thanks to his good services, Ilonia soon satisfies her ambition. Furious jealousy is inevitably aroused in the woman she supplants and the wig maker's efforts to protect his protégée are productive of much diverting comedy. The music is melodious and there are plenty of good songs. The most attractive feature of the production, however, is the large number of pretty girls employed. The stage is a perfect feast of pretty, fresh faces and shapely, graceful forms, attired in costumes of bewildering richness and beauty. Ben Teal, the stage manager, has introduced a number of novel effects, chief among which is the seating of seven girls in as many flower draped swings and swinging them over the heads of the orchestra to the accompaniment of a chorus. This feature is particularly popular with that part of the auditorium commonly referred to as the "bald-headed row." In addition to the star, the cast includes a number of popular performers. Hattie Williams is vivacious and pleasing in a none too good part, and Joseph Coyne manages to extract some humor out of a Viennese chappie, while Esther Tittle, Sidney Gray and Harry Fairley have good songs. No one, however, won a more deserved success than dainty little Aimée Angeles, who plays Schmaltz's wife, Lena. This graceful dancer and charming comedienne is delightful in everything she does, and in these days of rapid-transit stars, it is sur-



PERCY HASWELL AS JULIET AT THE AMERICAN THEATRE

prising that such a clever performer has been allowed to play second fiddle so long.

MADISON SQUARE. "The Firm of Cunningham." Comedy in three acts, by Willis Steell. Produced April 18, with this cast:

David Cunningham, William Harcourt; John Calvert, his partner, Henry Bergman; Clive Cunningham, William Lamp; Haines, Chas. W. Butler; a Messenger, A. D. Wilkes; Dora Calvert, Hilda Spong; Sera Honiton, her sister, Katherine Grey; Beamish, Emily Wakeman; Mary Rooney, Jeannette Elberts.

In re-establishing the Madison Square Theatre, Walter N. Lawrence has shown a fine appreciation of the character and quality of the plays that are to distinguish the house. They have been, so far, not of any marked originality, but they have been staged well, acted well, and have afforded polite entertainment. It is no easy matter to find a succession of successful comedies. Such plays require the hand of an expert. Sureness of touch must be manifest in every detail. They admit of no amateurishness in treatment, and, above all, the material must not be amateurish. If their art zig-zags like a weather chart, they are lost. "The Firm of Cunningham" is perhaps impossible, in parts, as any

American play, but it is constantly diverting. It may be that some of our wives fall in love with some of the nephews of some of our partners, as Dora Calvert does with Clive Cunningham. It is probable, however, that she acquired this amatory tendency from a prolonged residence in Paris. But no harm comes of it, for Clive falls in love with Dora's sister, after which the married woman is not in the running. It is proper to speak in race track terms, for the action of the play largely turns on the fact that Dora, in the temporary absence of her husband, in order to supply herself with money to meet her extravagances, has formed a secret partnership with a tipster of horses. She extricates herself finally, with profit, from the perils of her position. This insubstantial story affords abundant amusing incidents. You may forget what it was all about, but you will retain a lasting and pleasing impression of Hilda Spong, as Dora. If you liked her before, you will like her better than ever. If you did not like her before, you will have the zeal of all converts in her future praise. In point of fact, the acting of the play, uncommonly natural and unconstrained, contributes to a very material extent to the success. While some of the parts are character bits, the acting is inspired by comedy rather than by farce. Of the nine members of the cast, none had an ungrateful part, and, singular to say, some of its most experienced members have rarely or ever had better opportunities or appeared to better advantage. This is not said by way of exalting a somewhat inconsequential play, but to illustrate the odd combination of circumstances that occasionally happens. A little curtain raiser, "Mrs. Battle's Bath," by H. H. Morrell and E. G. Malyon, added later to the programme, was not worth while. The situation of a young woman in a bath room, with her hair down, and about to disrobe, with a young man, in bath robe, entering and not being able to escape on discovering her presence, because the door, with two knobs and snap locks, cannot be opened, is not naturally humorous. It would have to be made so. It was not. Some of the incidents were ingenious and the solution was novel and unexpected when it was discovered that the door opened when both knobs were turned at

once. The design of the play was clearly humor, and that good intention, in spite of its failure, saves it from reprimand.



MARCELINE
The Hippodrome's Mirth Compelling Clown

MANHATTAN. "The Proud Laird." Comedy in three acts, by Cosmo Hamilton and Charles Cartwright. Produced April 24, with this cast:

The Invermorach, Robert Loraine; Clunie, H. Hassard-Short; Sir James Gupworthy, J. H. Bunny; Ninian Gupworthy, Thomas H. Thorne; Duncan Blair, Edmund D. Lyons; Dugald McGlusty, W. H. Denny; Lady of Invermorach, Ida Vernon; Lady Gupworthy, Adelyn Wesley; Miss Elspeth, Elspeth McNeill; Miss Jean, Lucy Spencer; Valerie Van Beuren, Dorothy Donnelly; Tammas McGregor, Sydney Smith.

This piece lived but a week and is mentioned only for the purpose of record. A Scotch laird, impoverished and living in a leaky castle, is in love with a rich American girl, a cousin who is visiting the family. In a family council it is determined to make a match between the cousin and the laird in order to rehabilitate the estate. In the dénouement, she pretends to have lost her fortune. The young man stands the test, but the family turn from her. This was a violation of taste as well as of dramatic common sense, and brought the play into disregard. There was a good dramatic idea in the story, but it lacked proper development, action, detail and treatment. The production was all that could be desired, but it was obvious that it was a case of hasty and superficial writing. Instead of being light, it was heavy; instead of the effect of comedy, there was the effect of sordidness, and all because of improper and hasty treatment. As a naive, absolutely unconscious satire of the love of money on the part of the British aristocracy of title abroad, the piece was notable.

The American Theatre, in the very heart of the theatrical district, lends itself favorably to George W. Fawcett's enterprise of establishing there a stock company to produce plays of the higher order, and with actors under that constant training and care necessary in productions that are not makeshifts, but intended to conform to a high standard. The plays so far have been revivals. The production of "Romeo and Juliet" gave full assurance of the sincerity of Mr. Fawcett's plan to present plays of a higher order than has been heretofore seen at this house. The leading lady of the company is



William Lamp

William Harcourt

Katherine Grey

SCENE IN "THE FIRM OF CUNNINGHAM" AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE

Percy Haswell, who is making constant progress in her art. She is likely to achieve a much higher position than she has heretofore held. Pleasing in personality, she is also gaining in force. The performance of "Romeo and Juliet" was unequal in merit. It will take time to form a stock company of that variety of excellence which will adapt itself to the constant change of bill. The second production, that of "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones, brought forward some new additions to the company, showing that the process of selection and rejection of players is in progress. This comedy was done with considerable spirit, although a few members of the company failed in the desired lightness of touch. Individual performances were capital. Frank Gilmore was Sir Christopher Dearing, Harry Harwood, as Dolly's husband, gave his few scenes with a comic effect that could not be well improved upon. Later, "The Merchant of Venice" was given, Jacob Adler, the Hebrew tragedian being seen as

Clara Belle Jerome; Mabel Wiggott, Anna Fitzhugh, Gerald Treherne, Walter Percival; Matthew Habishom, Nace Bonville; Inspector Gorrige, James Reany; Rev. John Lamb, Lawrence Wheat; Captain Bay, David Bennett; Percy Proctor, George Lestocq, Haddon Wallis Alfred Fitzroy; Mr. Crank, Gilbert Clayton; Crookie Scrubbs, Harry McDonough; Lady Bickenhall, Blanche Ring.

This is another of those very English musical farces imported occasionally from London and made over to fit Yankee comedians.

The result, as usual, is a nondescript hodge-podge of English and American humor which at moments entertains and at others falls flat. The music of "Sergeant Brue" is immeasurably superior to its libretto, which bears so many marks of revision as to completely conceal any trace of the original. The plot deals with a London policeman, who is left £10,000, on condition that he becomes an inspector, and this functionary's efforts to secure promotion furnish all the comedy. Frank Daniels manages to squeeze a good deal of fun out of the role of the cockney peeler, but there is no real snap to the piece, and the performers have to work hard to keep



George Howard

Sam Bernard

SCENES IN "THE ROLICKING GIRL" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

Shylock. Others in the company are: Edwin Arden, Dodson Mitchell, F. Newton Lindo, Laura McGilvray, Daisy Lovering, Bijou Fernandez.

KNICKERBOCKER. "Sergeant Brue." Musical farce in three acts. Libretto by Owen Hall; music by Liza Lehman. Produced April 24, with this cast:

Sergeant Brue, Frank Daniels; Michael Brue, Alfred Hickman; Aurora Brue, Sallie Fisher; Daisy,

their auditors amused. Blanche Ring made a hit with two songs, "Saturday After Two," and "My Irish Molly, O." It is a pity this comely young woman does not find a vehicle which would give her talent an opportunity. Alfred Hickman, who was missed in "Trilby" where he was the original Little Billie, was seen as the policeman's son, and Sallie Fisher and Walter Percival scored well deserved applause in a pretty little ditty over a cup of tea. The piece is handsomely set.

Their Beginnings

Do those theatregoers who, each evening, applaud their favorite players, ever realize how hard was the way to success, how beset with all kinds of obstacles, which then seemed unsurmountable, the beginnings of those actors and actresses now at the very top of their profession? Almost every artist, who is to-day a star, has had to travel the hard road before attaining recognition and reward, and early adversity, while seemingly cruel, really proved their best friend, for it tempered and broadened their art. That they finally succeeded in spite of all difficulties shows that they were intended for the profession they chose. Obstacles, difficulties—these are only part of life's trying-out process. The fittest survive the ordeal and achieve fame; the others fall by the wayside. The recital of the experiences of the elect in the early days of their novitiate, when they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, but always buoyed up with the hope and ambition of one day "getting there," will undoubtedly prove of keen interest to our readers. We begin with Blanche Bates, who has just closed her season after having played more than one thousand times the rôle of Yo San in "The Darling of the Gods."

BY BLANCHE BATES

PRIOR to the fateful night of September 17, 1894 (when Miss Bates made her debut), I was an energetic young person, whose sole aims and soul aims were to get enough to eat. I cared nothing for the theatre, seldom saw a play, and wondered why my parents insisted upon staying on the stage. Actors, I thought, were really very common people. I tried to illuminate a kindergarten for a year, but when the year had dragged by, my superior informed me, oh, so politely, that, perhaps, it might be just possible—my dazzling future might not be in a kindergarten.

It happened that L. R. Stockwell, the Marks of Wm. A. Brady's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had been managing the old Powell Street, now the Columbia Theatre, in San Francisco, and his employees were arranging to give him a benefit. I thought I should like to appear in that benefit, and I announced the fact to my family, to the scandalous horror of my mother (Mrs. F. M. Bates, who plays the Foxy Woman in "The Darling of the Gods"), who said I would never make an actress. They allowed me to play in Mr. Stockwell's benefit. I played the part of Mrs. Willoughby, a young widow in Brander Matthew's piece, "A Picture." I walked on that night with all the unruffled assurance of youth and ignorance. Every night now, that I make my entrance in "The Darling of the Gods," I am a thousand times more nervous than I was then. In ignorance is repose. They didn't throw things at me. I don't know why.

The week after that benefit Joe Murphy brought his Irish plays to the theatre. I wanted to play with the company, and Mr. Murphy, taking his fate in his hands, allowed me the honor. The first two weeks I played a light-hearted hoyden, and nothing dreadful happened. But in the third

I was cast for an emotional part, had to discover my lover dead and take a curtain. Imagine a raw creature discovering anything and taking a curtain! I was good. After I played that scene mother advised me to retire from the stage. She suggested a convent.

Instead, I came to New York. I had three months of interviewing managers and agents. The "no" was almost invariable. The late Joe Humphreys told me to do "heavies." It was my turn to say "no." I wore low heels to reduce my height, and thought of bleaching. I sent my poor, unmeaning card to Augustin Daly. He sent me

word through an army of office boys that he was busy, and told me to call on Monday. I called at ten and waited until four. He didn't come to the office that day, and I didn't go back.

One day I was trudging Broadway and met T. D. Frawley and James Neil, who is playing Dazzle in "London Assurance." Each of them was interested in a stock company. Mr. Frawley said: "What are you doing here?" I answered with sad truth, "Nothing." They asked me where I was staying, and I gave them my address. They called soon after and Mr. Neil asked me to go to Denver to play in his stock company. I went. Mr. Neil and Mr. Frawley made an arrangement by which Mr. Frawley took half of the company and opened a stock season at the Grand Theatre, in Salt Lake City. I was of the Salt Lake portion. We opened on Christmas Eve, 1894. Wasn't it odd that exactly ten years later I played on the same night in the same theatre in "The Darling of the Gods?"

I must not forget to say, since we are talking of beginnings and vicissitudes, that I fell from the height of that joyous first salary with Joe Murphy, eighty-five dollars a week—which he paid me not because I was worth it, Heaven knows, but because I was so well known in San Francisco that he thought I had a "draw"—to twenty-five dollars a week. My mother helped me out with clothes.

On the thirteenth of May we opened in Portland, Oregon, with a company of thirteen in a repertoire of thirteen plays, and had a successful run. The same month Mr. Frawley leased the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco, and we opened where I had made my début in September at Mr. Stockwell's benefit.

We played there three years, that is, for three seasons it was our home, playing there for five months and going on tour the rest of the year. We included Honolulu in our tour one season. I had been playing leads the last season, and when a distinguished cast, with Maxine Elliott at the head, was brought from the East, it was proposed to put me back again to juvenile leads. But ambition was stirring in me now, and I came to New York once more. I had been here only a few days when I was telegraphed for to return. I went back for one more year. At the end of the season I advanced from New Orleans upon New York, I went straight to the Daly Theatre. On my still unmeaning



Blanche Bates at the age of nine



At the time of her debut



In "The Great Ruby"



Marceau
As Cigarette in "Under Two Flags"



Platt
As Yo San in "The Darling of the Gods"

card I wrote, below my name: "I am nobody and have done nothing, but I hope to be somebody and do something if you will take me."

Mr. Daly came out and said: "Where have you been playing?"

"In stock in the West," I answered.

"What have you played?"

"Almost everything."

"Come around Monday," he said.

This time he was there. We signed a contract and I left with the company on a tour, playing Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew." We came back to town and played "The Shrew," but it being a revival, little attention was paid to it by the press. It was when we opened in "The

Great Ruby" that the critics were kind to my performance of the Countess.

But I was soon depressed by the atmosphere of Daly's and resigned the day after my debut. Liebler and Company engaged me for Milady in "The Three Musketeers." Then I met Mr. Belasco. I have been very fortunate. There are lots of ambitious, talented, hardworking girls who haven't their David Belasco.

I have worked hard, especially in stock. One week I played four new parts. One was Hedda Gabler. I have known hardship and bitter disappointment, have slid back two steps for three I have climbed. There is a struggle to gain higher ground and a struggle to hold it. But God has been very good to me.



Sarony

Copyright, Falk

Sarony

The centre picture is from Mr. Jefferson's latest photograph. The others show him in his famous characterization Rip Van Winkle

Joseph Jefferson—A Great Actor Gone

Joseph Jefferson, the last of that brilliant group of American players—Booth, Wallack, Forrest, Barrett, McCullough and Cushman, to whom the term great is properly applied, died in Florida, on April 23 last. The story of Mr. Jefferson's remarkable career on the stage was told at length in the July, 1904, issue of this magazine. It is not necessary therefore, to go over the same ground again. Briefly, this distinguished actor was born in Philadelphia in 1829. He made his first appearance as an actor in Washington in 1833, and he acted for the last time in Paterson, New Jersey, on May 7, 1904, as Caleb Plummer in "The Cricket on the Hearth." His stage career thus covered a period of seventy-one years. We cannot do better than reprint here from the New York *Tribune*, extracts from the eloquent tribute paid to his memory by the well-known critic William Winter, who for many years was Mr. Jefferson's close personal friend.

IT is difficult to comprehend—it is almost incredible—that a force so vital, a life so beautiful, a beneficence so precious, as that of Joseph Jefferson, has come to an end; that the voice of gentle humor is hushed forever, and the face of tender sympathy darkened in death.

"Some leaders of mankind prevail by what they do. Jefferson prevailed by what he was—incarnate goodness, without insipidity; tender humanity, without effusive weakness; exuberant humor, that was never gross; nimble wit, that was never unkind; and piquant eccentricity, that was equally sweet and droll. The spiritual cogency of his life, accordingly, the authority of his character and the illuminative and final explanation of his amazing artistic career, can be designated by the single word charm. He was not distinctively an intellectual power—as, for example, Henry Irving is—but in the realm of emotion his power was supreme. He spoke to the heart. He did not dominate by force. He made no effort to command. He allured by spontaneous sweetness, and he subdued by unstudied grace. * *

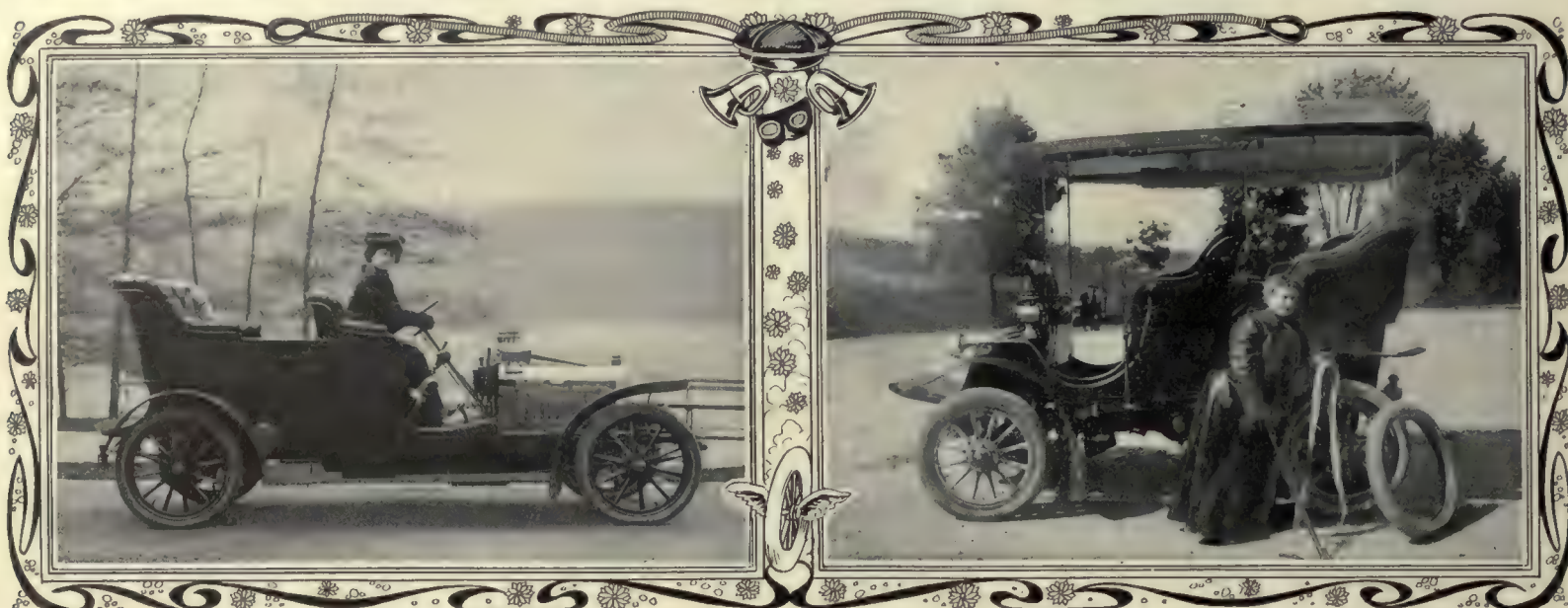
"In the maturity of his powers and his renown, the comedian restricted his repertory to a few characters, but, in his earlier time, he had played scores of parts: one authentic list mentions more than a hundred of them, and he might have continued to play scores of parts, had he not learned by experience that it is better to do one thing thoroughly well than to do many things passably; to present one model of perfect art rather than many examples of good artistic intention. The principal characters that he chose were Rip Van Winkle, Acres, and Caleb Plummer, characters that were absolutely congenial to him, stirring his nature to its profoundest depths and evoking all the resources of his heart and mind. Those characters he could represent to perfection, and the observer who subjects them to analytical examination will speedily discern that they comprehend many, if not all, the representative extremes and contrasts of human experience: youth and age, love and

hate, charity and greed, wealth and poverty, humor and pathos, power and weakness, mirth and grief, craft and simplicity, selfishness and self-sacrifice, the material and the spiritual, and the natural and the preternatural. It will also be perceived that the raiment and scenic investiture of them comprise the tatters of indigence and the laces of luxury; the cottage and the drawing-room; manners, both humble and exalted; and physical nature, alike in calm and storm. The range of Jefferson as an actor was, in fact, remarkably broad; and, for the rest, it should be remembered that he rendered the greatest possible service that any person can render to the stage, because he made it pure and honorable in the public esteem and dear to the public heart—and kept it so. All over the land the institution of the theatre was strengthened by him, so that even those persons who misuse and degrade it, by sordid and corrupt speculation, possess a broader field and an ampler opportunity than would otherwise exist, for what they call business enterprise. He did not care to manage theatres or to produce new plays. He did not waste himself on ventures and experiments. He did the thing that he could do best: and the stage is better, and the world is happier, because of what he was and what he accomplished.

"Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?" Remembrance of those words, as they were spoken by Jefferson, in the great days of his Rip Van Winkle, can never perish. The world does easily forget, and the rapid river of time, we may be very sure, will sweep into oblivion many names and many things that are conspicuous now; but as long as the fame of gentle humor is prized, and as long as kindness and pity remain on earth, the name of Joseph Jefferson will be remembered, because—like the kindred names of Lamb, and Hood, and Charles Dickens, and Thackeray, and Washington Irving—it is written with smiles and tears upon the everlasting pages of the human heart."

WILLIAM WINTER.

Prominent Players Who Are Their Own Chauffeurs



Blanche Ring enjoying a spin on Riverside Drive

May Irwin has a breakdown

Each year the automobile is becoming more popular with all classes of people and none has taken to it with more enthusiasm than the actor. Many of our players, men and women, possess to-day their own machines and find automobiling a delightful and healthy relaxation after the nervous strain of their stage work. Among others who are often to be seen spinning swiftly along the fashionable avenue or the green lanes of the park are Maxine Elliott, Irene Bentley, Drina de Wolfe, Hattie Williams, Virginia Harned, Marie Cahill and Julia Marlowe. These and others we showed driving their motor cars in an illustrated article which appeared last June. This year we must add to the list May Irwin, Jefferson de Angelis, Fritz Scheff, Lulu Glaser, Blanche Ring and Frank Daniels. Many theatre managers also love the sport, prominent among their number being Charles B. Dillingham and George H. Tyler. The latter manager makes long journeys all over the continent in his touring car each summer when he goes abroad to secure new attractions. Some of these thespian chauffeurs have written of their experiences for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, and their respective contributions follow herewith:

Automobile Philosophy

BY MAY IRWIN.

MY EXPERIENCE with the automobile has opened my eyes (to say nothing of my pocketbook), to its importance as a factor in economics. I use the term "economics" in a general, civic and industrial sense, because the automobile is by no means economical. This is a discourse on political economy and not domestic economy. (For points on the latter, see May Irwin's "Home Cooking.")

Those who condemn the auto as a menace to society are not thinking persons. Reflect on all who are given employment since the advent of this industry! Besides those directly employed in the automobile's manufacture, think of those who depend upon it, directly or indirectly—chauffeurs, steel manufacturers, pawnbrokers, divorce lawyers, comic opera librettists and press agents.

It is not necessarily a champagne appetite with a beer income that causes financial and domestic distress; Mr. Schlitz, Mr. Budweiser and Mr. Wurtzburger can well afford champagne on their beer income. It is trying to keep an automobile wife on a wheelbarrow salary that helps the pawnbroker and divorce lawyer.

Before buying an automobile, it is well to keep the following rules in mind:

A rolling automobile gathers no bank account.

People who ride in white automobiles shouldn't throw mud.

An auto under control is worth two in the ditch.

When angry, blow your horn; when very angry, run over a policeman.

He who speeds and gets away will live to get it in the neck some other day.

The auto shows which way the millionaire blows.

One bad turn deserves another chauffeur.

It takes nine tailors and one automobile to break a man.

Hell is paved with thick sand and broken glass for the scorcher.

Still autos run over people.

My Luck With the Motor

BY FRANK DANIELS.

I PURCHASED my large White touring automobile the week before I opened in "Sergeant Brue" at the Knickerbocker Theatre recently. It very nearly upset the entente cordiale between myself and my management. Even as it was, the curtain had to be held five

minutes on the opening act the first night. The story I told was that the time schedule on the railroad passing near my country place at Rye had just been changed without my knowing it, and that accordingly I missed the train I had been accustomed to take for my regular evening performances in past engagements. They stoutly maintained, however, that I had already acquired the automobile face and nervous twitching of the hands, and that my extreme tardiness in reaching the theatre and the consequent flurry that passed behind the scenes was due to my inability to regulate the steering gear. Of course, I uttered a powerful protest, but I wouldn't care to be hauled up in court to take my oath on the subject. I sing a song in "Sergeant Brue" called "I Was Born on a Friday." It tells a series of hard-luck stories, but I always seem to think that it applies particularly to experiences with a horseless wagon. My little daughter, Maudie, for instance, is a first-class chauffeur. Hers is a magic touch and nothing goes wrong when she is in command, but I am the aboriginal automobile havoc maker. Under my fearless guidance, the machine does everything but turn handsprings, run up the side of a ten-story house and bump plumb into the middle of Long Island Sound.

Cooks "Rarebits" in Her Car

BY LULU GLASER.

IN A QUIET way I have been a disciple of automobiling for several seasons. At one time I came very near appearing in an automobile opera. But when I found that the librettist had arranged for a chorus specialty bringing on twelve illustrators of thinking parts in automatic



Hall

May Irwin as a chauffeur



Jefferson de Angelis working after a breakdown



Frank Daniels in his White

carriages at the same time, I decided that the scheme was too complicated. When I am not touring around the country you will find me almost any day driving my gasoline machine along the Boston Post Road, between my country place at Mt. Vernon and my residence in New York. I also have an electric coupé, which I use for shopping. In this I have among other contrivances, an electric stove; and returning after my appearance in "A Madcap Princess" in Brooklyn a few weeks ago, I cooked a very satisfactory Welsh rarebit while we were crossing the Brooklyn Bridge. I consider automobiling the most exciting and health-giving exercise in the world. Incidentally, it stimulates what we term "nerves," and that is an excellent adjunct to the art of acting.

Buying a Machine in Paris

BY BLANCHE RING

I HAVE ridden on automobiles of all descriptions for some years, but always as the guest of the owner of one of these intricate machines.

It was not until I visited Paris last January, that I very nearly became the owner of one. I had been on several long and delightful fleet trips around the environs of the French capital on a handsome crimson horseless wagon, and I was all keyed up on the subject, when a Parisian acquaintance confided to me that she had had some financial reverses and would be delighted to sell me her gasoline runabout for the proverbial "song." After she had shown me how easy it was to run it during an hour in the Bois de Boulogne, I told her that I was sailing back to America in two days, but that if she would let me have the auto the following day to myself, I would take a spin on it as a final test, and give her my check for it at the successful conclusion of the trip. The chauffeur I had

engaged to accompany me disappointed me at the last moment, and so, as it seemed perfectly easy to guide the vehicle by the mere turn of a wrist, I took my maid as companion and we had a most exhilarating run of two hours and a half, until we found ourselves at a picturesque inn away out in the country, where we rested for an hour and had luncheon. Then for the return home! Everything went well for nearly an hour when we came to a dead halt at a turn in the road, that seemed a thousand miles removed from every inhabitant. Nothing could start the wheels again, and leaving my maid as guard, I plunged ahead on

foot until I raked together some farmers, who, of course, could not understand a word I said in English. I succeeded in persuading them, however, to accompany me, and after examining the derelict, they wagged their heads dolefully, as much as to say, "What would you have?" I finally made arrangements, for a hundred francs, for a couple of powerful horses and a farm wagon to drag the automobile back to town. I wrote the owner rather a sharp note, saying, I was not in the habit of buying old junk. The next day when I got on the ship I found a letter from her, in which she witheringly informed me that if I had taken the trouble to refill the gasoline tank—which she observed had become empty—from the extra supply of gasoline carried in the seat, all would have been well, and that she had never yet run across an automatic car that could cover ground simply through the assistance of thin air.

My Automobile and I

BY JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS

I HAVE been a motor enthusiastic for several years, and I may say truthfully that my love for the "pace that kills" has more than once got me into all kinds of trouble. I have a garage at my place in Yonkers and nothing rests me so completely as "pottering" with the machinery. Candidly, it's the only time I ever do any work. I love to go out for long spins through the country and I always use my car to go to the theatre each evening, leaving the machine at the stage door until the performance is over.

As to mishaps, I had an arm broken about six weeks ago. I was steering the machine through the door of the garage when the hub of the wheel struck an obstacle and turned the steering lever so sharply that it struck me in the wrist, smashing the bone in two places. Another time, I was driving at full speed, in Chicago, when suddenly the car became entangled in a piece of canvas that had fallen from the elevated railroad structure. I was thrown violently from the machine, and for an instant lost consciousness. When I revived my first thought was of the automobile. I fancied it plowing its way down street, knocking down pedestrians and damaging property, but what was my amazement when I saw the machine standing perfectly still. Without in the least being sensible of having done so, I had shut off



Fritz Scheff making time in her Northern machine



Captain H. W. Hedge, Marshal of the automobile parade driving down the Rialto in his Columbia machine.

BRILLIANT REVIVAL OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S COMEDY



1. Marlow (timidly): "I am sure I tire you, madame"
Kate: "Not in the least, sir"

the power and put on the brake in the instant when I was thrown from the car. How's that for presence of mind?

NO FOLDING CARS FOR HER

BY FRITZI SCHEFF

YIELD to no one, male or female, in my love for the horseless carriage. When I signed my contract with my present manager to star in light opera, I had a special clause inserted giving me the privilege of having my auto taken on tour, even on one-night stands, whenever I should so desire. I have a horror of the horses and vehicles provided by livery stable men in some of our communities,

and that is the chief reason why I insist on this condition. My motor coupé is small, yet large enough to contain in its hidden recesses a space for an ice-box, a lunch basket, a folding writing desk and innumerable articles dear to the feminine heart. When the important question first arose as to how my auto could go on tour, in the baggage car, the ingenious advance agent suggested that I secure one especially constructed which could fold up,



2. Marlow (trying to escape): "I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room." Kate: "I protest sir, I never was more agreeably entertained"

time I met with an accident was when I was endeavoring to break the record between Washington and Philadelphia, and the machinery got out of order. I had to finish the trip most prosaically on a milk train, which was flagged at a way station.

I find automobiling delightful relaxation after long tiresome rehearsals, and to my mind there is no greater enjoyment than a run at full speed along a good country road. Danger? I never think of it. At first, I was a little nervous, especially on the sharp curves, but I soon got accustomed to that and now I'm as fond of scorching as anyone when the bicycle policeman is nowhere in sight.



Eleanor Robson Kyrle Bellew

5. Kate: "Having stooped to conquer with success and gained a husband without aid from dress—"

and even be separated. Visions of it performing the former feat without any previous announcement to that effect, while I was riding around Central Park, immediately threw me into a nervous tremor and simultaneously disqualified the advance man from an advisory capacity. For recreation in the country, I frequently drive myself from one town to another. The only



3. Marlow (not recognizing Kate in the guise of a serving maid). "I vow child, you are vastly handsome"



4. Kate: "Pray, sir, keep your distance"

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER" WITH AN ALL STAR CAST



Tony (Sidney Drew) Marlow, Jr. (Kyrle Bellew) Hastings (Frank Mills)

ACT I. TONY: "Why, gentlemen, you have lost your way!"



Hastings Mr. Hardcastle (Louis James) Marlow, Jr.

ACT III. MARLOW: "An impudent fellow, this inkeeper!"



Miss Neville (Isabel Irving)

Mrs. Hardcastle (Mrs. Calvert)

Tony

TONY: "Now do you make it out mother!"



Photos, Hall

TONY: "My mother thinks herself forty miles off!"



Byron, N. Y.

A REHEARSAL OF THE BALLET AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK

The Decline of Dancing as an Art

OF all the arts, there is none of greater antiquity than that of the dance, nor in olden times was any more highly esteemed. It remained for modern civilization to attempt to deprive it of its rank, and each year its exponents are growing fewer in number, and dancing itself less popular as a spectacle.

Dancing disappeared almost entirely after the sack of Rome, but it was revived again, notably in France, where it was introduced from Italy by the followers of Catherine de Medicis. The first important ballet was produced during the reign of Henry III, and under this sovereign's successors it developed until the time of Louis XIV, which was the golden age of the dance, not only because of the gorgeous entertainments given by the Grand Monarch, but because it especially appealed to Louis as an opportunity for displaying his own graces of person. But it was not until 1776 that the true ballet, without interpolated song or dialogue, made its appearance upon the French stage. Such composers as Mehul, Cherubini and Kreutzer wrote the music for these spectacles in which

the dancers Bigottini and Montessu delighted the Parisians, and later Herold and Adam, the teacher of Delibes, also composed ballets in which the dancer Grisi charmed all the beholders.

That dancing, both as an art and as a spectacle, has declined is indisputable. The superb ballets, such as "The Black Crook," "Excelsior," "The Naiad Queen," etc., which delighted our fathers, are practically unknown to the present generation, and even at the Grand Opera of Paris, where to-day a school of ballet dancing is still maintained, the ballet is retained in name rather than in substance, while in America the ballet, of recent years, has been almost completely neglected at the Metropolitan Opera House, although during the past two seasons, an effort has been made by Mr. Conried to revive its past glories.

Mr. Conried has now organized a corps de ballet, two *premieres danseuses*, and even a *premier danseur* heretofore unknown here. In Paris, no male dancer of repute has been seen for nearly thirty years. Only in Italy, famous for the ballets given each season at La Scala, Milan, and the San Carlo, Naples—in which latter theatre one of the accompanying illustrations shows a ballet in progress—is this form of the dance still in high favor, and even there no one dancer thrills the public as of old.

Since Delibes, whose three beautiful ballets "La Source," "Coppelia," given here last winter, and "Sylvie" are seen occasionally in Europe, no composer of repute has written music for ballets, another proof of the decadence of the art. One living dancer alone, the American, Isadora Duncan, seems to be repeating the triumphs of another generation in the cities of Europe. We read of the horses being removed from her carriage that an enthusiastic crowd may draw it through the streets, while in staid Berlin there has been talk of erecting a theatre solely for her to display her art.

The most famous dancers of modern times were Taglione and Fanny Ellsler. Taglione never visited America, although her brother and his wife appeared in Philadelphia and New York in 1839. Of Italian descent, she was born in Stockholm in 1804. Her father was a dancer and the ballet director of the Royal Theatre. His daughter was also the grand-daughter of a famous Swedish tragedian. She was sent to the ballet school in Vienna and made her first public appearance there at sixteen. From 1822 to 1826 she danced in Munich and Stuttgart, and

the following year at the Grand Opera, Paris, where she made such a furore that she remained there permanently, never yielding her place for twenty years, until the appearance of Fanny Ellsler. In 1833 she married Count Gilbert des Voisins, and during her period of success, owned handsome residences in Vienna and on Lake Como, and her daughter married Prince Troubetzkoy. During the Franco-Prussian War she lost the greater part of her fortune, so that in her old age, like many celebrated dancers, she was obliged to



Mme. Bonfanti as she danced in New York in 1881. She now has a school of dancing in New York City.



The ballet at the splendid San Carlo Theatre in Naples

give lessons, teaching the children of some of the best families in London.

The first dancer to appear in America was a "gentleman recently from London," who did a "Harlequin dance, a Clown dance, and a Drunken Peasant," between the acts during Thomas Kean's dramatic engagement at the first Nassau Street Theatre of this city, in January,

1751. The first American to attain distinction as a dancer was John Durang, in 1785. The first mention of a woman dancer in this country is of Jane Placide, who in 1813 danced at the Anthony Street Theatre.

On the evening of February 7, 1827, the old Bowery Theatre was the scene of a strange demonstration. Madame Francisquy Hutin attempted to introduce the French school of dancing to an American audience. As she bounded on the stage in her short tulle skirts, she was greeted by a storm of hisses, every lady in the lower tier of boxes left the house, and the manager was obliged to order the curtain down. The unfortunate dancer made no attempt to repeat the disastrous experiment.

In 1855 an American, Augusta Maynard Williams, known as "La Petite Augusta," won great popularity as a dancer. She was the first American ever admitted to the Academy of Dancing in Paris, where she later appeared with Fanny Ellsler in the "Tarantula."

The famous Fanny Ellsler herself appeared in America for the first time in 1840. Fresh from her triumphs in Europe, she took New York by storm. The largest theatres were crowded, and she met with receptions never before or since equalled. Once the entire house rose with a shout of acclamation at her appearance. She danced a *pas seul* and "La Cracovienne," and in the ballet "Tarantula," in which she had triumphed in Paris. She appeared at the New Park Theatre here, and then went to Boston, dancing for thirteen nights, at that time an unusual number of performances for that city. She contributed her share of a benefit toward the completion of Bunker Hill monument. In Baltimore the enthusiastic people dragged the car-

riage of the "Immortal Fanny" to her hotel. In Richmond she was met by a delegation of prominent citizens and a brass band. Her last American appearance was in 1842, and twenty years later she retired.

One of the most graceful dancers who ever visited America is Mme. Marie Bonfanti. None of her family had ever been on the stage, but as a child she showed such aptitude for dancing that her mother was finally persuaded to allow her to study it as a profession. A native of Milan, she went to the famous Milan school of the ballet, directed by Carlo Blasis, of whom she still speaks with enthusiasm, as one of the greatest of all ballet masters. She made her debut at the age of eleven, as a solo dancer at Covent Garden, London. After her successes there, she came to America, where most of her dancing was afterwards done, and she was in the original production of "The Black Crook." Her last public appearance was in 1891 in "The Twelve Temptations." After that she had many offers, but none that she cared to accept. It was about this time that what she calls the period of "fake dancing," now in vogue, began—the high kicking, contortions, the steps which are as child's play compared to those of the real *danseuse*, yet which seem to satisfy the public. She therefore retired from the stage and opened a school of dancing in this city. To-day she numbers among her pupils elderly women who come to take the exercises at their physicians' advice, and a number of society women, beside professionals. It is curious to note that as the dance as an art declines on the stage, it has been taken up more by society women, especially in London, where they flock to the teachers to learn dances which, however simple, as compared to the older forms, yet in their aim to embody grace of pose and movement, may serve to keep the art from falling into utter oblivion. A most enthusiastic pupil of Mme. Bonfanti during the past winter was Lady Cunard, who was so delighted with her lessons that she brought her husband with her, and he offered the teacher great inducements to go to London, declaring



Schloss
ETHEL GILMORE



Hall
BESSIE CLAYTON
Three trained dancers in "It Happened in Nordland"



Schloss
MABEL GILMORE

dancing that her mother was finally persuaded to allow her to study it as a profession. A native of Milan, she went to the famous Milan school of the ballet, directed by Carlo Blasis, of whom she still speaks with enthusiasm,



Barr McIntosh
MCCOY SISTERS



Otto Sarony Co.
HENGLER SISTERS

that all the ladies at the English court would become her pupils.

It is interesting to watch Mme. Bonfanti give a lesson. In short, full black skirts, her pretty little feet in slippers, she flits about the room lightly as a feather. Her pupils' practice costumes consist of short full skirts with bloomers, ballet shoes, and a loose waist, that movements may be unrestrained, so there are all varieties of costume to be seen at these lessons, from gauzy skirts of the regulation ballet kind to those of the plainest material. Many graceful movements are performed to musical accompaniment. The position and movement of hand, arm, each finger must be made to conform to the principles and lines of grace.

"Ah, but times are changed," says Madame. "Formerly there were classic dancers, indeed, whose every movement was grace and beauty. It was not enough to dance difficult steps, each pose, each gesture must be graceful and full of meaning, must express the idea intended to be conveyed by the dance. It seems now that not only the dancers do not study as they used to do, but they go through their dances as a task to be accomplished as soon and for as much money as possible. They do not love it as an art. Of posing, of pantomimic expression they know nothing. Dancing is one of the most difficult, as it is the most graceful of arts, yet I receive letters from utter strangers, asking how many lessons are required to make them good dancers, how many weeks they must study? Weeks! How can I tell without seeing a person, if she can ever become a good dancer? Not only time and lessons are needed, one must have aptitude, suppleness, must be well formed, above all must have brains. It is not merely a question of the toes."

Madame Bonfanti has professional pupils who are earnestly striving to keep the old traditions alive. Ethel and Mabel Gilmore are two talented girls of the ballet in "It Happened in Nordland" who are studying their art thoroughly, and can take many of the classic poses and steps. Bessie Clayton has also studied with Mme. Bonfanti, and for a time this season danced quite in the old *premiere danseuse* manner, although she has since gone back to her former "eccentric dancing."

Prominent among other dancers in America who are trying to keep alive the old traditions are Nellie and Bessie McCoy, who come of a long line of stage people. Their grandfather was an actor with the elder Sothorn, one aunt a wire walker, their mother an old school ballet dancer, trained in England, where as a child her feet were strapped to a board for hours at a time, to attain the proper position. Their father was also a dancer, so it is not strange that they danced from infancy, all kinds of

dances, from classic poses and ballet steps down to the Irish and clog varieties. They now study and plan out their dances together, with their mother always ready to give her opinion and advice, and their parents have been their only teachers. Until recently they have always appeared together. They were with Anna Held two seasons ago. Nellie McCoy's clever dancing this season with Lillian Russell's "Lady Teazle," and Bessie's dancing at the Hippodrome, is recalled with delight. Bessie also gave different beautiful dances in the various operas in which Fritz Scheff starred.

The dainty Hengler sisters are also very popular dancers. Their art is the result of years of practise and study, according to tradition. But while audiences undoubtedly enjoy watching a pretty dance, it is usually introduced as a specialty between comic songs, or broad farce, the matter of but a few minutes for the dancer to show her skill, when the comic element again resumes full sway, and for this reason the classic dancer often feels that her

art is not appreciated. Nor are the inducements great enough for many to take up dancing seriously. True, the solo dancer receives anywhere from \$50 to \$100 a week—few receive more than that in light opera or musical comedy—but until she secures this coveted position she must usually dance in what is called the ballet, where she is expected to sing as well, and all for the sum of \$15 or \$18 a week. The work she will do bears little relation to the steps and postures she is studying, if she aspires to be a true artist. She has also before her the probability that she will never make the "hit" of some acrobatic contortionist, whose every movement, as in the case of more than one dancer now a popular favorite, instead of full of grace, is modeled after those of a jointed or mechanical doll, and whose rigid contortions take the place of lines and curves of beauty; flexibility being useful chiefly as enabling the "dancer" to kick to the greatest height possible, it matters not how.

Under these circumstances it is not strange that the Misses Hengler have become discouraged. They feel that artistic dancing does not pay. They do not care to undertake the contortions which masquerade under its name, and they are seriously contemplating giving up dancing altogether to devote themselves to comedy alone. But it cannot continue thus! Art cannot die, and in time will come into its own again when the public is educated.

Other clever and popular dancers are Nora Sarony, the charming Columbine of "Humpty Dumpty," and Aimée Angeles, whose delightful dancing in "The Rollicking Girl" is one of the most pleasing features of this production.

ELISE LATHROP.



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS BESSIE MCCOY

One of the well-known McCoy sisters now appearing at the Hippodrome



MRS. GOLDFINCH

As Lady Tattle in "The School for Husbands" at Wallack's

Edward Gordon Craig

A New Stage Genius

ACTOR, artist, writer, musician, stage-director, designer of scenery and costumes, initiator of a new system of stage lighting, composer of quaint verses, and in all equally successful and original—this sums up the vivid personality of a man who is fast becoming a vital force in theatrical life.

If ever there was a time when we needed a re-awakening touch, the revelation of a new idea of Beauty, it is now, when the "limit of extravagant stage setting" has been announced, when the arts of scene-painting, costuming, lighting, etc., have so completely escaped from all laws of true beauty (those laws of selection, economy and restraint which are essential to any art), and are so hopelessly entangled in a distorted vision of false ideals, making only the baldest, most obvious and vulgar appeal to the eye, ear and lowest senses of the public. It is easy to talk and often to write about one's dreams and ideals, also to express condemnation against existing conditions. But a man was needed with imaginative genius, a man of culture and of wide optimism, enthusiasm and experience, to break the barrier between the old and the new. And withal a practical man; one possessed of authoritative strength as well as the poetic and esthetic qualities. This man is Gordon Craig, the gifted son of Ellen Terry, who is now in Berlin, where he was summoned (for an indefinite period) to be the sole director of the staging, scenery, costumes, etc., at the noted Lessing Theatre, which is under the general management of Dr. Brahms. The fact that a famous German theatre should have sent for an Englishman to stage German plays, is, perhaps, sufficient introduction of Edward Gordon Craig as an extraordinary man.

Mr. Craig commenced his stage career at a very early age and immediately evinced unique and unusual talents. He could not have been more than nine years old when he first came to America with Sir Henry Irving, with whom he remained several years. His genius was so varied, his tastes so unprejudiced and catholic, that it was a problem what line of evolution his ardent spirit would follow, what medium would give scope to his extraordinary gifts, and satisfy his remarkable individuality. He was more than a prolific reader, even for those days, and literally devoured wholesale all the works of both English and foreign authors that he could lay his hands on. He was a musician and composer of delicate and persuasive grace, an artist of dexterous and original talent. In appearance Mr. Craig strongly resembles his gifted mother. His personality is buoyant, with infectious enthusiasm, and healthy energy, his manners contain that sweet unaffectedness and impulsive generosity which have ruled and held captive the hearts of Ellen Terry's audiences since first she came among them.

For several years the art of acting seemed to absorb and satisfy the ambitions of Mr. Craig's life and hopes. He played a number of important rôles with Sir Henry Irving, learning in that invaluable time much of the art he was eventually to attempt to revolutionize, harmonize and aid. He became master of that most illusive and subtle of all techniques, acting. He grew in authority and repose, and in all his rôles radiated a compelling poetry and delicacy of conception and introspective mood and suggestiveness of characterization, which stamped him immediately as an actor of unusual gifts.

In time his spirit chafed against the routine and enforced authority of uncongenial work, so he left the old Lyceum, the scenes of his early struggles and inspirations, to fight his own way alone out of the labyrinth of ancient prejudice and worn conservative customs. He was still a very young man, not more than twenty or twenty-one. His ideas were seen but dimly, through a fog; all his surging desires and plans were still chaotic and in embryo. Nevertheless, the strong, dominant note of the original thinker, the earnest agitator, was potently felt by all who came in contact with him at that period of his career.

He gathered about him a small band of players, with more ideals and ambitions than funds and business capacity, and started out to tour the provinces. His repertoire showed the depth of his earnestness and his indifference to pecuniary success: "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Corsican Brothers," several plays of Alfred de Musset's, and a clever one-act play, based on an incident in the life of Francois



EDWARD GORDON CRAIG

Villon and written by Mr. Craig himself. He was both severely criticised and enthusiastically lauded for his direct, simple, quiet but curious methods. All along, his genius has had to stand some very hard knocks. But he worked ahead with steadfastness and concentration, following the lines of his own nature, listening and waiting for the insistent, definite call that eventually came so imperiously.

During the years of his novitiate, despite his energies in the art of acting and the arduous work attendant on producing all the plays himself, designing the scenery and costumes, composing the incidental music, etc., Mr. Craig studied the intricate sciences pertaining to every branch of his art, grasping eagerly all they had to say to and give him. He designed many unique and remarkable posters, made innumerable drawings and sketches in black and white, which created not a little discussion and were exhibited frequently, composed a quaint, rhythmical alphabet for a children's book, illustrating it himself, and thoroughly mastered the art of wood-cutting. His fanciful brain teemed to overflowing with audacious and daring schemes.

The present writer saw a good deal of Mr. Craig's work at that time, and his impersonation of "Hamlet" is remembered as a most perfect and ideal representation. Others may have been more mature, more scholarly, but none so unconstrained, unconscious, so full of a free and natural dignity. His reading of the verse was untrammelled by a labored effort to find in every line some too subtle and hidden meaning. The diction was purely perfect. In fact, he *was* the moody, young, lofty, passionate Dane; his spirit seemed invaded by the part, the absorption was so intimate. All trace of technique and the arduous study

applied were invisible; it was full of a wild irresponsibility, a buoyancy, a touching pathos and tenderness, an immeasurable depth of woe, knowledge, grief, and pain inevitable. It was a beautiful and memorable performance.

All this time, nevertheless, his nature was yearning for a more concrete and adequate form of expression, that yearning which nothing but creation can satisfy. He felt that he was not giving sufficiently of his own inner self. He was creeping towards that high goal to which all genius trends, when one has to throw aside all outer aids and helps, and face the great problem alone. Quite suddenly and in the midst of his success Mr. Craig gave up acting and started to put into practice his novel ideas on the art of stage-management, scenery, rhythmic movements, costuming, etc. On asking him the reason for this change, he said: "I gave up acting just as one gives up a high-road and takes a turning; perhaps because the high-road is monotonous—perhaps because everyone else is on the high-road—perhaps because the turning may lead to a higher high-road—perhaps all sorts of things. Let any one try to put their finger here or there and say: 'this is the reason, why and because.' It seems impossible to say why the river must go to the sea, or why a cat likes milk. It all seems just and complete; and if the cat liked beer and the sea ran to the river, I dare say we should find it equally complete and satisfactory. Had I remained an actor it would have been unnatural, that is all. Before I have ended my life I desire to create one thing which springs from no source except my life. What form it will eventually take I am not able to say. But it is this desire which has all along moved me the way I have gone."

During the last few years Mr. Craig has devoted his time almost completely to producing plays, namely, Laurence Housemann's nativity play "Bethlehem," and for Miss Terry at the Imperial Theatre, Ibsen's "Vikings of Helgeland," "Much Ado About Nothing," etc.—later at Penley's Theatre Purcell's "Dido and Æneas," "The Masque of Love," and Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

No such staging had ever been seen before, and many violent discussions ensued. He was, of course, immediately assailed with a chorus of abuse for daring to upset the existing standards which



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NANETTE COMSTOCK IN "THE CRISIS"

and the other parts of an art which I hope in time to master I can tell you little; if I began I should go on and on, and there is no end to the thing. But one of the first laws of scene-craft is this: whoever sets out to

cater (it is the best word) for the eyes of an audience must *cater* alone. It is easier for twenty cooks to make a fine broth than for three designers to feed the eyes of the public. Nowadays in a theatre four designers and two overseers attempt this impossibility. For example: first man paints some scenes; second man designs some dresses; third man designs the movements; fourth man directs all these designs into wrong channels; fifth man (the actor) upsets all that first, second, third and fourth men have already muddled.

"I would help the theatre in three ways: First, removal of actor-manager (he is a vice); second, rebuild all the theatres (they are a joke); third, train all theatre craftsmen (from actors to dressers) as craftsmen, not as artists; giving them dexterity. Train them as an orchestra to play in harmony and unison like an orchestra under the mental and imaginative baton of one man."

Mr. Craig bases his argument on the fact that there are three kinds of stage scenery—the imaginative, the realistic, and the very bad. The former is for the



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ELAINE de SELLEM

Lately played Paquita in "Giroflé-Girofla" with Fritz Scheff. Was formerly a concert and oratorio contralto, and made her first appearance as Princess Lydia in "Fatinitza."



Act II. The dinner to Joe. Mrs. Brandon (Beverly Sitgreaves) brings news of the arrival of the heir
 "THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

Shakespearean dramas, imaginative and mystical plays; the second for the modern realistic school. The latter can be seen any night in almost any theatre. What he aims for is not accuracy, but perfect illusion.

In addition to Mr. Craig's work at the Lessing Theatre, he has also been engaged to produce for The Kleines Neues Theatre, "Hamlet," and "Macbeth," and possibly George Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra." He is also designing all the scenery for Eleanora Duse's forthcoming production of Hoffmansthal's "Electra."

Mr. Craig is also the innovator of an entirely new system of lighting, which is being gradually adopted by certain managers in both Germany and England, and has attracted the eulogy, praise and notice of the master-critics and the most poetic minds in literature and painting. No one who has ever watched the magnificent and incessant display of light and shadow, gloom and radiance over field, plain, forest, and sea, at every moment of the day, in many times and climes, or been conscious of the bizarre and important atmospheric effects in some room, hall or church, can have failed to notice poignantly the inadequacy and dead

monotony of the present obvious and uninteresting form of stage-lighting, when attempting to reproduce these wonders. From all this Mr. Craig shows and offers us a welcome means of escape, and he has worked out alone some marvellous problems whose lucidity and value are gradually becoming clear to the manager eager for something approaching beauty, suggestiveness and atmosphere. Mr. Craig starts in by abolishing all foot and border lights; all his intense and clairvoyant rays stream from above, but to fulfill this idea to its uttermost purpose of illusion, the mind of a poet and the imagination of a painter, sensitive to the loveliest, most intricate subtle secrets of color, and by this sense capable of conveying all climates, times and scenes of awe and dread are needed.

There is little doubt but that Mr. Craig will be a great force in the land of the theatre. His influence is already being felt in many subtle ways. He will be the initiator and pioneer of vast, and at present undreamed of changes. Let us hope that he may soon be persuaded to come to America and introduce some of his much-needed and desirable reforms.

GERTRUDE NORMAN.



Act IV. The heir holds a reception in his gigantic cradle, hewn from a single tree trunk
 "THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE



Clara Morris



Kate Claxton



Mrs. Gilbert



Mrs. Scott Siddons

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE FIRST COMPANY MANAGED BY MR. DALY

Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly

BY MARGARET HALL

The late Augustin Daly was the most conspicuous figure in theatrical management that the American stage has known. He has had no successor. While he directed the famous Broadway theatre bearing his name, he cast a lustre on our boards that has not since been equalled. He succeeded in imparting to the New York stage that brilliancy and polish so characteristic of the theatres of continental Europe, and for this reason he attracted to the playhouse a class of American society—usually seen only at the Opera—which had previously ignored the theatre and has again neglected it since his death. The stock company he organized was unrivalled on the English-speaking stage and it compared favorably with any other troupe of players in the world. His death, at a comparatively early age, was a distinct loss to American dramatic art, and with his disappearance began the first serious tendency toward pure commercialism. Judge Daly has been at work for some time past upon a biography of his brother, and it is understood that this work will be published shortly. The following articles do not pretend to be a biography of the late manager, but impressions received by one who was admitted to Mr. Daly's intimacy and who knew him as did few others outside of his immediate family. The writer will tell much not generally known regarding Mr. Daly as a manager and much about his personal traits, many anecdotes, his superstitions, the religious element in his nature, his love for his library, his Sundays at home, his devotion to duty and his death. There will also be a great deal that is new about Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Edith Kingdon, Fanny Davenport, John Drew, George Clarke and May Irwin.—THE EDITOR.

"MY OUTER manner may vary under pressure of business hurry, or business worry, but my inner feelings which have grown in my heart do not change as the seasons change. There is no Summer and Winter for them. Sometimes my affections have been killed outright by a blow which could not be parried, but I always try to ward off even those blows, and keep my heart alive to its best impulses. You, I am sure, will never do anything to kill the heart-felt good will and affection with which you have inspired me, and which I have admitted into my life, which as you know is not peopled with too many friendships."

The foregoing is part of a letter addressed to me by Augustin Daly in 1887. To have been placed by Mr. Daly himself on this favored limited list, to have been numbered among his very few friends, makes

one of the happiest recollections of a lifetime, to be carried down through the years with conflicting sentiments—pride, joy, affection and sorrow. I knew Mr. Daly some time, too, before it became my happiness to reach the above enviable distinction. He did not place his regard or friendship lightly.

A convent day acquaintance with Mrs. Daly lost sight of, and then renewed a few years after her marriage, lead to closest association (it might be termed relationship in its truest meaning) in the life of those nearest and dearest to Mr. Daly: wife, mother and children—two promising boys whom death in the form of malignant diphtheria claimed the same day, January 5, 1885.

In the early part of this renewal of acquaintance with my former school friend, I met Mr. Daly only casually at luncheon in his beautiful home in New York City, Thirty-first Street near Fifth Avenue, or once in a while as a guest in Mrs. Daly's box at the theatre.

Mr. Daly's reserve of manner is proverbial. I have heard him described as discourteous, uncivil, rude even, by many who met him occasionally, and this always aroused my resentment. Such impression never prevailed with me, perhaps because a similar distant attitude, a holding aloof from merely casual acquaintance was a pronounced characteristic with the male element of my own family, and I could well understand how a man of such multitudinous interests and absorbing, constantly increasing cares might be pardoned for seeming indifferent and oblivious to obtrusive, inopportune incidentals and not catering to the self esteem of those who cavilled against his lack of effusiveness, his disinclination to "small talk." Later on, when my place as friend became established, I learned to honor and esteem his kindness, gentleness, forbear-



Augustin Daly

From a photograph taken in 1885

ance, self denial, and many other magnanimous characteristics.

Apparently deaf to the empty speech of conventionalism, there was never an appeal for sympathy, or whispering of need of sorrow, sufficiently feeble or alien, to fail in reaching generous and speedy response in the heart of this unusual man. Mr. Daly's deeds of mercy were as boundless as they were munificent and unknown, and practised always on the principle which conceals from the left hand the generosity of the right. There was a faithful almoner behind whom he hid himself, deputed to relieve want wherever it might be found, but under severe injunction never to reveal the identity of him whose charity sent comfort and cheer to the poor and the sick, and brightened the gloom of many sorrowful homes and despairing hearts. It would have been an astonishing revelation to the vehement shallow minded critics of Mr. Daly's lack of deference towards those on whom he had no time to waste, regardless of social standing and prestige, to learn the large extent of these *sub rosa* charities. Only the other day the writer heard casually from a gentleman connected with an important charity, how a large sum of money was added to its treasury periodically and anonymously. Its cessation at his death and an accidental clue confirmed the suspicion that Mr. Daly had been the secret benefactor.

Early in the sixties Augustin Daly was already known as a journalist and writer of plays, but my first acquaintance with his name as a power in the theatrical world was in 1869, when, as the brilliant young manager of the little playhouse adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel—the original Fifth Avenue Theatre and now the Madison Square—he came forward in a burst of splendor to institute a new régime in the theatre, to supersede stilted traditions, to demonstrate progress in the drama, and dazzle his audiences with artistic, unique, unstinted, if not prodigal, ideas of staging, presenting plays with a sumptuousness previously unknown, wholly unprecedented, and reaping success at the very threshold of his managerial career. There was no plodding, uphill work. The masterly manager and the charming little theatre became the fashion all at once. A representative clientèle speedily demonstrated its partiality towards the power behind

the scenes who raised the curtain upon resplendent French adaptations, classic revivals, and productions from his own brilliant pen, with a splendid company of players and costliest accessories from beginning to

finish. A bewildering, endless array of talented actors and beautiful gifted women seemed to spring up suddenly in response to the call of this new master of stage craft.

There were very few plays produced by Mr. Daly which had not in one way or another undergone revision by his own able pen, either for the purpose of meeting certain attributes of his players, or in deference to "contemporaneous human interest," a favorite phrase of Mr. Daly's, and one not infrequently made subservient by the adverse critic of a man with whom the expression simply meant rendering harmonious the histrionic exigencies of the time. Among the plays presented in those early days were "Play," "Dreams," "London Assurance," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "Man and

Wife," "Saratoga," "Divorce," "Jezebel," "L'Article 47," "False Shame," etc., and the first company included E. L. Davenport, D. H. Harkins, Geo. Holland, William Davidge, James Lewis, Geo. Clarke, J. B. Polk, G. C. Jordan, W. Beekman, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, Clara Jennings, Marie Wilkins, Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Roberta Norwood, Kate Newton and Amy Ames. Mrs. Scott Siddons, Clara Morris, Kate Claxton, W. J. LeMoine and Linda Dietz joined the company a little later. "Frou Frou" the first important adaptation from the French, proved a great success. Agnes Ethel's portrayal of Gilberte was fascinating, touching beyond words. In appearance, winsomeness of manner, sweetness of voice, and personality, she seemed to have been created for the wilful, imperious, capricious child-wife.

Even at this early stage in his managerial career, Mr. Daly had recognized the necessity of maintaining his independence with the members of his company. He had but recently advanced Agnes Ethel from a minor position, bringing her forward in two prominent parts. In the dramatization of Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife," which was his own work, Mr. Daly had designed for the same actress the rôle of Anne Sylvester. But Miss Ethel, under the influence no doubt of her newly acquired prominence and a false appraisal of



Agnes Ethel



Fanny Davenport

THE FIRST TWO LEADING WOMEN OF THE DALY STOCK COMPANY



AUGUSTIN DALY READING THE MSS. OF A NEW PLAY TO THE MEMBERS OF HIS COMPANY

From left to right the auditors are: John Moore, William Gilbert, James Lewis, George Parkes, Charles Leclercq, Mrs. Gilbert, Ada Rehan, John Drew, Mr. Daly, Charles Fisher, Virginia Dreher, May Fielding

her own individual value, unwisely took it upon herself to criticize the heroine's character and protested against playing the rôle. Mr. Daly at once withdrew the part from Miss Ethel and gave it to Clara Morris, a young Western actress and a stranger to New York who made her debut in it with memorable success. In "Saratoga," which followed, no opportunity was made for Miss Ethel to appear, and Miss Morris herself had only a minor rôle. Mr. Daly probably had some good reason for assigning to Miss Morris a lesser part, or he may have meant it as a schooling for the young actress in work apart from the wholly emotional. Miss Morris herself called it a "punishment" or "penance for her success," but one who knew Mr. Daly well could not credit this. I myself well remember hearing Mr. Daly say several years afterward, "Idisciplined Clara Morris," in referring to the generally known insubordination of an actress of minor type. I took it at the time as a tribute to Miss Morris.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Daly was on the night of a performance of "As You Like It." The very beautiful Mrs. Scott Siddons was playing Rosalind and George Clarke, Orlando. In the middle of the second act, two men occupying a box, under the influence of previous indulgence entered into an animated conversation wholly regardless of their surroundings. The audience gave evidence of its disapproval. Mrs. Siddons' beautiful and expressive countenance made plain the actress' indignant protest, when suddenly there appeared, hastening down the side aisle, a policeman and a tall man, whose white set face told plainly his capability of handling any emergency, and without waste of words, two "well known men about town" found themselves on the sidewalk. It was on this very same night, in May, 1870, that occurred a disaster which horrified every spectator and nearly culminated in the death of the pretty young Hymen of the play, whose gauze skirts caught fire from the footlights in the last scene, a casualty seeming to presage a later grave visitation of kindred nature, which rang down the curtain on Mr. Daly's first and meteor-like appearance as a manager. Everything had prospered in the little playhouse. It had been a golden experience, artistically and financially. The future seemed full of promise when suddenly, in a flash, came the end of it all. Fate, seemingly repentant of her too kindly mood, dealt without warning a swift appalling blow, a supreme test of the mettle of Augustin Daly, who returning to the theatre on January 1, 1873, after the New Year's matinee performance, found himself

barred from entering. Those who knew Mr. Daly even slightly, can imagine something of the emotion that stirred this man of indomitable will, iron nerve, yet deep feeling as he stood on the steps of a house opposite, powerless, watching, realizing the downfall of immediate prosperity, the doom of hope and ambition, and the immolation under the relentless flames, of treasures and souvenirs never to be replaced.

The only place in New York for a theatrical production then available was the little box called the New York Theatre, away below Astor Place, and here Mr. Daly, working under serious disadvantage, reopened with "Alixé," Clara Morris playing the heroine, and here he continued to present to crowded audiences his charming plays and talented company. Fashion betook itself down-town in crowds to laugh and to weep with Clara Morris, Sara Jewett, Fanny Davenport, Kate Claxton, Minnie Conway, Linda Dietz, and many other debutantes who beginning their stage life under the master hand, developed later into stars of greater or less magnitude. Then on December 3, 1873, Mr. Daly took possession of the new Fifth Avenue Theatre, built for him by the Gilsey estate according to his own ideas with appointments and features pertaining to the comfort and luxury of both patrons and players such as New York had not before beheld. Beginning with "Fortune," the opening play, Mr. Daly presented "The School for Scandal," "The Big Bonanza," "Life," "Pique," "The Hunchback," "Masks and Faces," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The New Leah," "Our Boys," and to the company was added Charles Coghlan, Maurice Barrymore, John Brougham, John Drew, Ada Dyas, Emily Rigl, Georgie Drew, Jeffreys Lewis, Sydney Cowell, etc., etc. And here it was on the first night of "The School for Scandal," with Fanny Davenport as Lady Teazle, and a brilliant supporting cast, that George Clarke, who was to impersonate Charles Surface, arrived at the theatre in open defiance of Mr. Daly's order that all the men in the play were to present themselves clean-shaven. The scene which took place between the incensed manager and his leading man as Mr. Daly confronted Mr. Clarke, in cool possession of his handsome mustache, can be better imagined than told. It resulted in Mr. Clarke's walking out of the theatre, leaving Mr. Daly in the sore dilemma of presenting the celebrated comedy minus the popular actor who was to have taken the principal male character, which was played by Hart Conway at a moment's notice.



Four "American Beauties" who graced the stage this season. From top to bottom they are: Belle Ashlyn (The Rollicking Girl Co.), Paula Desmond (Lew Field's Co.), Eleanor Worthington (a debutante), and Violet Barney, leading woman in various stock companies.

In addition to his own company, Mr. Daly from time to time presented some of the important stars. For example, Edwin Booth appeared here with Mr. Daly's company, and Adelaide Neilson, the famous gifted young English actress, also filled a star engagement at his house.

After these brilliant initial seasons, under Fortune's smiles and frowns, the former seemed to fade away and give place entirely to the latter. A gigantic wave of adversity now swept away everything, and after a desperate but hopeless struggle to keep above water, Mr. Daly gave up and went down, to disappear for an interim from public view. The end came shortly after the very opening of the season of 1877. The play presented was "The Dark City." It proved a failure and the theatre was closed September 15, and Mr. Daly retired from the management.

There were many reasons for his failure. Besides an exorbitant rental and an overburdensome salary list, Mr. Daly had many, perhaps too many "irons in the fire." In more than one theatre in New York and elsewhere his name headed various programs. The situation may be

joyous as a child, among his own, at hand the gifts and souvenirs which he had brought back to them from his travels. The rest, the change, the freedom from the crucial tension and strain had worked marvels for him. He looked years and years younger. He had much to say, he was talkative in the extreme. It was a new, an unknown Augustin Daly.

Suddenly he turned to Mrs. Daly and asked if she had told me the news, and then with a spontaneity and buoyancy revealing the true sunshine of his personality, he told it himself. He was to take up again his managerial career, but not until the following Autumn—this was during the Winter previous—the theatre was in sight, arranged for, etc.

Under the influence of the memory of "Frou Frou," "Fernande," and all the triumphs of other days I became enthusiastic in my congratulations to Mr. Daly, in self-congratulation that I should be favored in learning from his own lips what seemed to me must be received with unbounded general exultation. I felt as if I wanted to go forth and proclaim the great news, and behold for myself how all would



Jinny (Annie Russell)

Grandfather (Fuller Mellish)
Will's offer of partnership is rejected

Will (Oswald Yorke)

SCENE IN ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S PLAY "JINNY THE CARRIER" WHICH WAS WITHDRAWN AFTER THREE WEEKS' RUN

better described, perhaps, by an extract from one of his own letters in reference, however, to another and later matter:

"I begin to feel like the juggler who commences his ball trick by keeping one and then two balls revolving in the air, and adding others one at a time until confusion and chaos are suspended only a brief instant, and he lets them all drop to the ground and retires with a ghastly smile. You will find me, however, superior to the juggler. He retires smiling; I come up smiling to the scratch."

And so it was with him. He retired just long enough to gird himself anew, to equip himself afresh for further purpose a little later on.

Mr. Daly now went abroad to look over things theatrical on the other side of the ocean. It was after his return from this tour of observation and reinforcement for a reappearance in the field for which he was so wonderfully qualified, that I may say began my real acquaintance with Mr. Daly, that I commenced to know him apart from "business hurry."

I had my first real conversation with him just after his arrival at home. I happened in one morning to find him seated in Mrs. Daly's boudoir,

rejoice, while chafing impatiently against waiting for the Autumn—the long delay of the months still to intervene. I can see him now as, smiling at my impetuosity, he sorrowfully answered:

"No, no indeed child, far from this! By now, I am a "back number," forgotten. I will have to win my way all over again into remembrance and favor by hard up-hill measures. You do not understand or appreciate the fickleness of a capricious public."

I would not, I could not believe him. Yet it was all too true. I learned later the soundness, the logic of his prediction.

Others had become successful in adopting the lines which he had inaugurated, and during the reign of ill-fortune and the interval of his withdrawal from active life he had been superseded in the good graces of the general public. He was forgotten, and in some ways worse than forgotten. None but Mr. Daly himself and those to whom he was dear can ever realize the sorrowful verification of his forebodings in connection with the venture now at hand.

(To be continued.)



Falk

HENRY MILLER AS MR. BRABIZON IN "SOWING THE WIND"

A Morning Call on Henry Miller

(INTERVIEWS WITH PLAYERS No. 39)

"THE best work I have ever done," said Henry Miller, "was in a piece called 'The Master,' that had only a short run, and in the first act of 'The Only Way.'"

The actor had sunk resignedly into a chair near the big double windows of the sitting room of his bachelor apartments in East Thirty-third Street. Interviewing there must be in Mr. Miller's profession, more or less, but this actor, who is on occasion also manager and producer, apparently does not yearn for it. He made explanation of this only semi-receptive attitude with a half remembered quotation.

"Isn't it in 'The Marble Faun' that someone is dubious about the picture, whether it will come out black or whitey brown?" he queried, still with the doubtful gaze.

Yet Henry Miller, whom we remember most recently as a delightful, self abnegating bachelor in "Joseph Entangled," as a less satisfactory Armand, in his own production of "Camille"—with Margaret Anglin as co-star—who stands out a striking, pensive, melancholy figure as Sidney Carton in "The Only Way," and more remotely as "Richard Savage" and "D'Arcy of the Guards," farther back in the vista of the past as the musician in "Heartsease," and just preceding "Heartsease" as the leading man of the Empire Theatre stock company, in New York for many seasons, is a most agreeable man upon whom to make a morning call. He and Twister had answered the summons of the brass knocker on the oak door "two flights up and straight ahead" together.

True, Mr. Miller turned the knob, but Twister stood anxiously by, aiding by silent suggestion, and eager to do his part in the matter of reception. Twister is as handsome and correctly swaybacked and bow-legged a bull terrier as one would meet in a day's sauntering on the Avenue. He is a silent and intelligent animal with tender brown eyes that belie his pugnacious jowls and—but when this conclusion had been reached Mr. Miller had banished Twister, and we heard him pawing and whining subduedly as a thoroughbred does, at the door of the passage.

"Go away, Twister," called his master firmly, and the faint sounds ceased. Mr. Miller and Twister understand each other thoroughly and recognize each other's ultimata.

We were in a long, low ceiled room probably designed for a studio, which had been converted into a bachelor's sitting room. But there are bachelors and bachelors. A careless bachelor might have had ancient ashes in the brass tray. He might have had an odorous smoking jacket lying across the ooze leather easy chair, and there might have been dust on the books, dust on the draperies, and the rugs might have been dimmed with dust. Quite contrary was this bachelor apartment of Mr. Miller's. The brasses were burnished to a fine point of reflection. The soft, neutral hued draperies were fresh from a bath of air and sunshine. The rugs were as soft and fresh as new moss by a brook side. The books partook of the unostentatious precision of their owner's

toilet, and Mr. Miller had the newly tubbed, thoroughly brushed aspect that matinee girls have always enumerated after certain vague intellectual classifications in their list of his claims upon their enthusiastic consideration.

It would have pained these girlish admirers to hear Mr. Miller say as he shifted his position: "The light hurts my eyes. My physician told me the other day that I ought to wear glasses. I suppose I have reached an age to do so."

They are handsome eyes, in which intellect dominates, but which can reflect on unschooled occasions vagrant impulse, eyes somewhat deeply set, and on this morning at least of a curious color. They are gray, the color of eyes oftenest seen in the intellectual, but the shade is unusual, or was on this morning, for I fancy that Mr. Miller's eyes change their shade with his mood. They were slate colored, to all appearances opaque, seemingly changeless, not of the sort whose owner would make love ardently, nor shed tears nor cause tears to flow, yet it has been said of Henry Miller that he is a master of pathos, that by his acting he has caused more tears to flow than any other actor on the American stage. It is related of him that in a New England town two women were so wrought upon by the star's playing in "Heartsease" that they sobbed aloud, marring a scene in slow tempo and of subdued rendition, and calling forth from the man whose troubles they wept over the impatient exclamation: "O, those hyenas!" Which, if true, proves that he is of the Diderot school of acting.

Would Mr. Miller wear glasses? He supposed so, certainly if the oculist determined that he needed them. A regretful thought of the disillusionment of the pretty maids of Fifth Avenue crossed the interviewer's mind, but assuredly not Mr. Miller's. He was saying:

"Why not? I am past forty, and Dr. Osler, if he has been reported correctly, would say I am not worth much."

We agreed that every man's life is the sum of the most powerful influences that have swayed it.

"And if that be true," he observed, "I am like Gaul, made up of three parts. One of these influences was C. W. Couldock; he was my friend.

Another is Dion Boucicault; he was my teacher. The third was Sir Henry Irving; he was my inspiration.

"The work of these influences," he went on, "began with Irving. I was a gawky lad, considerably in the way because of my long legs and my amazing appetite, when my parents came to Toronto from England, where, by the way, I was born. I was helping my mother unpack the last of the boxes, when at the very bottom I came upon an illustrated magazine. Sitting on the uncomfortable

edge of the box, one long leg swung into it, the other sprawling on the floor, I read the article. It was about the idol of the hour, who had just 'arrived,' in the American sense, on the London stage. The story told in an adulatory tone of his minute habits, his fads, his mannerisms, but it delved slightly into the toilsome student past that had brought him to that present. I was impressed deeply by the story of his struggles upward and the price of toil he paid, also by what was written of his high and manly character.

"I cried: 'I will be another such man.' The man was Henry Irving, the young actor idol of England.

"I swung, or truthfully, fell out of the box and determined as I picked myself up that the first step, on the upward way was to seek instruction in elocution. My idol, I read, was a rare reader. In a local paper I found an advertisement by an actor who would give elocution lessons. I appeared at his door that evening. He was surrounded by a class of solicitors and other men well on their way along the highway of success, and I with my too short trousers—they were always too short because of my marvellous propensity to outgrow them in something like a week—my large and uncertain hands and air of youthful eagerness as opposed to their gravity, was a humorous contrast. He told me quietly and kindly to call another time. I called the next morning and he accepted me as a private pupil. He set me at work first on 'Casabianca,' and I think I followed with 'Rienzi's Address to the Romans.' My third task was the soliloquy in 'Hamlet.' Our lessons continued for four years. They were happy years, especially since Mrs. Couldock, who was a lovable woman, mothered and looked after me as though I had been her own son."

"The beginning?"

"Mr. Couldock gave it me," he said. "When I was eighteen he deemed me worthy to begin a dramatic career. He secured for me the part of the bleeding sergeant in 'Macbeth.' I joined the company thereafter, and its barnstorming experiences were such, and the defections from its ranks so many, that I was thrust into the frequent gaps, and in a short time was playing juvenile leads in its classic but not always well played repertoire.

"Madame Modjeska soon after engaged me for her company, and I shared general utility work with Robert Mantell. I was with Ada Cavendish's support, and once played with Adelaide Neilson's company. Fortune, which had been continuously kind, gave me a place in Augustin Daly's company. In the company were Ada Rehan, John Drew, James Lewis and H. M. Pitt, all playing in 'Odetta.' It chanced that Mr. Pitt became ill and I played the lead at short notice. Soon after that appearance, which introduced me to New York, I was engaged by Mrs. Fiske as her leading man. The next season I acted with Mr. Dion Boucicault."

Mr. Miller ceased talking. Plainly he was floating back into the years borne by pleasant waves of reminiscence.

"Mr. Boucicault gave me many valuable lessons in acting," he said, bringing himself back to the prosaic present and the inescapable interview, by an effort. "As a youth I was in love with my voice. I rehearsed



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it strenuously and consciously, and projected it faithfully upon the people. Once in a rehearsal of a scene in which my wife in the play revealed her unfaithfulness, I saw an opportunity to use my voice. I folded my arms looked down upon her and read my lines, as I thought for all there was in them. Then I looked at Mr. Boucicault for approval. I did not get it.

"O, my boy," he said "I wouldn't read it that way, you know. He's a gentleman, you see. He wouldn't make a row even over that." And Mr. Boucicault read the lines quietly, in a commonplace tone. It was a long time before I could see that that was the right way to read them, but I was thoroughly convinced. He gave me many such lessons

in the most friendly spirit. I owe more to Dion Boucicault than to any other man. All there is in me that is good I got from him."

For a long time Mr. Miller was leading man at the Empire Theatre. Successive appearances were in "Heartsease," "Richard Savage," "D'Arcy of the Guards," "The Only Way," "Camille," and "Joseph Entangled," and as this is written he is "Frederic Lemaître" in a vaudeville sketch Clyde Fitch wrote for him.

"Vaudeville is a good experience," he said. "It develops that faculty which enables you to hold an audience whether it will or no. You look out at the people and see them smoking, know that their thoughts are on anything else than you, that they don't want to concentrate, they only care to rest, and you say, 'I will get you; I will hold you.' That is a good thing for every actor to do. He learns that where there are few or no accessories, no beautiful scenery, no other persons in the cast to divide responsibility with, he must depend wholly upon himself. It is an excellent lesson," he repeated.

"But there is a sequel to the story of the magazine article about Sir Henry Irving," he said with a dry smile. "I met him once. It was on the occasion of a memorial service, and a score of actors, with others, were on the stage, some of them giving addresses. After the services there were general introductions. Irving, surrounded by a half dozen persons acknowledged the introduction to him formally, and I was leaving, when he stepped out of the group and said: 'Ah, wait one moment, will you, Miller?' I stood near the door, hat in hand, waiting and thinking, he will perhaps offer me an engagement. If he does, shall I accept or—I really don't see how I can.' He came up to me then. 'I am glad to know you, Mr. Miller' he said. I tried to put my reverence for the great man into words, but probably failed. It would be a hard task to pour all of those boyish dreams and deeds into a few sentences. 'I hope I shall meet you again,' he said. 'Probably,' I said. 'At the club.'

"What club?" he said. "The Players! Ah, then you are an actor?" he asked. And so faded the possibility of my receiving an offer from Irving. I never met him again.

Mr. Miller will not take a company to San Francisco this summer as has been his custom for many years. "I intend to loaf," he said with a smile of boyish anticipation. His magnetic qualities are revealed by his smile. It is sudden, spontaneous, charming. It was remindful that gray morning of the playing of spring sunshine upon a fallow field.

"What I shall do next I do not know." His listless attitude hinted that he did not greatly care. There was the air of early vernal indolence about him. "I am like everyone else, looking for a good play."

The interviewer suggested that he had been a kind of dramatic sponsor for Margaret Anglin, that he had first recognized and fostered her talents.

"Oh, no," he answered earnestly. He drew from a drawer of his desk a clipping from a Western weekly that compared her acting with that of Duse. "I happened to play in the same companies with her several times. God made her a great actress."

After the close of one of the performances of "Camille," in which Miss Anglin played Camille and Mr. Miller, Armand, he said, before the curtain, some caustic things about critics. The memory of that speech prompted a query about his standard of criticism.


"Critics should be men with minds and hearts, and heart is more important than mind," said he, "because the drama deals more with feeling than with intellect. The fear of criticism which is not criticism, but abuse, deters many actors from essaying great parts. Take Harry Woodruff, for instance—I mention him only because he happens to come first to my mind—suppose he should announce that he was going to try to play Hamlet. The critics would laugh him out of his intention before he made one appearance. Once I had the hardihood to essay the rôle out of town and a New York newspaper said, 'Henry Miller will attempt to play Hamlet to-night. This crime will occur in Albany.'

"I was impressed more deeply than perhaps with anything else I have read in my life by the memoirs of a dramatic writer, who said: 'When I was young I wanted to hammer, hammer, hammer. But now that I am old I would encourage, encourage, encourage.'"

— ADA PATTERSON.

Among others interviewed in the above series have been: Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Leslie Carter, David Warfield, Kyrle Bellew, John Drew and Mrs. Fiske. Back numbers can always be had.

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Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest.

Thank You!

PHILADELPHIA, May 4, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I am a reader of all the magazines which contain anything relating to the stage, but I know THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is the best I have ever seen. I do not agree with your correspondent who said you praise only two players. I think, on the contrary, that you say what you think.

O. S.

Suggestions Always Welcome

NEW YORK CITY, May 4, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

The public wants a reliable guide to the popularity of the current plays, and this can be ascertained only by watching the length of the run of each piece. I would suggest that you print each month a list of such runs prefaced by this statement: "As we go to press (date), the following number of performances have been reached by the plays now running in New York:

Bijou Theatre, "Music Master," comedy, 250 times.

Garden, "College Widow," comedy, 231 times.

Belasco, "Adrea," tragedy, 182 times.

The public would thus at once see that "The Music Master" heads the list of the most popular plays, "The College Widow" being second and "Adrea" third in popularity.

Many persons have mentioned this matter to me, saying they can no longer depend on the comments on plays made by their friends, as everybody does not like the same kind of play, and newspaper or magazine criticisms can never be found when one wants to know something about a play. Such a list as I suggest, with the date of your own criticism of the play to refer to, would compel theatregoers, clubs, etc., to keep THE THEATRE MAGAZINE on file as a permanent guide to the theatre. The public really wants to know five essential things about a play: (1) Who wrote it. (2) Who is in it. (3) What kind of a play it is—tragedy or what. (4) Where it is being presented. (5) Does it please the public.

More people want to know these points than to read reminiscences of old or deceased players.

"A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST NUMBER."

Lost—a Critic

ALLEGHENY, PA., April 10, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

What has become of the "critic" (?) who, a few months ago, contributed a valuable article to THE THEATRE, expressing his views, and the views of the majority of a club he happened to be a member of, as to who was America's greatest actor? The answer to this unsolicited opinion of so valuable (?) a critic must have been crushing, for he has not been heard from since. However, this is my opinion:

Mr. Richard Mansfield is not only America's greatest actor, but of the whole world to-day. No living artist has the versatility of Mr. Mansfield. No living actor can present such a classical repertoire as Mansfield has, and do so successfully.

I have seen Irving, Novelli, Coquelin, and a score of others, but to Mr. Mansfield, the actor, I must take off my hat. Mr. Mansfield's interpretations of Richard III. and Henry V. will stand out for generations as the most faithful to the "immortal bard's conception."

W. RUSSELL REVELLE.

Macbeth's Castle

WESTFIELD, N. J., April 7, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

We have read personally (for editors are sometimes permitted to read things in that way) your sumptuous pages for March, and must say that you seem bent on surpassing your own record every month for beauty of illustration and interesting character of letterpress.

But, it seems to us, perhaps, a little bit unfair for your correspondents, Messrs. McChesney and Bardon, to endeavor to make up an issue between Miss Medora Robbins Crosby's interesting paper, "Under the Walls of Macbeth's Castle," and our carefully-worded item (to the authorship of which we plead *non vult*—an old common law plea still within the rules of practise in this State of New Jersey) in the January *New Shakespeareana*.

Some issues since, *New Shakespeareana* printed views of old Kronborg Castle overlooking the Kattegat, and proceeded soberly to locate Prince Hamlet's movements therein and thereabouts; and in pursuance of the same plan we located the murder of Duncan where Nicholas Rowe in 1709 located it. For the original text (the 1623, printed seven years after Shakespeare's funeral, which is the earliest text we have) carries no stage directions as

to place; and Rowe in 1709 probably supplied "Inverness," because of the allusions to local geography, just as we place Hamlet in Kronborg Castle, because he happened to welcome Horatio "to Elsinore"! Shakespeare never tells us what placards his poor property men were to display, and so your correspondent, Mr. McChesney, actually told the unwitting truth when he suggested that we "take our choice"!

Had *New Shakespeareana* been a periodical conducted for infant minds by the late Mrs. Hannah Moore of blessed memory, there would, of course, have been in our Kronborg Castle article a paragraph like this: "But then you know, my Dears, there Never was any Hamlet Anywhere—and that it was Only a Story made over into a Wicked Stage Play—and your Mamas and Papas will be Very Careful that you Never Go to Stage Plays," etc., etc. But, writing for adults, we took Hamlet for granted, just as, in the item (wherein Messrs. McChesney and Bardon now seek mare's nests) we assumed Macbeth as a creation of Shakespeare's (who resembles the real Macbeth of history quite as much, by the way, as his Richard the Third did the real Richard the Third (who was actually survived for many good years by his Queen-consort that Shakespeare makes him murder in coldest blood! And perhaps it will surprise even your well-informed contributors to learn that Duncan at the time of his murder was the husband of Lady Gruach, and that she only became Lady Macbeth at all by marrying the murderer of her first husband! Shakespeare was as despotic with history as he was with everything else. No dullard's virtue of consistency for him! In writing to the pictures, we say, "A chamber where the deed *may have been done*," and then, again: "If we could *perhaps be allowed* to imagine Macbeth's drunken porter betimes cast into this dungeon to sleep himself into sobriety, we could get along without the tree." If an assize were held between Miss Crosby's fine paper and our paragraph in *New Shakespeareana*, as to which had hit upon the particular castle where, if anywhere, a real flesh-and-blood historical Macbeth had murdered a real flesh-and-blood historical Duncan, then—in view of the fact that nobody knows or possesses any data to aid in finding out where the murder was done—we should, as between Cawdor and Glamis Castles, have gallantly cast our suffrages for Miss Crosby's preference, Glamis Castle. To be particularly literal and impartial, however, we should not have placed the taking-off of Duncan at either castle in question, for the thaneships of Glamis and Cawdor were only assigned to Macbeth by an Aberdeen schoolmaster, one Hector Boese, in his "History of Scotland" in 1526; and Holinshed followed Boese, and Shakespeare, of course, followed his fellow-Warwickshireman, Holinshed. The real histories of Scotland say nothing about Cawdor—though there is a rumor or tradition in the Cawdor family that King Macbeth conferred the Cawdor, or Calder, estates upon his (Macbeth's) brother, but Cawdor (as, indeed, Miss Crosby herself mentions) was a Royal Scottish castle (King Malcolm II. was murdered there), and so, as we hear of no Scottish king called "Simel," and, had there been one, as Macbeth was not a son of a Scottish king, he could not have been entitled to a royal castle, nor "Glamis," by Simel's death. The honors conferred on Macbeth by King Duncan were the thanedoms of Moray and Cromarty. So far as posterity cares—for Boese and Holinshed are forgotten names—the thanedoms of Glamis and Cawdor were presented to Macbeth, not "by Simel's death" and by King Duncan, but by William Shakespeare. But when writing our paragraph we did not, of course, know of Miss Crosby's preference, and so followed our own in illustrating places named in Shakespeare's pages (just as we have interlined for early production a picture of the present Aquilera or Esterlin—*New Shakespeareana*, III., 4), which were really, in Shakespeare's day, parts of "the seacoast of Bohemia, and so, doubtless, at the time that Perdita was washed ashore there. Nobody read Miss Crosby's paper with more pleasure than ourselves, nor more recognized the value of your fine picture of Glamis Castle (and, indeed, we had laid aside both for a convenient opportunity to editorially mention them). But Miss Crosby, if she has had much to do with dramaturgic matters, must not balk at a little thing like Lady Macbeth's having moved her household goods and gods into Cawdor Castle, between the conferring of the title on her lord and the arrival of her lord from the blasted heath! The annihilation of Time is one of the necessities of the Occidental Drama (only a Chinese play can make the representative time the actual time of the events represented!). But now we have our own bone to pick with one of your esteemed correspondents. Wasn't it at Prague, instead of at Odessa, that your Mr. McChesney saw Count Tilly's third-extra skull? The old count needed a lot of extra skulls, from all accounts of the way he had of smashing everything in sight; and we wonder Mr. Mansfield has not had a play for him written around that picturesque old butcher, who was a thousand times more terrible than was Ivan the Terrible.

But, if THE THEATRE will insist on holding its pages down to facts, and permitting no leeway for romance, this third-extra skull is in Prague! And as to this—by way of evening up things with you in the Glamis-Cawdor matter, we most respectfully persist.

Yours fraternally,
THE EDITORS OF *New Shakespeareana*.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, actors' private addresses, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

Virginia.—Q.—Did Malcolm Williams marry a professional, and is she on the stage? A.—Minnie Radcliffe is the lady's name. She acted in Providence the present season.

E. Q.—Q.—Is E. H. Sothern acting under his own name? How long has he been on the stage? Where and when was he born? A.—See our issue of November, 1904, containing an article on the Sothern family.

Mabel L. K., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Who was the original Marcus, Mercia and Stephanus in "The Sign of the Cross," played in this country? A.—Charles Dalton played Marcus and Gertrude Boswell, Stephanus. Q.—Will Viola Allen, Richard Mansfield, Eugenie Blair, or Robt. B. Mantell play in South Bend this season? A.—None of the parties you mention, except possibly Mansfield, will play in your city this season.

J. H., Kansas City, Mo.—Q.—Can I get a copy in book form of Julia Marlowe's play, "Countess Valeska"? A.—It has not been published. Q.—Please give the names of plays and the characters in them in which Julia Marlowe has appeared? A.—Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," Parthenia in "Ingomar," Rosalind in "As You Like It," Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," Collette, Barbara Frietchie, "When Knighthood was in Flower," Marie Tudor, Countess Valeska, Charlotte in "The Cavalier," Queen Fiammetta Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," and Beatrice.

A. M. E., New York.—Q.—Why did Henry V. Donnelly give up the Murray Hill Stock Co.? A.—Because it was not profitable.

E. M., Cincinnati, O.—Q.—Has David Belasco a school or special students? A.—He has no school, and he does not have students.

Baltimorean.—Q.—What is the date of birth of Chauncey Olcott? A.—1862, Buffalo, N. Y. Q.—Where are Francis Carlyle, Walter Hitchcock and Theodore Babcock? A.—At present in this city. Q.—What is the address of Miss Thomas Whiffin, Hamilton Revelle and Miss Miriam Nesbit? A.—We do not give private addresses.

An Admirer, New York.—Q.—What religion does Ethel Barrymore profess? A.—She is a devout Catholic. Q.—Will Ethel Barrymore play a return engagement in New York city before the end of the present season? A.—Her last New York appearance was recently in "A Doll's House." Q.—Have you published any articles or pictures of Miss Barrymore? A.—Several, see back issues.

F. R. Q.—Is there any good dramatic school in or near Chicago? A.—The Chicago Musical College, of which Hart Conway is director. His address is 202 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

Reader of Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.—Q.—Is Brandon Tynan playing at present? A.—He is not playing at present. A letter sent, care of Belasco Theatre, will reach him. Q.—Is he married? A.—Yes.

M. M., St. Paul, Minn.—Q.—Was Dustin Farnum the originator of the title rôle in "The Virginian"? A.—Originally produced at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, Farnum was the original Virginian. Q.—Who played the part of Molly Wood? A.—Lucille York was the original Molly, then Nannette Comstock; Agnes Ardeck was the original Molly in New York.

S. A. G., Cleveland, O.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of William Farnum? A.—Perhaps. Q.—When will the "She Stoops to Conquer" company, in which Kyrle Bellew and Eleanor Robson star, tour? A.—The organization's season closes May 27.

D. M.—Q.—Where will the Robert Edson company go after its engagement in New York? A.—Mr. Edson and his company were in Boston, Mass., up to May 20. He will continue to play "Strongheart" next season.

F. B. G., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—What is Maude Adams' real name? A.—Her father's name was Kiscadden. Adams was her mother's name. Q.—Is William Gillette booked for Hartford this season? A.—He sailed for Europe at the close of his engagement in this city.

F. A. R., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—Will you give me the names of four or five of the best dramatic schools of New York? A.—Consult our advertising columns. Q.—What schools are run by Chas. Frohman and Jules Murray? A.—Charles Frohman is interested in the Empire Theatre School.

Adorer, Rochester, N. Y.—Q.—Is Edith J. Dremm still playing in the company with Harry Woodruff? A.—She is not, as Mr. Woodruff is at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, this city. Q.—Is she the wife of Wm. Farnum, now playing in a stock company in Buffalo? A.—Mabel Eaton is the wife of William Farnum.

U. N. G.—Q.—In what numbers have you published scenes from "The Eternal City," "The Little Minister," "The Village Postmaster," "Robert Emmett," "The Two Orphans"? A.—"The Eternal City" (two scenes), October and December, 1902; "The Two Orphans" (seven pictures), May, 1904. Q.—What is the price of back numbers? A.—(1901) \$1.50; (1902) 75 cents; (1903) 50 cents; (1904) 35 cents; (1905) 25 cents.

W. W. H., Newburyport, Mass.—Q.—I would like to be informed on several questions pertaining to theatrical matters, outside of your regular question department. Would you do this? If so, what would you charge? If not, could you refer me to some one? A.—It all depends what information you seek. We answer all questions we can. There is no charge.

M. B.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Miss Julia Marlowe as Beatrice? A.—Perhaps. Q.—What Shakespearean plays are Miss Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern going to play next year? A.—They have not as yet announced their repertoire.

B. L.—Q.—Where and when was Malcolm Williams, of the Providence, R. I., stock company, born? A.—Cedar Rapids, Mich. Q.—Has he got a brother or sister? A.—Three brothers and one sister. Q.—Is Malcolm Williams his real name? A.—Yes. Q.—Will he remain in Providence next season? A.—He closed in Providence April 8, and is now in this city. Q.—Has Isabelle Everson, of Proctor's Fifth Avenue, got a sister? A.—Estelle Clayton is her sister's name. She is not acting at present.

X. Y. Z.—Q.—Will "The Music Master," "Adrea" and "Leah Kleschna" visit Philadelphia this season? A.—No.

Polo, Richmond.—Q.—Will you publish photographs of William Gillette? A.—See May issue. Q.—In what number have you scenes from "Quality Street"? A.—December, 1901. Q.—In which play did William Gillette make his greatest success, "The Admirable Crichton" or "Sherlock Holmes"? A.—"Sherlock Holmes." Q.—Is it too late to send for pictures published in your series of 1902? A.—It is not too late. Q.—What is the price of the smallest size pictures? A.—10 cents each.

P. W. K., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—Can you give me the address, if living, of Horace Vinton? Q.—He is at present residing in this city. Q.—Have you published a full length picture of D'Orsay? A.—Issue March, 1903. Q.—Have you published scenes from "A Royal Family"? A.—No.

W. C. J., Gonzales, Texas.—Q.—Is Vinie Daly any relation of Lucy Daly? A.—They are sisters-in-law. Lucy is a sister of Peter F. Dailey, and was married in Baltimore, Md., April 23, 1896, to John Ward, of Ward and Vokes. Vinie Dailey was Vina Riddell, sister of Bloodgood's wife, Lisle Riddell, she was married to Tom Dailey. Q.—Will you publish pictures of Isadore Rush and Bettina Gerard? A.—Perhaps later.

A Reader, Hattiesburg, Miss.—Q.—Who was the original Trilby? A.—Virginia Harned. Q.—How do you pronounce Mrs. Carter's new play, "Adrea"? A.—A-dray-r.

A Customer, Berkeley, Cal.—Q.—Will Maude Adams come to San Francisco? A.—Not this season. Q.—Will you have pictures of Marion Ivells and Reginald Roberts? A.—We published a picture of Marion Ivells in January, 1904.

C. M. P., Cedar Rapids, Mich.—Q.—Did either Edwin Booth or

Lawrence Barrett appear in Hugo's "Hernani"? A.—Lawrence Barrett played in "Hernani" February 1, 1886, at the Star Theatre, this city. Sarah Bernhardt at the same theatre, June 17, 1887, also at Booth's Theatre, November, 1880. Mounet Sully, March 26, 1894, at Abbey's (now Knickerbocker) Theatre. Edwin Booth never acted in the play.

"361 Dorothea," New York.—Q.—When and in what play will Brandon Tynan reappear? A.—It has not yet been announced. Q.—Will you print a picture of him and his wife (Carolyn Whyte)? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Where do they reside? A.—In this city. Q.—When is David Warfield going to end his engagement in New York? A.—He ends his season at the Bijou June 3, and he plays at the Academy of Music next season. Q.—Will Carolyn Whyte appear in her husband's new play? A.—Do not know.

An Interested Reader.—Q.—Will Dustin Farnum act in "The Virginian" in New York next year? A.—Yes, he will.

Rex, Paterson, N. J.—Q.—Where can I address a letter to Paderewski at any time? A.—He is now at his country villa, at Lake Geneva, Switzerland. Q.—Is it true that he will sell his autograph for one dollar? A.—We doubt it.

Cleveland, O.—Q.—Could I give a play to a theatrical manager to be dramatized and be made the star? A.—Theatrical managers of repute have no time to devote to such business, particularly the making of new stars out of amateurs. Q.—Will you publish a picture of Lucia Moore? A.—Perhaps.

F. F. F., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—What are the addresses of Augustus Thomas and I. N. Morris? A.—The addresses of Augustus Thomas and I. N. Morris are Dramatists' Club, West 40th Street, near 6th Avenue, New York City. The initials are correct.

E. C. B., Lakewood, N. J.—Q.—Did Forbes Robertson play in New York before last season? A.—He appeared at Proctor's 23rd Street Theatre, October 5, 1891, as Martin in "Thermidor"; Elsie De Wolfe acted Fabienne. He also appeared here with Mary Anderson at the Star (Wallack's) Theatre, October 12, 1885, playing Pygmalion in "Pygmalion and Galatea." He acted in "The Light that Failed" at Knickerbocker Theatre, November 9, 1903.

M. B. H., New York.—Q.—Can I obtain a copy of the play "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"? A.—Write to Liebler & Co., Knickerbocker Theatre Building.

W. F. M., New Haven, Conn.—Q.—Who was Maude Adams' leading man when she played "Quality Street"? A.—Sydney Brough. Q.—If a young man goes in the chorus of a musical play does he have to buy his costume? A.—Costumes are furnished by the management. Q.—What wages would a man go in such a position? A.—The salary is from fifteen to twenty dollars. Q.—Will you publish photographs of William Lewers and Ford Sterling? A.—Perhaps.

Carmen, New York.—Q.—What is Kyrle Bellew's real name? A.—He was christened Harold Dominick Higgins. His father was Rev. John Montesquien Higgins, who had his name changed to Bellew. When Kyrle Bellew was in the British Navy he was known as Harry Higgins. Q.—What are his plans for the summer? A.—He generally spends the summer in Europe. Q.—What are his plans for next year? A.—He will continue to play "Raffles." Q.—Have you interviewed Mr. Bellew? A.—Yes, in our June, 1902, issue. Q.—Have you published pictures of "Raffles"? A.—See our issue for November, 1903. Q.—Is he married? A.—He was married in 1884 to Eugenie Leggang, who was divorced from him in May, 1887.

Agnes T., Q.—What is Edwin Arden's daughter's name? A.—Mildred Arden. Q.—Does she intend to be an actress? A.—See answer to J. M. and H. S. Q.—Where and when was Wallace Erskine, of Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, born? A.—In England. Q.—When and where was Isabelle Evesson born? A.—In New York city. Q.—Where was she before joining Proctor's stock company? A.—She was a member of Daly's Company, then went to London, England, for Chas. Wyndham; returned to America and was at Wallack's Theatre, also two seasons at Criterion Theatre, London. Boston Museum traveled with "Harbor Light," also "Held by the Enemy." Q.—Are the back copies of THE THEATRE sold at 25 cents? A.—See answer to U. N. G. Q.—Where can I get the back numbers? A.—At this office.

J. D., Milwaukee, Wis.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Percita West? A.—Perhaps. We prefer not to give private history.

Subscriber, New York City.—Q.—What is Maude Adams' name in private life? A.—See our issue for September, 1903. That is the only name she is known by. See answer to F. B. G.

A. A., Chicago.—Q.—What plays were given by the Fifth Avenue Stock Co. after "Soldiers of Fortune," while Edwin Arden was in the company? A.—Edwin Arden opened his engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre September 12, 1904, in "The Soldiers of Fortune," and the plays produced the twenty-five weeks he was there were: "The Cavalier," "Altar of Friendship," "Secret Service," "Maister of Woodbury," "Hearts Afire," "Henrietta," "Stubbornness of Geraldine," "Greatest Thing in the World," "Friends," "An Enemy of the King," "An American Citizen," "D'Arcy of the Guards," "Capt. Impudence," "My Wife's Husband," "Jim, the Pennman," "The Only Way," "The Jilt," "Holy City," "Silver King" and "Money Makers." Q.—What is Isabelle Evesson's real name and where was she born? A.—That is her real name. She was born in this city. Q.—Is Bessie Barriscale any relation to Master Chas. Barriscale? A.—He is a brother.

A. B. C., Cleveland, O.—Q.—Will you give me some idea of the plot of "The Charity Ball"? A.—It is a story of seduction.

J. M. and H. S.—Q.—When, where, and in what, did Isabelle Evesson make her initial appearance on the stage? A.—She first appeared on the stage of Daly's (30th Street) Theatre, this city. Q.—In what plays did Edwin Arden appear before he played in "L'Aiglon"? A.—We cannot enumerate all of the plays he appeared in. Q.—What is Miss Arden's Christian name? A.—Mildred. Q.—Is she on the stage? A.—No; her ambition is that of a portrait painter. Q.—What are Mr. Arden's immediate plans? A.—We are not advised. Q.—Will the Fifth Avenue Stock Co. play all summer? A.—A stock company plays at the theatre all through the summer.

A Subscriber, St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Is Hamilton Revelle still on the stage? A.—We have not heard of him since he returned to Europe. Q.—Where can I purchase one of Bruce McRae's latest pictures? A.—Write Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d Street, New York. Q.—Will you publish pictures of Melville Ellis, Bertram Wallis, Donald McLaren and W. C. Weedon? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Is Wm. Courtleigh married? A.—We do not know.

E. E., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Did Ruth White play in "The Burgomaster"? A.—She was in the company the first of the season. Q.—Who are the publishers of a book called "Some Players"? A.—Write to Amy Leslie, Chicago News, Chicago, Ill.

L. A., New York.—Q.—Where can I secure the music of "The Wizard of Oz"? A.—Try M. Witmark & Sons, 144 West 37th Street, city. Q.—What must a well educated girl of eighteen do to go on the stage, if she does not wish to go to a dramatic school? A.—Begin as a super, or anywhere at the bottom of the ladder. Unless you are very sure you have talent do not begin at all, for if you do, only failure awaits you.

L. R., Boston, Mass.—Q.—What is the address of Frank Scott Clark, the artist? A.—A letter written, care of Empire Theatre, this city, will reach him. Q.—When were the following plays produced: "The Viking" (Wallack's, May 9, 1895), "The Lady Slavey" (Casino, February 3, 1895), "A Round of Pleasure" (Knickerbocker, May 24, 1897), "The Maid and the Moonshiner" (Standard, now Manhattan Theatre, August 16, 1886), "Life" (Daly's, September 27, 1876).

Subscriber, Ontario, Canada.—Q.—Has the Klaw and Erlanger stock company disbanded for this season? A.—Yes. Q.—Who played John Doe in "The Billionaire"? A.—Jerome Sykes. Q.—Is Harry Corson Clark considered a clever actor? A.—Yes.

P. E. M.—Q.—Is the play "The Octoroon," taken from the book of the same name, and from whom can it be procured? A.—Write Samuel French & Son, 22 West 23d Street, New York.

D. C. E., Brookline, Mass.—Q.—Is Wright Lorimer a relative of the late Baptist Durne of the same name? A.—We do not know. Q.—Upon what narrative of the Bible lies the foundation of his next play? A.—We cannot say. Q.—How long has May Buckley been on the stage? A.—We do not know. Q.—In what plays did she appear previous to her engagement with Mr. Lorimer? A.—We do not know. Q.—Does Viola Allen intend to appear in "The Christian" again? A.—It is hardly likely.

G. H. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—Is it necessary for one who can im-

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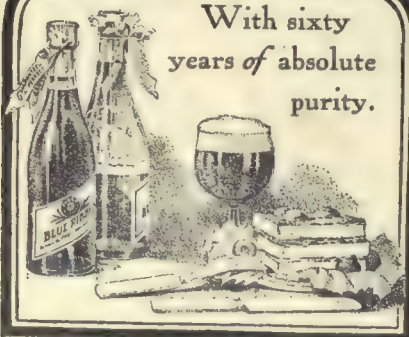
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personate nationalities and can go on the highest class of stage
to go to a dramatic school or to start in stock? A.—It is not neces-
sary to go to a school if you can get into some first-class organization.
Q.—Where is Chas. E. Blaney? A.—A letter addressed to Blaney's
Theatre, Newark, N. J., will reach him. Q.—Where are Roland
and Clifford and Phil. B. Isaacs' offices located? A.—Roland and
Clifford have an office Room 601, Times Building, Times Square,
this city; Phil. B. Isaacs is, care of Blaney. Q.—Will Kyrle Bellw
play "Raffles" next season? A.—Yes.

F. L.—Q.—Have you published scenes from "The Music Master"?
See our November, 1904, issue. Q.—Have you published pictures
of Charles Richman and William Gillette? A.—See our issues
for March, 1904, January, 1904, and May, 1905.

C. A. New York.—Q.—Where is Lulu Glaser playing? A.—In
the South. Was at Nashville, April 15. Q.—Was she in New
York Easter? A.—No. Q.—Where is Melville Ellis now play-
ing? A.—We cannot say. Q.—How soon is Dustin Farnum to
appear again in New York? A.—Not again this season. Q.—
Who is considered the most popular and best paying American
actress? A.—Mrs. Leslie Carter, Maude Adams and Richard
Mansfield are the best paying stars. Q.—Has James Young played
in Shakespeare in Savannah? A.—He has starred all through the
South and West in classic plays. Q.—In what has Mrs. Minnie
Tittel Brune appeared since playing "Unorna"? A.—She is now
in Australia, where she has been for some time. Q.—Who were the
principals in the New York productions of Ibsen's "Ghosts"?
A.—Ida Jeffreys Goodfriend, Mary Shaw, Frederick Lewis, Virginia
Kline, Courtney Thorpe and others.

L. C., Savannah, Ga.—Q.—Who wrote the "Auctioneer"?
A.—Lee Arthur and Chas. Klein. Q.—How long after their initial
performance at Grand Rapids did Louis James and Frederick
Warde continue to play "Alexander the Great"? A.—Write to
Wagenhals and Kemper, Broadway Theatre Building, this city.

A Subscriber, Berkeley.—Q.—Do Mary Manning, Nat C.
Goodwin, Otis Skinner, Ada Rehan, Charles Richman, David War-
field, Amelia Bingham, Francis Wilson, and Virginia Harned intend
to come to San Francisco this summer? A.—No, they do not intend
to make a Pacific Coast tour.

D. D. J.—Q.—When will Edna May return from London, and
what will she appear in? A.—Edna May has gone to London
under Charles Frohman's management. She was announced to play
"The Catch of the Season," the current London success, and
will reappear at Daly's Theatre next September in that piece.
When she does go to Europe (probably at the close of next season)
she will appear at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, for a long time.
Q.—Where can I obtain photographs of actors? A.—Write to
Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d Street, this city.

R. A. R., New York City.—A.—See answer to "F. G., New York."
Q.—Is Henry Woodruff married? A.—He is not married, to the
best of our belief. Q.—Does Isabelle Evesson use her own name?
A.—Yes. Q.—Have you published a picture of Miss Evesson or
Mr. Woodruff? A.—See our issues for December, 1904, and May,
1905.

C. E. H.—Q.—Where can I secure pictures of Faversham and
Sidney Ainsworth? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d
Street, New York City. Q.—Has Robert Edeson a son at Harvard?
A.—No. Q.—Where is Faversham now playing? A.—Season
closed; was in New York May 15.—What is his first wife's maiden
name? A.—Marian Merwin.

P. P. E., St. Paul, Minn.—Q.—Is it necessary to have a trained
voice to sing in the chorus of a musical comedy company? A.—One
should possess a trained voice to succeed. Q.—What is the average
salary of a chorus man? A.—The salary is from \$18 to \$25. Q.—
When is the best time to apply for a position in the chorus for next
season? A.—Apply to the musical director of the organization or
some musical agent any time in July or August. Q.—How long do
they rehearse before starting on the road? A.—Companies generally
rehearse from three to four weeks. Q.—Does one have to pay his own
expenses while rehearsing? A.—Yes. Q.—Do you furnish your
own costumes? A.—Costumes are furnished by the management.

A. L.—Q.—Is Edwin Arden now acting? A.—At the American
Theatre, this city, with the Fawcett Stock Co. Q.—When will you
publish an interview with him? A.—Soon. Q.—Will you publish
pictures of him? A.—See our issue for September, 1902. Q.—Is
his wife an actress? A.—She is not an actress, but is president of
the Woman's Professional League.

A Devoted Reader, Washington, D. C.—Q.—Is Bruce McKee
married? A.—Yes. Q.—Is he going to be with Ethel Barrymore
next year? A.—We do not know. He recently played Helmer to
her Nora in "A Doll's House."

F. G., New York.—Mr. Arden did play in "Raffles" when first
produced in Atlantic City. Our former answer was to a correspond-
ent who asked if he played in it in this city.

H. S., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Maude
Adams in "The Little Minister"? A.—See our February, 1905,
issue. Q.—What is her summer address? A.—Lake Ronkon-
koma, on Long Island. Q.—In what will she play next season?
A.—Barrie's new comedy, "Peter Pan."

M. L., New Brunswick.—Q.—Is the Dailey Stock Company well
known? A.—We do not know it. Q.—Where are May Nanney and
Paul Eckstrom? A.—May Nanney goes with a stock company to
Hartford and St. John, N. B. Q.—Are there any good dramatic
schools in Boston? A.—Several.

H. G. S., Bowling Green, Ky.—Q.—How could I get back on the
stage? A.—You had better advertise in one of the theatrical news-
papers. Q.—Where can I secure a good comedy for a small price?
A.—See Miss Kauser, 1432 Broadway, New York.

Violet, G.—Q.—Is Mary Maddern, the young actress playing in
"Leah Kleschna," a daughter of Mrs. Fiske? A.—Mary Maddern
is the aunt of Mrs. Fiske. The young lady you refer to is Emily
Stevens, daughter of the veteran manager, R. E. Stevens, and cousin
to Mrs. Fiske. Q.—Has Mrs. Fiske ever played in any of Shake-
speare's plays? A.—When a child she acted in Shakespearean plays
with John E. McCullough and others, but of late years has not ap-
peared in Shakespeare. Q.—Is Bernhardt to play here this winter?
A.—Bernhardt comes to America with the Shuberts next winter.

A Constant Reader, Washington, D. C.—Q.—Is Dustin Farnum's
wife on the stage? A.—She is not acting at present.

Elizabeth.—Q.—What are the addresses of Helena Modjeska,
Olive May and Catherine Linyard? A.—The two last ladies are
married and reside in this city. Modjeska, who lives in California,
appeared May 2 at the Metropolitan Opera House, this city.

A. B. P., Hyde Park, Mass.—Q.—Kindly give me information re-
gard to "The Vacant Chair"? A.—The company playing it
closed, the title was changed and a cheaper company engaged.

H. P., Houston, Texas.—Q.—Is Virginia Harned still under
Charles Frohman's management? A.—Recently she re-appeared
as Trilby under W. A. Brady's management. Q.—What plays
will be seen in New York during the summer? A.—To give you
such a list would take up too much of our space. Q.—Was "The
Forbidden Land" a bad opera, in your opinion? A.—As good as the
average. Q.—Do Irene Bentley and Kelcey and Shannon intend
remaining in vaudeville indefinitely? A.—They do for this season.
Q.—Has the Klaw and Erlanger Comedy Company disbanded
altogether? A.—It disbanded some time ago. The firm intend
to organize another in the Fall. Q.—What will Virginia Earle and
Nance O'Neil play in next season? A.—Nance O'Neil goes to
Australia shortly. Q.—What is the greatest comedy hit of the
season? A.—It is a matter of opinion altogether. Thanks for
complimentary remarks. Q.—Is it possible to get a copy of the
play "Granny"? A.—"Granny" is an adaptation from a French
play, "l'Aieule." We do not know if it is published. Q.—Where
is Orme Caldara playing? A.—Was with Mrs. Campbell.

Jane, Chicago.—Q.—Will you publish a series of articles on
"How the people are taught to fly on wires, or how toe dancing is
taught, or how the scenery is shifted? A.—Yes, shortly. Q.—
Have you had a picture of Mansfield in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"?
A.—No.

E. H., Birmingham, Ala.—Q.—What are the addresses of Mary
Marble and Al. H. Wilson? A.—We do not give addresses.

K. B. C.—A.—Lillian Green has been dead at least three years.

F. C. B., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Will Camille Clifford of the
"Prince of Pilsen" Company play in America or London next
season? A.—This country. Q.—What is Mrs. LeMoynes next
play? A.—At present Mrs. LeMoynes is acting in "A Blot in the
Scutcheon."

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TWO LEADING MANAGERS DEAD



Samuel S. Shubert

Kirke La Shelle

Samuel S. Shubert and Kirke La Shelle, two New York theatre managers of particular prominence, died suddenly during the past month (May). The respective careers of both men were remarkably alike—each was still a very young man, each was self-made, each was rapidly becoming a power in the theatrical business, and by a singular coincidence each was stricken by death within a few days of the other.

Mr. Shubert was a victim of the Pennsylvania Railroad accident at Harrisburg on May 10. He was terribly burned, and died from his injuries two days later. At the time of his death he was only twenty-nine years old, and yet he controlled three theatres in New York city—the Casino, the Lyric, and the Princess—besides eight playhouses in other cities.

Sam Shubert began his theatrical career in Syracuse as programme boy at Weiting's Opera House. He was then ten years old. Previously he had sold papers and blacked shoes. It was while selling newspapers in front of the theatre that he was embued with the ambition to become a big theatre manager himself, and he began at the foot of the ladder by securing the position of programme boy. He was later made assistant treasurer, and then treasurer. He saved his salary and awaited his opportunity. About that time the road rights to Hoyt's plays were to be had cheap. His brother, Lee Shubert, was then in a clothing store. Both boys pooled their savings, bought the rights to "A Texas Steer" and "A Stranger in New York," and Sam personally conducted a tour of the plays in the popular priced houses. Later he secured the Bastable Theatre, Syracuse, and organized a stock company, following this with similar organizations in Buffalo and Rochester. In all these enterprises he was remarkably successful, and then he began to turn his eyes toward the metropolis. In 1900 he obtained a lease of the Herald Square Theatre, where "Arizona" was produced with great success. Then he secured "A Chinese Honeymoon," and bought from the Sires their interest in the Casino. Next he acquired the Madison Square, and shortly afterwards bought Sam T. Jack's old house, renaming it the Princess. Then he was the successful bidder for the lease-ship of the handsome new Lyric.

In appearance and stature Mr. Shubert looked like a boy. He was, however, a giant in energy. In a recent interview he was described as follows: "He is very slight and twitchy. I should think he might weigh eighty pounds. His muscles are never still. When his face is not twitching, his fingers are, or his feet. He is quite without self-consciousness or pose—just a fluttering wisp of energy. Even his hair—coarse, jet-black hair—looks as if it were full of energy and might crackle and emit sparks at a moment's notice. His skin is the color of ivory. His face is long—Oriental and rather refined. His voice is mild and low, his enunciation quick and fluent, and his accent anything but what you would expect of a former newsboy."

Mr. Shubert was not a member of the Theatrical Syndicate, nor was he openly affiliated with the independents. Officially he was neutral in the conflict, but more syndicate attractions played his houses than did independent ones. Report has it, however, that he was elaborating, at the time of his death, a plan to overthrow the syndicate by organizing a chain of theatres that would practically make him independent, and it is said that this plan may still be followed by his brother in partnership with David Belasco. Reports vary as to the amount he was worth. Some rated him at as much as \$500,000, while other reports say he died worth little more than the amount of his insurance policies.

Kirke La Shelle was born forty-one years ago in Wyoming, Ill. He began life as a printer's devil and rose rapidly in the newspaper business, until he became managing editor of the Chicago Mail. He entered the theatrical business as manager for E. S. Willard, and the following season he produced a comedy on his own account. The initial venture was not a success, but a year later he handled "Robin Hood" for the Bostonians and with the money he made out of this organization he launched Frank Daniels as a star in "The Wizard of the Nile." Fortune smiled on him with every subsequent venture. He produced "Arizona" after Mr. Frohman had declined that play and he showed the same excellent judgment when he starred Lawrence D'Orsay in "The Earl of Pawucket," which was also "turned down" by Mr. Frohman. His latest successes were "Checkers," "The Education of Mr. Pipp," and "The Heir to the Hoorah." A year ago he was operated upon for appendicitis, and since that time has ailed continuously. He died at his country place on Long Island on May 16.

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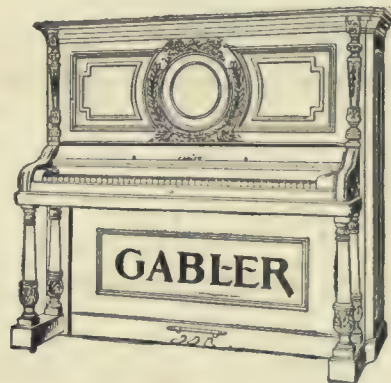
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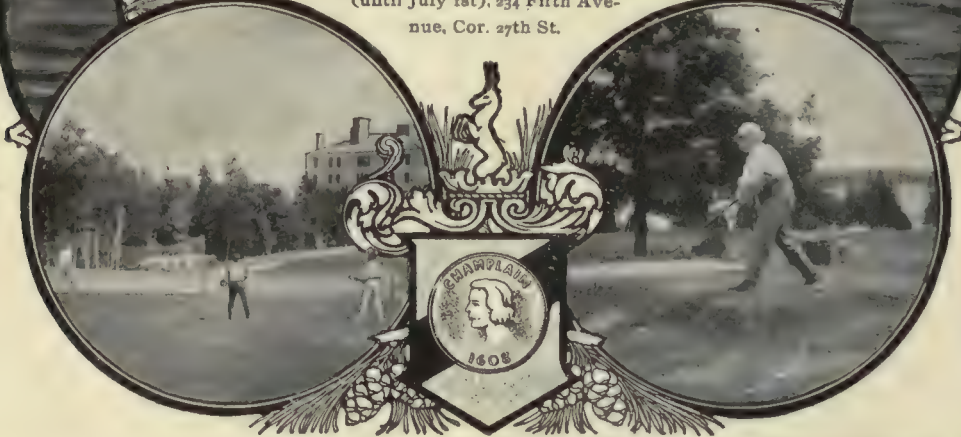
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The Theatre Everywhere

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

(From Our Correspondent.)

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 11.—The local theatrical season just drawing to a close in this city, has been marked by three productions, which have been received with special appreciation by our audiences. Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," drew larger audiences than the other two revivals, "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Two Orphans." Fully eighteen hundred people witnessed "She Stoops to Conquer," in the single evening. There was a line extending three-quarters of a block, waiting to buy gallery seats two hours before the curtain rose. This delightful comedy is absolutely new to a large portion of the present generation of theatre goers in Syracuse and undoubtedly the fine cast, did more than anything else to make the revival so popular.

William Faversham tried his "Squaw Man" on us the other night, preparatory to using it next season; and judging from the enthusiastic manner in which the small audience received the play, it should be a winner. Mr. Faversham and his company received six curtain calls during the play. The author, Edwin Milton Royle, has sacrificed dramatic unity to some extent for the sake of bringing out some very marked dramatic contrasts. The first act takes place in England amid army environment, and the other three acts take place in Wyoming, in cow-boy environment. The part of an Englishman who marries an Indian woman is convincingly played by Mr. Faversham, and if the piece fails to make a success in New York next season, it will be due to the fact that the mixing of bloods is as repellant in a play as it is in real life. The first two acts are admirably constructed; the third will probably be considerably strengthened before the New York production.

Mr. Faversham is very popular in Syracuse, and the reception which he received was personal in nature.

"Checkers," Henry Blossom's play, has checkmated some large audiences this season, and Syracuse was no exception the other night. One feature of the production was a swarm of dancing pickinnies, who wore checkered clothes and looked as though they might have had checkered careers. EDWARD H. DANN.

TROY, NEW YORK

(From Our Correspondent.)

TROY, N. Y., May 14.—During the past four weeks the Mortimer Snow Stock Co., at the Lyceum, has presented, with continued success, "The Circus Girl," "The Charity Ball," "Leah the Forsaken," and "My Partner," all of which were well done, especially "The Charity Ball," which attracted large audiences at each performance. At the opening matinee of "My Partner," on the 15th, Mr. Snow revived his popular public reception on the stage.

The season closed at Rand's the 13th, after ten successful weeks of Milton Aborn's Polite Vaudeville. Among the drawing numbers for May were Della Fox and Eugene Cowles. The best on the bill for the closing week was "The Twelve Navajo Girls," who proved clever instrumentalists, vocalists and dancers.

Among the closing attractions at The Griswold were "The Isle of Spice," Williams and Walker in "Dahomey," "The Rogers Bros. in Paris," "The Isle of Flabergast," an extravaganza in two acts, being the annual gymnastic event of the Central Y. M. C. A. and Francis Wilson in "Cousin Billy." A. P. SIMMONS.

PITTSBURG, PA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

PITTSBURG, PA., May 10.—Pittsburg audiences usually welcome the musical comedy "shows," but this class of amusement, some of them shop-worn and poorly interpreted, have pretty nearly monopolized the local stage during the past month. For the two weeks preceding Easter "Ben Hur," with Orrin Johnson, was seen at the Nixon, and attracted the non-theatre-going element, the religious significance of the theme and season evidently appealing. In frivolous contrast, the Rogers Brothers followed at this house playing a successful engagement.

Otis Skinner, in "The Harvester," proved a delightful change of fare. Lizzie Hudson Collier added to her local prestige as Toinette.


Charles Richman and Annie Irish ended their joint engagement with the Davis Stock Company in "The Holy City." At the close of their engagement, Miss Irish signed for a few weeks in vaudeville, and Mr. Richman returned to New York.

The extended engagement of Sarah Truax in repertoire supported by the resident stock players proved a personal triumph for Miss Truax.

At the Grand the past month brought several good things in vaudeville. Henry Miller and Sara Hope Crewes in "Robert Lemaitre," and Annie Irish in "An Actress' Christmas" were especially received.

Mr. Kirk, of the Nixon, has announced an indefinite run of summer opera at this playhouse, and Pittsburg stay-in-towns will find the dog days more bearable.

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WILLIAMSPORT, PA.*(From Our Correspondent.)*

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., May 11.—The season, which is nearly over here, was a successful one from a financial, as well as an entertaining point of view. Theatregoers were provided with clever plays, and sparkling musical comedies headed by such famous stars as David Warfield, May Irwin, Mlle. Schumann Heink, Nannette Comstock, Blanch Galland, Grace George, Paul Gilmore, Louis Russell, Montgomery and Stone, and such bright pieces as "Isle of Spice," "Babes in Toyland," "Wizard of Oz," "Peggy from Paris," "Maid and the Mummy," and others. The Vallamont Stock Company is another popular feature with Williamsport theatre-goers.

J. E. POULLIOTT.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA*(From Our Correspondent.)*

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., May 13.—The season in Iowa is on the wane. Business throughout the State is dull and many road attractions are closing. Business has been above the average, and the attractions of the highest quality. Locally the season has been prosperous and the line of attractions offered slightly below the average. Tim Murphy returned to the Odeon, March 22, presenting "When a Man Marries." Next season Mr. Murphy will be seen in "A Corner in Coffee," a new comedy adapted from a story by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Mr. Murphy confessed to the writer that his ambition was to appear in the serious drama, and his choice would be "The Bells." "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," booked for April 18, closed one week before this city was reached. An Aristocratic Tramp, May 18; Brinton Entertaining Company, 25-27. The Odeon will close with the Brintons, for a brief period. Manager A. J. Busby is contemplating a season of summer vaudeville. The regular dramatic season will open late in July or early in August.

The city park commissioners have lately purchased forty acres of land adjoining the city, and on the Iowa River. The grounds will at once be converted into an amusement park. The purchase price was \$150 an acre.

JOSEPH WHITACRE.

CLINTON, IOWA*(From Our Correspondent.)*

CLINTON, Ia., May 10.—Tim Murphy paid us his annual visit recently in the comedy "When a Man Marries." This clever comedian has always been popular in our city.

After the performance, the Elks did their brother honor. The club rooms were handsomely decorated. Barborka's orchestra furnished the music. At 11 P. M. the tolling of the clock announced the hour that recalls to all Elks the touching sentiment: "To our absent brethren!" The Elks arose from their seats and remained standing for about a minute. Silence reigned supreme, making the act touching and impressive.

Other attractions seen here recently have been Mildred Holland in "The Triumph of an Empress," Raymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Consul," and Richard Carle in "The Tenderfoot." LILLIAN A. HULETT.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY*(From Our Correspondent.)*

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 10.—Good shows, capacity houses and happy managers is the tale of Louisville.

"Parsifal" crowded the house to the limit at every performance. Crowds came from all of the neighboring towns, to witness Savage's English production of Wagner's opera.

"The Girl and the Bandit" failed to arouse interest and drew poor houses, while "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" drew fairly well. "Piff, Paff, Pouff" had great success. "The Pony Ballet" was applauded continuously.

Amelia Bingham, in "Mlle. Marni" was greeted by very large and fashionable audiences.

Joe Weber's All-Star Stock Co. gave us just one night of fun. Marie Dressler and Charles Bigelow easily carried the honors, and Miss Dressler's original wit and animated singing fairly "brought down the house."

At the Masonic, Caroline Hull in "Vivian's Papas" filled the house at every performance. Stella Mayhew in "The Show Girl" took equally well.

EDWARD EPSTEIN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.*(From Our Correspondent.)*

MILWAUKEE, Wis., May 14.—"Checkers" was given a cordial reception on its return engagement at the Davidson. "Mother Goose" which was also seen at this house, pleased large audiences.

Sadie Martinot was seen with an excellent company in "Piff, Paff, Pouff," and Schumann-Heink in "Love's Lottery," proved the most fashionable event seen at this theatre this season.

Viola Allen's production of "The Winter's Tale" was well liked. So also was Lawrence D'Orsay in the "Earl of Pawtucket." Raymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Consul" also was very successful.

"The Earl and the Girl" company did a prosperous

*(Continued on page xiv)**Columbia*

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SOME NEW MOTOR FASHIONS

Lightness of color and of texture characterize motor fashions for the present summer.

Pongee, silk rubber and leather are still the favorite materials, while the redingote and umbrella coat seem to be equally popular.

The reason why leather is much liked for auto apparel is obvious. In the first place, it is entirely dust-proof, and secondly, its wearing possibilities have, of course, no limit. Indeed, one need not discard one's leather motor outfit until such time as fashion decrees its style to be absolutely obsolete.

It is quite amazing to find leather garments which are as lightweight as those of the silk rubber. At least, there is so little difference in the two as to be hardly noticeable. Many of the thickest, and one might say, clumsiest suits of this kind, were it not libelous to employ such a term to describe the very trim looking garments now turned out are almost featherweight, a fact which can be demonstrated by lifting them in one's hand, or trying them on.

Complete suits of this light weight and very pliable leather are shown in black, tan and russet. There are other colors, but these three are best liked. Black is an especially smart color. One suit of this sort was made with a plain skirt having a circular flounce, and cut trotter length. The jacket had a military collar and was bloused in front. There were full coat sleeves with turned-back cuffs. The bloused front was double-breasted, the jacket being finished at the waist line with a snug belt of leather fastened by a harness buckle. For wear with this very trig motor costume, a hat was shown made of the same material, having a tam o' shanter crown and a rather wide rolled-up brim, bent down into a visor effect in front.

A russet leather costume was shown with short, plainly cut skirt, having a habit back. The coat was three-quarter length, tight-fitting and single-breasted. There was a wide rolled storm collar, which folded down into a flat revere. The sleeves were very full, ending in a wide cuff at the wrist. A separate box coat, which was very practical, was of rather dark red leather, cut three-quarters and double-breasted in the front. Straps of the same material outlined a yoke pattern front and back, and were used to trim the sleeves, which were made plain and like all the sleeves of these garments, generously full. A little cap to match this coat had a visor front and a veil of dark red silk was attached to the headgear.

Still another motor costume of leather is worth full description before taking up the various other materials which are used for outing garb of this particular kind. A really handsome shade of golden brown was chosen for this suit, which was designed for a tall, well-formed

woman. The jacket was made close fitting, with short postillion ends in the back. The front was also close fitting to the figure, and, double-breasted, the large buttons running down from the shoulder seams on either side to a V below the waist line. The sleeves were puffed in the three-quarter length so much liked this season, and from the broad cuff which finished them, to the wrist, there were storm sleeves of heavy brown taffeta made full and gathered on an elastic band to fit tightly over the sleeve of one's gown. A military collar finished the neck, the skirt was tight-fitting to the knees with a circular flounce having strapped bands of the material put on at intervals around the bottom.

While leather will

undoubtedly be greatly worn by the motoristes whose enthusiasm makes it necessary for her to buy durable outing garments, silk rubber will surely be the choice of the woman whose auto trips are less frequent, or whose purse is better supplied.

When, at the beginning of the season, it was suggested that coats of silk rubber in the brighter colors would be worn for stormy weather, as well as for autoing, the conservative voice spoke up and denied that such fashion could possibly prevail.

It has been found though that these coats are selling quite as much for the former purpose as for the latter. Most dashing in appearance of all the silk rubber garments are those of the new vermilion or sealing-wax red. These are shown in the redingotes, umbrella coats and long military capes, though the last named are really of more service for stormy weather than for motor wear.

Some of these garments cost one hundred dollars apiece, though very good looking coats can be had for as low as forty dollars. It does not pay to buy a silk rubber coat of cheap quality, as in fact, it does not pay to buy anything of an inferior grade. Dark blue is a well-liked color in this material, and certainly, it would seem to be more serviceable than scarlet, which must show soil rather quickly. Very pretty dark blue redingotes are shown with a collarless effect, the fullness gathered in several rows and confined in a belt at the waist line.

Champagne, or pongee color is also to be had, and seemingly quite as well liked as the former hue. This light shade is really more practical than would be supposed, for it is almost the color of dust itself, wherefor the latter does not show as easily upon its surface as it would upon a darker garment. Coats of black silk rubber are very good looking, with pipings of white or scarlet leather. Some of these have quite a tierrot effect, for the buttons are covered entirely with kid of the lighter shade. Little three-quarter box coats of this same material are very effective and practical

for auto wear where one does not care to have the entire costume, but wishes rather to utilize a trotter skirt for the purpose. The short skirts are easily adjusted and are admirably suited to covering up a light silk blouse or sweater.

Pongee is really the newest material for motoring. Most of the coats are made up of this fabric in its heavier grade, as the very light weight silk is apt to allow the dust to sift through it, a contretemps which above anything else must be avoided in auto garments. The pongee coats are usually seen in the natural shade, although quite the smartest auto wrap which I have seen was made of very heavy white pongee, which seemed almost to have a basket weave. This was an umbrella-shaped garment, made full length with a very wide sweep at the hem. The storm collar which could be rolled into a flat and rather wide revere, was faced with white linen. The dolman sleeve had narrow straps of the white linen which confined the fullness from the wrist to the bend of the arm. There were additional storm sleeves made to gather at the wrist. These were of white pongee. The coat was single breasted and fastened with four large square-shaped buttons, covered with silk material. The hat to match was fashioned of the same material in a round, sailor shape with rolled brim, bent into a visor in the front, and a long white chiffon veil completed the very chic costume.

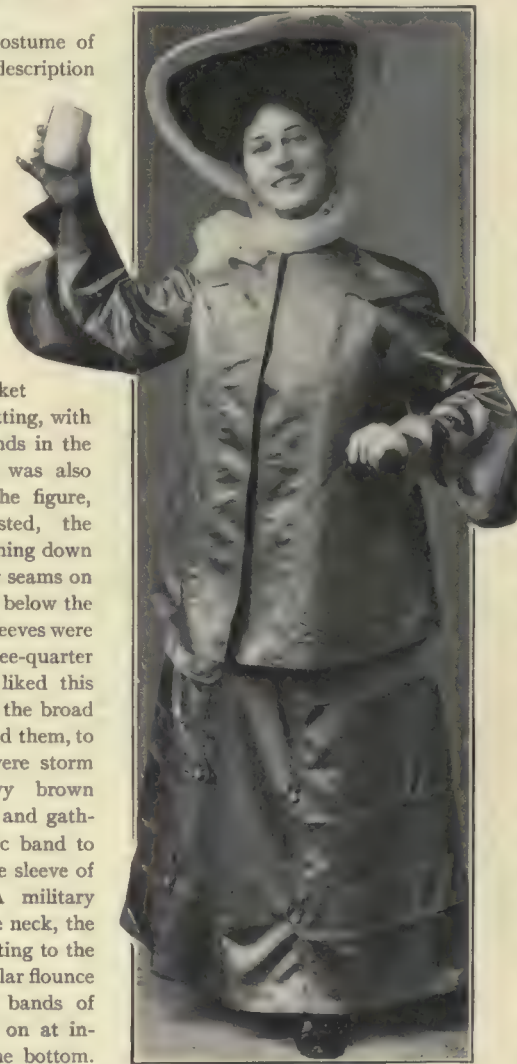
A n eighty-five-dollar motor coat, of natural pongee, was made in the redingote style.



1. The new mask goggles and cap with cravat tie-strings.



2. Natural pongee motor coat and smart new balloon veil in brown and white.



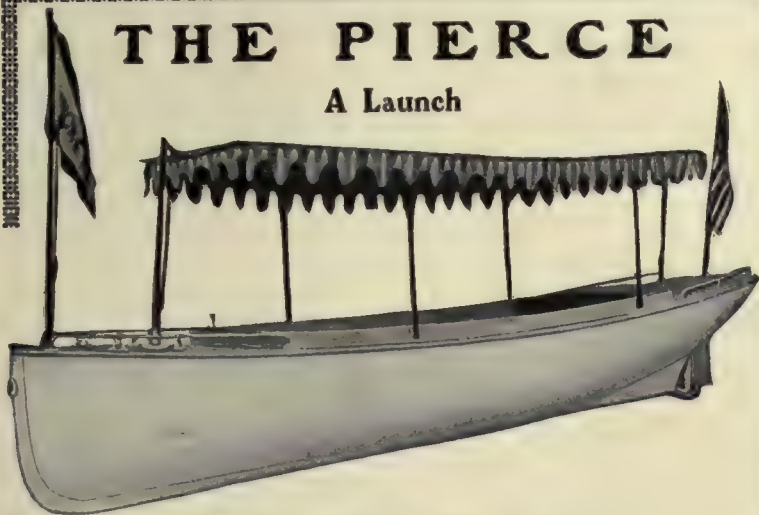
3. Motor costume of rubberized taffeta.



4. Pongee—the favorite summer material.

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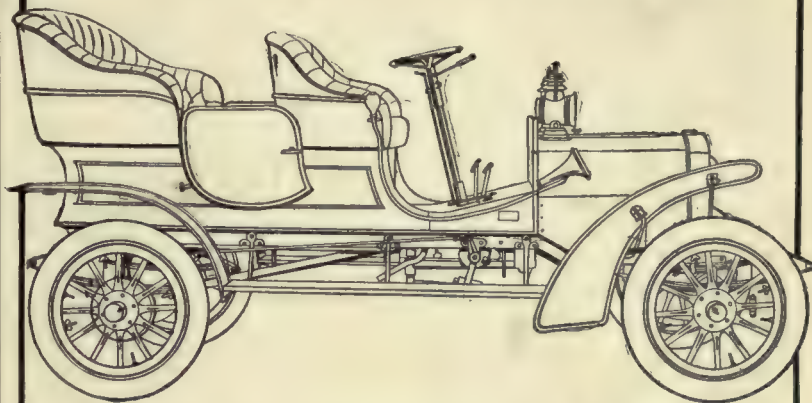
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business in this musical comedy, having caught the fancy of Milwaukeeans.

At the Bijou Opera House "The Great Automobile Mystery," with Nina Morris, was presented by a competent company. The Rays in "Down the Pike" gave a successful representation of the famous Pike, and David Brattstrom as "Yon Yonson" proved entertaining.

C. W. HEOFFORD.

WAUSAU, WIS.

(From Our Correspondent.)

WAUSAU, WIS., May 13.—Business still continues to boom, and the summer season is opening up with prospects for good houses and first-class attractions. John Griffith, the eminent tragedian, pleased an exceptionally large house at the Grand with his version of "Macbeth." A series of high-class vaudeville entertainments, given by the Lewis Vaudeville Alliance, of Chicago, pleased audiences at popular prices, on Saturday and Sunday evenings during April and May.

The New Crystal Vaudeville Theatre, managed by Mr. A. N. Stuart, opened to the public on Monday, May 8, and continues to please good audiences. Although a small theatre, it is included in the North West Vaudeville Circuit, and will, consequently, be able to get the highest class vaudeville talent on the road.

E. S. DICKENS.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

(From Our Correspondent.)

ATLANTA, Ga., May 14.—After a season extending over thirty weeks, the Grand closed for the summer April 26, with "Parsifal" by the Conreid Co. This production proved a delight. The season has been a most successful one at this theatre, and Atlanta theatre-goers are under lasting obligations to Messrs. DeGiv for bringing such excellent attractions.

It would be difficult to say which attraction carried off the palm as to excellence. "Mother Goose" was the most gorgeous. "The Tenderfoot" and "The Prince of Pilsen" divided honors among musical comedies. Lew Dockstader was "it" in the minstrel line. To music lovers, Savage's Grand Opera in English was the distinct treat of the year. Maude Adams in "The Little Minister" and, "The County Chairman" proved the best comedies. The best romantic offering was the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans." "The Rogers Brothers In Paris" was the whole thing in vaudeville. Certainly the top-liner in the way of tragedy was the engagement of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet."

Our family playhouse, The Bijou, has likewise enjoyed a prosperous season. The most noteworthy production was William Bramwell in "Captain Barrington."

With the closing of the theatres the parks become the Mecca for pleasure seekers. Ponce de Leon, the playground of Atlanta, has opened for the summer. The Casino opened May 15, with Billy Clifford in "How He Won Her."

D. E. MOOREFIELD.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

(From Our Correspondent.)

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., May 8.—The season has been a successful one in Chattanooga, both artistically and

financially. Manager Albert of the Chattanooga Opera House is enterprising, and the large audiences at his theatre show their appreciation of his efforts to please. The present season closed with unusual brilliancy, the last few weeks bringing John Drew, Viola Allen, the all-star cast in "The Two Orphans," the Sothern-Marlowe company, Wm. H. Crane, Chauncey Olcott, "Sergeant Kitty," Grace Van Studdiford in "Red Feather," and many others. The close came during the first week in May, with the week's engagement of the Olympia Opera Company, presenting a repertoire of light opera, ranging from good old "Olivette," through "Said Pasha" and "El Capitan," down to "The Telephone Girl." A number of high-grade musical events have been enjoyed during the winter, perhaps the most popular of all being Ysaye's recital.

Summer vaudeville will soon begin at the city's beautiful pleasure resort, Olympia Park. The attractions presented there are always of a high order. There are well authenticated rumors of a new opera house to be constructed in Chattanooga in the near future.

A. F. HARLOW.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

LYNCHBURG, VA., May 13.—The Olympia Musical Comedy Company in a return engagement pleased fair audiences in "Said Pasha," "Chimes of Normandy" and "Olivette." This is the best repertoire company that has ever visited Lynchburg. Charles B. Hanford and Miss Dorfnah in "Don Cesar de Bazan" and "Othello" pleased the large audience which greeted their fifth engagement in this city.

Although this is the second visit this season to our city of Black Patti and her troubadours, a good audience greeted the vocalist at the New Academy of Music, and judging from the applause the audience was well pleased. The old plantation songs by the mixed chorus were the most enjoyable part of the entertainment.

A good sized house greeted Billy Clifford at the Academy of Music in the three-act musical comedy, "How He Won Her." The vaudeville with which the show was interspersed was clever and added to the enjoyment of the evening. Mr. Clifford is supported by a bevy of pretty girls and their effort to please was greatly appreciated.

Corbin Shield, manager of the Academy of Music, has accepted the managementship of the Rivermont Casino.

HAROLD M. JACOBS.

AKRON, OHIO

(From Our Correspondent.)

AKRON, O., May 15.—The theatrical season just coming to a close, has been the most successful Akron has ever known. The Colonial, our leading play house, has been favored with the best companies. Mme. Schumann-Heink played to capacity. Raymond Hitchcock in "The Yankee Consul" pleased a large audience, but Nat Goodwin in "The Usurper" drew only a small house. "The Wizard of Oz" played to S. R. O. Mildred Holland in "The Triumph of an Empress," did very well.

The Unique Theatre, our newest vaudeville house, closes for the season May 20. The Casino, Akron's Park Theatre, opens May 21.

W. R. SNYDER.



The Golf Girls in "Fantana" wearing the President Suspenders, which give ease to their dancing

Plays, Season: 1904-5

We give herewith a list of the new plays produced in New York City, from August, 1904, to June, 1905. The biggest successes of the season, judging by the length of their respective runs, have been: 1st. "The College Widow," 278 times; 2d. "The Music Master," 265 times; 3d. "It happened in Nordland," 173 times; "Fantana," 158 times; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," 150 times; "Leah Kleschna," 131 times; "Adrea," 116 times.

Abigail.....	Savoy.....	Feb. 21	47
A Case of Frenzied Finance.....	Savoy.....	Apr. 3	8
A China Doll.....	Majestic.....	Nov. 19	18
Adrea.....	Belasco.....	Jan. 11	116
A Light from St. Agnes.....	Manhattan.....	Mar. 27	3
A Madcap Princess.....	Knickerbocker.....	Sept. 5	43
Amoureux.....	Lyric.....	Nov. 7	4
A Passion in the Suburbs.....	Berkeley Lyceum.....	Mar. 16	14
A Texas Ranger.....	14th Street.....	Sept. 26	14
A Wife Without A Smile.....	Criterion.....	Dec. 19	15
A Woman's Pity.....	Berkeley Lyceum.....	Mar. 25	1
Bankrupt.....	Irving Place.....	Mar. 2	3
Bardell vs. Pickwick.....	Princess.....	Dec. 31	7
Becky Sharp.....	Manhattan.....	Sept. 14	70
Beyond Human Power.....	Murray Hill.....	Mar. 26	1
Bird Center.....	Majestic.....	Nov. 3	13
Brother Jacques.....	Garrick.....	Dec. 5	37
Business is Business.....	Criterion.....	Sept. 19	57
Buster Brown.....	Majestic.....	Jan. 24	95
Cazelle French Co.....	American.....	Oct. 15	32
Common Sense Brackett.....	14th Street.....	Dec. 26	14
Complications.....	Irving Place.....	Oct. 25	11
Cousin Billy.....	Criterion.....	Jan. 2	76
Eye for Eye.....	Irving Place.....	Oct. 18	1
Fatinizta.....	Broadway.....	Dec. 26	35
Fantana.....	Lyric.....	Jan. 14	158
Flirtation.....	Berkeley Lyceum.....	Feb. 19	1
Friquet.....	Savoy.....	Jan. 31	21
Granny.....	Lyceum.....	Oct. 24	24
Girls Will Be Girls.....	14th Street.....	Aug. 27	34
Gyges and His King.....	Irving Place.....	Feb. 8	1
Hiawatha.....	Carnegie Lyceum.....	Nov. 24	1
Higgledy Piggledy.....	Weber Music Hall.....	Oct. 20	185
His Little Princess.....	Irving Place.....	Oct. 6	8
Home Folks.....	New York.....	Dec. 26	34
How He Lied to Her Husband.....	Berkeley.....	Sept. 26	8
Humpty Dumpty.....	New Amsterdam.....	Nov. 14	132
In Newport.....	Liberty.....	Dec. 26	23
It Happened in Nordland.....	Lew Fields.....	Dec. 5	154
Jack's Little Surprise.....	Princess.....	Aug. 25	21
Jinny, the Carrier.....	Criterion.....	Apr. 10	21
Joseph Entangled.....	Garrick.....	Oct. 10	65
Judith of Bethulia.....	Daly's.....	Dec. 5	16
Lady Teazle.....	Casino.....	Dec. 24	60
La Parisienne.....	Lyric.....	Nov. 17	2
La Petite Marquise.....	Lyric.....	Nov. 30	1
La Robe Rouge.....	Lyric.....	Nov. 14	3
Leah Kleschna.....	Manhattan.....	Dec. 12	131
Letty.....	Hudson.....	Sept. 12	64
L'Hirondelle.....	Lyric.....	Nov. 16	2
Little Johnny Jones.....	Liberty.....	Nov. 7	52
Lolotte.....	Lyric.....	Nov. 7	4
Love and the Man.....	Knickerbocker.....	Feb. 20	22
Love in Idleness.....	Princess.....	Jan. 30	16
Love's Lottery.....	Broadway.....	Oct. 3	50
Lucky Durham.....	Knickerbocker.....	Jan. 22	14
Mlle. Marni.....	Wallack's.....	Mar. 6	32
Military Mad.....	Garrick.....	Aug. 22	16
Miner and Soldier.....	Carnegie Lyceum.....	Nov. 27	1
Mrs. Battle's Bath.....	Madison Square.....	May 9	6
Mrs. Black is Back.....	Bijou.....	Nov. 7	71
Mrs. Gorringer's Necktie.....	Lyceum.....	Dec. 7	39
Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots.....	Savoy (21), Lyceum (106).....	Jan. 11	127
Mrs. Temple's Telegram.....	Madison Square.....	Feb. 1	86
Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.....	Savoy.....	Sept. 3	150
Mr. Wix of Wickham.....	Bijou.....	Sept. 19	41
Nancy Stair.....	Criterion.....	Mar. 15	29
Once Upon a Time.....	Berkeley.....	Jan. 2	8
'Op o' Me Thumb.....	Empire.....	Feb. 6	30
Paris by Night.....	Madison Sq. Roof.....	July 2	50
Prince Consort.....	New Amsterdam (14) Knickerbocker (14).....	Mar. 6	28
Richter's Wife.....	Manhattan.....	Feb. 27	5
Robert Burns.....	Carnegie Lyceum.....	Jan. 28	1
Sergeant Brue.....	Knickerbocker.....	Apr. 24	40
Strongheart.....	Hudson.....	Jan. 30	66
Sunday.....	Hudson.....	Nov. 15	79
Taps.....	Lyric.....	Sept. 17	25
The Baroness Fiddlesticks.....	Casino.....	Nov. 21	25
The Brighter Side.....	Knickerbocker.....	Feb. 6	7
The Cardinal's Edict.....	Berkeley Lyceum.....	Mar. 23	1
The Chosen People.....	Herald Square.....	Mar. 23	1
The Cingalee.....	Daly's.....	Oct. 24	33
The College Widow.....	Garden.....	Sept. 20	278
The College Widower.....	Weber Music Hall.....	Jan. 5	93
The Coronet of the Duchess.....	Garrick.....	Sept. 21	19
The Countess Cathleen.....	Madison Square.....	Mar. 28	2
The Dinky Bird.....	Daly's.....	Mar. 31	1
The Duchess of Dantzic.....	Daly's.....	Jan. 16	93
The Duke of Killikranks.....	Empire.....	Sept. 5	128
The Education of Mr. Pipp.....	Liberty.....	Feb. 20	78
The Eyes of the Heart.....	Manhattan.....	Mar. 27	4
The Family Reunion.....	Irving Place.....	Mar. 20	19
The Fires of St. John.....	Daly's.....	Nov. 28	8
The Firm of Cunningham.....	Madison Square.....	Apr. 18	31
The Forbidden Land.....	14th St.....	Jan. 16	16
The Fortunes of the King.....	Lyric.....	Dec. 6	38
The Freedom of Suzanne.....	Empire.....	Apr. 19	26
The Harvester.....	Lyric.....	Oct. 10	32
The Heir to the Hoorah.....	Hudson.....	Apr. 10	59
The Hour Glass.....	Hudson.....	Feb. 21	3
The House of Burnside.....	Princess.....	Dec. 26	15
The Isle of Spice.....	Majestic.....	Aug. 23	80
The King's Highway.....	New York.....	Dec. 9	1
The Lady Across the Hall.....	Berkeley Lyceum.....	Mar. 13	16
The Lady Bookie.....	Berkeley Lyceum.....	Mar. 6	8
The Lady Shore.....	Hudson.....	Mar. 27	16
The Little Minister.....	Empire.....	Dec. 26	73
The Maid and the Mummy.....	New York.....	July 25	42
The Money Makers.....	Liberty.....	Jan. 16	14
The Mountaineer.....	Irving Place.....	Nov. 22	19
The Music Master.....	Belasco (112); Bijou (153).....	Sept. 26	265
The Night Refuge.....	Irving Place.....	Feb. 15	6
The Old Homestead.....	New York.....	Sept. 12	61
The Passport.....	Princess.....	Feb. 10	6
The Proud Laird.....	Manhattan.....	Apr. 24	7



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The Roger Bros. in Paris.....	New Amsterdam.....	Sept. 5	35
The Rollicking Girl.....	Herald Square.....	May 1	33
The Romancers.....	Irving Place.....	Jan. 3	4
The Rose.....	Manhattan.....	Mar. 27	4
The Royal Chef.....	Lyric.....	Nov. 17	17
The Scab.....	Carnegie Lyceum.....	Nov. 27	1
The School for Husbands.....	Wallack's.....	Apr. 3	48
The School Girl.....	Daly's (54); Herald Square (66).....	Sept. 1	120
The School of Love.....	Irving Place.....	Jan. 31	10
The Second Fiddle.....	Criterion.....	Nov. 21	32
The Serio Comic Governess.....	Lyceum.....	Sept. 13	41
The Sho Gun.....	Wallack's.....	Oct. 10	125
The Shooting Star.....	Irving Place.....	Dec. 29	4
The Sorceress.....	New Amsterdam.....	Oct. 10	36
The Southerners.....	New York.....	May 23	36
The Spellbinder.....	Herald Square.....	Sept. 5	16

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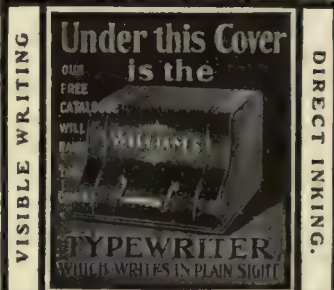
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Characteristic Portraiture

The Splendid Life.....	Criterion.....	May 1	1
The Stronger Call.....	Carnegie Lyceum.....	Jan. 12	1
The Substitute.....	Irving Place.....	Jan. 24	5
The System of Dr. Tarr.....	Berkeley Lyceum.....	Feb. 27	90
and vaudeville.....	Princess.....	Mar. 16	4
The Threshold.....	Berkeley Lyceum.....	Feb. 27	32
The Trifler.....	Princess.....	Mar. 16	4
The Two Roses.....	Broadway.....	Nov. 21	20
The Usurper.....	Knickerbocker.....	Nov. 28	28
The Way to Kenmare.....	14th Street.....	Nov. 7	40
The West Point Cadet.....	Princess.....	Sept. 30	4
The Woman in the Case.....	Herald Square.....	Jan. 31	80
Traumulus.....	Irving Place.....	Jan. 12	3
When We Dead Awake.....	Knickerbocker.....	Mar. 7	6
Who Goes There.....	Princess.....	Feb. 20	24
Woodland.....	New York (41); Herald Sq. (42).....	Nov. 21	83
You Never Can Tell.....	Garrick.....	Jan. 9	129



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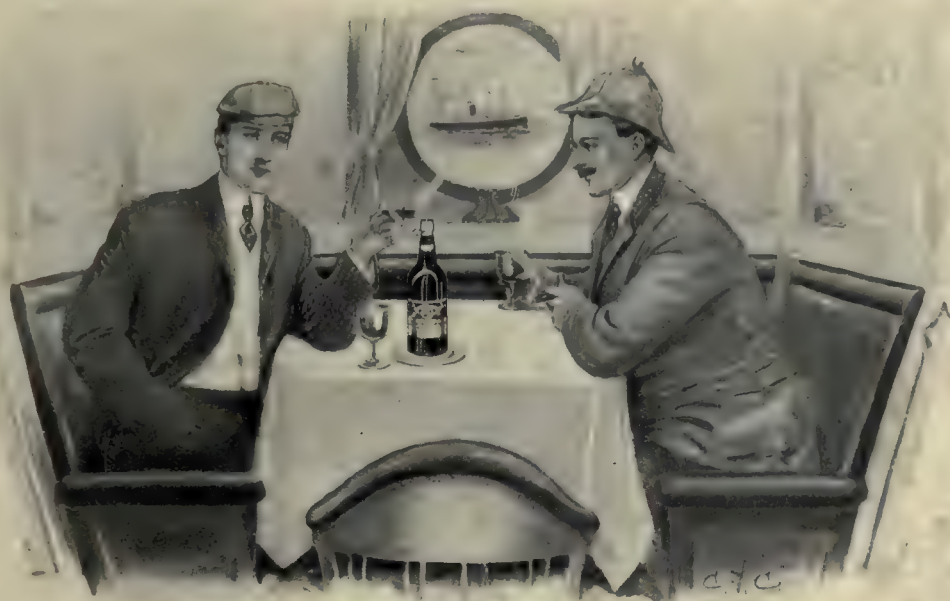


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THE THEATRE

VOL. V., No. 53

NEW YORK, JULY, 1905

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Otto Sarony Co.

MME. BERTHA KALICH

The Polish actress, who has long headed the Yiddish stock company in the Bowery, and who recently made her début on the English-speaking stage with signal success (See page 161)

Roof Gardens Open the Summer Season



THE MIRROR DANCE AT WISTARIA GROVE

THE theatrical season which has just closed did not prove a particularly brilliant one, nor did it fatten to any considerable extent the managerial bank account. At most, a dozen pieces made a genuine appeal to the public, chief among these being "The College Widow," "The Music Master," "Leah Kleschna" and "Fantana." It is, as yet, too early to speculate on what next season may have in store, but judging from the announcements already made and from the meagreness of the dramatic output abroad, it is hardly likely that there will be any extraordinary array of dramatic novelties on the local stage.

During the heated period the open air resorts are naturally the most popular. New York is particularly well favored in this respect. In addition to its splendid roof gardens, those vast seaside amusement enterprises, Luna Park and Dreamland, enjoy the patronage of millions. Each season the ingenuity of their respective managers is taxed to devise novel attractions, and this year the list is more alluring than ever, including as it does the "Fall of Port Arthur," "Creation," the "Dragon's Gorge," Filipino savages, etc., etc. Of the three roof gardens in the metropolis open this year, Hammerstein's Victoria alone is really in the open air, and here one is reasonably sure of a cool breeze while enjoying a lounge in its picturesque Dutch garden. Mr. Hammerstein provides his usual excellent vaudeville program, a feature of which is "To-to," an automaton musical "mystery." It is a figure dressed as a clown, and everybody imagines it to be a living boy until the woman who accompanies it suddenly removes its head, the fingers, meantime, playing expertly on an instrument. The key to the mystery probably is that the hands belong to a man who is hidden behind a mirror.

This year the New York Roof Garden has been leased by W. F. Werba and Mark Leuscher—the latter being the energetic business manager of the New Amsterdam Theatre—and they have redecorated the place, styling it Wistaria Grove. For several seasons Klaw and Erlanger tried to make the New York Roof popular, but without success. The new lessees have been more fortunate. The place is crowded every night, and a splendid program is given. As for cooling breezes—this desideratum the new management is un-

able to provide owing to the structural defects of the building itself. A roof garden which is closed in on sides and top with glass exposed all day to the rays of a tropical sun cannot be little better than a sweat-box at night. It is inconceivable how any intelligent architect could have expected otherwise. If the glass covering is only intended for protection in case of bad weather it is still more useless because in bad weather people do not patronize roof gardens. An attempt is to be made to cool off the glass covering by deluging it with water, but it remains to be seen if this will answer the purpose. The chief novelty on the capital program is the "Girl in the Red Domino," a Russian lady who has got herself talked about a good deal from the fact that, both on the stage and off, she constantly wears a red mask. She is a graceful dancer and apparently good looking. Her mirror dance is similar to that done by Loie Fuller and others, and is done with new light effects. Coco, the "human baboon," diverts the audience by his intelligent tricks, and there is a burlesque on the Osler theory, called "When We Were Forty-one." Elsie Janis appeared in a number of clever imitations during the skit, and made a distinct hit.

At the Aerial Gardens, on the top of the handsome New Amsterdam Theatre, there was on exhibition a musical travesty called "Lifting the Lid." It was a very stupid affair, in John J. McNally's usual vein. This librettist seems to have a particular gift for composing vacuous pieces of this kind. The best feature of the evening was the Gilbert and Sullivan review, which was done in the delightful manner of the Offenbach operettas last year. This made full amends for the inanity of the first part of the entertainment. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger show their usual liberality in the matter of scenery and costumes.

We are glad to welcome Mme. Bertha Kalich to the boards of the English-speaking stage. Her continued success seems assured. We need actresses of her calibre. Those theatre enthusiasts who are accustomed to frequent the Bowery when they wish to see good acting have long been familiar with her work, and strenuous attempts have been made at various times to induce the Yiddish actress to star under American management. David Belasco, at one time, was keenly interested, but she declined all offers, until



THE MASKED RED LADY
As she dances at Wistaria Grove

George Fawcett prevailed upon her to appear in "Fédora." Speaking English as she does better than Modjeska ever spoke it, with youth, good looks and distinction of person—it would have been a distinct loss to our stage had she remained buried in the Bowery. Not only would she have failed to give full development to her own art, but she would have deprived thousands of the pleasure which fine, strong acting always gives. In "Fédora" she fully justified the venture that brought her forward. She has temperament, training, and an agreeable personality which is effective because she is entirely simple and absolutely without vanity and self-consciousness. "Fédora" is a trick play, full of artifice. Fédora's love for Loris is not at all convincing. The situations are there, but the underlying truth is not strong. An artificial play requires to be played, to a certain extent, in an artificial way. Many of Mme. Kalich's points were her own, showing an individual capacity of interpretation. Other passages were done after the stock methods of continental art. Death scenes minutely elaborated have not the same fascination now that they once had. Twenty years ago her acting of the final scene, death from poison, would have been accepted as a supreme test of her art. It is very important, at the outset of her career, that she find an entirely suitable play. In a thoroughly natural play, with emotion or comedy, she should be at her best. Under good management Mme. Kalich should prosper and soon become established in popularity.



HARRY BULGER

As Dr. Hosler in the Osler burlesque, "When We Were Forty-one"

The test case for the exclusion of a critic, Mr. Metcalfe, from the theatres of New York abounds in novel incidents of litigation. The comic round-up of the managers involved, their enforced presence in court in answer to a peremptory summons, and the final agreement that Mr. Burnham should go to jail for the others, with his attorney to keep him company, were among the most diverting features of this absurd affair. It is not even an interesting fight, for there can be but one result. The question is one that should never have been raised. The public of this town is not to be wrought up over any racial conflict. Such a conflict does not really exist, and the only attempt to excite it has been made by the action of the managers against the critic. It does not matter what may be the personal feeling of any manager in the matter. The only question at issue about which the public cares to concern itself is the right of managers to exclude critics at their own caprice. If a critic is unfair or vicious he will speedily bring himself into contempt and disrepute. If dramatic criticism did not, on the whole, represent the truth, the theatre could not exist at all. If it were all fulsome and agreeable to the manager, the public could put no reliance on it. Let the critics alone. Let injustice take care of itself. Unjust criticism will be defeated by just and truthful

criticism at all times. The newspapers and periodicals are extremely liberal to the theatre. Any attempt to govern or discipline them will be resented. The managers owe a debt to the press that they cannot possibly repay. This whole movement, from its inception throughout, is unwise. It is an absurd tempest in a teapot. To break off personal relations and to refuse the freedom of a theatre to a critic is one thing, and a course that may be properly adopted at times; but to make a public matter of it, and to claim the right of the entire exclusion of any one at will is quite another thing. But, whatever the provocation, experience teaches that the wrong always rights itself, and that for a manager to burden himself with resentments and quarrels is a waste of time and energy. Besides, without reference to the Metcalfe case, the manager is often far more unjust than the critic whom he foolishly wishes to punish.

The failure of a young woman whose chief claim to fame is that she was tried for murder, to justify her salary of \$2,000 a week, paid by a sensation-seeking manager, shows that vaudeville audiences are not to be humbugged. If "Nan" Patterson were exceptionally gifted and needed only the opportunity of her recent notoriety to assume a permanent and commanding position on the stage, it would, in many ways, be a far-reaching calamity. She may be innocent of having murdered her lover. At least no jury could agree that she did. She is, then, not a criminal at large with an unproved charge against her. Still, the peculiar circumstances

of her case should shut her out from her former occupation. Public policy is paramount to individual success. It is a harsh, a pitiless law, but it must be obeyed. If the stage is to have no discipline, it must eventually surrender to the control of vice. We are not directing the remark to this one case. It is a small matter compared to the principle involved. Art, of course, has nothing to do with morals, but flagrant and notorious immorality, certainly when it is a matter of court record, should disqualify for the stage. In such circumstances, no actor lives or has ever lived that the stage could not do without. A great inventor or man of business may be profligate, and we might use his wares without hurt; but when it comes to personal contact it is a different matter. If "Nan" Patterson could resume her employment without publicity it would not be so bad, but to make capital out of such a lamentable experience is worse than execrable taste. It is indecent. Of course the manager of such a "show" is not troubled with fine scruples. He is a pachyderm.

The announcement that David Belasco will add Bertha Galland and Robert Hilliard to the number of the stars which will appear under his management next season is significant. It looks as if

The Trust were not going to carry out its threat to drive the picturesque Dave out of the business after all. Indeed, according to persistent rumors, the heretofore impregnable stronghold of the Trust itself is threatened. With the help of the Shuberts ever lengthening chain of theatres it is freely predicted that the opposition will soon be in a position to defy the Octopus and permanently break its power. It stands to reason that Mr. Belasco would not be engaging more stars now unless he were sure of theatres in which to present them. We have no quarrel with the Syndicate. In its conflict with the Independents this magazine has been strictly neutral. We recognized that it was a struggle in which personalities were more frequently the issue rather than any serious question of art. But there are certain phases of this quarrel which are working a distinct harm to the American stage and injustice to our playwrights and theatregoers, and of this we are bound to take cognizance: As originally planned, the Syndicate was legitimate enough and brought business order and system out of intolerable confusion. But it soon recognized its power, and then it became a tyrant, virtually creating a reign of terror. Managers, actors and authors who refused to pay tribute, found themselves boycotted. The revelations made in the recent suit of Brooks-vs.-Belasco, when tried in court, showed how this tribute was levied. No well-wisher of the dramatic art can approve such methods, and the fact that they have been condemned by the entire press of the United States shows what public opinion thinks about it. The most flagrant instance of the injustice of the system is the recent case of Mrs. Fiske, compelled to present "Leah Kleschna" in barns out West simply because she, or, rather her husband, is *persona non grata* to the Trust. "Leah Kleschna" was one of the big successes of the New York season, yet theatregoers in other cities are unable to see it because the Syndicate does not choose that they shall. Unable to play in Omaha, Mrs. Fiske presented "Leah Kleschna" at Council Bluffs, some miles away, and the whole theatre-going population of Omaha, including the newspaper critics, made a special trip there to see the play which organized capital had prevented them seeing at home. What sterner rebuke could Syndicate methods receive? The formation of any new combination of interests strong enough to bring relief to the present anomalous situation created by the Trust, should be of immediate benefit to general theatrical conditions and, indirectly, of enormous advantage to the theatre-going public.

The establishment at Harvard University of a department or school for the teaching of playwriting implies and expresses a belief in the feasibility of such an undertaking, something that was almost universally derided when the first systematic school of the kind in the world was founded by William T. Price in New

York five years ago. The discussion aroused had many curious features, more than can be touched upon in a paragraph or so. A professor in this same university disposed of the matter, to his

own satisfaction, by remarking that one might as well try to teach a man how to become president of the United States. Certain very distinguished dramatists would have us believe that their plays are natural products, coming as fruit is yielded from a tree. When any concession has been made as to the possibility of teaching the art, the singularly recurrent qualification has been made that, "the rudiments might be taught." Rudiments? What is meant by rudiments? Does the teacher of mathematics stop at the multiplication table? Is the first book of Euclid the limit of geometry? Does chemistry halt at a few demonstrations of the elements? If only the rudiments of any art can be taught, a school of that art is an absurdity. It must be assumed that all professional dramatists practise exactly the same art. One may be more proficient in the application of some one principle than another, but it is beyond human credulity to have us believe that each dramatist has invented his own art, differing, if in one particular, then possibly in all other particulars from the art of all other dramatists. The contention that playwriting can be taught seems to us entirely sound. That

playwriting is learned, and has heretofore been learned, without formal instruction, simply represents the fact that it has been learned by imitation and empirically, or that, at best, the stage itself, and close association with it, has been a school without a name. Shakespeare learned from now-forgotten old stage managers and actors and writers. To say that he learned nothing and invented everything is an insult to his genius. Books that have been written on the art have been merely introductory. What has been needed is the workshop, and the school that supplies, that solves the matter. With instruction reduced to system, with the application of every principle and every method in detail, the idea commends itself to common sense. For years and years lectures on the drama have been held in colleges and universities. With what result? that much philosophy and history may perhaps be imparted, but hardly the slightest concep-

tion of the technique of the most difficult of the arts; nothing practical. To devote a year to the study of "Hamlet" after this method is vanity of vanities. The universities have done absolutely nothing to advance the art of playwriting. Hundreds of volumes of commentaries on Shakespeare may be read without getting one step forward. Schlegel's "Lectures" are lectures only, invaluable in their philosophy, but technical only in a very slight degree.

Over \$10,000,000 was spent in theatre going last season in New York, and about 18,000,000 people attended the theatres. Yet the managers complain of hard times!



Pach A NEW PORTRAIT OF MME. MODJESKA
This distinguished actress has been prevailed upon to make a farewell tour next season, in repertoire, under the management of Daniel Frohman



AN INCIDENT IN THE D'ANNUNZIO FAMILY
D'Annunzio, Sr., playwright, chastises D'Annunzio, Jr., actor, owing to the latter's fiasco as an actor, saying: "I may be a bad playwright, but a bad actor is intolerable!"

Bertha Kalich—The Yiddish Duse



THINGS do not "just happen," in Art. They develop logically, legitimately; and the most sensational surprises are those which have been most thoroughly, variously, and perhaps painfully, prepared. The chances of circumstance have little or no bearing upon the grand final result, though they may apparently hasten or retard the opportunity for its fulfillment.

Bertha Kalich's opportunity fluttered about like a butterfly for well nigh ten years, then suddenly alighted upon her outstretched hand. It was magnificent, when it did come.

During the long period of probation she had played in pretty much everything, from comic opera to classic tragedy, from Sudermann's "Magda" to the "Sappho" of Mr. Gordin. But the scenes of her artistic struggle were the submerged theatres of Grand Street and the Bowery, and she played in Yiddish—that obscure jargon compounded of Hebrew, Polish and Russian, upon a basis of German, which is the language medium of a quarter of a million people huddled together in the East Side Ghetto of this much-mixed metropolis of New York. If the angel Gabriel were to appear there, similarly handicapped, the fame of his visit would scarcely resound north of Fourteenth Street or west of the Bowery. Within that restricted area, such glory and triumph as the angel would achieve, may be said to have been enjoyed during the past few years by Mme. Kalich. Yet the rest of the town had never heard of her, up to a month ago, when she flashed out as "Fedora," like lightning from a clear sky.

It was at the American Theatre, late in May—the fag-end of our dramatic season, habitually given over to wildcat ventures and freakish experiments, which nobody of first-class critical intelligence is supposed to take seriously. However, when George Fawcett announced as the culmination of his brief but successful

stock-company season the first appearance, in English, of Bertha Kalich as the tigerish Russian princess in Sardou's "Fedora"—a rôle associated with memories of Sarah Bernhardt in her prime, and of our own Fanny Davenport—New York's playgoers sat up and took notice, so to speak.

The result was a surprise, a delight, a triumph little short of sensational. This tall, supple, gypsy-looking artiste, speaking the clear, fascinating, exotic English of a Modjeska or a Marcella Sembrich, at first charmed, then moved, and in the end passionately thrilled her up-town audiences, in scenes to which she and Edwin Arden as

Loris Ipanoff permitted themselves to give a melodramatic fervor such as is proper to Eighth Ave., Fourteenth Street, or the Bow-



Otto Sarony Co.

IN "FEDORA"



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MME. KALICH IN "FEDORA"

ery, though seldom or never let loose on upper Broadway.

How was it possible for a Yiddish actress, fresh from the Thalia and the Grand, to wear those Paris gowns like a veritable princess to the manner born, whilst acting with a distinction, an authority and ease not unworthy of a Duse or a Réjane?

The answer is to be found only in a visit and chat with Mme. Kalich-Spachner, at her own comfortable and elegant home in East Seventy-second Street.

We are not kept waiting half a minute in the parlor, where wreaths and harps and other first-night floral trophies are not yet faded, and a rich brocade skirt or two is flung over covered furniture and packed trunks—

"Ah! but this is a chaos—we're packing up for the Catskills, you see. Yes, a little vacation, and a whole lot of study and work, to be ready with my new opening rôle—in English, of course—early in September. It may be 'Magda,' or possibly Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm,' or— But, come! I'll show you my library, and we can talk there."

She is a black-eyed, animated young woman, full of energy and enthusiasm, with an immense mass of dark, wavy hair bunched in a hanging loop behind like a girl graduate's, plainly dressed for indoors, and wearing a bit of scarlet ribbon carelessly knotted at the throat.

We cannot help remarking that she looks ten years younger than the brilliant Fedora whom we saw on the stage last evening.

"Thanks! that is a compliment—no, not about my looking young now, but that I looked 'a certain age' in the play. You see Sardou's Fedora is a woman with a past. She must be thirty-



MME. KALICH IN "KITH AND KIN"

This piece is a favorite play with audiences in the Ghetto

five years old, possibly forty, and she has lived every minute of her life. That's the impression I want to make, by every possible device and detail—dress, facial expression, voice, manner. It is what I call the spirit of the part. I don't care how old or ugly or wicked a character I play so long as it is a character. If it is a young, ingenuous girl, I contrive to suggest that, too. You ought to see me in 'The Orphan,' a folk-play of Little Russia, written for me by our local Yiddish dramatist, Mr. Gordin. Why, I feel as if I were my own daughter."

A burst of Wagnerian music from a piano in some distant part of the house, and Mme. Kalich listened fondly, as she added:

"Her name is Lillian. She is fourteen, a blonde and full of musical talent. Shall she go on the stage? Certainly, if that is her choice. But she must finish with her college first. Our home life is very happy, and that is my great strength. See! here is where I study, and dream."

It was a spacious, sunny room, with southern windows—book-cases all around, with the world's best literature in half a dozen languages—Shakespeare and Ibsen in English; Victor Hugo, Balzac and Daudet in French; Goethe, Schiller, Sudermann and Nietzsche in German; Tolstoi, Gorky, Pushkin and all the poets in Russian, and on the table some exquisite diamond editions de luxe of Pol and Mickiewicz, the favorite lyrists of Poland. On the walls and mantel, a multitude of individual portraits—Chopin and Mozart, Sembrich, Paderewski, the De Reszkes, Bernhardt, Calvé and Réjane, Duse as Francesca da Rimini, "my dear, lovely Maude Adams" as the Eaglet, and Kalich herself, very noble and Bernhardt-esque in the sable trappings of Hamlet.

Strikingly effective, against this background, is the contrast of her own personal history, as she outlines it in frank simplicity:

"I was born in Lemberg, and my parents were orthodox Hebrews, so poor that the purchase of my first school-books was a problem. I had talent for music, and was very ambitious. My parents, for a long time, wouldn't let me think of becoming an actress, but they had no objection to my studying singing at the conservatory, so that before I was in my teens I was able to give lessons to others to pay for my own. At fourteen I got in the chorus of the opera at the Polish Theatre, made my début as a gypsy girl in 'Mignon,' and was soon entrusted with minor rôles in opera comique, also in grand, such as Niniche in 'Traviata.'

"About this time, Goldfarden, whom I call the Columbus, the father and founder of the present-day Yiddish drama, obtained permission from the Government to establish the Jewish Theatre in Lemberg. Goldfarden wrote and produced a long series of successful dramas on Biblical stories, including 'The Shulamite,' which latter is one of the grandest characters I have ever played. At seventeen I married, and my husband took a company of players into Roumania, where we had two seasons of success at Bucharest, followed by one not so good in Hungary. Yes, I had my triumphs, and my popularity—but what are commonly known as the temptations of the stage career never assailed me. There were flowers, presents of jewelry, and sometimes even of money, sent me at the stage door. The flowers I accepted, everything else I sent back. By escaping entanglements and frivolity, how much time one saves for home life and the advancement of one's art! Also, it is a great economy of the nerves.

"Well, a New York manager followed me for four weeks in Roumania, and finally induced me to come to America as a star—a Yiddish star, it is true, yet I felt a presentiment that somehow it might finally lead to the realization of my devoutest wish—to emerge as an artiste of full stature, and make my appeal to the great Christian world. Now, that is what has come about—for, thank God! there is no insuperable barrier of race prejudice here."

Withal, Kalich's affection for her own people is deep, loyal and lasting. The very first night after her assured hit at the American, she invited her entire company, together with a number of non-professional friends, to a banquet of rejoicing—at Schulin's, in Forsyth Street, a down-town district of the swarming East Side, which most New Yorkers regard as the heart of the slums!

HENRY TYRRELL.



Photo by Byron

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Alice Kauser

The Playbrokers of New York

ANY fool can write a play, but it takes a genius to get it produced. The budding playwright learns this quicker than anything else in his craft, and its importance has given rise to a lucrative business—the “play broker.”

Curiously enough, the pioneers in this novel business were women. Elizabeth Marbury was practically the first to act as “middleman” between author and manager, and she was followed by Alice Kauser, who is to-day probably the most active of all the agents. Samuel French & Son, the well-known play-publishers, had long before this acted as the business agents of certain dramatists.

They leased the plays of Bronson Howard and others, but Miss Marbury was the first to make it a business by itself.

The play broker is useful. He places plays and collects royalties. The average author is a poor business man, a timid, sensitive creature who shrinks from the ordeal of hawking his play around the managers' offices. The agent saves him this humiliation. He offers the MS. to this or that manager and sells it (sometimes). If, contrary to the author's expectations, the play is not eagerly snapped up at once, the agent puts the MS. to sleep in company with one or two thousand more and awaits developments. A play's chances, like wine, improve by keeping. A piece you wrote ten years ago is far more likely to find a purchaser than one completed yesterday.

The agent has this advantage over the author: he is more likely to hear of opportunities, he knows the managers and stars, and they know him. The latter usually avoid the unknown author, but the agent is recognized as a necessary evil. Suddenly the manager or the star wants a play. There is no time to be lost. They cannot waste precious moments seeking playwrights, so they go to the play broker just as they would go to the corner grocery, and state their desires: “I want a four-act drama for a big woman, strong, emotional, with sprinkling of comedy.” The agent consults the list of manuscripts in his possession, selects half a dozen titles and hands them to the manager for inspection. If one play among the number happens to be what the manager

or star is looking for, the trick is turned, the piece is placed, and negotiations are begun with the lucky author through the successful agent. In this way the agent is a convenience both to the author and the manager.

Of course, the wise author does not suspend operations on his own account during the time his play is in the agent's hands, for unless there is some special reason why an author's play should be pushed, it is likely to repose as peacefully on the agent's shelves as it does in the author's trunk. Agents are but human. They cannot be expected to stay awake nights calculating how they can advance this or that author's interests. The only advantage to the author is that a copy of his play is accessible and more or less on exhibition at a place where managers and actors may see it. The agent charges the author for his services a commission of 10 per cent. on the royalties. For example, supposing an author receives from the manager 5 per cent. on the gross, and the weekly receipts are \$10,000, the author receives \$500 a week, minus \$50 per week which is the agent's share. It is easily seen that the business is profitable. The most

lucrative part, however, is not in placing new plays, but in leasing old ones to any of the thousand and one rural stock companies scattered all over the country. For example, the stock company at Evanston, Ill., is ambitious to present for one week James K. Hackett's old play, “The Crisis.” The manager finds what agent is handling the play (in this case Alice Kauser), opens negotiations, secures the MS. and puts the piece in rehearsal. There are hundreds of such plays, all by prominent authors, the first freshness of which has been taken off in the big cities, and which are now available for stock. The royalty paid varies from \$75 to \$100 a week. When a play has pictorial “paper” (colored scenes from the play for billing the town), it has a better chance of appealing to the stock manager.

The experiences of authors with their plays that actually occur far exceed in romantic and pathetic interest all the stories of fiction ever

written. A curious case came to the writer's knowledge the other day. A well-known dramatist wrote a play ten years ago. Every agent in New York had it on his books, but nothing came of it. Discouraged, the author withdrew the MS. from each agent in turn. Meantime, matters were going badly with the author. Money was tight, he was literally reduced to his last half dollar. He was contemplating nights' lodgings on the benches in the park when suddenly there came a tap on the door of his room. A



How the MSS. are kept



ELIZABETH MARBURY

messenger entered with a note. It was from the — theatre, and ran as follows: "Dear Mr.—. If you will send us by bearer the MS. of your play, we may be able to produce it at once." Two weeks later, the play was in rehearsal, and royalties of over \$100 a week were rolling in upon the surprised and delighted author.

The leading play brokers in New York City—the headquarters of the theatrical business—are Elizabeth Marbury, Alice Kauser, Sanger and Jordan, Selwyn & Co., Mrs. H. C. DeMille, Bellows and Gregory, and Samuel French & Son. Miss Marbury, the first, as we have said, to take up this novel occupation, became a play broker by accident. She had heard that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett had a half-formed idea of dramatizing her tremendously successful novel, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but did not know just how to go about bringing it to the attention of managers.

"I had an inspiration," said Miss Marbury. "I got a letter of introduction to Mrs. Burnett and offered to help her to have the play produced. She gave me her complete confidence in the matter, which greatly encouraged me. I saw the possibilities in the business, and immediately organized my bureau, which for the last sixteen years has been remarkably successful. I represent more foreign than American authors. That is chiefly because they are not on the spot to look after their interests. American authors need no other supervision, many of them dealing direct with their managers, as George Ade does."

Miss Marbury, for reasons largely sentimental, has a "corner" on all of Clyde Fitch's new plays. In the early times of Mr. Fitch's bitter struggle for recognition, Miss Marbury held out the hand of encouragement. In fact, it was largely through her efforts that he secured a

hearing, for long after his initial success with "Beau Brummel" the managers would have nothing of him. But Miss Marbury believed in him and bulled the Fitch stock in the theatrical market. The playwright has not forgotten this, and turning a polite shoulder upon her younger rivals in the play agency field, he invariably replies: "Miss Marbury is my exclusive agent."

Miss Marbury is the American representative of the Paris agent for the Society of French Dramatic Authors, and most of the French plays secured for the American stage are negotiated through her. The royalties sent abroad each year by Miss Marbury to foreign authors amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Miss Marbury had the business of all Alexandre Dumas' later plays until his death, when his will forbade the production of any of his pieces which he had never seen produced. She also has represented in this country Sardou, Coppée, Sidney Grundy, Lavedan, Rostand, Hall Caine, and scores of other distinguished playwrights. How she managed to gain the confidence of the French authors is thus told in the *Paris Gaulois*:

"A type of the American woman of business, the woman of to-day, the new woman, but something over and above all, this is Miss Marbury. She is one whom Balzac would have added to his gallery of sympathetic characters. She is an intermediary between the dramatic authors of France, England and America and the theatrical managers of the last-named country. But an intermediary of the new kind, who has departed from the old method of making absolute sales of plays, and who has established the new and more advantageous system by which dramatists may reap a continuous benefit from their pieces, at the same time being assured of a fixed sum in advance of royalties as a security in case their work should fail to please the American public. From childhood she has always been fond of

the theatre, studying attentively the foreign artists who came to America. She gradually conceived the idea of mastering the different systems which might open to her a career in this line of business and came to the conclusion that it would first be necessary to revolutionize the method which until now has been adopted by the agents in negotiating with the dramatic authors of the old, and the theatrical managers of the new, world.

"Until then the authors had sold outright to a dramatic agent the exclusive right to produce their plays in America. The treaty once concluded, the plays were no longer their property, for the agent, now sole proprietor, leased his rights to the theatrical exploiters in America and gained largely by such transactions, making ten or

twelve times the initial price paid to the French authors. Miss Marbury's idea was to prove to our dramatists that it would be to their greater advantage not to lose control of their plays but to accept a royalty and a fixed sum in advance in case of a non-success. Encouraged by this idea the American woman left New York for Paris, where she knew no one, but where she hoped to find some one to whom she could explain her plan. Chance brought her into contact with M. Albert Carré, whose company at this moment was playing to crowded houses at the Vaudeville with 'Feu Toupinel.' Through M. Carré she met Alexandre Bisson, the author. To Bisson she presented her plan. He at first refused. She persisted. After a week he relented. 'Feu Toupinel' ('Mr. Wilkinson's Widows') was produced in America with immense success. Thereafter Miss Marbury brought over 'Sans Gêne' and other Sardou plays. Her profession



Walter C. Jordan of Sanger and Jordan



Archibald Selwyn of Selwyn & Co.



Edgar Selwyn of Selwyn & Co.



Mrs. H. C. de Mille

was established." Her business is chiefly with foreign authors.

Alice Kauser, whose office probably handles more plays than any other two agents together, learned the business as a stenographer in the employ of Miss Marbury. A Pole by birth, with natural intelligence, a command of foreign languages and a good general knowledge of literary and dramatic matters, Miss Kauser was well equipped for the peculiar calling she took to. The beginning, however, was by no means easy. She did not have the advantage of rich and influential friends like Miss Marbury. Her acquaintance in New York was very limited. She had to gain the confidence of authors and playwrights alike. She was ambitious to become a play agent, but she had to be a peripatetic one. She rented no office. In-

deed, as has been observed of men who have graven their names deep upon the wall of the world's record, her world was under her hat. It was not a Fifth Avenue creation, but it covered an active brain and level head, and sufficed. Thereafter, for some months, she called at the offices of prominent managers and told them she had been commissioned to place certain plays. Her genius of direction, the strong purpose in her gray, girlish eyes, won her audiences. Her grasp of the play, which constituted her merchandise, ensured the promise, and, what does not always follow, the performance of a reading. Eventually, she placed a play. It succeeded indifferently, but it did not fail. After a time she placed one that tickled the palate of the public. Then the girl rented an office. The office has survived. It evolved into a hive of play industry. It grew to be the home of the largest play selling business in the world. The former typewriter girl now has 100,000 plays stored away in her offices. She employs several stenographers of her own and an office staff of nine to handle the enormous business she has gradually built up since that humble start, a little less than ten years ago.

A woman agent who has appeared more recently in the field is Mrs. H. C. De Mille, widow of Belasco's old associate. Mrs. De Mille is the mother of William De Mille, author of "Strongheart," and Cecil De Mille, who has been starring in "Lord Chumley." Herself a playwright of some experience, Mrs. De

Mille is familiar with all the traditions of the stage. She has handsome offices at the Hudson Theatre and represents a number of authors. Like the other agents she has her specialty. As Miss Kauser concentrates upon the letting of successful plays for stock companies, and Miss Marbury converges her energies upon the output of foreign authors, Mrs. De Mille is focussing her powers upon the development of the new American author.

Walter C. Jordan

is a living refutation of the ancient assertion that there is no sentiment in business. The young member of the firm of Sanger and Jordan began his business career as a programme boy in the Broadway Theatre comparatively few years ago. The late Frank Sanger, then the lessee of the Broadway, noticed that the slim, black-eyed youngster handed out programmes with celerity and politeness. This fact impressed Mr. Sanger. When he needed a trusty office boy he promoted him. That was the remote beginning of the firm of Sanger and Jordan.

Another important firm of playbrokers are Selwyn & Co. Their specialty is melodrama for popular price houses, although they handle also a higher grade of plays. From their extensive list, the American, the Third Avenue, the New Star and the Metropolis Theatres (of New York) largely draw for their plays.

"The playbroker has grown to be an absolute necessity," said Archibald Selwyn. "With his advent has dawned the equitable business arrangement between playwright and producer, systematic collection of royalties and protection against piracy."

HENRY T. STEWART.



FOUR PRETTY BOUQUET GIRLS IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL"

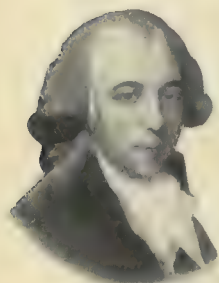


THE SOLDIER BOY CHORUS IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL"



Stage History of Famous Plays

*No. 2. THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL



Richard Brinsley Sheridan

OF the numberless times "The School for Scandal" has been given, no performance stands out with greater interest than its first night. The romantic relations existing between Sheridan and Miss Linley, a singer of beautiful presence and sweet disposition, had some while since ended in marriage; and the father-in-law's ire had begun to abate when he saw the impetuous young man as author of "The Rivals" (Jan. 17, 1775). The newly-wedded couple were poor, but, according to the custom

of the time, they flourished the while by giving soirées which were not paid for, and their prestige was counted of importance. Linley's confidence was entirely won by the time Sheridan conceived "The Duenna"; indeed, he composed some pretty music for it, with the result that the play had a run which exceeded that of "The Beggar's Opera," till then the most popular of pieces. Linley likewise wrote music for the lyric, "Here's to the Maid of Bashful Fifteen," sung by Sir Harry Bumper.

It was the year after Sheridan took the management of Drury Lane from Garrick, that "The School for Scandal" was performed. It had been long in the writing. Even in the final draft the parts were handed out piecemeal to the actors, and on the last sheet was scratched the expressive exclamation, "Finished at last, thank God! R. B. Sheridan," echoed with "Amen! W. Hawkins," the prompter of the theatre.

There is no doubt that before the scenes took final shape, Sheridan shifted his plot considerably. In names alone, we note his uncertainty. Sir Peter was to have been called Solomon; Charles at different times was to have been Clerimont, Florival, Captain Harry Plausible, Harry Pliant or Pliable, young Harrier, and even Frank. Now he was undecided whether to make Maria the daughter-in-law or niece of Lady Teazle; again he thought to have his motive centre around a scheming woman, intent solely upon separating two lovers. Finally, after many more changes, the plot shaped itself; the story of the Teazles and the Surfaces, as we now have it, began to grow.

The drama was ready for the evening of May 8, 1777, but it seems that a difficulty arose during the course of the day. The license was refused, since the practises of Moses, the money lender in the play, were much like those of one Hopkins, at that very time trying for the office of City Chamberlain, and therefore it was imputed to the comedy that it "was a seditious opposition to a court candidate." But through the efforts of Lord Hertford, who was Lord Chamberlain, and a friend of Sheridan's, the difficulties were soon removed.

Of the opening night and succeeding performances there is much to tell. Wherever Garrick gave his stamp of approval, interest was centred, and he was in the pit in all his glory. He had read the play, he had even attended a rehearsal, and further had written the prologue, to be spoken by Mr. King. The epilogue, composed by Coleman, was given to Mrs. Abington. And yet Garrick's enthusiasm was tempered, for he was inclined to view the scenes critically; he wrote, a few days after:

"A gentleman who is as mad as myself about ye school, remarked that the characters upon ye stage at ye falling of ye screen stand too long before they speak. I thought so, too, ye first night; he said it was ye same on ye 2nd and was remark'd by others; tho' they should be astonish'd and a little petrify'd, yet it may be carry'd to too great a length."

Returning home at about nine o'clock from Vinegar Yard to Brydges Street on this opening night of "The School for Scandal," Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, heard a most tremendous noise overhead, as he passed the theatre, and fearing for the safety of the building, he took to his heels. But on the morrow, he found that the noise was naught but the falling of the screen in the fourth act, "so violent and so tumultuous were the applause and laughter."

It is natural that the success of his play should result in much fun and banter at Sheridan's expense. At one performance, Cumberland, an austere critic of the time, occupied a stage box. Around him, the audience gave way to the enjoyment, yet he remained unmoved. "I am much surprised," he commented, "that the audience should laugh so immoderately at what could not make me smile." Hearing of this the next day, Sheridan exclaimed: "Lud! How ungrateful the man! for not smiling over my comedy! Not a fortnight ago, I went to a tragedy of his at Covent Garden, and laughed from the beginning to the end!"

On the evening after the first performance, Sheridan told Byron that he was knocked down, and taken to a watch-house, for raising a disturbance. Perhaps he had become a little too convivial, for it is recorded how, one night, he came to the theatre much the worse for wear, and rolled into the greenroom, calling out: "And who was it acted the old fellow, Sir Peter—what—d'—ye—call—'im?" "Mathews, sir," was the response. "Never let him play it again," came the maudlin command; "he looks like a pastry cook." The reply to this throws light on Sheridan the manager. "We are sorry," answered one of the company, "that we seldom see you here, Mr. Sheridan, and you never come but to find fault."

That the playwright, however, watched closely the capabilities of his actors may be realized by the following: He was at one time taken to task for not having introduced a love scene between Charles and Maria. "Gad!" he exclaimed, "I didn't do it because neither Mr. Smith nor Miss P. Hopkins [who played the parts] is an adept at stage love making."

The cast of the first performance is a notable one in many respects. In full, it stood: Sir Peter, Mr. King; Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. Yates; Joseph, Mr. Palmer; Charles, Mr. Smith; Crabtree, Mr. Parsons; Sir Benj. Backbite, Mr. Dodd; Rowley, Mr. Aickin; Moses, Mr. Baddeley; Trip, Mr. Lamash; Snake, Mr. Packer; Careless, Mr. Farren; Sir Harry Bumper, Mr. Gawdry; Lady Teazle, Mrs. Abington; Maria, Miss P. Hopkins; Lady Sneerwell, Miss Sherry; Mrs. Candour, Miss Pope.

It was only a few months after the first night—July, 1777—that Walpole, in a letter, declared that more parts were admirably acted in this play than in any other he had ever seen; indeed, that they quite equalled the drama in merit. King, the Sir Peter, never pleased Sheridan; neither did Wroughton nor Mathews, his successors. Smith the Charles Surface, was himself a polished man in real life. It was he who always stipulated with his managers that he should never be subjected to the indignity of blackening his face or of making his entrances and exits through a trap-door. He returned to the stage when seventy years of age, to play Charles at King's benefit. During the last act, Lady Teazle dropped her fan; the actors raced to pick it up, but Smith, despite stiff joints, got it ahead of the others, and with many elegant flourishes, returned it.

Palmer, the first Joseph, is chiefly remembered through Charles Lamb's portrait contained in the Elia essay. He wrote:



Otto Sarony Co.

EDWIN ARDEN

Edwin Arden, whose real name is Hubert Pendleton Smith, is a native of St. Louis, and his father was a military man. He ran away from home when he was fourteen, and after enduring many hardships became a cowboy on the plains. His stage debut was made with Thomas Keene whose daughter he married. He joined the Boston Museum Stock Company, playing with such artists as Clara Morris and Edwin Booth. Then he starred in the play "Eagle's Nest" written by himself. This was a success, but he lost all in another play called "Raglan's Way." Later, he acted in this country the rôle of Prince Metternich in "L'Aiglon," and more recently was seen as Lancelot in "Merely Mary Ann." He is seen here as *Louis Ipanoff* in "Fedora"



Schloss

MARY LAWTON

This is the young woman whose performance in the "Fires of St. John" at a student's matinee last January was highly praised by the critics. A later performance of Magda confirmed the impression that Miss Lawton has an exceptionally promising future on the stage. More recently, she has been seen as Magda in Boston. Previous to her appearance in the "Fires of St. John" Miss Lawton had never appeared in public—a fact which makes her success all the more remarkable.

"Its [the play's] hero, when Palmer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice—to express it in a word—the downright *acted* villainy of the part, so different from the pressure of conscious actual wickedness,—the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy—which made Jack so deservedly a favorite in that character, I must needs conclude the present generation of playgoers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. . . . John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious co-flatterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it."

Then—with some of the quaint Elia regret, Lamb shows how this conception has been changed: how Joseph must be painted so as to be hated, while Charles must be loved by the audience; how Sir Peter must be turned into a fretful old bachelor, where once his teasings, when King played, were meant for you as much as for the lady; in other words, the comedy must now be shorn

of its excessive levity. When he saw "The School for Scandal," Miss Farren had replaced Mrs. Abington.

It is not a new distinction that William Winter draws in respect to the manner in which Lady Teazle should be acted. Many before him had seen in Mrs. Abington's picture, the artificial fine lady, as they saw, in Dora Jordan, the combination of lady and country lass. Many will agree with Winter that such a mixture of manner relieves the comedy of "a glitter of frivolity . . . mellowed by an occasional touch of sincere feeling," and Miss Rehan's adherence to this idea would be wholly satisfactory, if she could obliterate the manner and tone of Shrew Katharine as well as the hint of a hoyden.

John Henry was the original Sir Peter in America (December 16, 1785). A few years thereafter, on the evening of November 24, 1789, a performance was given in New York city at a theatre on the north side of John street, not far from Broadway; Henry was in the cast. The building was small as well as rickety, and it held but three hundred persons. Yet everywhere excitement was evident, since President Washington was giving a theatre party. With him came the Governor of the State, foreign ministers, Senators from New Hampshire, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland and South Carolina—and some ladies. However great an honor it was to be one of the party, a certain gentleman who went was not to be blinded by flattery. In his account of the event, he accused "The School for Scandal" of being an "indecent representation before ladies of character and virtue"—a tone



ADELAIDE KEIM

Recently seen in Harlem at the head of her own company in a repertoire which includes "Heartsease," "The Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Hamlet," "Camille," etc. Miss Keim was formerly a member of Daniel Frohman's Stock Company. Later she appeared with E. H. Sothorn, and more recently she was at the head of the Proctor Stock Company for two seasons in Harlem. Last season she was at the head of the De Witt Stock Co. in Baltimore.

that somewhat balances the contrast of events, for the year that Sheridan produced his play, with all the glitter of society present, was likewise the year of Burgoyne's surrender.

Macready, the actor, could never see himself in the rôle of Charles Surface, and even his Joseph was not accounted brilliant. As early as 1819 he assumed the part with bare correctness; later two facts were sufficient as reasons for his non-success. He cut down the play to emphasize Joseph's rôle. Macready was fond of paring. In America, he dressed Joseph in a frock coat and trousers of his own day. Charles Kemble was accused of the same anachronism.

The cuts made to-day in the original text are those of the Augustin Daly version, first presented on January 20, 1891. William Winter thus epitomizes the changes:

"Innovations occur in it, which caused some distress to purists (meaning those scrupulous observers who insist on every feather of the Phoenix), but the changes impart to the comedy a certain piquant element of freshness. The stately minuet, introduced at Lady Sneerwell's house, to conclude act first, is one of those innovations, and the effect of it (whether the sword-dance be probable or not, as a social incident) is felicitous. The shifting of the movement in the house of Charles Surface, from a dining-room to a parlor, is another of those changes. An earlier practice,—for the usage has not been uniform,—was to present Charles and his friends at the dinner table, to introduce Moses and 'Mr. Premium' into their presence, and then to change to the picture room. In the Daly version, Charles and his guests enter a parlor, after dinner, to smoke and drink, and to listen to the singing of Sir Harry Bumper; and, as the portraits of Charles's ancestors are hanging on the walls of that room, the auction can occur there, and no change of scene is required. In his disposition of the characters during this episode of frolic, the expert manager made a picture

worthy of the pencil of Hogarth—a picture remarkable for its fidelity to life and to the profligate manners of Sheridan's time. The transpositions of text that occur in the first and second acts affect the actors more than they do the audience, and are not material. The omission of coarse lines,—such as the allusion to 'Miss Letitia Piper,'—is a gain. The condensation of the scandal episodes into one prominent scene brings all the tattle at once, and the excision of its coarseness does not mar its dramatic utility."

Laurence Hutton considered W. R. Blake the greatest Sir Peter ever seen in America; others, John Gilbert. For over a quarter of a century, we find this rôle closely identified with those two names, as well as with Fischer, Placide, Walcot and Mark Smith. It is useless to contrast the merits of these players; each person has a conception of the comedy's tone, and the present Sir Peters and Lady Teazles will be judged accordingly. It does not throw much light upon the art of Charlotte Cushman or any others, to say that her Lady Teazle was too austere, that Mrs. John Drew gave a zest to the scenes; that Adelaide Neilson created sympathy by her inherent sweetness, and that Fanny

Davenport showed spirit and humor. The many casts contain representatives of nearly all our actor families.

Sheridan has been accused of plagiarizing; critics turn to "Le Misanthrope" and "Tartuffe" and draw analogies; others point to Wycherley and Congreve, where scandal scenes are to be found. Where else, these critics ask themselves, did Sheridan get the ideas of Sir Benjamin Backbite's epigrammatic readings save from "Précieuses Ridicules," "Femmes Savantes," and "Le Misanthrope." So, too, would Taine take from him all rights to originality—cleverness, forsooth, and brilliant fireworks, but a poacher of the first water. Still the play is one of the few English comedies that has held the stage by any other reason than mere antiquarian interest.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



ALICE LONNON
Leading woman with E. S. Willard



GROUP OF FILIPINOS, MALE AND FEMALE, ON EXHIBITION AT LUNA PARK



As Constance in Browning's "In a Balcony"

Eleanor Robson—From Débutante to Star

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 40)

IT was only a few years ago—eight, to be exact—that a slim, blue-eyed girl with an oddly full forehead started on a journey across the American continent to the continent's wonderland, California. She was unaccompanied.

It was a commonplace journey, in its way, to everyone but the little girl with the blue eyes and full forehead. In her wondering vision it was an unparalleled journey, like that of "Alice in Wonderland," a classic, by the way, which constituted her standard of literature at that time. She had been graduated from the convent school at Fort Wadsworth a few weeks before. She and her mother were, as she phrased it, "alone in this country," and her mother was playing in San Francisco.

Obviously the little girl ought to be with her mother, but how could it be arranged?

It is a long way from New York to San Francisco for a girl just out of a convent school, and, besides, the trip is expensive. The girl in the convent had learned that dollars which some-

times form silver pathways to the land of our desires may also form, through lack of them, a hard, high barrier, shutting us out from that country. How could the prosaic problem be solved?

Madge Carr Cook, the mother, puzzled over it some time, then presented it for solution to Timothy D. Frawley, her manager, and director of the Frawley Stock Company at the Columbia Theatre. They needed someone to play small parts, Mr. Frawley said, parts that didn't matter much, but like a cipher, helped to give significance to the others—filling in parts, they might

be called. He would arrange to transport the youngster from Staten Island to Golden Gate, and she might try the parts. Whereupon Madge Carr Cook sent a joyous telegram, which brought this answer:

"But, Mamma dear, I don't want to go on the stage. I am going to be an artist."

A maternal letter or two hastily written on both sides of the paper and even written across in places, convinced the young woman that a compromise was necessary. She must put aside all thought of her brushes, or rather, she might bring her brushes with her. Mother cunning suggested the sentence, "You know the scenery of California is famous. Artists come here from the old world to paint it." So the girl kissed all the black-robed sisters at the convent and set forth on her journey to the State of two seasons. If she had any novel notions of a new womanly independence or self-reliance swelling within her they were set aside by

a maternal telegram received an hour before her departure:

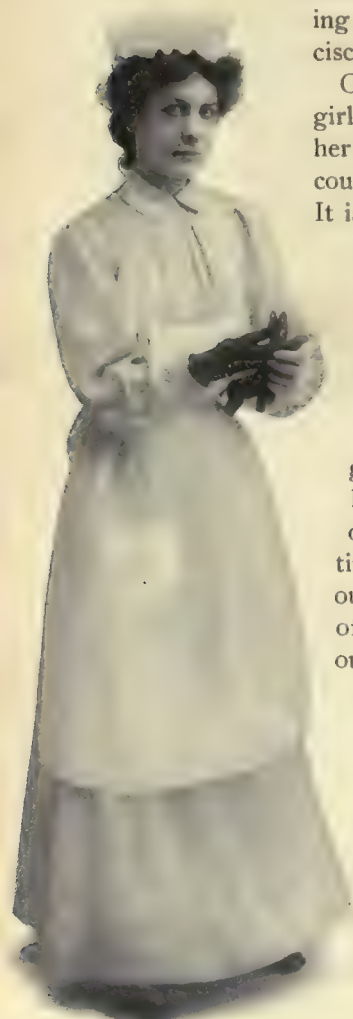
"You have been placed in charge of the conductors all along the route."

In short-skirted, pig-tailed subservience to the last conductor on the route the young traveler made her appearance at the Oakland ferry. The conductor solemnly made her over to the matronly arms of Madge Carr Cook, who hurried her off to rehearsal.

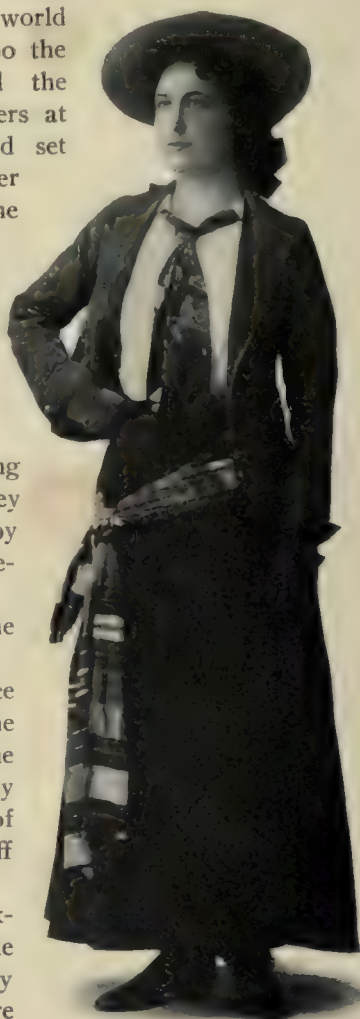
"You must begin at once, dear," she explained breathlessly on the ferry, while the girl stared wonderingly at the city towering on its abrupt hills. "They are



In "Audrey"



In "Merely Mary Ann"



In "Arizona"

putting on 'Men and Women' next week and I will coach you in your part on the street car."

On the next Monday the girl played Margery Knox in the Belasco-DeMille drama, and to the surprise of everyone, herself most of all, played it well.

She took up the story of her career at this point herself, in the dainty green and white drawing-room of her suite at the Atlanta Apartments.

"I made my debut on the thirteenth of September, 1897," she said. "Thirteen has always been my lucky number. There are thirteen letters in my name. I began, then, a season of thirteen weeks, in which we appeared in thirteen plays.

"It was a strong company, with Maxine Elliott and Frank Worthing, Harry Corson Clark, Blanche Bates, Gladys Wallis and my mother as associates. It happened that Miss Wallis was ill after I had been with the company a few weeks and I took her place. We went to Honolulu, where we put on thirteen plays in two weeks. Then we returned and made a tour of the Pacific and some of the inter-mountain States. The five months of travel, that somewhat bored those accustomed to it, was like one long, beautiful fairy story to me. When the tour was over I went to Milwaukee to join the Salisbury Stock Company, and that summer I spent with the stock company at Elitch's Gardens. I went back to the Salisbury Company in Milwaukee the next season, rounding out two years of stock work, in which I played 150 parts. It was a splendid schooling for me. I played Sue and Jane Eyre, Fanchon, Lavender in 'Sweet Lavender,' Kitty Ives in 'The Wife,' Carey in 'Alabama,' Bess Van Buren in 'The Charity Ball,' Meg in 'Lady Bountiful,' Louise in 'The Two Orphans,' Jennie in 'Shenandoah,' and Susan in 'Held by the Enemy.'

"My chance to leave stock came in a curious way. A Chicago critic who had seen me in 'Sue' while I was playing in Milwaukee was kind enough to say in his column, 'That girl will be heard from.' I was very much obliged to him, but did not suppose he would ever think of me again, yet it happened that he was in the office of Mr. Kirke La Shelle when Mr. La Shelle was making up his 'Arizona' company for the New York production. 'Do you know anyone who could play Bonita?' he asked. 'Yes,' replied the critic, and he told him of having seen me in 'Sue.' It happened also that Mr. Frawley, while talking with Mr. La Shelle about the production, said: 'I used to have a girl in my company who could play that part.' Mr. La Shelle comparing notes, and prompting Mr. Frawley's memory as to names a little, found that the manager from San Francisco and the critic from Chicago were recommending the same girl. He telegraphed me an offer on their recommendation. I joined the company while it was still playing at the Grand Opera House in Chicago, Olive May having left for another engagement, and came with it to New York."

The interviewer recalled Bonita's ingenuous scene with the side combs in "Arizona."

"O yes," she laughed—Miss Robson has a deliciously, fresh, girlish laugh, keyed a note or two below that to which our ears are habituated in New York, for hers is an English voice—"I loved that scene with the side combs. It was so real, exactly what a real girl would do."

It was suggested that she might have evolved some of that pretty comedy "business" herself.

"Oh, no. Not a bit of it," she replied. Her honesty was engaging. "You see the play had been going on for months. The business had all been evolved and settled for me.



Copyright, Frank Scott Clark

ELEANOR ROBSON IN PRIVATE LIFE

"After I had been playing Bonita eleven weeks, I was engaged by Liebler & Co. to play Flossie Williams in 'Unleavened Bread.' It was a delightful part, and I was so sorry that the play did not please the public better. In my opinion it was a few years ahead of the taste theatrical. Now that George Bernard Shaw has so caught American fancy, and one sort of psychological play is so popular, I believe 'Unleavened Bread' would succeed."

Miss Robson paused here, not for the effort of recollection, as an older actress might, but because she was perhaps realizing anew, what has been so often the marvel of the green-room, the swiftness of her ascent in the scale of success.

"In the spring of that season we played some special matinées of Browning's 'In a Balcony.' I had read little blank verse and knew almost nothing of elocution, and Mrs. Le Moyne helped me a great deal to an understanding of Browning, who, you



McIntosh
As Juliet

know, is not easily understood. It was a very generous and immensely helpful act. Mr. Skinner, too, helped me. I owe a great deal to them, not alone for whatever was my measure of success in the part of Constance, but for the impetus the rendition of the part gave to my career and its help as a study.

"The next season and the next I was Kyrle Bellew's leading woman, playing Mlle. De La Vire in 'A Gentleman of France.' Then came 'Audrey,' in which I played the title rôle. In the spring of that season Liebler & Co. proved their faith in me to the extent of presenting me with an all-star cast in 'Romeo and Juliet.' It was a faith I did not share. I do not believe I shall ever be a great Juliet. I have the Saxon temperament. Juliet was essentially a Latin, and it requires much of the Latin temperament to simulate her romantic love. I had never seen Juliet played. I had to rely upon my conception of her character from many readings of the play, and here again I must record a debt of deep gratitude. This time it was to Eben Plympton, for he helped me much toward a proper reading and understanding.

"I had been seriously ill. We had had to close 'Audrey' because my physician said I would be a nervous wreck if I continued playing, but the production of 'Romeo and Juliet' had been announced. Something had to be done. I went to the country and studied the part in bed. I subsisted on tea for two days before we opened. My recollections of Juliet, you see, are not rosy, and yet the critics were kind. I should like to play it again and justify their good words of me."

And now we had reached "Merely Mary Ann," the vehicle of Miss Robson's success in London and New York, the Zangwill play. Her blue eyes brightened at the name.

"I owe much to Mr. Zangwill," she said. "I love Mary Ann. She seemed to belong to me. I had wanted to play her when I read the book, and I had nursed and coddled and helped develop her until she seemed as it were a child of mine."

We analyzed Mary Ann a bit.

"The critics have doubted whether, in six years, she could develop from a dirty little slavey to a fashionable and cultured woman, as the plays shows her in the last act. I think it possible. A girl of twelve who is sent away to school develops marvelously by the time she is eighteen," she said. "Mary was eighteen and eager to learn, all the strength of her nature bent upon the task. It is reasonable that she would have developed even more satisfactorily than a younger girl with none of her determined purpose."

Did Miss Robson think the real Mary Ann would forgive the insult offered the slavey, and after her social evolution marry the man who had offered it?

"Mary Ann was a simple soul," she said, "and simple souls easily forgive."

The young star had enjoyed playing Kate Hardcastle in the short special production of "She Stoops to Conquer," but—did the interviewer think Kate Hardcastle should be made a boisterous character? The star did not.

She smiled as a pleased child would while she talked of her

plans for the summer. She would rest at the seashore for a few weeks and then go abroad. "I want to do what I have never succeeded in doing before—get into the Théâtre Français and have a look at it," she said.

The look in her eyes bespoke the devotee. The bump of veneration on her shapely young head would delight an exploring phrenologist. This young actress would journey as far as the Crusaders marched to bow before a theatrical shrine.

The veneration of the stage is in her blood, the spirit of tradition dwells in her veins. She is of the third generation of actresses in her family. Evelyn Cameron, an English actress, who played with Macready, was her grandmother. Madge Carr Cook, the star of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is her mother and chosen comrade and preceptor.

"My mother is of the greatest help possible to me," she said. "I rehearse my parts with her and she often stops me and says: 'Your idea is right, and you have interpreted it to yourself. But you would not make that point clear to the audience as you are playing now. You must elaborate. You must do more with it.' And I invariably heed her advice. We keep our apartment here always as a refuge from travel for us both, and it is a time of thanksgiving when we both happen to be here at once. My own tastes are very domestic.

I should really have been a creature of the hearth instead of a wanderer doing penance in hot cars or bad hotels."

"Next season we will go on tour with 'Merely Mary Ann,' coming back to New York to open in a new play in December. I do not know what it will be. All is mystery and uncertainty on the managerial horizon. I hope it will be a play with a real girl doing the real things of life."

"As?"

"I suppose there must always be a love affair for the girl to make her interesting." Miss Robson's weary little gesture of impatience indicated that for her there are sentiments and emotions transcending the eternal erotic. "But there are problems in life even for a girl. She might be placed at the beginning of two paths and there could be a conflict, which to choose. She might be the central figure in some heart tragedy that is going on between her father and mother. It can be written, I assure you, the good girl play, and I should like to have a chance to appear in it."

An hour with Eleanor Robson leaves the lasting memory of a full, straight forehead jutting over frank, thoughtful eyes, as a smooth, straight rock hangs over twin, clear, blue pools; of hair soft and brown as autumn leaves, with the first fall of snow upon them, a trick which nature has played somewhat cruelly upon this girl; and of a voice like a rich-toned bell ringing this last gracious sentiment:

"I am very grateful for everything." It was her explanation of her brief and almost phenomenally successful career. "If I were to die to-day I should ask them to use for my epitaph these words from 'Merely Mary Ann,' because they are so fitting. Lancelot says: 'Everybody seems good to you,' and Mary Ann answers: 'Yes, sir. Everybody.'"

ADA PATTERSON.



Burr McIntosh

CHARLOTTE WALKER

This interesting young actress, who was lately with James K. Hackett, is now leading woman with the Columbia Theatre Stock Company, Washington, D. C.



THE FANTASTIC SPECTACLE "A YANKEE CIRCUS ON MARS," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME

The Hippodrome stage is the largest in the world, and only a faint idea of its real size is conveyed by these pictures. It is 110 feet deep and 200 wide, and 500 actors can appear on it with ease. The massive scenery, some of which weighs as much as 10 tons, is picked up bodily by a system of electric cranes which convey the pieces to and fro with no apparent effort. After the spectacular piece "A Yankee Circus on Mars" comes an aquatic performance. The platform sinks in and the stage is transformed into a vast tank filled with water through which "The Raiders" make their sensational plunge. The reservoir is 12 feet deep, and presents a realistic picture of a mountain torrent.



Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly

*Part II



Augustin Daly and his unique hat

THERE could be no stronger contrast than that between Mr. Daly's initial bow to the New York public as a theatrical manager, and his appearance in the same rôle ten years later, in the autumn of 1879. The forgetful theatre-goer was now paying homage in other dramatic temples, fashioned in some instances upon the Daly model, and had no seeming inclination to look up an old acquaintance who, after having apparently met his Waterloo, presented himself anew and under decidedly adverse circumstances. In other words, Augustin Daly was forgotten. The fastidious tastes of New York audiences, inspired and cultivated by Mr. Daly, acted now as a boomerang and impeded his own

way back to favor. His funds were low, his credit impaired, the obligations connected with the Fifth Avenue Theatre failure, which as yet he had had no opportunity to efface, counted strongly against him. He had neither the resources, nor the credit to duplicate at once his former triumphs, nor to present his plays in accordance with his own tastes and conceptions.

The house he had secured—Wood's old Museum—the name now changed to "Daly's Theatre," had never been regarded as first-class, and it took time to re-awaken the attention of the public. Everything, therefore, conspired towards another critical situation, and it would be

of prosperity. In view of his later triumphs it seems strange that these first few years should have been so disastrous for Mr. Daly. During the first season he produced ten plays: "Love's Young Dream," "Newport," "Divorce," "Wives," etc., etc., and his company included John Drew, Charles Fisher, William Davidge, George Parkes, Mrs. Gilbert, Charles Leclercq, Harry Lacy, Hart Conway, Ada Rehan, Helen Blythe, Catherine Lewis, May Fielding, Estelle Clayton, Isabelle Evesson, Fanny Morant, et al. But even with this fine company, disaster followed disaster. Those plays which were not total failures were only half-hearted successes, and ill luck continued until in desperation he took his company abroad as an advertisement, little dreaming at the time that the outcome would be an annual visit to Europe and a theatre in London bearing his own name.

The stars of Mr. Daly's old company—Agnes Ethel, Clara Morris, and Charles Coghlan—had gone over to A. M. Palmer, while Fanny Davenport began a starring tour at the time of the closing of the Fifth Avenue house. A new actress now appeared, however, who henceforth was to be the leading woman of the company. This was Ada Rehan.

Shortly before Mr. Daly took Wood's Museum he presented at the Olympic Theatre, in the early part of 1879, a version of the reigning Paris sensation, Zola's "L'Assommoir," with Charles Warner in the leading part. Emily Rigl played Virginia, and Maude Granger was the Gervaise. The rôle of Big Clemence was acted by Ada Rehan, then quite a young



Ada Rehan at the time she joined the Daly Company

an injustice to the memory of this courageous man to pass over the story of the single-handed struggle which Mr. Daly maintained at this time against public indifference, continuous failure and the marked antagonism of the press. Every play presented seemed doomed even before it had been produced. The audience never half-filled the house, and Mr. Daly was above resorting to the practice—commonly followed nowadays—of "papering" to give an impression

girl, and this was the first part played by that actress under Mr. Daly's management. She made an exceedingly favorable impression upon Mr. Daly, and, a few days later, when Miss Rigl had to retire from the cast on account of illness, he entrusted her with the part of Gervaise. This was, I think, her first appearance in New York. She was immediately engaged by Mr. Daly for the stock company he was organizing for his new theatre.



Sarony

ADA REHAN AS VIOLA



Copyright, Aimé Dupont

ADA REHAN AS PORTIA

*For Part I see THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for June, 1905

Miss Rehan belonged to a family long identified with the stage. Her sisters are Mrs. Oliver Doud Byron and Hattie Russell. Arthur Byron is her nephew. Her brother, Arthur Crehan, died a few years ago. Crehan was the family name, and Ada Rehan appeared originally in Philadelphia at the theatre managed by Mrs. John Drew. The signature of a letter, written by the younger woman, appeared to Mrs. Drew to be "Ada C. Rehan," and as such the actress was billed, a blunder which explains the origin of her stage name.

The young actress spent the greater part of the season previous to her appearance at Daly's, at the picturesque summer home of her brother-in-law, on the Jersey coast between Long Branch and Monmouth Beach. The situation of "Castle Byron" was then quite isolated. Miss Rehan, with whom a love for the sea is a ruling passion, gave herself up at this time wholly to its influence, keeping aloof from social amusements or other distraction. The solitary figure on the sands became a familiar one—gazing across the ocean, peering as it were into the unknown, seeking the answer to one vital question, the sole theme of her day dreams. What if, in mirage, the wondering girl had seen a picture of all that was to fit in between those days and these—the fulfillment of ambitions beyond her hopes, the joys, the triumphs, to the present—the same lonely figure looking back through the mist of years across distant waters from her bungalow home on the far-off British coast.

The young actress undoubtedly recognized the value of the opportunity at hand. Mr. Daly saw in Miss Rehan possibilities, gifts, of which she herself probably was ignorant, and which, had she not fallen into the hands of this inflexible disciplinarian, might never have reached their ultimate significance. Miss Rehan was sincere, ambitious, a hard worker. She realized that it rested with her to become a faithful, docile pupil. Applause or advancement did not turn her head. These things meant to her simply another step higher—that there was still much to learn and much arduous work necessary on her part. Mr. Daly gave to Miss Rehan every advantage essential to her advancement. One night he took her out of a cast in which she was playing a prominent part to witness the acting of Ellen Terry, for whom his own admiration was extreme—an incident not unaccompanied at the time by criticism. In the box one evening, after a charming bit of acting by Miss Rehan, an enthusiast exclaimed:

"A second Ellen Terry!"

Mr. Daly quickly frowned down this remark with an emphatic:

"No, not yet! Miss Rehan has a future; but the day is still far distant when she will merit such distinction."

It is little wonder that Mr. Daly and Miss Rehan should have become steadfast friends—she realizing the value of his interest and friendship, he appreciating her loyalty, devotion to duty, unselfishness, and even self-effacement at his command. In many instances Miss Rehan cheerfully allowed herself to be placed up or down on the program. These were characteristics as priceless from a managerial standpoint as Mr. Daly always said he had found exceptional during his theatrical experience.

It was not unusual for Mr. Daly in referring at home to some incident at the theatre to say: "Miss Rehan had her regulation weeping spell over her new part at rehearsal to-day." In spite of her endeavor to realize his interpretation of each new rôle, it always seemed to the actress that she was incapable of reaching his ideals.

Miss Rehan devoted her whole time to her art. She courteously, but firmly, declined all social attentions. There was a young Cræsus, of notable susceptibility for the latest stage favorite, who, through a mutual acquaintance, secured an introduction to the rising young actress, and permission to call at her hotel. But a continuous "not at home" finally discouraged the millionaire and turned his ardor in another direction, which led ultimately to the altar.

On the occasion of a pronounced success at Daly's, heralding a "turn of the tide," I was prevented from being present, and in my joy on reading in the morning papers unanimous eulogistic endorsement of the play and of Miss Rehan's acting, I wrote to congratulate both Mr. Daly and herself. Her answer expressed her happiness that justice had finally been done Mr. Daly, altogether ignoring, if not repudiating, her own share in the success. This was her first letter to me. That which came last from her, shortly after his death, forms a sorrowful counterpart in its pathetic conclusion:

"You who knew the man so well can understand something of my grief."

But it was long before the tide really turned. Mr. Daly presented plays of endless variety—light comedy, old comedy, drama, farce, musical pieces, etc.—all to no purpose. Those who did come to the performances were apathetic as a rule. There was always lacking that indefinable yet significant something in the air which, on a first night, betokens the endorsement of the public, the success of the play. On such occasions, at the end of the play, the pleased spectators seem loath to leave, arise slowly, half reluctantly, and in lingering groups discuss the performance as they move through the aisles and the foyer towards the exit. On these unfortunate first nights, Mr. Daly used to come round from the



Edith Kingdon (Mrs. George Gould)



James Lewis



Ada Rehan and John Drew in "The Squire."—Miss Rehan's first emotional part



George Clarke

stage to the front of the house and mingle among the moving audiences, to learn for himself the verdict of his patrons. He was too keen ever to misunderstand, or to permit himself any false hopes. He knew before the theatre became emptied what there was to face on the morrow and it was usually failure.

We—Mrs. Daly and the present writer—always remained in the background awaiting him until every one had gone, sometimes with his mother and brother, Judge J. F. Daly. And although fully convinced that the labor and strain of weeks had gone for naught, none but those who witnessed it can picture the change of expression, the tenderness with which he would turn to meet those whom he would have spared every care or anxiety. I was always a guest in the Daly home on these first nights, and even now I look back with a troubled heart to the memory of the distress one could not but feel, gladly as he would have borne the burden of it all alone. He would place Mrs. Daly and me in the carriage, remaining behind, as was his custom, to see that everything was as he would wish, not only behind the curtain but throughout the entire house, before he finally left the theatre in charge of the caretaker for the night, and shortly afterwards he would join us at home. And this home-coming was the harrowing part of it—to hear the front door shut, his weary footsteps coming closer, to know that there was nothing hopeful one might say, to go through a form of acting, speaking of things foreign to what we all

felt, to tell of this or that trifling incident of the evening, and yet to realize only the disappointment of it all. Then he would gradually cease any attempt to converse and grow silent and abstracted. We would go away and leave him, undisturbed. His busy brain was already planning the sweeping away all traces of the work just consummated, the building up of a new play to take the place of the failure. Worn out as he was from the physical and mental strain involved in staging one play after another, it would have been no wonder had he given up entirely in the belief that Fate was against him.

While matters were at their worst, a charming little play was presented. It was an adaptation from the German, and in it Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew had excellent parts. The piece was well received, and I felt, as I listened to unusual applause and hearty laughter, that at last Mr. Daly had won. But after we returned home I found him deeply dejected and, although one would always hesitate in obtruding upon Augustin Daly when in such a mood, I could not refrain from impetuously saying to him:

"Now, Mr. Daly, you are surely not going to look on the dark

side to-night! This play must be a success. It is charming. Wait until the papers come out in the morning and you will see!"

With an amused but sorrowful smile he put forth his hand, remonstrating with a deprecatory gesture.

"Well! are you through? I hope so, because if you say just one word more, I am going to take you up and throw you right out of that window. Now, good night, little friend; don't worry for me; leave all the burden for my broad shoulders."

This was not the only occasion on which he spoke to me of his "broad shoulders." It was well for him that he was built that way, and yet the cares of his life from which in one way or another he never seemed free were even at that time hastening the coming of the premature end.

The next morning the papers came out with the usual denunciatory criticisms, and the play lived the short life allotted to everything produced at Daly's. There is no denying the fact that bitter antagonism against Mr. Daly existed at this time among many writers on the press. It seemed as if they did not wish him to succeed. But after he had conquered, only to succumb under treatment which was as unjust as it was needless, one read (when the victim was past the reading of words, kindly or unkindly) an admission of how relentless pens had arrayed themselves against him, and one of these writers, while lauding "Augustin Daly's integrity of character and splendid force of will, etc." (at the moment of acknowledging wrongs

which had called up the exercise of these virtues) stopped to "wonder if it had been worth the fight after all."

Yes, even at the cost of precious years of his life, it had been worth while to Augustin Daly. If at any moment during these years of attack, trouble had come to any one of his enemies, it would have given him the greatest pleasure to have extended the hand of sympathy—not only to forgive, but to befriend in every sense of the word. Such was Mr. Daly's nature. I never heard him make an unkind remark of any person. I have seen on his face when reading these hostile criticisms an expression of anxiety, chagrin, perplexity. But the only time I ever heard him speak irritably was once when he exclaimed indignantly:

"My play was worth a column, even if it had to be adverse."

During these years of hardship, Mr. Daly had in mind one resolve known only to himself—the effacing his obligations of the Fifth Avenue Theatre failure. To have availed himself of the smallest advantage given him by the bankruptcy laws, to have considered a settlement on any basis less than payment of one hundred cents on each dollar, was impossible to him. One afternoon Mr. Daly and I left the house together, taking the



Otto Sarony Co.

AIMÉE ANGELES

Graceful dancer and clever comedienne who has made a hit as Schmalz's wife in "The Rollicking Girl"



"You will go for our sake"



The embezzlement discovered



Departure for America

ly he turned to me with an expression of inexpressible gladness, saying:

"I am happy to-day! What do you think? This morning I sent a cheque which means the end of my Fifth Avenue Theatre obligations."

This was the first intimation I had had, during an interval which meant severe self-denial under the most favorable circumstances, that he was accomplishing an extraordinary act, one which, it is safe to say, most men would have deferred until a more favorable period at least. At this very time, too, there were not lacking voices to assert that he meant to elude altogether the payment of his debts, simply because he had not come into the usual prominence given bankruptcy privileges.

His ill luck during these earlier years was not confined to New York. It accompanied him on his Summer traveling tour. A letter from St. Louis in 1881 says:

"The weather has been purgatorial this week—up to 102 in the shade—while business has been down as low as 43 (dollars) in the house!! There was quite a

same car, he to stop off at the theatre and I to go further down town. After a few moments' chat he lapsed into silence. Sudden-

unconscious humor, he adds:

"I don't like St. Louis!"

The season of 1883-4 opened with "Dollars and Sense," adapted by

Mr. Daly from the German. This was followed by "Boys and Girls," and shortly afterward by "728," "The Country Girl," and "Red Letter Nights." Business, however, was so unsatisfactory that Mr. Daly resolved to close his house on April 10 and undertake an unusual enterprise—and that was to take his company abroad.

"728" was the first play done in London, and concerning the reception he and his company received in the British metropolis he wrote me July 23:

"A very welcome letter came to me from your hand on my birthday. I don't think you meant to time it so charmingly, but a kinder destiny did so for you, and for me. I was rather low of spirit that day, for though the news was cabled home that my company had made a hit—the fact was suppressed that my play was not well received, owing to the prejudice which the prior performance of a very rascally version of the same story had created. Nevertheless the result of later presentations is gratifying. Though the audiences have been small, the entire performance has been well



William Faversham as the Squaw Man

plundering in our hotel yesterday. Mrs. Gilbert lost a pair of diamond earrings, Miss Rehan money, and another of our young ladies a lot of jewelry." Then, with

received. We draw the best people, but not enough of them. I fear I shall make a loss. But the entire scheme is a good advertisement, and will, I think, be of



Wynnegate and his son



The squaw saves Wynnegate's life



Wynnegate tells his Indian wife he cannot desert her

SCENES IN "THE SQUAW MAN" IN WHICH WILLIAM FAVERSHAM WILL APPEAR NEXT SEASON

Capt. Wynnegate is an English officer. His cousin embezzles money, and to conceal the fraud his wife (Selene Johnson) beseeches Wynnegate to leave England. He becomes a ranchman in America and marries an Indian girl (Mabel Morrison). The cousin dies and Wynnegate is summoned to London, the squaw wife shooting herself.

great advantage to me at home. I shall be so glad to get back to you all." Mr. Daly was a poor sailor, and his postscript adds: "I had a horrid passage across. Sick nearly the whole voyage."

The company returned to New York in the Fall, and re-opened at Daly's October 7 with a German comedy called "A Wooden Spoon." In this piece Otis Skinner and Edith Kingdon (now Mrs. George Gould) appeared for the first time as members of Mr. Daly's company. Miss Kingdon came under Mr. Daly's management after a correspondence, begun by the actress expressing her desire to join his company, while she was still playing at a theatre in Boston. Things were beginning to go rather smoothly with Mr. Daly just then. When he came home the night of her debut we were as usual discussing the play and the incidents of the evening when he interrupted with: "But how do you like my new girl?" Replying that the impression made was in her favor, we asked: "How does she please you?" He was in one of his very bright moods that night and he assured us laughingly:

"I? Oh, I like my new girl!" Miss Kingdon at that time was in very ordinary circumstances. She lived with her mother in a modest apartment in Brooklyn. She little thought in those days that she was to marry one of the richest men in the world. She was a woman of spotless reputation, and her beauty and talent speedily made her a favorite with the Daly audiences and a great future was predicted for her. But it is a question if she would ever have risen to great heights even under the training of Mr. Daly.

The rôle in which she appeared to greatest advantage was that of Margery Gwynne in "Love on Crutches," as an attractive independent young widow. An incident that occurred during a performance of this play resulted in permanently strained relations between Miss Rehan and Miss Kingdon. A special performance was given one afternoon, the receipts to be devoted to a charity. Madame de Cesnola and some friends interested in the charity sat in a stage box, provided with three huge bunches of roses for the three actresses in the play—Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Rehan and Miss

Kingdon. Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Rehan had received their flowers, and during the act which took place in the drawing-room of the young widow's home—the situation being chosen as most appropriate—a bunch of gorgeous roses was thrown in the direction of Miss Kingdon, who went on with her lines, taking no notice whatever of the compliment. Miss Rehan, in an undertone, urged her to pick up the flowers. Miss Kingdon declined, saying in a low voice, "No, they are for you." Finally, Miss Rehan, recognizing the discourtesy of allowing the roses to remain longer upon the floor, walked across the stage, picked them up and very gracefully presented them to her sister-actress who, putting forth her hand in emphatic protest, refused to receive them—thus placing Miss Rehan naturally in a very embarrassing position. Miss Rehan was unwilling to even seemingly appropriate an honor intended for another, yet she recognized the deference due to the feelings of those in the box. There was no alternative but to get rid of the flowers, and Miss Rehan



THE NEW WALDORF THEATRE, LONDON

This splendid playhouse, conceded to be one of the most luxuriantly appointed in the world, was erected in the British metropolis by American enterprise. It was opened recently under the direction of the Messrs. Shubert, with a season of Italian opera alternated by the appearance of Elconora Duse in her various rôles

did so by flinging them on a divan nearby. I believe that the two women never spoke again while members of the same company.

In the Summer following, Miss Kingdon, although presumably engaged to be married to Mr. George Gould, went abroad with Mr. Daly's company. Whether her concern for the matter connected with this side of the ocean became paramount or not, Miss Kingdon, through disregard of features conformable with Mr. Daly's rules, placed herself in a position to face his inexorable system of discipline, irrespective of persons. After the London engagement ended and the company reached Berlin, Miss Kingdon was informed that she was not to appear in the cast of "Love on Crutches," and that Miss Dreher would play the part of Margery Gwynne. Miss Kingdon, in her unwillingness to yield to the discipline, broke away from the company and took the next steamer for America. On reaching this side she was met by Mr. Gould, their marriage taking place at once.

(To be continued.) MARGARET HALL.



THE BOER WAR SPECTACLE AT BRIGHTON BEACH PARK

Sensational reproduction of the thrilling South African battle scenes with General Cronje and the thousand Boer and British heroes of the Transvaal



A Morning Fishing with Joseph Jefferson

By C. EDWIN BOOTH GROSSMANN

The following article is not only a vivid pen picture of the famous comedian, when away from the stage enjoying a favorite pastime, but has added interest from the fact that its author is the grandson of Edwin Booth, Jefferson's great contemporary.

IT is not my intention, even were it in my power, to write here of the art of Joseph Jefferson, but I have one memory of Mr. Jefferson which recalls one of my happiest experiences. In the far South, where the sky is a burning blue, with lazy buzzards forever circling high in the air, and tall palms sway in the languid breeze, here amid this tropical scenery, far from the cold

unrest of the North, the old actor was wont to spend his winters, and here it was one day that he asked me to go fishing.

My earliest recollection of Mr. Jefferson was when, quite a small boy, I was taken to a performance of



From a snapshot taken by the author
MR. JEFFERSON FISHING AT PALM BEACH

"Rip Van Winkle." After the curtain he came to the rear of the box and stooped down and kissed me. I remember being especially amazed by his long white beard, for he had not removed his "makeup."

I called on him at his Southern home and he cautiously led up to the subject of fishing—his favorite pastime next to painting, at which he was a true artist—and he asked, as though there were a chance that perhaps I was not so enthusiastic an angler: "Are you fond of fishing?"

On my answering in the affirmative, with a poor attempt to rival his own unbounded enthusiasm, a date was set for the following day, at nine o'clock sharp!

What a day it was! A trout fisherman might possibly have quarrelled with the brilliant sun, but no such anxieties troubled me. Glad with the joy of the bracing air and the tropical luxuriance of color, I was ready at the landing a full twenty minutes before nine. Exactly on the hour Mr. Jefferson appeared in his tricycle chair, and hailed me with a wave of his hand. He jumped out of the chair, agile as a boy, his face radiant and his blue eyes filled with the expectation of a good day's sport.

The little launch which was to carry us to the point where the lake flows into the sea, was ready, and as soon as we got ourselves and the lunch and fishing-tackle on board, we were off. Mr. Jefferson donned a many-pocketed fishing coat, and adjusted a checked kerchief under his wide-brimmed hat, which flapped gaily in the wind, and served to keep the burning sun from his neck. In order to get the full glory of the morning air we sat up on top of the launch. Presently Mr. Jefferson, who was busy tying on a new hook, looked up and said:

"Do you like fishing, my son?"

I answered that I was very fond of the sport.

"That's right! I'm very fond of it myself. I come out here every day."

Good or bad luck, it made no difference to him, he found a world of pleasure in the great out-of-doors.

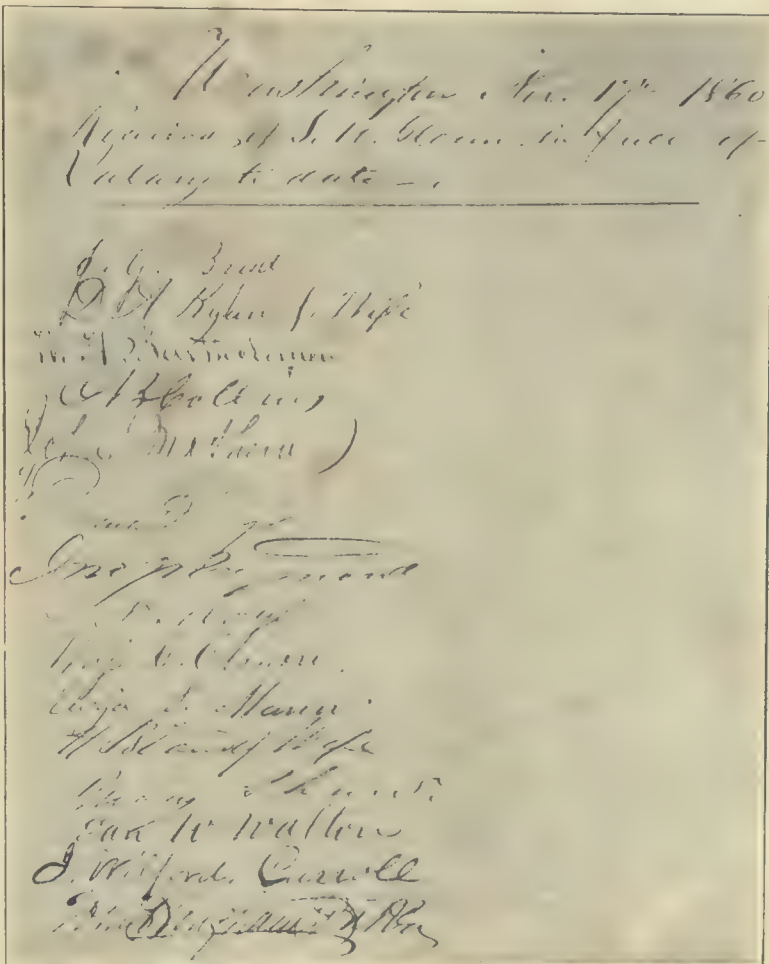
He sat in silence as we speeded through the blue water. Presently I approached him on the subject which was uppermost in my thoughts.

"Do you consider acting the highest form of art?" I asked. His answer was quick and emphatic.

"Oh, yes! Certainly, I do. Of course, there are plenty of people who deny that acting is an art, but I hold that it is a very high art. It is foolish to think otherwise. It may not be so much the art of production; but it's the art of reproduction—that's it! To be able to reproduce night after night the same emotions and effects that you portrayed the first night! Gracious, isn't that art?"

"Look at me!" he went on, while Billy, the skipper's mate, split open clams, "no matter how long I play a part—a hundred nights or a thousand—I must play that part exactly the same as the last performance as I did at the first. And how am I going to do that? It's all well enough to talk about inspiration of the moment, but suppose that doesn't come, and if I don't know how to bring about the same effect without the inspiration, where am I?"

By this time we had reached the end of the lake, and with the aid of the skipper, Billy brought around the small row boat to the side of the launch, holding it steady while Mr. Jefferson took his seat in the stern. Then we shoved off from the now anchored launch, and with strong strokes of the oars Billy rowed us into the middle of the narrow channel through which the



Receipts of members of the stock company for salaries during the week that Mr. Jefferson made his first appearance as Rip Van Winkle. Among others will be noticed the names of Mary Shaw, John Matthews and John T. Raymond

water from the lake rushed madly, foaming and seething as it met the roaring breakers on the beach beyond.

Now the sport began in earnest. The fish appeared to be ravenous, and one after another of the gamey fellows were landed in the net, and so we fished on hour after hour until the cool breeze and the work of playing and landing the fish, whetted our appetites. Reeling in our lines, we partook of the excellent luncheon prepared for us. Mr. Jefferson frequently remarked on the beauty of the scene.

"Beautiful color out there in the ocean," he said. "See those hazy clouds hanging low on the horizon; that's what I'd like to paint."

All his paintings are full of artistic feeling, and show a technical knowledge surprising in one who had never given his whole time to the art.

When we had finished our lunch we once more cast our lines; and almost immediately Mr. Jefferson's line went whizzing from the reel. He had hooked a red-snapper. He sat very quiet, playing the rod skillfully until presently the fish tired from his mad plunges and was landed in the net. Mr. Jefferson smiled with sweet satisfaction. The sport continued good during the afternoon, and the sky had begun to turn a pale saffron, when we once more regained the launch. Tired after the day's work, Mr. Jefferson sat back in his comfortable chair, saying little, absorbed in the wondrous beauty of the tropical sunset.

As we glided slowly up the lake, leaving a long strip of white in the deep blue of the water, drowsy pelicans flapped by on their way to roost, or a solitary heron disturbed from his perch high in a palmetto, sailed quietly from sight into the deeping orange of the evening sky.

Presently Mr. Jefferson commenced talking, half to himself; and as though inspired by the beauty of the approaching night. He said:

"I am a firm believer in the school of nature. The great open world offers everything to him who knows how to seek for knowledge; academies can not teach the artist.

"I am also strongly convinced," he went on, "in the power of the mind to overcome all obstacles; firmly believe that you can do a thing, and it is half accomplished."

It was natural that he should at length speak of my grandfather (Edwin Booth) who for many years cherished a loving friendship with Mr. Jefferson. It was good to hear him speak of him as he did; and he ended by saying:

"My gracious! it doesn't seem possible; why I knew your grandfather before he was married to your grand-

mother! How time does pass! Yes, Edwin Booth was a great actor; but a greater *man*."

So he talked on, recalling the years of the past with his wonderful memory. He spoke in a far-off voice, as though he were living again in the time gone by; and then his eyes seemed to be scanning the mysterious scroll of the future.

The short twilight passed away, leaving a rosy tinge about the edge of the blue dome of night, and one by one the diamond stars appeared, and we were home.

Mr. Jefferson removed his hat, allowing the breeze to blow through his thin locks and raising his face to the starry sky, said:

"I believe that some day we shall know all about those stars."

JEFFERSON'S DÉBUT AS RIP

The character of Rip Van Winkle, which Joseph Jefferson made peculiarly his own, was seen on the stage for the first time in Washington in 1829, the year Mr. Jefferson was born. A dramatization by J. Kerr of Washington Irving's quaint story, was presented at the "Washington Theatre" on Louisiana Avenue on Tuesday, March 17, of that year. Mr. Jefferson's grandfather and father were both managers of the theatre, and "Joe" made his first appearance on its boards when a child of about four years of age.

On Friday, March 4, 1831, J. H. Hackett played Rip at the same theatre in a version adapted by himself

from a piece played in London. It was not until 1860 that our Joseph Jefferson made his début as Rip. He also appeared in Washington, within the walls of the same theatre in which his grandfather and grandmother had played fifty years before.

In his autobiography Mr. Jefferson states that, while boarding at the foot of Pocono Mountain in Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1859, he resolved to play Rip Van Winkle. He then relates that in the seclusion of the barn he studied and rehearsed the part so that at the end of that summer he was prepared to perform it in Washington, he opening at Carusi's Hall under the management of John T. Raymond. Mr. Jefferson was in error regarding some of these statements. He did not appear in Washington at any time during the year 1859; the one theatre there was open only a portion of the year.

Mr. Jefferson first appeared as Rip at the Washington Theatre, Nov. 13, 1860. The house was crowded and the performance a tremendous success. But Mr. Jefferson was never satisfied with that version and had another re-written for him by Dion Boucicault.

A. I. MUDD.



WILLIAM BRAMWELL
As Capt. Barrington



SALLIE FISHER
Singing the prima donna rôle in "Sergeant Bruc" with Frank Daniels



JANE BURBY
Lately with May Irwin in "Mrs. Black Is Back"

Their Beginnings

Do those theatregoers who, each evening, applaud their favorite players, ever realize how hard was the way to success, how beset with all kinds of obstacles, which then seemed unsurmountable, the beginnings of those actors and actresses now at the very top of their profession? Almost every artist, who is to-day a star, has had to travel the hard road before attaining recognition and reward, and early adversity, while seemingly cruel, really proved their best friend, for it tempered and broadened their art. That they finally succeeded in spite of all difficulties shows that they were intended for the profession they chose. Obstacles, difficulties—these are only part of life's trying-out process. The fittest survive the ordeal and achieve fame; the others fall by the wayside. The recital of the experiences of the elect in the early days of their novitiate, when they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, but always buoyed up with the hope and ambition of one day "getting there," will undoubtedly prove of keen interest to our readers. We started this series last month with Blanche Bates, and this month that interesting actress, Blanche Walsh, describes her early experiences.

By **BLANCHE WALSH**

A FACTOR not unimportant in my "beginnings" is that I was born at 36 Mott Street. It has undergone an evolution since that time—which, to be frank, was just thirty-one years ago. It is the heart of the Chinese Quarter now. Then it was not "the heart of the aristocratic section," as persons hasten to tell us when they mention a birthplace that is out of the canon. Mott Street, I

judged from my information to have never been a center of exclusive social activities. Within was a comfortable home, a home of books and hospitality and an intense self-reliance. My father and mother were a devoted pair, yet each was a follower of the fine and necessary doctrine of independence. They went where they pleased and when they pleased, and neither asked any questions. Once my mother did venture outside her prerogatives, and when the governor reached home late one evening said, "Where have you been?"

"None of your business, my dear," the governor answered affectionately.

"You are quite right," my mother returned, and the incident closed.

Naturally in such a home I imbibed ideas of freedom and a respect for individual opinion. There was no lack of money in the home, no lack of family love, no lack of books and magazines and music, but there flowed and swirled around us in the old Sixth

Ward life in the raw—real life, natural life. I looked with childish eyes upon primitive nature, upon character without veneer or adornment, traits without polite extenuation. Maxim Gorky in his wanderings in Russia looked upon life with no more naked eyes than I who was born at 36 Mott Street.

I do not remember when I determined to become an actress. I believe that I drew it from my mother's milk. We know of no actors in the family, though perhaps a few generations ago there might have been one of the class Parlia-

ment described, in its enactment against them, as "rogues and vagabonds." What we do know is that my mother's father was an Austrian officer and his wife a Greek. They emigrated to America and bought a plantation on the Red River. After the war they removed to St. Louis. There my mother married. It is a curious fact that my mother was born when her mother was fifty-four years old, and my mother was thirty-four when I was born. Perhaps this accounts for a very mature will of my own.

I am discussing heredity somewhat because my mother was the most remarkable woman I have ever known. She is the only woman I know who was always dominated by her own reason. And others were dominated by it. She had a quiet way of getting everyone to do exactly what she wanted them to do without saying a word about it. She never said to me, "I want you to be an actress." I knew it without her saying so.

When I was two years old she began taking me to the theatre every night. Don't imagine me, please, sitting on my mother's knee. No, nor on my father's. I always had my own orchestra chair, between my mother's and my father's. Once my father, whose going-out-between-acts habit was a fixed one, came back after a trip to the lobby bringing a man he had gone to see with him. His

companion was a prominent politician, and the governor was anxious to pay him some marked attention. The house was crowded, and he desired the prominent politician to have a seat with us.

"Get up, Blanche, and give the gentleman your chair," he said.

I looked at him in scorn.

"I'll hold you on my lap," he said.

"I won't," said I.

"Your mother will hold you."

"This is my chair," I indignantly reminded him.

The politician fled to avoid the storm, and father never asked me to give up my seat



Blanche Walsh at the age of seven



At the age of 14



As Romeo



In "Aristocracy"



At the age of 17, when she made her debut

at the theatre again. I continued to occupy an orchestra seat, made higher by my father's folded overcoat until I had grown so tall that I no longer needed its assistance as a boost.

The plays always interested me. I never once went to sleep. I never even wanted to go to sleep. I can remember distinctly a play that I saw when I was seven years old. It was Charles Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend." My father doubted that I could remember a play I saw at that age, but Barton Hill corroborated my story. The play had been done when and where I said it was. I remembered with absolute distinctness a prison scene in the play and described it to him with absolute minuteness. I should certainly recommend to a mother who wanted her daughter to be an actress this plan of my own mother's of habituating her to the theatre from her infancy. It makes her an unconscious but careful student of the stage.

I graduated from the grammar school at thirteen and passed the examinations for normal college. The law required every pupil of the college to be fourteen. I fibbed about my age and was admitted, but the white lie was discovered and I was sent home to wait until I was fourteen. This offended me and I said, "I will never go back to school," and I never did. I studied with my mother and practically covered the normal college course in much less time than if I had gone to school.

While I was between thirteen and fifteen years old my father was warden of the Tombs, and we lived in the warden's stite in the gray old pile. Again I saw life in the raw—human nature unclad. The prisoners interested me, and they were all friendly to the warden's little girl. I remember seeing then a woman of the type of Maslova in "Resurrection." She was suffering from what they call in the Tombs and I believe outside, "DT's" (delirium tremens). I watched her while she was talking with the prison doctor, and at the time I did not know there was anything the matter with her, for she answered all his questions calmly. Every little while, however, she would pluck at her tongue with her fingers and say that there was a piece of wire in her mouth and that she could not get it out. Her efforts to reach it were pitiful. When she left the room the doctor told me she had delirium tremens. I recalled her when I studied Maslova. She was a part of that composite study.

One man, Smith, I saw the evening before he was executed. It was a sultry day and the sun was beating down hotly on the men who were building the gallows. We had strawberries and ice cream at dinner and I thought of Smith.

"I think Smith would like some of these," I said.

My mother said "Very well," and I carried a bowl of the cream and strawberries to him.

I sat beside him at the edge of his cot in the cell and watched him. When he had finished, I took the bowl and said, "Good night, Smith," and he said "Good night, Blanchie." I never saw Smith again.

There are pretty stories of my reciting childish poems to the prisoners. They are not true. Sometimes my proud governor asked me to recite for his friends who came to the Tombs, and I was glad to try my latest elocution stunt on them.

I was seventeen when my mother decided that I was ready to go on the stage. Jim Collier wanted to produce a dramatization of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and star me as Nydia, the blind girl. But my wise mother said "No. She must begin at the bottom of the ladder and work her way up."

Mr. Collier happened to speak to Louis James about me. Miss Marie Wainwright, who was to produce "The Winter's Tale" the next season, had commissioned him to find an Olivia for her. Miss Wainwright was abroad, but she had cabled from Europe, when she learned that Helen Bancroft had resigned because one of her costumes was an unbecoming color, "Get a young Olivia who looks the part, and doesn't know it all."

I called on Mr. James and he said: "How tall are you?" I told him. "How much do you weigh?" I informed him. "Have you had any experience?" "No, Mr. James." "All right. I'll engage you to play Olivia at thirty-five dollars a week." "Thank you, Mr. James."

Rehearsals began the next week. Miss Wainwright's daughters, May and Gertrude, girls of about my own age, one a little older, one younger, heard of the engagement of the new Olivia. They were anxious to see her, and were permitted to come to the first rehearsal.

"Why, she isn't an actress," they said. "She's only a girl."

Mr. James introduced me and we became friends at once. Between my scenes at rehearsals we went outside and sat on a bench behind the theatre and talked. The result of one of these conferences was that the girls got two new red dresses, exact duplicates of one of mine that they admired, and we used to walk down Broadway in all the glory of the three blazing dresses, and wandering passersby thought audibly that we were triplets.

I was with Miss Wainwright for three years. The second season my salary was raised to fifty dollars, and I played Queen Elizabeth to Miss Wainwright's Amy Robsart in New York. Bronson Howard, seeing me as the mature queen, wanted me to play a part in his "Aristocracy." When he met me at his office he didn't recognize me, and when my identity was proven he doubted very much whether I would suit. He feared I was too young. We finally overcame his doubts, and I was with "Aristocracy" for two years.

As a beginner I had no hard times, never was with a company that was stranded, never was without money. I always spent more than I earned, but my mother, who traveled with me, had an inexhaustible pocket-book, and I an immense "draw" on it.

The hard times came when I became a star and a partner, and was called upon for five thousand dollars sometimes when I hadn't five hundred. The hardest time was long after the beginning. It was my mother's ambition to see me in the Sardou pieces. She left us on May 15, 1898, a few weeks before I followed Fanny Davenport in the Sardou repertoire.

"You will always take me with you, Blanche?" she whispered before she went away.

"Always," I said, and I have.

Her ashes, in a silver urn, go with me everywhere.



NELLIE CALLAHAN
As Madge "In Old Kentucky"



Tonnele
MINNIE CHURCH
As Anner Liza in "Under Southern Skies"

The next article in this series will be by Jefferson de Angelis, who will give an interesting account of his stage beginnings.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

Juliet.—Q.—Has a souvenir book of "The Virginian" been issued? A.—Write Kirke La Shelle, Knickerbocker Theatre, this city. Q.—What play will Dustin Farnum have next year? A.—He will continue in "The Virginian." Q.—Is he married? A.—See answer to J. H.

N. B., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Will you print scenes from "Merely Mary Ann" and "Polly Primrose"? A.—See our January, 1904, issue. Q.—Is William Gillette booked for Hartford? A.—Has sailed for England. Q.—Where can I address a letter to H. Reeves Smith? A.—Care of Players' Club, Gramercy Park, this city. Q.—In what did Eleanor Robson play before "Merely Mary Ann"? A.—"Moths," Daniel Frawley Stock Company in San Francisco, in "Men and Women," stock company in Denver, in Arizona, "In a Balcony," "Unleavened Bread," "A Gentleman of France," "Audrey," Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," "Hearts Courageous." She will play "Merely Mary Ann" next season, commencing the following season with a new play in San Francisco. She played her first professional engagement on the Pacific Coast. Q.—In what is Maud Fealy now playing? A.—Now in London as leading woman with Sir Henry Irving.

H. W., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—With what company is Mrs. Dustin Farnum? A.—See answer to J. H. Q.—Was Mr. Ross prominent before he appeared in "Checkers"? A.—"Checkers" was the first time he came into prominence.

V. R.—Q.—When did you publish scenes from "Nancy Stair" and "Mlle. Marni"? A.—April, 1905, issue. Q.—Will you publish pictures of Buster Brown, Isadore Rush and Bettina Girard? A.—For Buster Brown see our March, 1905, issue; the others later, perhaps. Q.—Where are Helen Lord, Greta Risley, Carolyn Huestis, Jeanette Lowrie, Gretchen Lyons, Marion Field, Anna Stanton and Effie Ellsler playing? A.—It is impossible for us to locate them, except Effie Ellsler, who is at present residing in this city. Next season she will star in "Hazel Kirke."

B. E. N., Grand Rapids. Q.—Is the American School of Playwriting conducted by W. T. Price considered an institution of worth and merit? A.—The technical knowledge taught there is invaluable to the beginner. We recommend Mr. Price and his work most highly.

S. A. C., Hutchinson, Kan.—Q.—Will you publish scenes from "She Stoops to Conquer"? A.—See June, 1905, issue.

L. P. N., Troy, N. Y.—Q.—Will you publish scenes from "Rattles"? A.—See issue for November, 1903.

C. M. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—Q.—Have you published anything about Annie Irish? A.—See our November, 1904, issue.

Maude B., San Francisco.—See answer to J. H. Schram, New York. Q.—Will you give a brief outline of the theatrical career of William B. Mack? A.—William B. Mack was with Clay Clement's company in "The New Dominion" and "A Southern Gentleman" then with Walter Whiteside's company. He joined Mrs. Fiske in 1902 to play in "Mary of Magdala," then in "Hedda Gabler" and "Leah Kleschna."

A. T., Cleveland, O.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Percy Haswell and William Farnum? A.—We published pictures of Miss Haswell in our issues for May, December, 1903, and June, 1905.

A Reader, Wiedford, Md.—Q.—Will you publish pictures of Agnes Cain Brown and Elsie Janis? A.—We cannot say.

C. A. C., New Orleans, La.—Q.—Will you publish pictures of the people who played in "Romeo and Juliet" with Kyrle Bellew and Eleanor Robson a few years ago? A.—We published pictures of the principals in the May, 1902, issue.

F. J. W., Buffalo.—Q.—Who played Charles I. in Henrietta Crossman's production of "Mistress Nell" in 1901? A.—Paul Gilmore. Q.—Who played Orlando in Miss Crossman's revival of "As You Like It" in 1902? A.—Frederick Lewis. Q.—Who played the following parts in "Quo Vadis" respectively in the Herald Square production and the Whitney production at the New York Theatre in 1900? A.—

Petronius.....	(E. J. Morgan)	(Arthur Forrest)
Vinicius.....	(John Blair)	(Joseph Haworth)
Lygia.....	(Bijou Fernandez)	(Roselle Knot)
Eunice.....	(Grace Scott)	(Maude Fealy)
Nero.....	(Robert Fischer)	(Edmund Lyons)
Poppaea.....	(Minnie Monck)	(Alice Fischer)
Chilo Chilonides..	(Frank J. Currier)	(Horace Lewis)

C. A. C., Troy.—Q.—When did you publish pictures of "Piff, Paff, Pout," "Isle of Spice" and "The Maid and the Mummy"? A.—May and September, 1904. Q.—Are these plays booked for Troy? A.—It is very doubtful if any of these companies will visit Troy again this season, as the time has come for all to close their tour.

E. B. L., Yonkers.—Q.—Is Julia Marlowe of English or American birth? A.—She was born in England in 1870, left England when a child, made her debut as a star under R. E. Miles' management, season 1877, at New London, Conn., as Parthenia in "Ingomar." Q.—Can I secure a copy of "Ingomar"? A.—Yes, at S. French & Sons, 24 West 22d Street, city. Q.—Have souvenir books been published of the three Shakespearian plays produced this season by Miss Marlowe and E. H. Sothern? A.—Write to Charles Frohman, manager Empire Theatre, this city.

H. D., New York.—Q.—Is a Mary Manning edition of "Nancy Stair" published? A.—No. Q.—Will you publish an interview with Mary Manning and James K. Hackett? A.—See our issue for July, 1902.

S. M. H., New York.—Q.—Is the report true that Ethel Barrymore has consumption? A.—Miss Barrymore is in very delicate health and will spend the summer in Germany at a health resort, in an endeavor to build up.

"Actor Fiend."—Q.—Is Dustin Farnum going to appear in New York again in another play? A.—He will play "The Virginian" next season.

E. M. P., Columbus, O.—Q.—Where is the "Hoosier Girl" Company? A.—The company has closed. Q.—Where is "The Silver Slipper" Company? A.—It has closed. Q.—Will you publish a picture of Ethel Barrymore, Maxine Elliott and Kyrle Bellew? A.—See our issues for December, 1904, April, 1905, and June, 1905.

L. H., Waltham.—Q.—Is it true that Clara Morris has signed a contract to appear in vaudeville for ten weeks, under the management of Robert Grau? A.—Miss Morris has entered vaudeville for the second time.

She first appeared in vaudeville in Philadelphia May 10, 1897, at Gilmore's Auditorium. She reappeared in vaudeville at the Colonial Theatre this city, May 1.

F. A. G.—Q.—Where is Paul McAllister playing? A.—With Margaret Anglin Company.

L. M. Q.—What are Malcolm Williams' and Florence Reed's plans for the summer? A.—Managing a stock company in Worcester, Mass., for the summer. Q.—Where will Edwin Arden play this year? A.—He will not act this summer. Q.—What is his present address? A.—See answer to "E. L." Q.—Will Isabelle Evesson remain during the summer at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Stock Company? A.—We think so.

Odette.—Q.—Have you published interviews with William Gillette, Kyrle Bellew, Robert Edeson and Eleanor Robson? A.—Kyrle Bellew (June, 1902) and Robert Edeson (December, 1902). For Eleanor Robson, see our July issue. Q.—What is the name of a poem by Brooke that refers to Shakespeare's tragedy "Romeo and Juliet"? A.—We do not know. Q.—Can you give me the titles of a few good books that will help a student of the drama? A.—Read all of Shakespeare, Price's "Technique of the Drama," and all the standard and classic plays.

Q.—Where can I get plays such as "Frou-Frou," "Magda," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Christian," "The Sacrament of Judas," and "Merely Mary Ann"? A.—Some of the plays mentioned are private property and have never been published. Others you can get from Samuel French & Sons, 24 West 22d Street. Q.—What are the names of some good American and English magazines that deal with the stage and its people, and are illustrated? A.—Read THE THEATRE MAGAZINE; it's all you need.

Rex, Paterson, N. J.—Q.—Is Maude Adams' autograph printed? A.—Not for sale. Q.—Was Clara Bloodgood going to take the part of Miss Neville in "She Stoops to Conquer"? A.—Not that we know of. Q.—Is Maxine Elliott coming to New York? A.—Not this summer. Q.—Will Arnold Daly play in "You Never Can Tell" at the Harlem Opera House? A.—Not this season. Q.—If an actor or actress cannot appear and an understudy takes the place, is it mentioned on the program? A.—Seldom, if ever.

R. F., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—What is the address of Ned Weybourn? A.—Amsterdam Theatre, 42d Street, this city.

E. P.—Q.—Will you publish a short sketch of the life of Josef Hofmann? A.—Born in Poland, about 27 years ago. Came to America when he was nine years old, and made a sensation. Q.—Where was Guy Bates Post born? A.—Kansas City, Mo. Q.—In what did he play before "The Virginian"? A.—Mrs. James Brown Potter-Bellew combination, Daly's Theatre, this city, Otis Skinner; Marie Wainwright; Henderson Stock Company, in Chicago; "The Virginian"; and Major André.

J. H.—Q.—Was Dustin Farnum's wife on the stage? A.—His wife Gertrude Muir was on the stage until a few months ago. Illness compelled her to retire. Q.—When and where was he born? A.—In the West. Q.—When and in what did he first appear? A.—He first appeared on the stage with a repertoire company through Canada. Then went with "A Hoop of Gold," Margaret Mather's "Cymbeline" Company. That was his first regular engagement. Then with Blanche Walsh, Chauncey Olcott, "Arizona" and "The Virginian."

Kate Branham.—When we said that Marguerite Sylva was in Nice, the lady was then abroad. She returned to America only two weeks ago. After a short engagement in vaudeville, she will spend the summer at Lake Mahopac, N. Y. She returns to Paris and London in the Fall to study grand opera.

A Constant Reader, Natchez, Miss.—Q.—What is May Mackenzie's husband's name? A.—We do not know if she is married. Q.—To what managers should a person in search of a musical comedy engagement apply? A.—Henry Savage, Nixon and Zimmerman. F. C. Whitney, Shubert Bros., Fisher and Riley. Q.—Will you publish pictures of Miss Templeton? A.—See our August, 1904, issue.

Los Angeles.—Q.—Has Melbourne MacDowell the sole rights for the Sardou plays? A.—He acquired the rights to the Sardou plays through his late wife, Fanny Davenport, who purchased them from Sardou, but we are told that he has, since Miss Davenport's death, disposed of his rights. Q.—What is his birthplace and full name? A.—We do not know his birthplace. He was at one time a second mate on an Atlantic coaster. That is his right name. Q.—Will you publish a picture of him? A.—Perhaps.

F. McC., Denver, Colo.—Q.—Will "You Never Can Tell," "When We Dead Awake," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" and Sothern and Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet," be here this season? A.—It is possible that the Sothern-Marlowe combination may stop in your city on its way East from the Pacific Coast. The other productions will shortly close for the season. Q.—Have you published pictures of "Nancy Stair"? A.—See our April, 1905, issue.

D. F. A., Colorado.—Q.—When does Fritz Scheff's London engagement begin? A.—We do not know. Q.—Have you had an interview with her? A.—No. Q.—Is she an American? A.—No, German by birth.

H. S. H. Q.—When did you publish criticisms of "The Music Master," "The Virginian" and "The School for Husbands"? A.—November, 1904, February, 1904, and May, 1905.

S. L., Kansas City.—A.—See answer to J. H. Georgia C.—Q.—Has Dustin Farnum a summer engagement? A.—He does not play anywhere at the close of his present company.

Susie.—A.—See answer to Georgia C.

W. A. E., Los Angeles, Cal.—Q.—Are there any dramatic agencies in Chicago? A.—A. Milo Bennett; Henderson's Exchange, 67 South Clark Street; Hart Conway's College, 202 Michigan Boulevard. Q.—Can a position on the stage be bought? A.—No reputable person will obtain you such a position. Q.—Is Chicago a good place to start in? A.—Chicago is as good a city as any. Q.—What are the names of the stock companies in Chicago? A.—Chicago has no first-class stock company except the Columbus Theatre.

W. L. P.—Q.—When was "The Black Crook" produced at Niblo's Garden? A.—September 12, 1866. Q.—How long did it run? A.—"The Black Crook" had 475 performances on its first run (at Niblo's) ending January 4, 1868. Revived Dec. 12, 1870, and withdrawn after April 8, 1871—102 nights and 20 matinees. A third revival occurred Dec. 18, 1871, and had 57 performances. Again revived August 18, 1873, having had 120 performances. Revived March 7, 1883. Revived March 29, 1886. Was given at the Grand Opera House this city November 23, 1874, again at the Grand Opera House December 18, 1876, and May 14, 1883. At Haverly's Fourteenth St. Theatre, Nov. 13, 1883; at the Standard (now Manhattan) May 6, 1889; at Academy of Music, September 5, 1892, and had 306 consecutive performances. Also at the Academy of Music, August 14, 1893.



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F. M., Manhattan.—Q.—Who is the dramatic editor of the Brooklyn Eagle? A.—Mr. H. Ormsbee.
E. W., New York City.—Q.—What is the address of Frances Knight? A.—We do not know. Q.—What is the stage name of the wife of William J. Kelly, leading man at Proctor's 125th Street Theatre? A.—He is not married.

Rex, Paterson, N. J.—Q.—What is Mabel Taliaferro's summer address? A.—This city. Q.—Where can I buy genuine autographs of actors and actresses who will not give them away? A.—There is no such place that we know of. Q.—Will actors or actresses give away their photographs upon request? A.—Not to a stranger. Q.—When will Maxine Elliott return to New York? A.—Late in the fall. Q.—Will she stay in England through this summer? A.—Yes. Q.—What are the summer addresses of the following? Maude Adams (A.—London, England, this summer); Dorothy Donnelly (A.—Greenwich, Conn.); Ethel Barrymore (A.—German health resort); Mrs. Patrick Campbell (A.—Sailed for England, May 10); Mrs. Leslie Carter (A.—Shelter Island); Kyrle Bellew (A.—England); E. H. Sothern (A.—Long Island Sound); Arthur Byron (A.—Long Branch).

I. F. A., Taunton, Mass.—Q.—Have you published a picture of Grace Van Studdiford and scenes from "The Red Feather"? A.—Grace Van Studdiford, June, 1903. Q.—What is Grace Van Studdiford going to play in next season? A.—It has not been announced. Q.—What is the name of the wife of Dustin Farnum? A.—See answer to J. H.

Reader.—Q.—What is Maude Adams going to play next year? A.—Barrie's new play, "Peter Pan." Q.—What has been her greatest success? A.—Probably "The Little Minister." Q.—Who is the most popular actress in America? A.—It is entirely a matter of opinion. Q.—When will Maude Adams play in New York again? A.—She plays at the Empire in September. She will visit Mr. and Mrs. James Barrie in England this summer.

Q.—Have you published any scenes from Miss Adams' production of "Romeo and Juliet"? A.—No. Q.—Have you her picture in "The Pretty Sister of Jose"? A.—See our January, 1904, issue.

Devoted Admirer, Asbury Park, N. J.—Q.—When and where does the Marlowe and Sothern season close? A.—June 24, at Wheeling, W. Va. Q.—When was Miss Marlowe born? A.—In the Lake District of England in Cumberlandshire, eight miles from Keswick, in the village of Calbeck, August 17, 1870. Q.—Will you publish pictures of her as Ophelia and Beatrice? A.—Perhaps.

G. V. L., Mobile, Ala.—Q.—In what number is the photo of John Drew and his daughter? A.—March, 1904. Q.—With what company is Alexander Von Mitzel? A.—He is at Dayton, Ohio, in the summer stock company. Q.—When did you have pictures of Eleanor Barry, Harrison Hunter, W. H. Crompton and E. H. Sothern as Romeo? A.—Sothern, April, 1905.

M. F. B.—Q.—Will you print an article about "The Truth about Going in the Chorus"? A.—We may do so at some future time.

Providence Theatregoer.—Q.—Will you publish photographs of the Albee Stock Company of Providence and the Alcazar Theatre Stock Company, of San Francisco? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Have you published photographs of Malcolm Williams or Francis Byrne? A.—Not yet. Q.—Where is Francis Byrne playing at present? A.—We cannot tell you.

J. C. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Where is Miss Mildred Elaine, who played Sir Dashemoff Daily in the road company of "The Wizard of Oz"? A.—We do not know. Q.—Will Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe present "Macbeth" next season? A.—It is not announced. Q.—Is Mary Mannering booked for Brooklyn? A.—No. Q.—Have you for sale photographs (cabinet size) of Julia Marlowe and Maxine Elliott? If so, what is the cost? A.—\$0.35 apiece. Q.—Is Nat Goodwin the actor's right name? A.—Yes.

O. S.—Q.—Did Mrs. Leslie Carter ever play "Iris"? A.—No. Q.—Where is Miss Carrie Radcliffe? A.—She has retired and is living in Philadelphia. Q.—Will any THEATRE readers exchange programs with me?

Faithful Reader.—Q.—What are Edwin Arden's plans? A.—His plans for next season are not settled. After his present engagement in this city he retires to his country home. Q.—What was Drina de Wolfe's maiden name in full? A.—Drina Waters. Q.—Is there another sister, not on the stage, of Mabel and Edith Taliaferro? A.—No. Q.—When does Sothern-Marlowe tour close? A.—It closes June 24 at Wheeling, W. Va.

Bess.—Q.—Will you kindly give me the addresses of the following: Lotta Mitchell (A.—Lakewood, N. J.); Maggie Mitchell (A.—Long Branch); Arthur Hoops (A.—Player's Club, this city); Mabelle Gilman (A.—Actor's Society, this city); Wm. P. Cadelton (A.—Lamb's Club, city); Mildred Holland (A.—Closed her season April 30, and is now in this city); Nanette Comstock (A.—She is the wife of Frank Burbeck); Wm. Humphreys (A.—Resides in this city, at the Audubon House); H. Reeves Smith (A.—Lamb's Club, this city).

F. I. D., Essex Falls, N. J.—Q.—Where can I get a copy of "The Stoops to Conquer," and autograph pictures of the cast? A.—Samuel French & Sons, 24 W. 22d Street. You might address Messrs. Liebler & Co. for the pictures, but we doubt if you will succeed. See our June issue. Q.—When did you have pictures of Eleanor Robson and Kyrle Bellew? A.—Eleanor Robson, January-June, 1903, and April, 1904; Bellew, April, 1904. Have you published scenes of Maude Adams' production of "L'Aiglon"? A.—See our "Players' Gallery." Q.—Have you interviewed Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothern, Eleanor Robson and Kyrle Bellew? A.—See our issues for December and March, 1903, and June, 1902. Q.—Who is considered the best actor and actress on the American stage? A.—It is a matter of opinion.

A Subscriber, Phila., Pa. Q.—Have you had an interview with Otis Skinner? A.—January, 1904, issue. Q.—Will you publish photos of the Grand Opera stars and give short sketches of them? A.—See our issue for December, 1901. Q.—Will you publish pictures of artists off the stage? A.—We have often done so. See issue for July, 1904. Q.—Is Viola Allen married? A.—No.

M. D. M., Detroit, Mich.—Q.—Have you for sale a photograph of Julian D. Eltinge? A.—No. Q.—When is he booked for Detroit again? A.—We do not know. Q.—In what company is Elsie Janis playing? A.—"When We Were Forty-One" at the Wistaria Grove (N. Y.) Roof Garden.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Q.—Will you publish an interview with Ethel Barrymore? A.—See November, 1902, issue. Q.—How much are back numbers of THE THEATRE? A.—(1901) \$1.50; (1902) 75 cents; (1903) 50 cents; (1904) 35 cents; (1905) 25 cents.

E. H., Lynn, Mass.—Q.—Have you pictures of Sidney Ainsworth and Mary Boland for sale? A.—No. B. B., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Ada Rehan? A.—See February, April, 1904; and July, 1905, issues. Q.—Will you include Ada Rehan in your "Chats with Players"? A.—Perhaps.

A. M. Z., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Have you published the following pictures: Ethel Barrymore in "Carrots" (A.—November, 1902), in "Cousin Kate" (A.—December, 1903), E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King" (A.—November and December, 1901), Maude Adams in "Quality Street" (November, 1901), in "L'Aiglon" (A.—Player's Gallery and July, 1901), Mrs. Fiske in "Tess" (A.—June, 1903), in "Becky Sharp" (A.—September, 1904).

C. M. B., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Lillian Lawrence and White Whittlesey? A.—See our February, 1903, and November, 1901, issues.

J. H., Cincinnati, O.—Q.—At what date did an international dramatic copyright law between France and the U. S. go into effect? A.—The provisions of an International Copyright Law go into effect under proclamation of the President when he has made a special agreement with another country, or when he is satisfied that such foreign nation permits citizens of the United States of America the benefit of copyright on the same basis as its own citizens. The President's proclamation for various countries have been as follows: Belgium, France, Great Britain, her possessions, and Switzerland, July 1, 1891; Germany, April 15, 1892; Italy, Oct. 30, 1892; Denmark, May 8, 1893; Portugal, June 20, 1893; Spain, July 10, 1895; Mexico, Feb. 27, 1896; Chili, May 25, 1896; Costa Rica, Oct. 19, 1899; Netherlands and possessions, Nov. 20, 1899; Cuba, Nov. 17, 1903.

L. C. M.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Frank Green? A.—Perhaps. Q.—How can I get a photograph of him? A.—Write to Charles L. Ritzmann, 1169 Broadway, this city.

Calvin, Chicago, Ill.—Q.—When did you publish the following pictures? Richard Mansfield in "Old Heidelberg" (A.—Not yet), E. H. Sothern in "The Proud Prince" (A.—November, 1903), Maude Adams in "The Pretty Sister of José" (A.—January, 1904).

R. B. M., Sacramento, Cal.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Chauncey Olcott and scenes from "A Romance of Athlone"? A.—We have published several pictures of Chauncey Olcott.

Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Is Guy Bates Post the leading man in "The Heir to the Hoohah"? A.—Yes. Q.—Have you published pictures of him? A.—See March, 1904, issue. Q.—In what did Dustin Farnum play besides "The Virginian"? A.—See answer to J. H. Q.—Where can I obtain photographs of Dustin Farnum and his wife? A.—Pictures of Dustin Farnum can be obtained at this office.

Jonathan, Chicago, Ill.—Q.—When was the first number of THE THEATRE published? A.—May, 1901. Q.—Can I secure all the back numbers? A.—Yes. See answer to Buffalo, N. Y.

M. I. M., Germantown, Pa.—Q.—Will you publish a picture (in colors) of Ethel Barrymore as Sunday? A.—Perhaps.

A. K. M., New Haven, Ct.—Q.—What is Maude Adams' summer address? A.—Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island. She goes to London this summer.

Constant Reader, New Orleans, La.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Amelia Bingham and Doris Keene? A.—See our April and May issues.

E. L. H., St. Paul, Minn.—Q.—Where can I obtain a steel etching of the picture of Robert Mantell as Hamlet, which appeared in your January issue? A.—We doubt whether it is to be had. Q.—From whom can I purchase a steel etching of Booth as Hamlet and Barret as Cassius? A.—Write to Anderson Auction Co., 5 West 29th St.

J. E. T., Salt Lake City, Utah.—Q.—What are the prices of your photographs of leading American actresses? A.—35 cents apiece.

D. B., Omaha, Neb.—Q.—Can original pictures of actresses or actors be bought from Sarnoy, Byron and Falk? A.—Yes.

I. A., New Orleans, La.—Q.—Will you have a picture of Amelia Bingham (frontispiece), and also a picture of Doris Keene in "The Other Girl"? A.—See answer to "Constant Reader."

B., New York.—Q.—In what plays has William Courtenay appeared? A.—He was last in "Tribby" prior to that of "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" and "Iris." He is now managing a stock company in Albany, N. Y. Q.—When have you had scenes from "Arizona" and "Iris"? A.—"Iris," November, 1902. Q.—Is William Courtenay still engaged to Cecilia Loftus? A.—To our knowledge, he never was.

A Reader.—Q.—Does Edwin Arden own a house in 20th Street? A.—He resides in 20th Street when in this city. The house belongs to his wife. Q.—Why has he left Proctor's to go into vaudeville? A.—He left Proctor's for two reasons: first, the number of weeks he was originally engaged for had expired; secondly, he found the work twice a day too much for him. Q.—Did Henry Woodruff play in "The Climbers"? A.—No. Q.—Is he married? A.—No. Q.—Were either of these men in Augustin Daly's Stock Co.? A.—No.

Constant Reader, Brooklyn.—Q.—In what English or American magazine can one get English theatrical news? A.—The London Era has more theatrical news than any other newspaper published in England. Q.—What is Marie Tempest's name? A.—Mrs. Gordon Lennox? Q.—Will she come back to New York next winter? A.—Yes, in a new play, probably by Mrs. Robert Osborne and Haddon Chambers.

Providence Admirer.—Q.—Is Eleanor Robson the wife of Geo. Tyler? A.—Not to our knowledge. Q.—Who is Frank Mills, her leading man? A.—He is an American. He was one season the Spy in "Held by the Enemy" under Chas. Frohman's management. He then went to San Francisco. Returned to New York as leading man in "Men and Women." He was next the Jack Absolute in "The Rivals," next he appeared in "Poor Girls in New York"; then "Sowing the Wind," etc., with Mrs. Fiske in "Marie Deloche," "Divorçons," "A Doll's House," "The Light of St. Agnes." He was then for two years a member of the Lyceum Theatre this city. Then with Annie Russell and "Heart of Maryland." He then went to England and appeared with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Forbes Robertson and "Merely Mary Ann." Can not say what he will do next season.

J. B. H., Cincinnati, O.—Q.—Is W. T. Price, who is connected with the Fiskes, the author of "The Technique of the Drama"? A.—Yes. Q.—Can you recommend any good books to be used as text-books for an inexperienced playwright? A.—The book you mention is the best. Study also all the best plays.

C. M., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—When does Miss Grace Real's, in Proctor's 58th St. Theatre, contract expire? A.—She is engaged there for the summer season only.

A Subscriber, Springfield, Ill.—Q.—What is the address of the Chipper and the Dramatic Mirror? A.—47 West 28th St. and 121 West 42d St., this city, respectively. Q.—In what are Gertrude Quinlan and Lola LaFollette playing? A.—Gertrude Quinlan was last seen in "The College Widow."

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Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only and not exceed 500 words.

As to Stage Duels

INDIANAPOLIS, JUNE 10, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In commenting recently upon the Sothern-Marlowe production of "Romeo and Juliet," you spoke of Mr. Sothern's method of separating Mercutio and Tybalt by "shooing" them apart with his cloak, as being "new business." This "business" did not originate with Mr. Sothern. Kyrle Bellew used exactly the same "business" when he toured the country with the all-star revival of "Romeo and Juliet" in the spring of 1903. It struck me at the time that this method was not only inartistic but dangerous to Mercutio, since Tybalt is supposed to deliver the fatal thrust at the same time. Throwing the cloak before his eyes might cause his aim to be more deadly than intended.

In fact, on the night I witnessed the performance, Eben Plympton, who was playing Mercutio, was wounded in the right hand by John E. Kellard, who played Tybalt. As the wounded Mercutio was assisted off the stage by Benvolio, and was speaking his last lines, I noticed him look at his right hand, and shake it slightly. Not until the next day did the audience learn that Kellard's sword had accidentally given him a painful, though not serious, wound and that he was shaking the blood off on the stage, lest it might stain his rich costume.

In the same theatre (English's Opera House, Indianapolis) I once saw Kyrle Bellew exhibit commendable presence of mind. He was on a spring tour with Mary Mannering in "The Lady of Lyons." Claude Melnotte, in his duel with Damas, disarms the latter, but picks up his sword and restores it to him, suggesting that they go on with the duel. On this occasion, Bellew was a trifle too vigorous, for he wrenched the foil from the hand of Damas (Maclyn Arbuckle) with such force that it flew to the footlights—a distance of fifteen feet or more—and bounded over into the orchestra, striking the trombone player on the head. One quick, half-amused glance after the sword was the only sign Bellew gave of having noticed the accident. There was not a moment's hesitation. He laid the hilt of his own sword across his arm in the approved manner and offered it to Damas, at the same time gracefully and skilfully changing his lines so as to intimate vaguely that he would "procure another weapon," and they might continue the combat. Many in the audience who were not familiar with the play did not know that the loss of the sword had caused any discomfiture to the actors.

A. F. H.

Managers as Critics

NEW YORK, May 9, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

As an aspiring dramatist, who has yet to experience rejection at the hands of our theatrical managers, simply because his plays have not been offered to any of them, I want to thank Mr. Edward Fales Coward for the decided note of encouragement in his article in the May issue of your magazine. Truly, we cannot blame the managers. It is "business" not to buy a failure. But we could wish that those elected to pass on the merits of a play had what might be termed "intuitive dramatic perception." In this, judging from your article, they have been lamentably lacking. Business judgment is good. But every man should be qualified for his business. Letting good things go by is bad business. The only deduction left to us, then, is that the wrong men hold the reins of the dramatic stage coach. The horses are all right—the driver doesn't understand horses. I think dramatists can expect more at the hands of capable actors and actresses who have influence with managers.

As for the successes that have passed by managers—most of them are not plays, but "novelties," and as "novelties" they will not survive our days—perhaps not a season.

LAWRENCE FREDERIC DEUTZMAN.

Count Tilly's Skull

NEW YORK, May 31, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Speaking of Macbeth's castle, I admit the heterophemy of "Odessa" for "Prague." The

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Russian war news must have got on to my scribal nerves.

I hunted up Count Tilly's tomb in the ancient church at Ingolstadt-on-the-Danube myself. Nobody, not even the old Kirchner, had ever heard of him. Ingolstadt is a fine old relic, by the way. If you stop at the Hof the zimmer-madchen shows you to your chamber, takes away the candle and locks you in for the night. And in the old museum in Prague there certainly is—or was when I was there, a skull—said to have belonged to Count Tilly.

HAROLD MCCHESENEY.

Justice to the Press Agent

[From the Republican, Denver, Colo.]

An anonymous writer in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE has apparently solved the vexed question of the whyness of some of our stage folk who are admittedly poor at acting, but who have managed to achieve large reputations.

The writer says the press agent is at the bottom of it all. The press agent has made more stars than all the schools of acting or all the playwrights in the country. An agent gets up a clever story which appears in the newspapers and causes talk about an actor or actress, and behold!—the reputation of the player is made. Here is the press agent's list of the best stories that have made the reputations of certain stage folk in recent years:

The Milk Bath; The Infatuation of a King; The Fortune Won at the Races; The Divorce (all sorts and conditions); The Wearing of the Hair in Such a Manner as to Raise the Question of Whether a Music Hall Performer had Ears; The Suit Against a Merchant Who Had Exhibited in His Window Hosiery Named After a Production; The Society Recruit; The Theft of Diamonds; The Hair Breadth Escape From Death; The Fortune Won in Wall Street; The Relative of Royalty; The Suit of a Chorus Girl Against a Manager Alleged to Have Discharged Her for Alleged Lack of Beauty; The Strewing of a Street With Tan Bark Because a Certain Actress Was Too Nervous to Hear Street Noises, and a thousand and one other devices.

But the unfortunate part of it all is that the actors are never willing to give any credit to the inventive geniuses who make fame for them. They puff and preen and swagger about, as if they had won all their success instead of owing it to a hard-working and over-modest young man who has to sit up nights thinking of tales by which he can trap wary editors into giving his "star" a column.

Manifestly, the case is one for investigation. Instead of pothering about in beef trust and oil trust investigations, the president should set young Mr. Garfield at work investigating the infamous actors' trust that keeps down the deserving press agent. Affairs should be so regulated that, when a first-night audience howls for a star, the actor should appear, leading his press agent by the hand. The actor should then speak something as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen—thank you kindly, but I cannot accept your plaudits. Lavish them instead upon this young man—my press agent. It was this genius who invented the wonderful story about my snatching a child from the path of a way automobile; it was he who gave to the press that wonderful story about my daily bath in genuine Vermont maple syrup; and it was he who delighted you with those picturesque narratives of my rescue of the Czar of Russia from a Nihilist's bomb, my overthrow of a Japanese jiu-jitsu expert, and numerous other stories which have swelled my box office receipts."

Manifestly, it is time to do justice to the press agent. Without him and the stage carpenter, where would the American stage be to-day?

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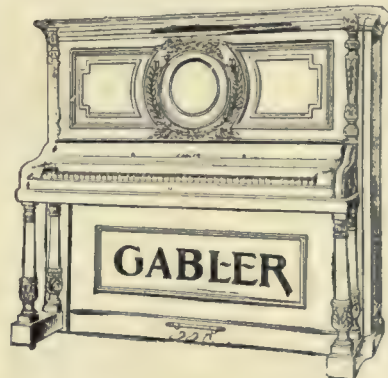
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DALLAS, TEXAS.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the May, 1905, number of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. Its artistic appearance and the good things between the covers make it a "thing of beauty and joy forever." It would be impossible to say too much in praise of your magazine. DANIEL G. FISHER.

400 W. Lawrence Ave.,
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Your impartial criticism and unsparing efforts to keep THE THEATRE MAGAZINE up to the high plane of its original standard make it a work of unequalled value to all who are interested either as theatre-goers or as professional actors in current stage topics.

A true friend of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE,
WM. D. CHENERY.

4 Pickett St.,
BEVERLY, MASS., June 7, 1905.

The bound volume of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for 1904 was received on the 4th inst. We are all well pleased with it and it is worthy of a place in any library. We shall enjoy many pleasant moments in referring to its pages for plays and their players. A. F. HASKELL.

NEW YORK CITY, June 14, 1905.

The portrait of Miss Robson on the cover of THE THEATRE is one of your most successful attempts at portraiture. It has the merit of being extremely like her, and will therefore be sure to be cherished by a good many persons.

A. E. LANCASTER.

At Proctor's

The Proctor Stock Company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre continues to do excellent work. A recent production was Henry Hamilton's four act drama entitled "Love's Young Dream." This piece was originally acted with considerable success at Wallack's Theatre under the title of "Harvest." At the Fifth Avenue we had the advantage of new and appropriate scenery, and the piece was capably acted by Katherine Grey, Frank Gillmore, Wallace Erskine, Helen Tracy, Harold Hartsell, Edmund Lyons and Grayce Scott.

At Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre, was seen a production of the powerful domestic drama, "Dora Thorne." This play is an adaptation of Bertha H. Clay's famous love story, of which millions of copies have been sold in all languages. Strangely enough, this novel has never before been dramatized, this being its first performance at any theatre. Miss Grace Reals was seen to advantage as the heroine and wore some beautiful gowns, while Mr. James Durkin, as the hero, added to his admirers by his magnetic personality. The cast included Miss Agnes Scott, Mr. Chas. Arthur, Mr. Wm. Norton, Mr. Robert Rogers, Miss Louise Mackintosh, Mr. George Howell and all the other favorites.

The Sunday concerts at Mr. Proctor's New York Theatres will run as usual throughout the Summer with the best All Star Vaudeville features.

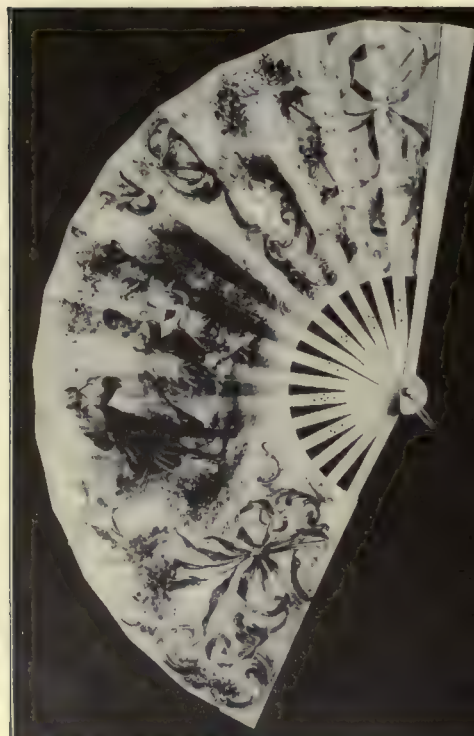
At the Twenty-third Street House were seen Dockstader's Tabloid Minstrels which is a condensed version of Dockstader's original minstrel show; Al. Shean and Chas. Warren in their comedy skit, which is a travesty on "Quo Vadis;" Chas. Guyer and Nellie O'Neill in a singing, dancing and acrobatic act; Billy Van, the well-known minstrel man, in a new and unique "turn;" Powell's Marionettes; Chas. Bradshaw and Co., in their comedy sketch, "Fix in a Fix;" Trans-Atlantic Four, America's leading quartette; Ellis-Nowlin Trio, acrobats, and a very interesting set of motion pictures.

At the West End Theatre

Eugenie Blair recently filled a three weeks' engagement in repertoire at the West End Theatre presenting "Sapho," "Camille," and the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." As Daudet's heroine, the actress was seen to advantage, but her performance of Mrs. Tanqueray fell short of expectations. Her supporting company was by no means up to the standard, and showed a lack of proper rehearsals, particularly on the opening night, many of the company not knowing their lines and carrying themselves on the stage like novices.

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ALBANY, N. Y.

(From Our Correspondent.)

ALBANY, N. Y., June 7.—Wall Street may have its stock season all year round, but Albany has to wait till Spring. Along with the hurdy-gurdies and fair graduates comes the Summer stock company. For the past four seasons Wm. Courtenay has been a fixture here and has, with his clever associates, given Albany some fine performances. The advent of this company is the signal for a packed opening performance, with flowers and speeches. All the old favorites are heartily welcomed back, while the new ones are critically compared with their predecessors. This year Mr. Courtenay has as leading woman Miss Grace Heyer, whose picture appeared in the June THEATRE. Miss Louise Drew, a favorite of other seasons, Miss Mabel Dixey, Louis Payne, Morgan Coman, Walter Walker and others complete this strong company. "A Fool and His Money," "Charley's Aunt," "The Professor's Love Story" and "The Altar of Friendship" have been given thus far, and the company seems to retain its strong popularity. F. F. Proctor at his local theatre has given us the best Summer company which has yet borne his name. With Ernest Hastings for leading man, William Lewers for juvenile, Herbert Ayling for characters, and the clever Allison Skipworth for leading woman, nothing should be lacking to continue the success which started with "Dorothy Vernon" and "The Henrietta."

M. Reis has leased the "Empire," long a white elephant on its manager's hands. Mr. Reis brings a fine reputation from Troy and other cities where he manages theatres, and will fill the stage with good attractions.

BALTIMORE, MD.

(From Our Correspondent.)

BALTIMORE, MD., June 15.—The popular season of Spring Opera was closed at the Academy of Music Saturday night by Grace Cameron and her company in the "French Maid." The performance was turned into a tribute to Maida Snyder, the charming young Baltimore actress who made her debut as a star several weeks ago at the same theatre. Miss Snyder occupied one of the balcony boxes, and during the first act threw a bouquet of roses to Miss Cameron. In the second act, after her "Dolly Dimples" song had been encored several times, Miss Cameron stepped up to the footlights and said that, as a tribute to her friend, Miss Snyder, she would sing "My Little Maid," which is dedicated to the young Baltimore star by the authors. As she did the chorus formed a pretty ensemble, each carrying a picture of Miss Snyder. During the encore that followed a magnificent bouquet of American beauty roses, tied with long streamers of red ribbon, and given by a number of Johns Hopkins University students who occupied the other boxes, was brought on the stage. One ribbon was weighted and thrown up to Miss Snyder, who pulled the flowers up amid a storm of applause. Miss Snyder will be featured in Klaw & Erlanger's production of the "White Cat" at the New Amsterdam Theatre, the coming season. KENNETH M. WISONG.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

(From Our Correspondent.)

CINCINNATI, OHIO, June 8.—Cincinnati theatres have all closed for the summer after a most satisfactory season. Manager Havlin of the Grand, secured some of the best attractions this year, and in consequence Cincinnati, which has long been known as a poor theatre city, has repaired its reputation. The Summer attractions are now in full blast, and the various parks are drawing the crowds away from the city. The Cincinnati Zoological Gardens opened the season with a two weeks' engagement of Creator's Italian Band. Ellery's Band, with Signor Furello, conductor, is being favorably received. Weber's Band, with Mrs. Blanch Mehaffy, soloist, was at Chester Park for a two weeks' engagement. The Chester Park Opera Co. open their season on June 18 with "The Belle of New York." J. B. HALL.

CLINTON, IOWA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

CLINTON, IOWA, June 8.—Manager Charles E. Dixon, of the Clinton theatre, is meeting with splendid success in New York booking attractions for Clinton for next season. Last week Mr. Dixon closed a contract with the manager of the Richard Mansfield company for a date, and Monday he booked "The Heir to the Hoorah." LILLIAN HULETT.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

(From Our Correspondent.)

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., June 1.—Some excellent companies have been playing in Colorado Springs. We have had Chauncey Olcott, Nat Goodwin, Dustin Farnum and other favorites. Many old-time cowboys were present to see "The Virginian," and Mr. Farnum has already established himself as a warm local favorite. Mr. Goodwin is also very popular here, and was well liked in "An American Citizen." HOMER B. SNYDER.

DENVER, COLO.

(From Our Correspondent.)

DENVER, COLO., June 10.—This week ends the season. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe are testing the capacity of the Broadway, while Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna" is at Elitch's Gardens. The month opened at the Broadway with "The Other Girl"; Nat Goodwin followed in the "Usurper" and revivals of "A Gilded Fool" and "An American Citizen." John Drew was here the week of May 11th, in the "Duke of Killcrankie" at the Tabor Grand, Chauncey Olcott in the "Romance of Athlone" and Florence Roberts in "Zaza," "Tess" and "Marta of the Lowlands" have filled the time. Margaret Anglin was here the first week in June. R. J. LEACH.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

(From Our Correspondent.)

EVANSVILLE, IND., June 10.—The parks are now in full swing, and as a result of the increasing hot weather, business is very good. All the attractions at Cook's Park continue to be well patronized. The Pony track is daily delighting the little folks. The Giant Circle Swing has proved a hit, and is very popular, as is also



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the Figure Eight. The Park Theatre is drawing large audiences at each performance as a consequence of the excellent bill which is being presented with weekly changes. Oak Summit Park has been enjoying immense business. The menagerie is still a drawing card, while the School of Mines and Riding Gallery are proving themselves favorites in the amusement line. The theatre is one of the finest in Indiana and the weekly bills presented here are unsurpassed. **ROBERT L. ODELL.**

FRESNO, CAL.

(From Our Correspondent.)

FRESNO, CAL., June 5.—Margaret Anglin, supported by an excellent company, made her second appearance here in the rôle of "Zira," and pleased an appreciative audience. Barney Bernard, the wonderful Hebrew impersonator, was here, presenting "The Financier" to a good house. Manager Barton announces an engagement with John Drew. It was hoped that Sothern and Marlowe would be persuaded to come to Fresno, but their bookings would not permit. **E. R. VAN BUREN.**

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

(From Our Correspondent.)

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., June 14.—With the coming of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in "Romeo and Juliet" June 21, Powers' theatre will close for the season. The "Ramona" Vaudeville theatre will continue to play attractions throughout the summer. The Ma-jestic and the Grand have been closed for several weeks. The hearty support extended to the various artists who participated in the "May Musical Festival" successfully establishes this as a regularly recurring annual event. Richard Carle gave the first performance of his "Mayor of Tokio" at Powers' theatre on June 2d. The richly humorous opera was received with marked enthusiasm. **J. FRANK QUINN.**

HAMILTON, CANADA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

HAMILTON, CANADA, June 10.—"Babes in Toyland" proved a worthy successor to the "Wizard." The Grand Opera House closed after this performance. When it is re-opened about August 29th patrons will find it practically a new theatre. It is to be rebuilt entirely. **C. W. BELL.**

LOUISVILLE, KY.

(From Our Correspondent.)

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 10.—The theatrical season came to a successful close with the performance of Lillian Russell in "Lady Teazle." Henrietta Crossman in "Mistress Nell" played here for one night to a capacity house. Fontaine Ferry Park has opened, and all the side-shows, loop-the-loops, scenic railways, etc., are in full blast. The main attraction is the large Vaudeville Theatre that the management has put up, and in which they offer all the high-class turns offered at Hopkins' their Winter theatre. The Jockey Club Park has started its regular band concerts with Duss "the millionaire band-leader," and his famous band of fifty. This park is one of the most popular Summer attractions in Louisville, and gets the best patronage in the city. **EDWARD EPSTEIN.**

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, June 13.—The Summer season at the Odeon was inaugurated Monday evening, June 12, when the Henderson Stock Company opened an engagement in repertoire. The Summer season will probably continue until the first of July. Riverside, Marshalltown's new amusement park, will be thrown open to the public June 25. Busby Brothers, owners and managers of the Odeon, have leased the newly erected theatre at Creston, Iowa, and will open it early in the Fall. **JOSEPH WHITACRE.**

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

(From Our Correspondent.)

MILWAUKEE, WIS., June 10.—Milwaukee has had some excellent companies here during the past month. There was Joe Weber's Stock Company, Richard Mansfield and his company, Richard Carle in "The Mayor of Tokio," a new musical farce, and E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean drama. The new Thanhouser Stock Co. includes many players well known on the Rialto: Comre Caldera, leading man, Evelyn Vaughn, leading woman, and David M. Hartford, Sheldon Lewis, DeWitt Jennings, Joseph Daley, A. H. Van Buren and Grace Rauworth. They will open the Academy of Music about July 10 for a long run of stock work.

Oscar F. Miller, manager of the Alhambra theatre, and one of the best known theatrical men in the West, died at his home in this city on June 1. Mr. Miller had many friends all over the country who will feel his loss. **C. W. HEAFFORD.**

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

(From Our Correspondent.)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 10.—At the Auditorium May 17, the Pittsburgh Orchestra, with Mme. Gadske as soloist, pleased a large audience. Mrs. Fiske was seen in "Leah Kleschna" May 18 to 20, and drew splendid houses. At the Metropolitan on May 18, we had the "Burgomaster" with a poor company and only fair business. The Minnesota Class play 27 written by Arthur Upson, highly esteemed as a poet in University literary circles, was applauded by two large houses. The season at the Metropolitan closed the week of June 11 with Grace Van Studdiford in "The Red Feather" and Sothern and Marlowe in repertoire. At the Bijou, melodrama has been the rule. The Ferris Stock Company since May 20 has been playing at the St. Paul Metropolitan. They re-opened here June 11 with "Francesca da Rimini" in a practically new theatre. **J. WILK.**

PITTSBURG, PA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

PITTSBURG, PA., June 10.—The past month marked the closing of all but two of Pittsburgh's theatres. The Summer light opera season at the Nixon began with the W. T. Carleton company in "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home." Thomas W. Ross, who was some years ago a popular member of the local stock company, delighted us in "Checkers." Very interesting, too, was the appearance of James K. Hackett in "The House of Silence." In Vaudeville Pittsburgh has been poorly served. The Rice children in their clever violin performance were thoroughly enjoyed, and the closing week at the

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Grand brought us dainty Olive May, supported by John Albaugh, in a clever sketch. On the afternoon of June 3d the Avenue Theatre was destroyed by fire. Fortunately the house had closed its doors for the Summer. This circumstance alone avoided a second Iroquois disaster for the building, built in 1857, was a veritable fire trap.

It is persistently rumored here that Mr. Belasco will enter the local field next season, and with Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Carter and David Warfield in prospect, playgoers are waiting for confirmation. HOWARD JOHNSTON.

PORTSMOUTH, O.

(From Our Correspondent.)

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO, June 1.—The Casino at Millbrook Park opened June 1 with "When We Were Twenty-One." Members of the company are Ella Duncan, Gordon Johnson, and Rena Sheridan. The theatrical season closed here with the Howard Dorset Co. The Grand Opera season was one of the best we have had since the opening of this house. It will re-open August 15 with Strauss' minstrels. H. A. LORBERG.

SAVANNAH, GA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

SAVANNAH, GA., June 10.—Savannah's amusement seekers now look to the Casino, which opened May 15 with the Frederic Mortimer Company presenting "At Saratoga." This company's visit was enjoyed by its audiences. After this came Guy Bros., minstrels, and later Allen and Delmain presented "Me and Jack." This was a good company which entertained its audiences.

ALLAN LIPSHUTZ.

SPOKANE, WASH.

(From Our Correspondent.)

SPOKANE, WASH., June 9.—Only one or two attractions are booked at the Spokane theatre between now and the end of the theatrical year, which has been a most successful one. Nat Goodwin appeared on May 22-23, in "The Usurper" and "A Gilded Fool." "The Red Feather" with Grace Van Studdiford in the leading rôle, was presented May 26-27. Chauncey Olcott in "A Romance of Athlone" was greeted with a large audience on June 8th. J. E. McWHORTER.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

(From Our Correspondent.)

TOLEDO, OHIO, June 13.—J. J. Rosenthal is in town. His talented wife Kathryn Oesterman is going to have her little comedy, "The Girl That Looks Like Me," put on at the Casino for one week. Charlotte Townsend, who is playing stock in Detroit, is also rehearsing for this production. Lew Fields closed the Valentine with "It Happened in Nordland." It did good business here. We have had all the good productions that were on the road. "The Sho-Gun" was as good as anything seen here. Kyrle Bellew and William Gillette had two of the best houses of the year. The Farm and Casino have opened, and both are putting on good vaudeville. Otto Klives is at the Casino for the Summer. The Farm bookings should make this year a most profitable one. HARRY S. DRAGO.

WACO, TEXAS.

(From Our Correspondent.)

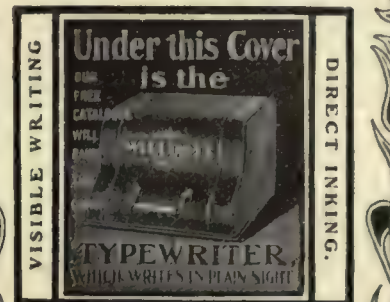
WACO, TEXAS, June 1.—Our regular theatrical season is now closed, but the West End, our Summer theatre, is enjoying good patronage. The plans for next season are full of promise. The Waco May music festival was a great success, special attractions being Miss Margery Frye and the Pittsburg Orchestra, conducted by Paur. L. H. BROWN.

A Cinematograph Drama in Paris

A few days ago a very curious scene was to be observed in a large hall in the outskirts of the city. A very realistic representation of a Roman amphitheatre filled the hall. Roman soldiers, crosses, and victims were all present in the arena. There were no spectators for this elaborate performance, the whole thing being arranged as a living picture to be perpetuated and spread abroad by the cinematograph. The victim, a real man, was fastened to the wooden cross; then the cinematograph stopped for a few minutes while a dummy figure was put in place of the previous living victim. Then real lions were admitted to the arena, who proceeded to tear the dummy figure in pieces. The observer of the cinematograph show will scarcely be able to detect any pause between the hanging of the victim in place and his being torn to pieces by lions, so that a real Parisian thrill will be obtained when this picture is flashed upon the screens.—The Tatler.

"Marlowe" Played by Graduates

Josephine Preston Peabody's play, "Marlowe," which was published in book form about three years ago, was played for the first time on June 19 and 20 at Radcliffe College, Cambridge. Miss Peabody was a student at Radcliffe and this first performance of her drama was given in celebration of the opening of the Auditorium in Elizabeth Cary Agassiz House, the new student's house given to Radcliffe by the friends of Mrs. Agassiz on her eightieth birthday, Dec. 5, 1902, and now just completed. The cast for this performance of "Marlowe" was composed of Radcliffe graduates and Harvard graduates and under graduates. The part of Marlowe was played by Prof. George P. Baker, of the Harvard English Department, and that of Gabriel Andrew by Mr. J. G. Hart. The proceeds will be used for the equipment of the Agassiz House.

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How Captain Kidd Captured the Summer Resort

Is a humorous hodge-podge by that very original young writer, Miss Helena Smith, whose clever skit "When Cupid Took a Flyer to Olympus," in a recent number attracted wide attention by its inimitable humor. The story is illustrated by a series of drawings by Miss Angie Breakspear.

The Grand Banker

Is the story of the incidents and accidents on a deep sea voyage in a fishing schooner off the banks of Newfoundland. The author is Dr. William S. Birge, not only a clever and brilliant writer but an enthusiastic sportsman.

The Last Days of Venice

It is a foregone conclusion that within the next quarter of a century Venice, sapped by the waters of the Adriatic, will have passed away. This article is illustrated by a series of remarkable photographs showing the ravages of crumbling foundations and sinking walls and the debris of the other historical monuments that have already fallen into irretrievable ruin.

The Mother of the Tenderloin

By Nina Marbourg, presents a phase of New York life comparatively unknown to the general public. It is the true story of the inside life of the precinct police station.

From Second Violin to the Conductor's Chair

Is a bit of autobiography told by Naham Franko, the young American violinist, who has been accorded the unique honor of leading grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House during the past opera season.

A special array of fiction, carefully selected poems, humor and the usual theatricals of the month. The BROADWAY MAGAZINE works along original lines. It has managed to find a way out of the beaten track. If you buy every other publication in the market you will still want to buy the BROADWAY, for its table of contents cannot be duplicated.

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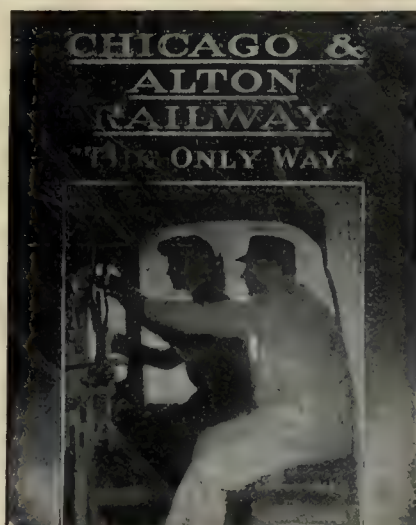
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THE THEATRE

VOL. V., No. 54

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1905

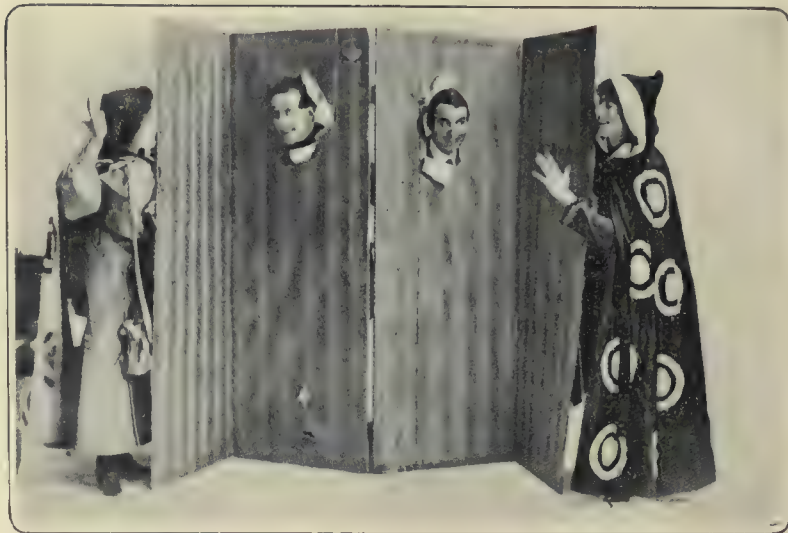
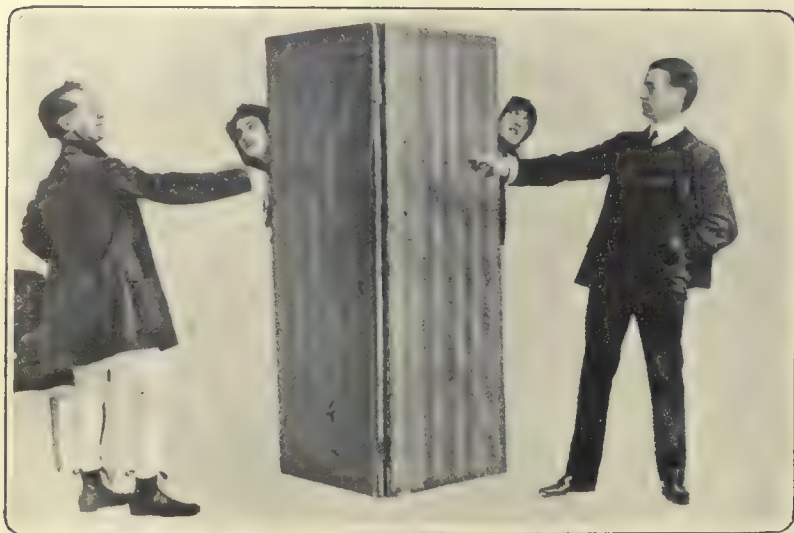
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



Photo by Burr McIntosh

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF ETHEL BARRYMORE

Who will be seen this coming season in a new play by James M. Barrie, entitled "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire." It is officially announced that Miss Barrymore will wed shortly Capt. Harry Graham, of the English Coldstream Guards. He is the second son of Sir Henry Graham, K.C.B., and now private secretary for Lord Rosebery



The screen scene in "The Earl and the Girl," to be produced at the Casino next month

PLAYS and PLAYERS

SOME of the preliminary announcements regarding next season's productions give promise of a more interesting theatrical year than might have been reasonably expected from the universal dearth of new plays. The first novelty will be "The Earl and the Girl," an English musical comedy, which will inaugurate the rebuilt and renovated Casino, August 28th, and about the same time Daly's will throw open its doors with another English musical comedy, entitled "The Catch of the Season." From that time on the first nighter will be kept busy. Harrison Grey Fiske has signed a contract with Bertha Kalich, who will be seen at the Manhattan in Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and other pieces of her repertoire. Richard Mansfield will produce Schiller's "Don Carlos." Olga Nethersole will be seen in Hervieu's much discussed play, "Le Dédale," and some time in November Sarah Bernhardt will make another American tour under the management of the Shuberts. Sir Henry Irving will also visit us in January for a farewell tour under the management of Charles Frohman. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will continue giving their splendid Shakespearian revivals, the plays being "Twelfth Night," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Gillette will be seen in a new play written by himself, entitled "Clarice." Mr. Belasco's plans are, as usual, wrapped in mystery. He will have under his direction six stars—Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, David Warfield, Robert Hilliard, Bertha Galland and Brandon Tynan. He has announced a new piece for Blanche Bates, for the production at the Belasco, in November, and it is understood that Mrs. Carter will continue in "Adrea." It is believed, however, that the magician of 42nd Street has several trump cards up his sleeve, one of these being a new play for Mrs. Carter, founded

on Robert Hichens' strange novel, "The Garden of Allah." It is surmised that the manager's recent trip to London was for the purpose of getting the consent of the English author to a Belasco stage version of the book. Mr. Hichens is known to be at work himself on a dramatization of the story, but Mr. Belasco wants a free hand in all his stage work, and any dramatization he produces must be made from his point of view, which, it must be admitted, is an amazingly successful one. Whether Mr. Belasco succeeded in his mission to Mr. Hichens is not known.

"The Garden of Allah" deals with the Desert, and recalls by its fine literary workmanship the master hand of a Loti or a Maupassant. It is an extraordinary mixture of religion and sensuality, and a casual perusal of the book might fail to reveal at once its suitability for stage purposes. It presents the waste of African sands in every possible aspect, and invests every incident of its life and appearance with spiritual meaning. It invites the soul to rest. Its mysteries fill the heart with obedience and humility. The religion of the Arab and that of the Cross dwell in its solitudes, while Faith and human passion are manifest at every hand. It affords abundant color and a great variety of character. There may be a play in the book, but there is practically no dramatic action until near the end. It is so largely psychological that it may be difficult to mould the story into such shape that the main action will be of absorbing interest for an entire evening. This main action, however, is dramatic enough. Domini Enfiliden, an English woman of gypsy descent, is restless in London society, and seeks the seclusion of the Desert. Her mother had abandoned her father for a lover, and both parents had died un-



From the Tatler
Scene in "The Prayer of the Sword" which James K. Hackett will present here this coming season.
This dramatic situation represents Scoria, the villain of the piece (Oscar Asche), attempting to stab the hero, Andrea. He is saved by Ilaria (Lily Brayton), who receives the poisoned dagger and dies

happily. She meets there Androvsky, a Russian by birth. He is a man of mystery, yet of strange magnetism. He hates contact with priests and shuns society. Domini is devout, yet she marries him. He finally confesses that he had spent years as a monk; that he had listened finally to the call of the world, and had fled from his order. For this he is abhorred by those who know his history. Domini has a struggle between her love for the man and her duty to Mother Church. She makes the sacrifice and persuades him to return to the Trappists. In the final chapter she is living amid the scenes of her experience with Androvsky, having found peace for herself and knowing happiness in her child. To dramatize religious emotion and the stern sense of duty will test dramatic skill. There are many picturesque characters in the book, largely episodic—Arabs, dancing girls, the native youth, Larbi, who plays the livelong day love songs on his flute; Count Anteoni, who dwells in a garden of enchanting loveliness; the hideous fortune teller, who divines the future from the sands; Batouch, the poet and servitor; the worshippers, with their ceaseless drums and prayer; the dervishes from Oumach; Hadji, who always loves; the camel drivers, French military officers, spahis galloping like mad, beggars with fierce importunities, and chieftains of the Desert. There are dramatic moments in the book, but its interest lies in the detail. It will be interesting to note how these details will be gathered together into a compact drama that will introduce to the stage an absolute novelty.

One does not hear so much about the Endowed Theatre these days. The National Art Theatre Society gives no sign of life; the millionaires still selfishly decline to part with their millions; the general public is stupidly indifferent to fine ideals. The pace set by the National Art Theatre Society to make propaganda was, of course, too swift to keep up, and there has followed a reaction which might look like inertia and discouragement. We are assured, however, by its officers that the campaign is still being vigorously pushed and financial and other committees being formed with favorable prospects of the programme laid down being ultimately realized. The real weakness in the proposition was that it offered nothing tangible. When the French monarchy first gave monetary assistance to the Comédie Française, Molière and his fellow players had been organized for years, giving notable performances. King Louis knew who he was giving the money to. He was reasonably sure that Molière would give at least as good performances with assistance as without it. The same with State-aided theatres everywhere. They existed and were successful, at least artistically, before they were helped financially. How can a millionaire be reasonably expected to build a theatre for something that exists only in theory? The most practical plan, perhaps, would have been to have leased a New York theatre for two or three years and then to have given

fine performances of fine plays. The initiators could then have argued thus: "We are giving splendid performances of real artistic and educational value, but it is a losing game. We cannot afford to go on without assistance." Then it would have been up to the millionaire. Julius Hopp and his Progressive Stage Society are on the right track with subscription performances. But the trouble here is that an ostensible art movement has been used to foster a political fad.



ROBERT HICHENS

Author of "The Garden of Allah," a remarkable novel of the African desert which is being dramatized for the stage



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BERTHA GALLAND

Who will star under the management of David Belasco next season. She will be seen first in "Kitty Bellairs" and later in a new play

One may be mistaken as to the right method of going to work to secure an Endowed Theatre for America, but there can be no doubt as to the soundness of the project itself. It will always be an ideal to be attained. The day will surely come when there will be in London, New York, Boston and other large cities at least one fine repertoire theatre conducted on the semi-educational plan of the splendid subsidized theatres of the Continent where the masterpieces can be regularly performed and new plays selected for production with a purpose higher than that of mere money getting and ensured against immediate monetary loss by liberal endowment. Some day our millionaires, either as a fad or really awakening to its value as an educator of public taste, will make such a theatre possible in New York just as they have made grand opera possible. It is no secret that Heinrich Conried's real ambition is to be not opera director, but manager of a noble playhouse on these lines, and he has himself given hints recently that several of the wealthy men now associated with him at the Metropolitan Opera House are ready to put him at the head of a repertory theatre, erected on a scale of such magnificence as this country has not yet seen. Americans want the

best, and it is freely predicted that a playhouse built like a palace, of marble, surrounded by gardens and fountains and luxuriously equipped with foyers, etc., would be a success from the start. Mr. Conried has a well prepared scheme for building a dual theatre—one part for grand opera; the other for drama—on a site already selected, and which may be the north end of Long Acre Square, or the 59th circle. It would be difficult to find a man better suited than Mr. Conried for the directorship of such a theatre. He is as familiar with the practical side of the stage as with its literature. He is a man of culture and fine literary taste. He has also remarkable executive ability and knows good acting when he sees it. More than this, he has proved his competence not only by his success as head of the most important opera house in the world, but by the high standard of his German performances at the Irving Place Theatre.

It is officially announced that the Actors' Fund—that splendid charitable organization which aids destitute players and buries those who die penniless, regardless of their being members of the Fund or not—is in a critical condition financially, and unless something is done it may be seriously impeded in its merciful work. The reason given is that the members of the theatrical profession do not support the Fund. It is a fact that out of 30,000 or more actors only about 700 can be found willing to pay the small dues of \$2.00 a year which gives them membership in the Fund. There are two causes for this. One is that the selfish actor reasons to himself that in case of misfortune the Fund will take care of him whether he is a member or not; the other is that the officers of the Fund have never made any determined effort to increase the membership. In another part of this issue we publish a letter from an actor who gives what seems to be a sane diagnosis of the malady from which the Fund is suffering. He complains that the executive is in the hands of a few managers, some of whom are not popular with the actors as a body and others who rarely attend the executive meetings. In France it is an actor—Constant Coquelin—who is president of the Actors Benevolent Association, not a manager, and the splendid home for actors opened recently in the suburbs of Paris was almost entirely due to M. Coquelin's personal efforts. Why should not

our leading actors also take an active interest in the administration of their Fund? If the present decline of interest in the

maintenance of the splendid charity is permitted to continue the result will be calamitous and disgraceful to the dramatic profession. The history of the Fund is filled with inspiring examples of unselfish labor in its behalf, and this spirit should not be permitted to die out. Of the many means that have been tried in order to procure resources, some that were highly successful at the time, may not perhaps be

used again. A great fair annually would perhaps be impracticable. It is not always easy to find the man with the executive ability and the willingness to undertake such an enterprise. The ten cent tax attached to the complimentary admissions to the theatres

is not wholly satisfactory from all points of view, nor can benefit performances be relied upon. There must be uniformity in the receipts of the Fund. The institution should not only be amply supplied with money, but it must have a constant endowment. The establishment of the Fund upon a permanent basis would represent the dignity of the American stage as an institution, and exert an influence toward its betterment that cannot be over estimated. Business methods prevail in the conduct of theatrical affairs everywhere except when it comes to the Fund. Actors, perhaps, are not business men, but the managers are supposed to be business men. They should devise a means for the maintenance of the Fund. A very small percentage retained from the salaries of the actors would cover the case. It need not be burdensome in amount. The result would be uniformity in the right to the benefits of the Fund. This method of raising the needed money would also relieve them of much waste

of energy in benefit performances which sometimes yield nothing. Unless the performance is so extraordinary as to attract the paying public, it is found that the actors themselves constitute, in large part, the audiences. It would be simplifying mat-

ters to have the profession attend to its own affairs without resort to the public. It is plain that something definite and business-like must be done.

Victorien Sardou has written to his agent in New York denying that the Society of French Dramatic Authors has entered into a contract with a dramatic association recently or-



Scene in "The Catch of the Season" which will be presented at Daly's next month



Morrison

GERTRUDE GHEEN

Gave an excellent performance of the rôle of Arsinoë in Mr. Mansfield's production of "The Misanthrope." Miss Gheen is a niece of Rear Admiral Gheen, U. S. N.



Scene in "The Catch of the Season"

ganized in this city under the direction of Victor Mapes for the purpose of presenting on the local stage "adequate adaptations of French plays." M. Sardou says:

"The Society of French Dramatic Authors has signed no contract with the association. Its rules give it neither the right nor power to sign anything, as the authors have the sole power to place their plays when and where they please. As for the one per cent. royalties, who, I wonder, could believe that any French dramatic author worthy the name would accept such terms?"

The New York concern referred to was fathered by M. de S  n  chal, a French gentleman who is associated with Mrs. de Mille's play bureau. He claimed to have an understanding with M. Paul Hervieu, M. Brieux and other prominent French dramatists by which the American association was to be given an option on all their new plays, which were to be produced in America on a co-operative plan, the public being invited to subscribe for shares and the dramatists also sharing in the profits in addition to receiving a royalty. The French authors are said to be eager to make such an arrangement for the reason that, while the American managers now in the market buy the rights to their plays, they often fail to produce them, thus depriving the French author of possible royalties. It is difficult to see, however, how this new scheme is going to help matters. Charles Frohman and other American buyers are fairly good judges as to what suits American audiences, and if they shelve a play after having paid for it, there is probably some good reason why. Take, for example, Octave Mirbeau's piece, "Business Is Business." The play made a sensation when produced in Paris, and it was immediately bought by Charles Frohman for America. Yet it was two years before Mr. Frohman produced it, and then the result was disappointing. The reason was that the character of the grasping money magnate suited M. F  raud  , the French actor, better than it suited our Mr. Crane, and the American version suffered in consequence. How can M. de S  n  chal, Mrs. de Mille, Victor Mapes, *et al.*, expect to be more successful? The play is the thing; not the manager who presents it.

Paul Armstrong, who suddenly sprang into fame as a playwright towards the end of last season with his successful "Heir to the Hoorah," had a hard fight before he was able to convince the managers. Says Mr. Armstrong:

"I have been writing plays ten years. I submitted the first one to the late Joseph Jefferson in 1898. I wrote him a note saying I believed I could write a play and had tried; would he mind reading it and telling me what he thought. He read it and told me. He believed I had the instinct and advised me to keep trying. One of the deepest regrets of my life is that he could not have seen the little play at the Hudson. I have worked all my life—toiled, fought, struggled. I have been laughed at, jeered, overlooked. For instance, I have done three plays—not counting the one now running. I won twice out of three times, but no one noticed."

Mr. Armstrong is thirty-six years old and looks older. He was born in a little village called Kidder, in the State of Missouri, and his boyhood was spent in Michigan. He left school at the age of 16 and did not begin writing until he was twenty-four.

Owing to the almost unbearable temperature, the metropolitan roof gardens during the past month have been crowded to their utmost capacity. In this respect the Harlemites are as fortunate as amusement seekers in the districts further down town. The Lion Palace Roof Garden, at Broadway and 110th Street, is very comfortable on hot nights and presents a program containing some excellent vaudeville acts. The place enjoys good patronage, and under the management of Messrs. C. Wilson and M. Boom promises to become a most popular resort.

We regret to announce the death of Albert E. Lancaster, a well-known dramatist, poet and critic, who has contributed several articles to this magazine. He had been ill for several months, following an attack of grippe, and he passed away at Montclair, N. J., where he had gone to recuperate. Mr. Lancaster was born in Philadelphia in 1841, and after a short experi-



Hall

AMY RICARD AS HILDA WANGEL IN "THE MASTER BUILDER"

Engaged by Mr. Fiske for the leading comedy r  le in "Mary and John." She has made three big metropolitan hits—as Tabitha in "Janice Meredith," the girl from Butte in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" and the athletic girl in "The College Widow." Last Spring, tiring of the monotony of a long run in light comedy, Miss Ricard took part in a special performance of Ibsen's play, "The Master Builder"

ence on newspapers in that city he came to New York and was for some time associated with the New York *Herald* as literary and dramatic critic. Fifteen years ago he severed his connection with daily journalism to become a free lance. He wrote books, poems, essays and plays without number, and all with equal facility and brilliancy. The late A. M. Palmer produced his drama "Conscience," Marie Wainwright presented his "Daughters of Eve," and quite recently his dramatization of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" was done at Proctor's. This was his favorite play, and, written several years ago, had been offered in vain to other managers. Finally Mr. Proctor took it, but the author was already on his death bed, and never saw staged the piece on which he had labored for years. A very sensitive man, he shrank from contact with the busy world, and led the life of a recluse, yet the few admitted to his friendship admired his many sterling qualities, his high ideals, his keen intellect, and were attracted by the man's personal charm and old-fashioned courtesy of manner.



John Drew

Ada Dyas

Emily Rigl

Charles Coghlan

Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly

* Part III

THE trip of the Daly Company to Europe proved a master-stroke, for the skies at home brightened perceptibly soon after his return. Every visit abroad augmented the ardor of home audiences and the attendance at Daly's grew larger and more demonstrative. In 1886 Mr. Daly presented his company on the Continent as well as in London. On June 12 of that year he wrote me as follows:

"Three weeks in London and not a line! That's what I hear you say. But you must not judge me harshly. Each new bit of the world I come into seems to create new demands on my time. Europe is a big place; and just now I am engaged in the task of trying to fill it. London is treating me very well. I have everything to be thankful for. My success has been artistically beyond my expectations and financially up to the average London business. Indeed, they say I'm doing as well as any of the three or four leading theatres and better than a dozen of the others."

In New York, Daly's Company and plays once more became the vogue and with renewed prosperity extravagant adulation became as pronounced as were neglect and hostility before. The writer recalls particularly one first night, after the tide had turned. The play was the weakest ever presented by Mr. Daly, far inferior to those previously scorned, yet it was received with the greatest enthusiasm. There were repeated curtain calls and Mr. Daly had to come forth to acknowledge the ovation.

In spite, however, of his now assured position in New York and across the ocean, when in the summer of 1887 he took his company for an extensive tour, he wrote me from Chicago on June 23rd:

"I would like to write you of brighter things, but just now nothing bright can come (or go) out of Chicago. I never did have much fondness for the place. I was always more or less invalided while here during my yearly visits, chiefly from malaria, but I tolerated it because of

the very hearty welcome my company seemed to receive here, but this year for some cause or another, the reception has been frosty. The audiences have not been as large as before, though I have brought them my best, and given them those things which enthused the Eastern cities. Perhaps the fare is above their tastes! But the fact remains they are icy and their weather is h—llish. Hot, I mean. I'll be glad to depart for other climes."

From San Francisco he writes in July:

"Business here has been from fair to middling; nothing great. I fancy they don't like my plays this time, or we are an old story, or they want stronger food, or something. At all events it is likely to be the last time I shall come so far West; and so I must not grumble at the causes which will influence me against taking this desperate journey again."

Two weeks later he writes:

"Since I wrote you last business has improved. 'Nancy and Co.' and 'The Taming of the Shrew,' and 'A Night Off,' have been received grandly. I won't have to beg my way home after all! The most comforting thought I have had all day is the prevailing one, this: this night three weeks will, God willing, see us comfortably at home. I will bear any amount of hot weather only to be home again."

Mr. Daly loved his home. One who knew him only there could not picture him as the severe autocrat of the theatre; and those who only came into contact with him in the theatre would have credited the man with a dual personality had they met and known him in the midst of his family.

More than any other manager Mr. Daly had the reputation of being a rigid and severe disciplinarian with the members of his company, but when one considers the high, nervous tension under which he lived and worked it is not surprising that he had little time for the conventional formalities of life in business hours, or that a man so thoroughly in earnest himself should brook anything in the conduct of his actors likely to



AUGUSTIN DALY AND HIS LITTLE SON
From a photograph taken in 1872

* For the first part of these Recollections see our issue for June, 1905.



Sarony



Otis Skinner



Minnie Conway



Linda Dietz



Maurice Barrymore

Falk

bring the dramatic art or Daly's Theatre into ridicule or disrepute.

The great hour of the twenty-four was that of his home-coming each night after the closing of the theatre. He was happiness itself, the embodiment of sunshine and always sympathetic and eagerly anxious and interested in every detail of the lives of those who made the home. On these occasions he used to tell us, too, the happenings of the day connected with the theatre, and it would have proven, no doubt, a great surprise to the members of the company could they have witnessed his genuine amusement and hearty laughter over much that during the day he had sternly frowned down in his managerial capacity.

One instance testifies against a generally accepted idea that he was always taciturn and unbending towards his people. There had been a scene the day previous at rehearsal, in which May Irwin had broken down tearfully because of some severe or sarcastic comment from Mr. Daly, who, on meeting the actress next day at the theatre, greeted her with a very kindly "Good morning" (influenced, no doubt, by his appreciation of the hurt of the day before), to which Miss Irwin responded with a very frigid: "Mr. Daly, we are *not* on speaking terms." He laughed as he added: "I do like a fearless, independent character!" Another instance of Miss Irwin's ready wit was told us by Mr. Daly with amusement. There was a point of humor introduced in a new play not quickly discernible except to an alert intelligence. Just as the sapient passage was reached, Mr. Daly, who was listening to mark its effect, turned about with a satisfied "Well, that caught them quickly enough," to face Miss Irwin, who, drawing herself up with much pride as she passed him swiftly to make her entrance on the stage, added: "Oh, yes, Governor, *our* audiences do not require a map of the play."

There was another incident affording great merriment one evening as he told us of some very funny impromptu passages introduced by James Lewis and Digby Bell at the matinée performance when they had both believed "the Gov-



Adelaide Neilson



Sara Jewett



Ada Rehan

ernor" to be absent, a mistake which he allowed to remain undiscovered by them, constituting as it did a breach of one of his most stringent rules.

In "728," or one of the other light comedies produced about this time, an amusing occurrence took place of which he told us with great zest: In the course of a lovers' quarrel between Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew, the former, in a temper, flies to a window in the rear of the stage, which she impetuously throws open. The window opened outward, and Miss Rehan expended so much energy in forcing the opening that she went out herself, head first, over the low sill, leaving Mr. Drew alone on the stage. Mr. Daly happened to be standing in the wings looking on. He dashed around the drop to find Miss Rehan picking herself up, badly unnerved and hysterically declaring that nothing would induce her to face again the audience. Before she had finished speaking Mr. Daly had seized her bodily and pushed her back on the stage through a side door, where she quickly realized that the spectators had taken it all as a part of the play.

John Drew was always a great favorite with Mr. Daly. Yet I recall one instance in which the manager regretted an opportunity which he had given Mr. Drew. It was in 1882, and the play was "Royal Youth," an historical romance, dealing with the love story of Louis XIV and Marie De Mancini, the beautiful young niece of Cardinal Mazarin, charmingly played by Miss Rehan. There was a climax at the end of the act, the young monarch rising in defiance of his ministers to an unexpected assertion of his own authority. On the fall of the curtain there was a ripple of laughter throughout the house instead of applause. The audience was not willing to take the scene seriously, and the play was withdrawn after eleven performances. Mr. Daly felt that Mr. Drew, to whom he had entrusted the part of the King, was responsible for this new misfortune—a charge which he made plain to the young actor, who exclaimed:

"Mr. Daly, I played the part as you taught it to me."



Hall

EMMA CARUS
Recently seen at Proctor's 23rd St. Theatre

admitted, with boyish laughter, that the audience represented a very insignificant feature in comparison to the line arrayed at his back, each one of whom he realized was entitled to the keenest enjoyment of any sign of discomfiture on the part of a man who showed them all so little mercy on the same stage, under different circumstances.

Mr. Daly never allowed any one to witness rehearsals in his theatre. On one occasion there was a spectator present—a well-known society woman, whose niece (a débutante) was on the stage. As we were coming out, Mrs. — stood in the foyer and, calling an employee of the theatre, sent him to say that she desired to speak to Mr. Daly. She considered a hat or some adjunct of her niece's costume unbecoming, and she wished to inform Mr. Daly that a change must be made. His look of amazement as he stared into the woman's face was more than amusing as he uncompromisingly answered:

"Miss —'s costume has been arranged for. She will wear it during the presentation of the play without the slightest modification." And he left the chagrined listener to recover as best she might.

Social prominence counted for nothing with Mr. Daly. A young and beautiful woman of distinguished family applied to Mr. Daly for a position. An appointment was made, and an interview had taken place. The manager was escorting the society belle from his office, giving her concluding instructions for the

"I am not responsible for your failure to catch my spirit," retorted Mr. Daly.

While a curtain call for Mr. Daly on first nights indicated the endorsement of a new play, it was always a trial for him to respond. He was not in his element on the stage in any other rôle than that of the exacting manager at rehearsal. A demand for a speech was a severe ordeal. One night it happened that he had to appear while the curtain was still up and the company in line across the stage. We joked him about it afterwards at home, asking him to say frankly which was the more appalling to him, as he stood alone "speechifying" in the center of the stage—the people across the footlights or the company in full force behind him. He

week to follow. A well-known actor was standing outside. Interrupting Mr. Daly in the most frivolous manner, Miss — asked him to introduce the actor. The ill-timed and paltry request, beside being wholly ignored, closed (through a letter revoking his decision in her favor) any possibility of the new aspirant ever appearing on his stage.

Mr. Daly, as is well known, "discovered," as the phrase goes, many young actors and actresses who afterwards achieved fame. Very few, however, yielded him the gratitude which was his due. There was, however, one exception. During the opening season of Daly's Theatre, Mr. Daly introduced at the Wednesday matinées a young Western actress named Helen Blythe. She played in "Frou Frou," "Fernande," etc. She was crude, but possessed of talent and a certain emotional power. She was also earnest, ambitious and painstaking. At the close of her engagement, before leaving New York, she called with her mother to say "Good-bye" and to express her appreciation of the advantages received through Mr. Daly's tuition and her association with his theatre and company, to which her mother added: "Down on her knees my daughter might most fittingly assure you of her gratitude. We can never repay you for what you have done for her." Mr. Daly spoke of this visit very feelingly as a rare case of grateful recognition.

It was not every candidate for histrionic advancement, however, that appreciated the advantage of Mr. Daly's training. I

once heard a bumptious young would-be actor who spent a few months in the Daly company, remark: "Oh, Daly makes me tired! It is a life of fines; a fine if you turn your toes in, and a fine if you turn your toes out. I say, the Governor must make a good thing out of it."

Mr. Daly never cared to have husband and wife in his company for the same reasons, probably, as those given by most managers: if friction or rebellion arose in regard to either one, it meant, naturally, trouble with two. This was shown in the case of Yorke Stephens and his wife, an English couple, and I think that Mr. Daly regretted parting with Mr. Stephens which followed the discharge of his wife from the company. Digby Bell and Laura Joyce, as a sequel to their tender impersonations in "Cinderella at School," subsequently married, and



Otto Sarony Co.

ANNA STANNARD

This young Englishwoman who revealed unusual ability as a tragic actress in her rendering of Oscar Wilde's, "The Ballad of Reading Goal" at the Madison Square Theatre last March, will make her appearance this coming season as "Magda." She was recently seen as Lady Damer in "As in a Looking Glass" at Proctor's 125th St. Theatre



Photos by Schloss, N. Y.

NORA O'BRIEN

Recently seen in "The Heir to the Hoorah" at the Hudson

MABEL MORRISON

Will play the role of the Indian squaw in "The Squaw Man" next season

CORONA RICARDO

Seen in "Marta of the Lowlands" and other metropolitan productions

left the Daly management. Mr. Daly made an exception in the case of Henry Miller, who made his first appearance in "Odette." He and Bijou Heron played the young lovers, their mimic passion resulting very shortly in a real love affair, their engagement and marriage. As a consequence of some act of insubordination or dissatisfaction in regard to either one of them, Mr. Daly and the newly married couple parted. Shortly afterwards there was an account of an interview in one of the daily papers purporting to express Mrs. Miller's antagonism to Mr. Daly; and almost simultaneously with its publication I had a letter from Mr. Daly in which he said: "You will be surprised to hear that I have engaged Bijou and her husband for my traveling tour next season in spite of her interview."

There was no greater "fire trap" than Wood's Museum when it passed into Mr. Daly's hands. The slightest relaxation of vigilance might have brought about a catastrophe at any moment. There was never a night that Mr. Daly was not himself the last person to leave the building after a thorough examination of every corner of the theatre. During a performance one evening, Mr. Daly was present in the box with us. In a scene set close to the footlights James Lewis was seated. Charles Fischer entered, placing upon a small table his large, soft hat which acci-

dentally fell off, rolling down to the footlights. Soon there was a slight curl of smoke, the actors continuing their lines, unconscious of the mishap. A little flame, then an ominous odor was wafted towards the audience. One word, a gasp even, from a nervous spectator, and a panic might have started. The situation was becoming intense and a suspicion of disquiet was growing perceptible throughout the house. Mr. Daly seemed as one transfigured, an impersonation of magnetizing command. With folded arms, hypnotism gleamed from his eyes fastened upon Mr. Lewis, who finally turned slowly around, and with one swift, meaning glance towards our box, in seeming response to the telepathic order, continuing his conversation, he nonchalantly strolled down to the front, stamped lightly on the burning hat, which he picked up and handed to the bewildered Mr. Fischer, with the impromptu:

"My dear friend, a little more care or you'll find yourself growing lightheaded."

The applause which rang through the house, the eloquent silence within the box as the unrecognized principal of the situation arose and disappeared through the stage door, made the scene a memorable one.

MARGARET HALL.

(To be concluded next month.)



Schloss

VIRGINIA EARLE

Now appearing at the Aerial Gardens



Schloss

HELEN ASHLEY

Will be seen in a metropolitan production next season



The Pioneers of the American Circus

ACCORDING to the classically veracious press agent of that remote era, Romulus, the founder of Rome, is to be credited with the original and amazing achievement of establishing the first hippodrome some three thousand years before Artemus

Ward propounded the still unsolved problem: "Why is it that it takes three grown-up persons to take one child to a circus?"

What an enormous factor in public entertainment the circus has grown to be since it was first transplanted to American soil by obscure foreign nomads in the opening days of the past century is universally known, but comparatively few are aware that the great tent shows of today, occupying acres of

ground, transported on special trains, and in one instance employing a thousand performers and workingmen and nearly half as many horses, have been evolved, within a period of less than seven decades, from the one ring wagon shows, whose 90, or at most 100-foot "round-tops" were gazed upon in their day as mountainous peripatetic wonders. Yet their single rings rarely introduced a dozen performers, all told. Today the respective standards of the old and the new must be reversed in favor of quantity vs. quality. The three arenas and two stages are filled with a simultaneously whirling, flying and diving mass of hustled performers to the point of delirium, instead of the old time one ring, with its successive single acts, in which undivided attention was focussed upon each and every performer. This was the ordeal which every aspirant for circus laurels had to face, and that is why there was more individualism then than now.

If you ask the average person to name the best known circus people in America it is al-

most a certainty that he will reply promptly: "Phineas T. Barnum and James A. Bailey." But although the men who comprised the firm of Barnum & Bailey made the American circus famous to the ends of the earth, there are many other old circus men, now almost forgotten, yet who in their day were wonders in their business. Nor does the theatregoer of 1905 realize how many now prominent managers

and leading actors began their professional career in the sawdust ring. Among others are Tony Pastor, A. L. Erlanger, W. H. Harris, Gus Hill, Frank McKee, P. S. Mattox, Clay Lambert, Frank Drew, W. Campbell, Sam Scribner, Fred Irwin, Chas. J. Miller, John R. Rogers, J. H. Havlan, Geo. Burnell, Ed. Kohl, Geo. Middleton, Ed. White, Geo. Primrose, Geo. Thatcher, W. C. Boyd, Chas. Yale, Sam Blair, Frank H. Perley, Fred Beckman and Edwin Stevens.

A stalwart, dominating figure in the canvas-canopied arena, and one who deserves first place in circus chronicles was "Uncle John Robinson." Born in Little Falls, N. Y., in 1804, he bravely answered the last call at Cincinnati, in 1888, at the age of eighty-four, after having lived to see his son and grandson assume the active management of the show started by him in 1824—the longest established circus on record, and now, in the eighty-first year of its continuous existence, still bearing his name and owned and managed by members of his family.

In this circus for many years John Robinson appeared as a champion four-horse bareback rider, and eventually added thereto the finest traveling menagerie of its day. He also established a theatre in New Orleans, and subsequently one in Charleston, S. C., and built the Robinson



"Uncle", John Robinson
Earliest circus pioneer



JAMES A. BAILEY
Of Barnum & Bailey, at the age of 18



Dan Rice
America's greatest clown



El. Nino Eddy, the child
tight-rope walker



Mrs. W. Lake



The Melville family



Robert Stickney, the Apollo of
the arena



Alice Lake

Opera House in Cincinnati. So great was his popularity in the South for thirty years before the war, and even to the day of his death, that it was commonly remarked among the managers: "Keep away from Dixie; John Robinson owns it." In 1852 he located permanently in Cincinnati, and, as one of its largest property owners and most enterprising citizens, was complimented by receiving the nomination for Mayor on the Reform ticket of 1875.

One remarkable incident will serve to illustrate the indomitable character of the man. Just before the panic of '57 "Uncle" John deposited thirty thousand dollars in gold with the Ohio Valley Trust Co., of Cincinnati; which sum, aside from his show and the modest house in which he lived, represented his whole fortune. Within a few days the impending financial cyclone swept the land;

the Trust Company closed its doors, and its failure was announced. "Uncle" John was used to dealing with sudden emergencies and he acted with heroic promptness. Pocketing a pair of big revolvers, he hastened to the side door of the bank, threw an officer, who attempted to halt him, half way across the street, burst into the room in which the directors were holding a solemn conclave, and covering them with a pistol in each hand, sternly voiced this ultimatum:

"Gentlemen, I want my money, right here and now; and if I don't get it, by G—d, I'll have your blood!"

He got it, right there and then, in the shape of gilt-

edged county bonds, which he immediately converted into real estate, the subsequent increase in the value of which alone made him a millionaire. Other incidents in his life are equally stirring.

In 1861, at the age of 18, John F. Robinson, "Uncle" John's eldest son, succeeded his father as manager of his show, and at the latter's death became owner of the same. Forty-five years of continuous managerial responsibility make him, in that capacity, the oldest representative in the business.



FRANK MELVILLE
Famous horse trainer now with the New York Hippodrome

Long association with his father made his second son, G. N. Robinson—known to all the world as "Gil"—a prominent and influential figure in the show world, until his retirement from the tented field in 1893; since when he has resided in New York, though absent most of the time on extended journeys to every part of the globe, including all points of chief interest in Europe, Asia and Africa. His collection of snap-shot photographs—taken by himself—of the various scenes and peoples he has visited is probably the largest and most interesting individual one extant.

"Jimmy" Robinson, as he was familiarly known in every country on the face of the earth, was an adopted son of John Robinson

and graduated from that veteran manager's show to become the most widely famous and popular male bareback rider the world

has ever known. For many years his salary equaled, and sometimes exceeded, that of the President of the United States, and in his prime none of his most distinguished rivals cared to accept his standing challenge, by competing with him for the world's championship. In fact, Jimmy was classed as "a whole show alone," and adorned the ring for nearly, if not quite half a century, finally retiring with a record at once the envy and despair of both his contemporaries and successors. He is now a highly esteemed resident of Columbus, Ohio, and a physical and mental wonder for one of his age. In 1877 he went to Australia with the

Cooper & Bailey Show, under a two years' contract, at \$500 per week in gold. The outlook for the second year being dubious, Mr. Bailey, after vainly striving to induce him to cancel, as a last

resort tried to move him by threatening to take the show to the pestilential regions of India. "All right, Mr. Bailey," replied "Jimmy." "Pitch your canvas in hell, if you want to. I'll be there to ride."

Perhaps the most remarkable clown this country has produced was Dan Rice. He set the motley pattern for his era, and had



MME. DOCKRILL
The greatest woman bareback rider of any time



SALLIE MARKS
Well-known bareback rider who died from yellow fever while performing in South America



James and Clarence Robinson



Nat Austin, the singing clown



Burnell Runnells and sons

scores of imitators, but not an equal. His career is part of the traditional romance of the arena. With the masses he was the demigod of the sawdust; throughout the length and breadth of the land they flocked to hear him; sang his songs; retailed his jokes, and prolonged his praises. Add to a splendid physique a sonorous and far-reaching voice, fair vocal powers, a talent for impromptu localizing, self-possession under all circumstances, natural gifts of oratory, individual magnetism to hold the largest audience, unchallenged and graceful mastery over the horse, dauntless courage and reckless liberality, and you have the secret of his popularity. He was born in New York City about the year 1820, and the exhibition of a learned pig was his first venture in the show business on his own account. His first recorded public appearance in his native city was as "The Modern Samson," on the highly moral stage of P. T. Barnum's Ann Street Museum in its early days, where he performed the incredible muscular feat of bending backward until his hands touched the floor, in that position supporting on his chest a huge hogshead, which required the united efforts of a dozen stalwart supers to place there, and from the bunghole of which water slopped, as proof of the fact that it was filled with half a ton, or so, of that fluid. This wonderful achievement proved the biggest kind of a drawing card, until Barnum and Dan had a serious misunderstanding over the question of salary. At the ensuing performance, after the sweating supers had once more accomplished the herculean task of getting the hogshead in proper position, Dan got good and even with Phineas by tossing the hogshead into the orchestra with one heave of his brawny chest, thus revealing the fact that all the water it contained was about a pailful, held in a receptacle just under the bunghole. The exposure of the trick touched Barnum on the raw, and he never forgave the modern Samson for thus publicly giving him away and holding him up to laughter and ridicule.

In a calling which numbered its fearless followers by the score Rice was unanimously recognized as "the bravest of the brave," and as a fighting wonder far outclassed such celebrities as Bill Pool and Yankee Sullivan. He was by no means an offensively pugnacious man, but the coveted glory of defeating him forced him to face the local bullies wherever he went. He was thus involved in more personal encounters than any other living man, and emerged victorious from every one, after summarily and conclusively thrashing each aspirant for his undesired and inconvenient fistic laurels.

It has been claimed by those who knew him best that Dan Rice was an absolute stranger to the sensation of fear. He never carried a weapon of any kind, but the sight of one never made him flinch. On one occasion, while he was taking tickets at the door of his tent in Grenada, Miss., a drunken bushwacker, inflamed to murder by the vindictively circulated false report that Dan had commanded a colored regiment during the war, came up and, without the slightest warning, fired point blank at him, the bullet perforating a side

fold of his coat. Without changing a muscle, and looking his assailant straight in the eye, Dan calmly remarked: "Oh, put that up; we're used to that sort of thing here. Tickets! Tickets!"

"By God!" exclaimed the would-be assassin, "you're too brave a man for me to shoot!" and thrusting his pistol in his belt he staggered off. Rice died at Long Branch, N. J., aged seventy-eight.

Among the famous bareback riders the Melville family is best known, although Mme. Dockrill indisputably gave the greatest bareback equestrienne exhibition known in all arenic annals. Her name still stands as the synonym for incomparable grace, magnetic skill and electrifying dash in her special field. For years her appearance with any circus was regarded as sufficient to insure its success, and the leading managers of both the old and new world were only too glad to secure her services, at a salary which eager competition raised to the unprecedented figure of one thousand dollars per week.

Madame and her husband, Wm. H. Dockrill,—for nearly half a century a highly respected manager, equestrian director and trainer—are now setting Chicago a lesson in domestic loyalty and happiness.

The first appearance of the Melville "Australian Family" in this country half a century ago created a decided sensation, and James Melville, its head, was the first bareback rider to introduce here the equestrian boy-carrying act. In 1866 he organized and managed "Melville's Great Australian Circus," which proved a highly popular enterprise. He was not only a notably original and dashing bareback rider and energetic business man, but generous to a fault, and possessor of an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and dry but kindly humor, which made him a delightful companion in private life.

Frank Melville made his first equestrian appearance in America perched on the head of his accomplished father. Later he developed into one of the most daring bareback riders of the day. As equestrian director for the Forepaugh & Sells Brothers, the

Barnum & Bailey, and other leading shows, and in which capacity he is now connected with the New York Hippodrome, he has displayed great ability. He also ranks among the most successful and original of animal trainers.

The tragic fate of Alice Lake was one of the most lamentable in circus annals. In 1869 the John Robinson show, of which she was one of the star attractions, shipped by steamer from Mobile to New Orleans. Soon after the ship left port, as Alice was standing near the rail on the upper deck, a valuable diamond pin she wore became unfastened and dropped into the waters of the bay. In attempting to catch it, Alice lost her balance, fell overboard, and was drowned.

Other well-known performers were Billy Lake, the clown, who was shot to death in Missouri; Mrs. William Lake, who was famous as Mazeppa, and who is still living in Jersey City at the age of 78; Nat Austin, the singing clown; Robert Stickney, the horseback rider, who was a great matinee idol and is still an active member of his profession, and others.

CHARLES STOW.



Schloss

MARGARET SAYRE

Young debutante who will be seen in a metropolitan production next season



Hall

JAMES DURKIN

Leading man at Proctor's 58th St. Theatre



Otto Sarony Co.

ROBERT HILLIARD

This popular actor, who will make his re-appearance on the stage next season under the management of David Belasco, was born in New York in 1857, and started life as an office boy. He worked his way up until he became confidential secretary to a prominent stock broker. For recreation he took to amateur theatricals, and his success induced him to desert Wall Street for the stage. He made his debut in a piece called, "False Shame," and later acted the leading part in "Held by the Enemy." Other appearances were in "Saints and Sinners," "The Golden Giant," "As in a Looking Glass," "Paul Kauvar," "Elaine," "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Blue Jeans."



Otto Sarony Co.

JULIA SANDERSON

Has been singing the title rôle in "Fantana" at the Lyric Theatre, this season. Made her debut in the chorus of "Winsome Winnie," some three years ago at the Casino Theatre. The absence, through illness, of the star, Paula Edwards, gave her, Miss Sanderson, an opportunity to step into the titular rôle one evening and she was so successful that she never again returned to the chorus. The following season she was seen as Mrs. Pineapple in "A Chinese Honeymoon" and then as Mataya with De Wolf Hopper in "Wang." When "Fantana" was produced in Chicago, she was given the part of Elsie Sturtevant, but the retirement of Adele Ritchie from the cast enabled her to take the part of Fantana.



Copyright, 1905, Steinberg, N. Y.
As Schmaltz in "The Rollicking Girl"

As Connon Doyl in "The Man in the Moon"

In "Lost in London"

Sam Bernard Tells What Makes a Man Funny

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 41)



As the "rich Mr. Hoggenheimer"

"It is a man's seriousness that makes him funny," Sam Bernard looked serious when he said this. The comedian was sitting at a desk in the private office of the Herald Square Theatre, a trim, dapper man of medium height, features markedly Hebraic, and brown eyes, restless, piercing and perennially youthful. Sam Bernard's eyes are remindful of that picture, awe-inspiring to youth, a modern pictorial bogie man, of a determined burglar levelling a revolver that could not be trifled with, and fearsome eyes directed straight at whoever dares to look at them.

Mr. Bernard has in common with the burglar the inescapable eye. Analytically considered they are oddly round for a man, proving, the physiognomist would say, the survival of youthful impulses and the youthful view. They are curiously bright, the eyes of one excessively alive and keenly alert. They are deep-set, and their prominence due to expression rather than size. The color, least considerable of all the ocular qualities, is brown.

"It's all with the audience, anyway." Mr. Bernard interrupted the mental soliloquy on his visual organs. "The audience does it all. You can't act without the help of the audience. That's the reason why no one gives a first class Monday night performance. Monday audiences, especially in New York, are blasé. They come to the theatre any time they choose, after having eaten and drunk to an uncomfortable fullness—that's no pun—and don't follow the play with attention. Everything bores the usual Monday night audience. The Saturday night audience is exactly the opposite. People go to the theatre on Saturday night to enjoy themselves. It is a night for family

parties. My brother-in-law, for instance, takes his family to the theatre every Saturday night. They invite a few friends and go to supper afterward at Rector's or Sherry's and talk over the play. It doesn't matter when they get home, for they can sleep until noon on Sunday. It is an evening of enjoyment to which they look forward the whole week. The men who take their families to the theatre on Saturday night are business men, who have been working hard for six days and want to forget their business. They make a good audience because they have come to enjoy themselves. The Monday night audience doesn't expect to enjoy itself. It goes to the theatre just to go somewhere and expecting to be bored. The other evening audiences vary from the Monday to the Saturday extremes with gradations, but none are so blasé as those of Monday nor so easily pleased as those of Saturday.

"Yes, I like to play matinees. Lady audiences are all right, but the humor has to be made simple for them. There has been a good deal of talk about horse play in theatres.

"Does it surprise you that most of the horse play is for audiences of the beautiful sex? Not having much of a sense of humor women have to be helped to laugh by the most obvious means. I remember a matinée at Providence that seemed hopeless. We did our best to make them laugh, but we didn't get a smile. Every woman sat straight as a ramrod with an 'I've got to do my duty' expression. It made me desperate. I had to do something so while I told the 'feathers' story in Kay's I fell over a table. That broke the ice. The women laughed in shrill little titters, and kept on laughing, most of them with their hands over their mouths. But I had got my cue. I



SAM BERNARD AS POOR JOE IN "BLEAK HOUSE"

nearly killed myself tumbling over the furniture and stumbling over my feet, but the ladies in front called me out and I had to make a curtain speech. For audiences of women the humor must be as for children—of the most obvious kind.

"The audience makes the actor. Of course he ought to do all he can to develop the part in his study of it and at rehearsals, but he can do little without the audience. He may decide 'I'll wait here,' but the audience determines that for him. Generally he has to hurry over that wait and cover it as well as possible because the laugh comes at some other word or a few lines, or even a 'side' later. It is not safe to trust entirely to inspiration, of course, but, at least, your audience is a pace setter."

"What, if any, are your plans for the future?"

"Like every one else I want a play, a good farce, with a character something like Hoggenheimer. This play 'The Rollicking Girl' isn't what I want, but I have to play something, and it will do very well for the summer. I would like another Hoggenheimer."

"It seemed a pretty risky thing for me to try that part at the beginning. I was afraid the public wouldn't have me except in stuffed pants and big boots. I was a pretty scared boy during rehearsals. Mr. Frohman said, 'Now remember that the girl is good and he is good himself. Play it that way, and

when you have the serious conversation with her and say 'You're so different from the other girls,' make it quiet.' There it was again, 'It's a man's seriousness that makes him funny.' It's so with real comedy. It's when a man is close to real tears that he makes people laugh."

To a young man who wants to be a comedian his advice is sententious: "Go into vaudeville, but get out of it as soon as you have had enough."

It was suggested that some young men might think that they had had enough at the first performance and that the managers and audiences might agree with them.

"He's likely to feel that way pretty often," assented Sam Bernard. "What I mean is that as soon as he's got all he needs out of vaudeville he'd better leave it. As a rule it takes a man about three years to get all there is for him in vaudeville. He learns how to wake up and handle all kinds of audiences better than he would in 'the legit' and the most important thing is that he learns a lot of specialties that he can go back to and will help him round out a

comedy part after he gets it. That is something that can hardly be estimated. Often the points that delight an audience and set the critics going on the right side are bits of business that the comedian used in the 'ten, twenty and thirty' houses in the old vaudeville days."

The chat then turned upon more personal matters. It verged upon the delicate point of age. Mr. Bernard tried no subtleties to avoid it.

"I've been on the stage twenty-seven years," he said. "And I am forty-three years old." He looks a scant thirty-five. Low comedy would seem to be a preservative of youth.

In a second we were back in the ante-stage period. We left thirty years behind us in a flash and were playing in the Bernard back yard on the East Side.

"I always thought I was going to be an actor, and I thought I would give the neighborhood a taste of our talent—my brother Dick had stage ambitions, too—and we would part it from some of its pelf."

"We rigged up a stage on the woodpile and got about twenty inquisitive brats into the yard. Those who didn't have pennies were about to be thrown out when Dick compromised—he was business manager—by letting them in for two pins apiece. The performance went forward and the actors at least thought it was great, when some envious young ones who couldn't get in

because they had neither pennies nor pins, filled their mouths with water and squirted it through holes in the fence over the audience. That broke up the show. Mother heard the noise and came out and took a hand. Dick and I climbed the fence and I got away with the gross receipts, twelve cents.

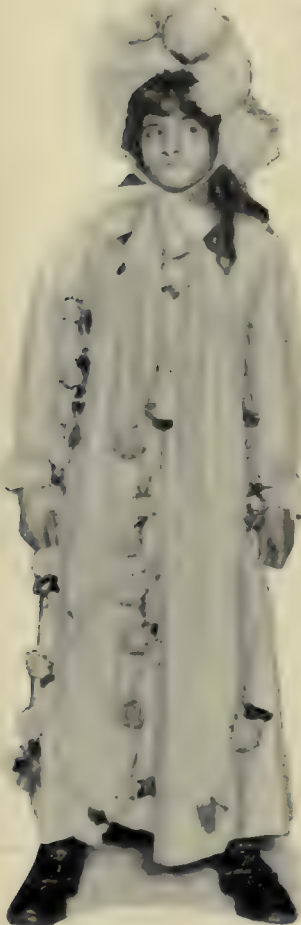
"We soon got tired of being mere amateurs and began hanging around a saloon place at the corner of Baxter and Worth Streets. It was in a basement. A Russian Grand Duke who was visiting this country went into the place when he was thirsty and always after that they called the hole in the ground 'The Grand Duke.' They let us recite school pieces and do impromptu dances for them and we got as much of the collection as the management thought a liberal amount for our services. Usually that was five cents apiece.

"One of our first appearances at a salary was a sad one. There was a variety house at Hoboken where a small admission fee was paid and the patrons got beer checks for their money. Dick and I applied to Conreim, the man who kept the place.



Stein, Milwaukee

SAM BERNARD AS HIMSELF



Sam Bernard in "La Poupée" Burlesque



Sam Bernard in "The Corn Curers"

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Twenty dollars," I said, thinking he meant my own salary, not my brother's.

"He handed me a note-book in which he had every one write his name and salary for a week.

"Pud id in the buch," he said.

"I wrote 'Sam Bernard and Dick Bernard, \$40.' We went behind and made up for our act. Dick went on and sang a song and that's as far as we ever got at Conreim's. The old man came back red in the face as a lobster.

"Ged oud!" he yelled; 'ged oud of my house and dond you never come back.'

"He shook the book in my face. 'Vat for you dry to cheat me? Ged oud. You said dwendy dollars. Vat for you write forty?'

"Conreim refused to listen to an explanation. I insisted on getting a dollar for the work Dick had done, and we went out followed by Conreim's awful swear words. Our stage clothes were in a small trunk that had red, white and blue bands painted on it where, in a better and more expensive trunk would have been strips of wood. We were not willing to squander any part of our dollar for car-fare, so carrying the trunk between us we started

to walk home. We started from the ferry at midnight and the sun was rising when we got home. We had been stopped by every policeman in New York, and had to tell every one of them the story of how we two boys happened to be carrying that gay trunk across Manhattan after nightfall.

"I was a rising actor earning twenty-five a week when I met Weber and Fields. We were all playing at Coney Island. The boys hadn't settled down to any specialty then. They were playing black face, or Irish parts, or anything that they thought might go. I looked upon them with condescension in those days, because they were only earning twenty per, and I was playing in a resort where they charged admission and they in one where they depended on collections. But I waived caste and permitted the boys to be friendly. After something like twenty years I was working for them in Weber and Fields' Music Hall, New York."

As we made our adieus, this successful comedian said: "Tell the boys who want to be comedians to go into vaudeville. Tell them they have all done it. Nat Goodwin, Henry Dixey, Francis Wilson. Wilson was getting a hundred a week as a minstrel. He gave it up when the time came to leave, for ten dollars a week in a dramatic company."

ADA PATTERSON.

How to Become an Actress

HINTS ON ADOPTING THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION

By GEORGE ALEXANDER

Manager of the Princess Theatre, London



George Alexander, the Distinguished Actor-Manager

THIS article is intended to appeal to, and I hope appease, certain readers, who may be, without impertinence, described as potentially stage-struck. Therefore, one may be pardoned graciously for ungraciously insisting on the claims of the first fine, careless, rapturous hint which presents itself in the guise of serious advice: Don't—*don't* do it!

But if—and in this case the virtue of the "it" lies in its necessity—if, I repeat, these readers—or that part of them, chiefly female, whose minds are *entirely* made up (for the last time), murmur, "Too late! We *have* done it!" the one thing left to an itinerant philosopher to do is to attempt to minimize the disaster.

"Believe me, sirs,
When men are bent on a deliberate wrong,
They seldom are at a loss to justify it!"

And the ardent feminine or masculine enthusiast, who may be resolute in his or her designs upon the public will furnish you with a thousand (identical) reasons why the profession of acting is indubitably her or his predestined inevitable undertaking. Undertaking!—how ominous a word here! How many hopes, ambitions, possibilities lie buried here! How many empty epitaphs attest the mortality of Fame!

"All that is known of us a fretful hour!
All that is left of us an old playbill!"

With these Resolutes, then, let me deal—these Ironsides of that Borderland which bounds our fabulous country!—and let me deal gently with them.

Granted the inevitable, what is there to say? Why—Don't! and yet again DON'T!

DON'T—unless you can rough it!

DON'T—unless you can wait!

DON'T—unless you can eat your heart!

DON'T—unless you can weep—and win!

Save you can accept as your portion disappointment, delay, weariness, travel, and travail, opposition, malice, neglect, the heartache and the thousand natural shocks this stage flesh is heir to—why, I would din it into you, DON'T!

If you can and *will*—then, here's luck to you!

Now, we can talk. *Now*, we are on level ground!

First, then—and last, then—if you would be an actor, study Nature! Learn to hold up the mirror—that is the whole duty of acting.

Study her in the street, in the drawing-room, in the assembly; get at her secrets and her manifestations of them; learn to demonstrate them, to re-produce, repeat them; go into the solitude and meditate them, practice her expression, remember her accent, make her live in you again!

Perfect the machinery—learn her myriad ways of walking, of talking, of being, and of doing! Let nothing seem too trivial, nor too hard. Realize her every way and seek how best to express her! It is in the nearer approach to Nature's great self, great in all large and all small things that the joy, the full-flowing joy of acting lies, and only they who can feel this can ever hope to succeed. And I myself doubt if there be any exaltation so great as that of the supreme moment of the actor. And this lies in serving Nature faithfully through Art.

The greatest artist, and the closest to Nature, was Shakespeare.

Steep yourself in Shakespeare, gain acquaintance with his men and his women. Conceive them afresh—give them a new being! Walk apart and voice them, and gesture them, and *act* them to yourself!

He touched the noblest and the meanest; and in *him* you will find all secrets.

"Others abide our censure, *thou* art free!"

And as he is free of our judgment, so, also, in another sense, is he free of his bounty. "Out-topping knowledge," he gives of all knowledge to such as ask him, and he is our early friend and our latest comforter. Yes, indeed, and indeed steep yourself in Shakespeare.

Then get all the practice you can! Act whenever and wherever you see the slightest unpromising opportunity!

Never mind your friends; don't let them deter you! Treat home critics with contempt and grumblers with disdain.

Whatever be the end, go on *acting*!

Heat grows by friction—so will your enthusiasm; and there'll be plenty of friction, don't you fear for that! And as the parts



Creation



Hell Gate

get bigger and the performances more frequent, so will the friction become more intense and the enthusiasm more glowing.

Nothing divides a household so much as private theatricals. That is one of the sacrifices demanded by art, and when the Muses beckon, "papa" must take a back seat.

Yes, be diligent in your ill-doing! Weary them with Shylock and Portia, estrange them with Hamlet and Ophelia, sadden them with your humor, lighten them with your tragedy—only go on!

Drama means "doing." Do your friends. So much the sooner will you be able to do the public—successfully.

When you have practised in private all the greatest parts of all the ages; when you have forfeited your friends' indulgence and your relations' love; when you feel that only opportunity stands between you and greatness, go to some actor-manager—other than myself—and get a banner to wave!

Ah, no! I am not jesting, believe me! The great have begun so! The men and women who have climbed have shirked nothing, failed of nothing, and done something.

And even if you are not destined to greatness, if you are neither born great, nor fated to achieve greatness, nor like to have greatness thrust on you, you may yet be very contented, very happy, very well friended, very heartily welcomed.

The player of small parts is not without his reward. The stroller who makes but an insignificant one of an insignificant company, at an insignificant salary, sometimes, I fear, of uncertain recurrence, finds some things to compensate him. Let him but love his art and all is well, for following her even thus he disarms the enmity of inclination and fulfils a loving service.

And, after all, though the pay be precarious, it is, while it continues, as good or better than the pay given in other callings for a similar level of one and expense incurred.

Do work you care for, and, in one sense, you are a rich man. So to one who loves his art, an artistic career, however hard, is not of necessity *poor*. The ultimate rewards may not be enormous. I suppose, looking at it commercially, there is hardly a field for monetary speculation attended with so large a risk as theatrical management. The fortune created by one production to-day may be dissipated by another production to-morrow, though the artistic level of intention and sacrifice may even have been raised in the process.

The moneys made by the most successful managers and actor-managers compare unfavorably with those which reward the for-



Horse racing in the open air hippodrome

Some New Attractions at Dreamland

tunate in any other profession or business.

Believe me,

"They that stand high
Have many blasts to shake them,"
is not only true of princes.

We must be armored at all points—and misfortunes seldom come singly. But the remedy lies in the preparedness. We live to please, remember, so study *how* to please. This and that type of acting and play have their vogue—then an-

other type prevails, and that is shelved. Be ready to meet all demands and fit yourself for every kind of work, in reason.

There has been much talk of the romantic in the drama, and some good folk have run away with the idea that you can only be romantic in tights or knee-breeches.

Don't believe them!

Study Nature as she is now, at present, and you study romance.

The romantic can still exist in our unromantic, everyday costume! Believe that, too! Why, there is enough romance all about you to furnish a thousand good plays with material; and you can see it if you have the eye.

I am not at all sure that the commonplace of the moment is not the most romantic element in our existence. The dramatist of the day wins his greatest fame by his living description of that day, and after all, art is rightly busied with very small details. Study those details, I would implore you!

Consider nothing ignoble in art, and art will render you of her noblest! Keep an eye on your salary, too, in justice to yourself—but *serve* Art for *her* wages. We are all her servants and pupils.

She has much to give us, and much to teach us, and it is a pleasant service, only be prepared. Never sleep, never be content! Go on learning, acquiring, perfecting! There is always *something* beyond—aim for that, and don't—don't what? Don't *talk* art, *do* it! Don't tell a manager you are a leading actor, let him find it out if he can! Don't "brag" about your amateur experience—use it! Don't think you know everything, learn it! Don't be disheartened by comment, kiss the critical rod! And don't consider that because you want great parts in glorious plays, life is a blank and hope a dead sea fruit in small theatres where a scanty audience heeds not your efforts and the cracking of peanuts prevails over the author.

Life is full of possibilities everywhere, and the stroller of to-day is the genius of to-morrow! Be an *actor* in all that makes for the best in acting, and good luck attend you—you will succeed.

Some of the Scenes in "Peter Pan," the New Play by James



From The Tatler, London

PETER PAN'S FLIGHT WITH WENDY TO THE NEVER-NEVER-NEVER LAND

This remarkable poster by Charles A. Buchel has been done for James M. Barrie's play "Peter Pan" in which Maude Adams will be seen in this country next season. It has been reproduced in colors as an "eighteen-sheet" poster, and is so charming that collectors are buying the small poster at the rate of 1,000 copies per week. Black and white cannot do justice to the beautiful sky and sparkling stars, nor to the red roofs over which Peter Pan and Wendy Darling in her nightgown are flying to the Never-Never-Land.

MAUDE ADAMS will be seen this coming season in a new play by James M. Barrie, called "Peter Pan," or "The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up." This piece was first produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, on December 27, 1904, and had a most successful run. The popular author of "The Little Minister" designed it as a Christmas entertainment, and in addition to amusing children by introducing all kinds of whimsical incidents the author had a serious object in view. He has tried, with the usual delightful Barrie touch, to uphold the principle of "loving respect for ladies," and inculcate a high ideal of one's common mother, who, in the course of a long definition, is described as "one who does a child's work when it is tired and sings it to sleep." Mr. Barrie has also endeavored to revive the love of children for fairies, who are referred to in an exquisitely written passage as being created by the first laughter of babies.

The play contains among other features, a burlesque of the sanguinary deeds of the old time pirates, sailing beneath skull and cross bones. There are buccaneers and redskins, all painted with vivid colors, and through the clash of steel, says an English critic, there plays a lambent humor, more subdued in tone than the flickering light, resembling that of a Will o' the Wisp, which indicates the presence of Peter Pan's watchful but jealous Fairy attendant, Tinker Bell.



This picture represents the first act, which takes place in the nursery of the Darlings' house. Mrs. Darling is going out for the evening, and is casting a good-night glance on her three children. On the left lie Wendy and her brother Michael; on the right the elder boy, John Napoleon.

Peter Pan was a child who left his home the day after he was born on hearing his parents form plans as to his future. Wishing never to grow up, or to be anything more than a child, Peter has taken refuge with the fairies, although one attempt to return had led to his finding the window shut and another child in his place. So, refusing any longer to trouble about a Mother's Love, Peter, attired in a primitive dress of furs, spends his time obtaining recruits for his band, composed of lost children, whose dwelling place is the Never - Never - Never Land, with Indians and buccaneers for neighbors. On several of his expeditions Peter has reached the Darling house, to the alarm of Mrs. Darling and to the

loudly expressed indignation of the children's faithful nurse, Nana, who is no ordinary nurse, but a large Newfoundland. This remarkable animal carries the three Darling children to the bathroom, whether they wish it or no, gives them medicine, turns on the electric light and generally behaves like the average Jane or Susan. For her persistent barking as a sign that danger is near, poor Nana is dragged off by her master from her kennel in the children's bedroom and is chained up in disgrace in the yard, the consequence being that the children have no one to protect them when Peter Pan pays a visit. A friendship is struck up between them, and Peter Pan gives the Darling children lessons in flying, which enables them to come to

M. Barrie in which Maude Adams Will Be Seen Next Season

the Never-Never-Land.

There, Peter's band, comprising Tootles, Nibs, Slightly, Curly and the Twins, are shown as issuing from the hollows in the trunks of trees, which conduct them to a comfortable underground dwelling. One of the children shoots the Flying Wendy by mistake, thinking her to be a Great White Bird, and the girl is appointed "collective" Mother of them all, Peter also assuming the position of Father. Peter, however, also wishes to regard Wendy as Mother rather than as "titular" wife. His paternal responsibilities oppress him with a sense of growing years and he is also puzzled by the desire of an Indian amazon to become his squaw. A coalition is formed between the band of Indians against the pirates, whose leader is Peter's particular foe. The Indians, keeping watch over the subterraneous dwelling, are attacked in the night by the pirates, who take captive all the members of the band except Peter. Then follows a finely presented ship scene in which the lads are all but made to walk the plank, ending in the defeat of the pirates who are all thrown overboard. Then Peter is left behind in fairyland and a following scene shows the return of the children to their disconsolate parents to the great joy of the mother—particularly of the father, who had taken to sleeping at nights in the kennel by way of penance, and to the huge delight of the once more happy Nana, who is said to be the most lovable character in a play rather heterogeneous and unevenly balanced. "Peter Pan" was a great success during its run in London, where it was beautifully staged with splendid scenery, and the effect of the piece was greatly aided by various well performed dances by music which is by turns plaintive, barbaric and nautical.

The stage sets are as follows:

Act one.—Our Early Days. Scene one, Outside the House; scene two, Inside the House. Act two.—The Never-Never-Land. Scene one, The House We Built for Wendy; scene two, The Redskins' Camp; scene three, Our Home Under the Ground. Act three.—We Return to Our Distracted Mothers. Scene one, The Pirate Ship; scene two, A Last Glimpse of the Redskins; scene three, Home.



THE SCENE ON THE PIRATE SHIP

The children from the Never-Never-Land rout the pirates, and in this picture Peter Pan, on the right, is posing as Napoleon



THE UNDERGROUND HOUSE WHERE PETER PAN TOOK THE DARLINGS

This picture shows Wendy mothering the other children and telling them a story. On the right sits Peter Pan



PETER PAN'S SHADOW

THE DARLINGS' RETURN



Max Maurey, Manager of the Grand Guignol



André de Lorde, who writes "shockers" for the Paris stage

The Little Theatres of Paris

THOSE playhouses in the French capital known as "the little theatres" (*petits théâtres*) are so styled chiefly because of their diminutive size. For example, the Grand Guignol, which is the most famous of them, seats, all told, only 300 people, while the Mathurins accommodates only 150. But the term "*petits théâtres*" has also another signification. It means that the house is conducted on principles widely different from those which govern the larger Boulevard theatres, and that the bill of fare is, to say the least, unconventional. More often it is sensational, and Parisians and visiting foreigners go to "the little theatres" expecting to be either shocked or thrilled. "We give the public 'extract of drama.' Our plays are dramatic tabloids." Such, in the words of its manager, Max Maurey, is the program of the Grand Guignol which probably has not its counterpart in the world.

On first entering one of these little play-houses, one is reminded of some tiny court theatre. It is so small that it would seem to have been built for a private individual's sole delectation. The Théâtre des Mathurins, situated in the street of that name, seats, as we have said, 150 persons, half on the main floor and half in the gallery above. There is but one door leading to the stage—that from the left aisle of the theatre. The house has passed through various vicissitudes, and belonged at one time to an American lady who used it for private entertainments. The present director, M. Jules Berny, a musician and pupil of the Conservatory, assumed charge of the theatre in 1901, and has made it very popular. Its specialty is one-act plays, and some of the best actors in Paris appear here at various times. Of these, Mlle. Polaire, the eccentric, gypsy-like creature, is one of the most popular. In a little sketch called "*L'Amour qui Passe*," the ragged, many-colored attire of a vagrant girl suited her oddly. Her waist is the smallest in Paris; her hair, short, black and curly, gives her the air of an impudent boy; her coloring is dark; her eyes, gray, long and remarkable, are full of fascination when suddenly opened. But Mlle. Polaire is essentially Parisian; her grimaces, her wit, her dancing, are very local. She would not be understood in any other city. She is often seen in the Bois in a swell automobile, and she goes to the races in odd costumes with short skirts, which she always wears. When she played Friquet at the Gymnase, all Paris went wild over her, and at that time, when she was recognized driving out, the crowds would run after

her carriage, crying "*Friquet! Friquet!*" What would not an American manager give for such an advertisement for his star? Polaire was certainly remarkable in the character of the unhappy, half-savage child of the circus troupe. Her love for the pathetic old clown who brought her up, the change in her fortunes, her elemental passions, the worthiness of her love for the man far above her—were all so real, so intensely portrayed, that one questioned whether Polaire or the dramatist had created Friquet.

The Grand Guignol, which is on the heights of Montmartre, attracts more people than the Mathurins, although its prices do not appeal to the general pocket, the cheapest seat being 5 francs (\$1) and most of the seats 8 francs (\$1.60). The audience is drawn from a special public, a blasé public in search of new sensations and situations strong enough to awaken its semi-dormant sensibility. People who go to the Grand Guignol expect to be more or less shocked, if not startled. The plays produced there, while they must possess literary quality, must be of extraordinary intensity, whether in the direction of tragedy or comedy. They are never long, even when consisting of more than one act, and the bill never contains less than four distinct plays, and there are often six. As a rule there is one "*pièce de résistance*" of two acts in which some exceptionally poignant situation is exposed to the audience in all the realism of its horror. One, at least, and generally more, of the items are of a particularly gay character and do something towards counteracting the painful impression which may have been caused by the "shocker." There

is rarely a performance during which someone is not obliged to walk out into the lobby, finding the situation too strong for his, or more probably, her nerves; and, occasionally, too impressionable women have become momentarily hysterical under the influence of a feeling of terror.

Two typical pieces recently seen at this house, are "*La Dernière Torture*" and "*L'Hôtel de l'Ouest*." The scene of the first is laid in Pekin, during the Boxer uprising. The French Consulate is in imminent peril of being taken by assault. It is night and sinister fires light up at intervals the forbidding Chinese landscape. In the distance is heard the roaring of cannon; from the Consul's living quarters comes the distressing sound of women weeping. A sentry, who had mysteriously disappeared, is carried on. He has been horribly tortured by the Chinese, who are now advancing on the



A TYPICAL GRAND GUIGNOL PLAY
Scene in "*L'Hôtel de l'Ouest*," a gay supper party discovering a murder committed by a previous occupant of the room



Scene in "*La Dernière Torture*"—André de Lorde's latest shocker. The dying sentry, eyes gouged out and hands cut off, describing Boxer atrocities to his comrades

consulate. The despairing inmates prepare for the supreme struggle. The Consul's daughter urges her father to shoot her rather than let her fall into the Boxers' hands. The unhappy father consents. The attack begins, the guard is driven in. There is a loud yell and a rush of armed men. The Consul puts his revolver at his daughter's head and fires. She drops lifeless in his arms. At that instant sounds a French bugle. The newcomers were relieving troops, not the Boxers.

"L'Hôtel de l'Ouest" is a succession of terrible scenes in the room of a cheap hotel. The first act is at Nice on Carnival night. Two mysterious strangers abandon the room just after the curtain has gone up, and then a table is set for a late supper party. At the end of the supper a foot is seen sticking out from under the sofa.

When touched it does not move; then a woman's body is dragged out and laid on the sofa, and amid horrified screams it is seen to be the corpse of a well-known Nice society woman with her throat cut. This is the curtain of the first act. Act 2 takes place in Paris at the Hôtel de l'Ouest. Here the murderers of the woman at Nice have a quarrel. One of them, stricken by remorse, wishes to give himself up; the other, unwilling to risk consequent detection, murders his weak accomplice. As acted by Gouget, it is as

terrible a picture of criminal life as one could wish to see.

People who cannot control their nerves stop away from the Grand Guignol; as for the rest, they like to feel an occasional tension of the nerves just as many women like to see a pathetic play in order to have a "real good cry." The Grand Guignol has some points of resemblance with the older Théâtre Libre founded by Antoine; but there is this fundamental difference: the Théâtre Libre was a crusade in favor of a reform of dramatic art, both as regards acting and play-writing; the Grand Guignol is run to make money by supplying the public with "extract of drama."

The Grand Guignol was started about ten years ago by Oscar Métenier and its first "sensation" was the production of a stage version of "Mlle. Fifi," Guy de Maupassant's story of the Franco-Prussian war. That was the first time since the war that German uniforms had been seen on the Paris stage. There was a great outcry on the subject

in certain newspapers, and the police, fearing that disorders would occur, forbade the performance. The management, however,

found a way of evading the injunction. "Mlle. Fifi" was not advertised on the official bill of the theatre. But, when the regular program had been finished, the audience was told that it must leave the theatre; once outside, each member of it would be invited to return as the guest of the management and see "Mlle. Fifi" free of charge. The idea was that the management in the quality of host could do as it pleased in its own house. The advertisement that the little theatre acquired in this connection, in addition to the poignant interest of the play, made a success of the

Grand Guignol, and now it is the fashionable rendezvous.

The building in which the theatre is fitted up was formerly the studio of Rochegrosse, the artist. The aspect of the auditorium is unusual, both in form and upholstery. The Gothic seats and decorations are more like the hall of some old German castle than a modern theatre, and there are corners in which the carved woodwork is quite ecclesiastical. The stage is very small, and great ingenuity is needed in putting the little plays on the stage to obtain sufficient scenic illusion to support the realistic character of the acting. There is a

small gallery, and on the ground floor at the back is a row of boxes with gilt lattices which are used as screens, by visitors who do not wish to be recognized. Some of the best people in Paris may be seen here.

M. Max Maurey, the present director, is a remarkable man. In addition to making a success of his theatre he is a successful dramatic author. His two latest productions are in the present repertory of the Théâtre Antoine and are probably the most notable successes of the past season, viz., "Asile de Nuit" and "M. Lambert, marchand de tableaux"; for it is a somewhat piquant fact that the director of this theatre, which makes a specialty of horrors, is one of the leading writers of comic plays now writing for the Paris stage.

M. Maurey has the physical attributes of the man of nervous force and almost unlimited powers of work. He is of rather less than medium height and is slight of figure. He has the calm don't-hurry manner which suggests complete self-control. As he sat at his desk while talking to the writer the nervous energy thus held under re-



Photo taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE

INTERIOR OF THE GRAND GUIGNOL THEATRE, PARIS

Showing the latted boxes where spectators can see without being seen



DE MAX
Favorite leading man at
the Mathurins



JEANNE GRANIER
A popular actress at the
Capucines



Mlle. POLAIRE

Who originated the role of Friquet in Paris, and a great favorite at the Théâtre des Mathurins



ELFIE FAY

To star in the new musical play "The Belle of Avenue A"

benefit. The plays produced at the Grand Guignol, whether comic or tragic, must strike an original note. They must be something out of the common and literary in style and conception."

The greatest success at the Grand Guignol thus far has been "Le Système du Docteur Goudron et du Professeur Plume," André de Lorde's version of Poe's grotesque story, another adaptation of which, under the title of "The System of Dr. Tarr" had a hundred performances this last season in New York. The French version, in which Poe was outdone in horror, made a special appeal to the Parisians. Those who saw Jean Gouget's impersonation of Dr. Tarr will not easily forget the thrill of horror evoked by that masterly crescendo of terror. There are actors who seem to have the gift of making their audience smile by their mere presence. As soon as they appear on the stage a ripple of merriment passes through the house. As soon as M. Gouget appears on the stage in a play of a dramatic character, one feels an undefined sense of

strait was manifested only by the quick movements of his hands as he picked up and glanced at papers and letters which had been placed on his desk.

"We are primarily," said M. Maurey, "a theatre of the advance guard in dramatic development. We are seeking out the way, we are trying experiments in dramatic art, from which the great theatres will

is one single quality in his acting which is responsible for the general effect it produces it is its intensity. The actor seems to have his nerves strained up to his extreme degree of tension and his nervous tension is radiated out to the audience.

Although the Grand Guignol has produced plays by most of the younger generation of playwrights



White

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

This popular actor will be seen next season in a new play entitled "Edmund Burke," based upon incidents in the career of the great British statesman

impending tragedy. He suggests terror, as some actors can suggest laughter. There is in the nervous tension of his manner, the grim set of his face and the deep earnestness of his voice something that convinces one that no deed is impossible for him. He seems to be living in that borderland between life and death, where terror is king. But if there

a young man, being only 35. His quiet, self-possessed manner and his general aspect of neatness and correctness do nothing to suggest the terrible problems with which he is confronted. He is, furthermore, a "worker" and looks it. He used at one time to be secretary of that talented statesman, M. Burdeau.

F. IRVIN.



Marceau

VIOLET HOLLS

Appearing in "The Earl and the Girl"

the author who figures most conspicuously on its bills is undoubtedly André de Lorde, the author of "Au Téléphone," "Le Système du Docteur Goudron," "La Dernière Torture" and "L'Obsession." Although M. de Lorde has made a speciality of short plays containing some terror-inspiring situation, this quality is not allowed to banish those attributes of literary quality and artistic restraint without which the plays would not make much impression on the public at the Grand Guignol. To communicate to an audience (and a somewhat blasé audience at that) a genuine thrill of horror is not easy, even when the author has such a free hand as is allowed the authors at the Grand Guignol. Before an audience can be made to feel that chill in its spine which ought normally to be called forth by certain situations, it is necessary for the dramatist to create an atmosphere, to prepare the minds of the spectators and to do this great skill and experience are necessary.

M. André de Lorde, though he has an established reputation, is still



Hall

OLIVE NORTH

One of the principals in the productions at the Hippodrome



NORMA BELL

Playing the part of Elsie in "Fantana" at the Lyric

My Beginnings

By JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS



In "The Emerald Isle"

MY beginnings go back to San Francisco more than ten and less than sixty years ago, for I literally began in San Francisco, having been born there. There is no authentic data as to when I went on the stage, for as nearly as I can find out I was always on. Family memories differ on that point, but they agree that the widest difference of dates mentioned in family councils is not more than a few weeks. It is certain that when I made my debut I was carried on and there is a humiliating tradition that I marred my own prospects and disgraced the family by sucking my thumb.

It has been agreed in the De Angelis family to bury that most humiliating event in its history, in oblivion. At any rate my earliest recollection is of being on the stage. I cannot remember when I was not on the boards, and my first distinct recollection is of seeing the audience for the first time in my life.

Presumably I hadn't known that there is such a thing as an audience before, but on this occasion I saw the people in front. The little world behind the footlights, the only world I had known, widened and included an indistinct mass of persons whose faces I could dimly see, but whose minds, or at least whose sense of entertainment I must fill and please. I was not frightened, but it gave me a solemn sense of responsibility. I felt that in some small way I was responsible for the moods of the audience. It is a feeling that grows with one's growth, the care that kills the actor cat.

At that time the De Angelis family, consisting of my father, John De Angelis, my uncle, my sister Sallie and myself, were playing in a variety theatre at the corner of Bush and Market Streets. We continued playing together until I was eight and my sister about ten, when we made a tour of the country ourselves, my father, of course, going with us.

Sallie, who was professionally known as La Petite Sarah, and I were practically starting out on our own account. We had three little sketches or one act plays, and did

a turn in the variety houses. We left San Francisco and came east, appearing at almost every town on the way. Our pieces were much like those of Harrigan and Hart, and to these we added fairly good voices, which my father had been at pains to cultivate to a certain point. Vaudeville then meant a run as long as the public would come to see you, quite like the test applied to the legitimate drama today. We stayed until we wore out our welcome. So a tour from San Francisco to New York might be a matter of years instead of weeks or months. It was while we were work-

ing our way back toward San Francisco that hard times overtook us. They began at St. Louis. We were so short of funds that we decided not to attempt to return by railroad, but to take horses and wagons and play all the small towns along the way. This, we expected, would net us the pennies and dimes and dollars we so sadly needed. But it was grasshopper year.

The grasshoppers had swept over Nebraska and Kansas and eaten all the crops. The people had no money and they were disheartened. No one cared to see a company of strollers making their way overland in a prairie schooner. Our receipts

were easily counted. An infant might have acted as treasurer of the company. Often we did not take in more than ten dollars. Sheriffs began to follow us, attaching our trunks, our meager props, taking everything we had. At last they took our horses and wagons. We were left in the prairies of Western Nebraska with nothing but the clothes we wore.

Kind hearted farmers helped us, but not without a guarantee. We gave them stock in the De Angelis Company, Limited. Fitted out with new horses and wagons we started and made our way to Colorado. Here our fortunes were no better. The grasshoppers had swooped upon Colorado, too, and the farmers were dejected. They seemed to dislike us for our assumed merriment. Heaven knew it was assumed. The sheriff began to hover about us. No use. He could not be persuaded. He intended to run for the same office that year. He could not afford to lend aid and comfort to questionable folk. He attached us. Again we

found a farmer angel and with our fresh conveyances we started home once more. At Caribou, Wyoming, our history again repeated itself. Another sheriff, another attachment. We let him have the horses and wagons. We were to play at Boulder, Colorado, that night. Boulder was twenty-five miles away. Father and I found that if the whole party took the stage to Boulder we would arrive there without a cent and in debt four dollars to the stage driver for our fare. We decided that he and I should walk. We made the trip through and over the mountain roads in four hours, and congratulating ourselves on having saved twenty-two dollars and our credit, we went to the town hall, built our stage and



Jefferson de Angelis and his sister when they crossed the plains in grasshopper year



Jefferson de Angelis at eighteen



When he first came to New York



When making his tour through India

that night we gave a performance at the usual time.

Trouble pursued us across the Rocky Mountains and dogged us through Colorado, Utah and Nevada. One winter evening we reached the Humboldt River. We were cold and hungry and knew that farther on was a town, but to reach it we must cross the river. My father and uncle concluded that it was too deep. They talked of camping there for the night, but I knew that food and warmth were to be found in that town if we could make it. I stepped into the water. My father called me but I pretended not to hear. I pushed on until I was waist deep in the river. When I had reached the middle of the stream the water was only shoulder high. I waved my hand to them and pushed on until I reached the opposite bank. The others drove across and when the wagons were on the road again I started to climb into a wagon. My father waved me off and they started on at a trot. I ran to keep up with them, holding by the end of the wagon. In that way my clothing dried and when we had travelled five miles thus I was so warm that all danger from the icy bath was over. In Eureka fortune smiled for a time on the little company, but she frowned again when we adopted the only other amusement of the mining camp, gambling. We lost all the money we had made at Eureka and arrived in San Francisco as hard up as while we were crossing the prairies and mountains angelized by farmers, on our nine months' overland journey from St. Louis to San Francisco. Fate seemed against us.

There was no let up in ill fortune for a long time after that, for my father was taken ill from the hardships he went through while we were on the terrific trip to San Francisco, and after two years he died.

I went on doing my turn at the variety houses in San Francisco, and the town talked of me as one of its favorites. Nevertheless times were hard. One day as I was walking down Market Street with a young fellow we met a man who had just come from Australia.

"I would like to go to Australia," my companion said.

"Let's go," said I.

We had no money but I got up a benefit for myself at Woodward's Gardens and we sailed. Hard times took passage on the same steamer. When I arrived in Queensland I fell ill. When I recovered my money was all gone.

"I'll cable to San Francisco for some," I said, and went with a heart full of hope to the cable office.

I wrote my message and said to the clerk, "How much?"

"Twelve pounds (\$60)," he answered.

I tore up the message and threw it away. "If I had that much I could take a steamer home," I said, and left the office not knowing where I would go, nor having the least idea what I could do.

I met a young man who said he liked me but hadn't any money. On that capital of mutual confidence we organized a company and started out across Australia. The experiences of crossing the Great American Desert were repeated. Finally we reached Cookstown, the most northern point of Australia. It was a town of 600 inhabitants. We couldn't go back and we couldn't go forward, unless we jumped into the ocean. We had literally come to the jumping off place. We played anything that town wanted, comic opera, tragedy, anything. I remember that they asked us for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and we had no book. We pieced together such fragments as the members of the company could recall, interpolated a lot that would have made Harriet Beecher Stowe turn faint, and produced it. We stayed in that town nearly three months. At last the captain of a vessel that went to Hong Kong stopped at Cookstown. We gave him a complimentary ticket and cultivated him assiduously. He was at last induced to take us to Hong Kong for a few guns and two or three diamond rings that constituted our wealth. In Hong Kong we had better luck. But we toured India and China and after five years I went back to San Francisco with twenty dollars. Three months later I came to New York with nine dollars.

For three years afterward I had plenty of engagements, but never once in that time did I draw my salary. I would get ten and five dollars as I had to have them from my managers, who were more unfortunate than I, but not once did my eyes fall upon a Saturday envelope.

The change came when I taught a fellow I knew the hornpipe. John McCaull, the manager, happened to watch the lesson. He sent for me and handed me a part.

"Do you think you could play that?" he said. "Take it home and read it and let me know."

I thanked him and took the part. "I'll be conscientious about it, Colonel," I said. "If I can't play it I'll say so. I assure you that I will be conscientious."

As I was closing the door McCaull called me back. "Don't be too d—d conscientious," he said.

Next day I signed with him for "Rud-dygore," and was with him three years. Col. McCaull proved to be my mascot. He changed my luck.

This series began in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for June, 1905, with an article by Blanche Bates, followed last month by an article by Blanche Walsh. Next month Frank Daniels will tell of his beginnings.



Purdy, Boston PAULINE FREDERICK
A Boston girl who attracted much attention last season in "It Happened in Nordland." Miss Frederick has a powerful soprano voice and will continue in Lew Fields' company next season.



Otto Sarony BEATRICE GOLDEN
Who has been playing Wrenne, Edna Wallace Hopper's rôle in "The Silver Slipper"



Hall LIBBY ARNOLD BLONDELL
Popular singing comedienne now appearing in vaudeville



Joseph enters upon a stage career



I guess I'm on the right road



Photos by Sarony

The situation induces reflection



Hully Gee! What tall buildings

WILLIAM T. HODGE IN HIS NEW PLAY, "EIGHTEEN MILES FROM HOME"

All those theatregoers who were shaken by convulsions of laughter by the funny antics of this really clever comedian when he threw the fit as the hoyden lover in "Sky Farm" and again when he courted Miss Hazy in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," will look forward with pleasurable anticipation to seeing him in another character. The new piece is founded upon a story written by Mr. Hodge himself, entitled, "Eighteen Miles from Home." It will be produced by Liebler & Co. this coming season



Chickering As somebody she don't like



Hall Elsie Janis as she really looks



As Elfie Fay

Elsie Janis—The Inimitable Child

ELSIE JANIS is a sixteen-year-old girl who imitates others marvelously—and is herself inimitable. Though she has been more or less in the public eye during the past five or six years, having played principal rôles in three comic operas, besides doing vaudeville "turns," being billed in letters three feet high, and written up with illustrations in the Sunday newspapers, it is only this summer that she has flashed upon New York.

"Flashed" is the word for it, as Elsie's first-night success at the Wistaria Grove roof garden was as spontaneous as her popularity seems sure to be permanent. She takes a part in the burlesque of "When We Are Forty-One," in which she sings two or three songs, and introduces "imitashes" of innumerable stage people, men and women, all the way from Chevalier and Eddie Foy to Marie Dressler and Elfie Fay. Nothing escapes her. Facial expression, voice, gait, attitudes and mannerisms of gesture, all are reproduced with striking effects of individuality—and Mrs. Janis, her mother, declares that Elsie has a repertoire of no less than eighty of these living portraits. Fornaro, the caricaturist of the *New York World*, told the young artiste that she was more than a match for him in his own specialty.

Miss Janis herself, however, sets comparatively little store by

these mirthful mimickries which have introduced her to the metropolitan public. It is easy for her, she says, to "take off" people who amuse or interest her, but some it is no use attempting at all. Her serious ambition is to shine as a star in light opera of the legitimate sort, such as "The Duchess of Dantzic." Moreover, she reveals romantic and emotional powers, as well as a deep, poetic sentiment, in a thousand little ways. On the stage she looks more than her years, and off it more child-like than she really is. At all times there is

the wistful, half-pathetic shade or undertone which we are sensible of when Genius takes fateful control of a young and tender life.

Columbus, Ohio, is the home of the Janis family. Elsie was a member of her mother's Sunday-school class in the Congregationalist Church there, and a social pet of the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden. William McKinley, when he was Governor of Ohio, delighted in the accomplishments of this gifted child. Later, as President of the United States, he and Mrs. McKinley invited her to the White House at Washington, where, in the historic Blue Room, she gave an entertainment before a distinguished audience that included the Cabinet and members of the Diplomatic Corps. The fame of this exploit set the professional managers after her, and little Elsie Janis went on the stage as an infant prodigy when she was only 'leven! She joined that innumerable and all-embracing order which Sydney Rosenfeld calls "Those Who Have Been With E. E. Rice." The Gerry Society made her shy of New York until she had safely turned sixteen—and now she is threatened (in the play) with the chloroform sponge advocated by Dr. Osler for all suspected of being a certain age.

At home with her mother and troops of friends at the Algonquin, Elsie's exuberant nature and versatile talents, as well as her sunny amiability of disposition, are manifested even more sur-

prisingly than in the theatre. She is a tall, rather thin girl, with splendid dark eyes and wavy, silken hair 'twixt blonde and brune—in fact, a daintier Ethel Barrymore, whom she both resembles naturally and imitates in friendly fun. She is a physical-culturist—plays football, rides horseback astride and dances like La Rouge Domino. She is a fair French scholar, keeps a diary and plays the piano. But perhaps the most marked of all, is her faculty for verse rhyming. Nearly all her introductions are original.

HENRY TYRRELL.



Copyright Hall
As a tomboy



Copyright Hall
As she comes to rehearsal



Copyright Hall
As a 'rah-'rah girl

Absolutely Free

A Superb Portrait of Joseph Jefferson

At very considerable expense we have re-produced **WITHOUT ANY LETTERING** the original painting by Andre Brion of "Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle," copyright Falk, "FAC-SIMILE OF JEFFERSON PORTRAIT" from which the cover appearing on **THE THEATRE MAGAZINE** for July was made, and a small fac-simile of which appears above.



SIZE OF PORTRAIT

The portrait including the mount is **18 inches high and 14 inches wide**. It is executed in **14 colors** and is not the usual cheap process work, but a genuine lithograph (or printed from stones), the most costly but the only completely satisfactory method of reproducing colors. All the flesh tints and the beautiful coloring blended by the artist into his background are perfectly reproduced, and the likeness to Mr. Jefferson is startling. The great actor seems to be close at hand smiling at you in the old familiar manner. It is a beautiful piece of art work and a fitting souvenir of the great comedian. Suitably framed, it will be an acquisition to any room.

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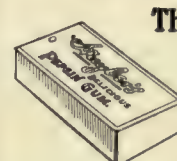
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New Dramatic Books

DRAMATISTS OF TO-DAY. By Edward Everett Hale, Jr., New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This book treats of Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Bernard Shaw, Stephen Phillips and Maeterlinck, and has a chapter on Standards of Criticisms and one on Our Idea of Tragedy? The wise student of the drama will always read the original plays before reading criticisms or discussions of them, for a material part of his pleasure is in having his judgment challenged or confirmed. To get vague impressions at second hand is not profitable. To be acquainted with what is discussed is, indeed, necessary for the intelligent enjoyment of such a book. A formal synopsis of every play discussed should be given, or it should be so clearly sketched or incidentally described that the reader will understand the bearing of every sentence of criticism. Otherwise, much that is written is written in the air. To assume that a reader knows everything may be flattering, but it is not filling. Books about books should conform to the necessities of the case. There is no excuse for a book about a book or books unless it is essentially educational. One singular charm about this book is the author's repeated declaration that he knows nothing about playwriting and that he does not believe that any one else who has written about the art knows anything about it. The result is that Mr. Hale is always amiable and readable. He tosses off observations on the dramatic art without any sense of responsibility, and that gives a pleasing lightness of touch to his style. It is true that criticism does not have to be technical. "I have but a very hazy idea as to what stage technique is," he says, and quotes Mr. Howells, who makes one of his characters in "The Story of a Play" say that there is no such thing. "They talk about a knowledge of the stage as if it were a difficult science, instead of a very simple piece of mechanism whose limitations and possibilities any one may seize at a glance. All that their knowledge of it comes to is claptrap, pure and simple." Mr. Hale finds a little light in a passage in Clara Morris's "Life on the Stage." During rehearsal Mr. Daly wanted to have Miss Morris cross the stage so as to be out of hearing of two of the characters. No reason or expedient for this crossing was at once discoverable. Miss Morris suggested a smelling-bottle. Finally, Mr. Daly said: "Miss Morris, you must carry that smelling-bottle in the preceding scene, and, yes, I'll just put in a line in your part, making you ask someone to hand it to you—that will nail attention to it, you see!" Mr. Hale remarks that the new line shows the necessities and possibilities which Shakespeare did not have to consider.

Now this is all extremely interesting. It shows the sincere desire of the Boston mind to arrive at truth and facts. It apprehends them both immediately. It gives forth abundantly of what it does know, and yearns for what it does not know, and for which it has searched for in vain in all the books. The device involved here is what is known as Preparation. It is one of the simplest tools in the playwright's shop. The stage manager may be ignorant of a few or many other things, but he understands Preparation. That Shakespeare did not have to consider Preparation is an amiable mistake. It is one of the first-born of the principles, and was known before Shakespeare ever wrote. There was never an acting play written without smelling-bottles in it. The old Greek tragedy of which he discourses is aromatic with them. Here is another glimpse of the technique of the stage. Stephen Phillips tells of his reading "Herod" to Beerbohm Tree. "He was at the outset bored, sceptical, and wanted nothing so much as to get through with it. Gradually he grew more and more interested and excited, until I came to the passage where trumpets are heard in the distance. 'Ha!' he said to his secretary, 'you see the reason of that?' Then he turned to me, and said: 'Have you ever been on the stage?' He did not know that I had ever been an actor, but he divined it in that one touch! If it had not been for his intimate knowledge of stagecraft, his career as a playwright might have been cut short right then and there, for Beerbohm Tree vows that it was just the thing that made him accept the young man as a coming great poet." This is extremely interesting. We get sure and authoritative glimpses into stagecraft, smelling-bottles and trumpets. The principle of Preparation becomes luminous. But Stephen Phillips, a great poet, is not a great playwright. The tendency in books about plays is to write about plays that are not worth while writing about, Mrs. Craigie's play, "The Ambassador," for example. No play lives that is without skill in construction and treat-

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ment. "The Ambassador" did not live. There seems to be an idea prevalent that these new dramatists are using something new in dramatic art. They are doing nothing of the kind. Their subjects and their treatment may be new, but the art is always the same. Ibsen, for example, is unrivalled in certain methods, but it is because he applies the art common to all playwrights with absolute sincerity, abhorring conventionalities and theatricalism. Mr. Hale has written a very readable book. The only general point we wish to make as to books of the kind is that dead plays should be left severely alone, and only those that live be discussed, unless the cause of death be determined by the autopsy for the benefit of science. The world hasn't enough time to consider everything that everybody writes.

THE HOLY CITY. A Drama in Five Acts. By Thomas W. Broadhurst: George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

This play was first produced at Poughkeepsie in 1903 with success, and has sustained itself in frequent reproductions. "Ben Hur" and "Mary Magdala" had brought attention to the legitimate dramatic possibilities in dramas involving Christ, but, in no degree, containing elements on sacrilege. A certain theatricalism is unavoidable, but sincerity of dramatic purpose has given them proper vogue. Mr. Broadhurst has made of his subject more of a passion play than one of theatrical complications. The human figure that stands out most prominently in it is that of Mary; her passionate conversation being used in every recorded incident. Peter, John and Judas appear in accordance with the record. The play is in effective blank verse, while its dramatic form lends itself to representation in a way that cannot offend. Many of the lines and passages reach a high form of sympathetic expression. An appreciative introduction has been written by William Allan Neilson, of Harvard University. In his researches into his material the author has provided uncommon literalness here and there; for example, the direction as to Flora, a girl eighteen, is: "Her dress is of light blue gauzy material, draped after the Greek style, and her hair is dyed about the same shade as her dress."

Books Received

"The Sunny Side of the Street," by Marshall P. Wilder. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.
 "The Garden of Allah," a novel by Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.
 "A Courier of Fortune," a novel by Arthur W. Marchmont. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc

Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck (wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian Shakespeare) thinks studies at the Conservatoire are useless to many. She says: "On est née actrice; on ne se fait pas." "You can't be taught to cry or laugh naturally; one must have had grief and pleasure in one's life." This lady was never in a theatre but once in her life before her audition at the Opéra Comique, when the manager engaged her at once to create the principal rôle in "L'Attaque du Moulin." She had no preparation whatever for the stage, if one excepts lessons in singing from a teacher in her native town, Rouen. Her parents (of the oldest and most respectable family in that town) bitterly opposed her going on the stage. Her début was a great success; she had no stage fright or awkwardness—being too happy in having her ambition realized. She was engaged by Massenet to create Thais, in his opera of that name, which was first produced at the Brussels Opéra. Maurice Maeterlinck, delighted with her impersonation, fell in love with her there. The affection was mutual, and they were in a few days engaged and married shortly afterward. She is considered the finest Carmen in Paris, having a rich soprano voice and a beautiful stage presence. She has published two or three books—one, "La Choix de la Vie" (advice, etc., to women how to choose their vocations and shape their lives)—and is now writing a play. Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck is now giving literary and musical matinées at the Criterion Theatre. She is singing songs written by her husband, which have been set to music by M. Gabriel Fabre, a great French pianist.—*London Daily Mail.*

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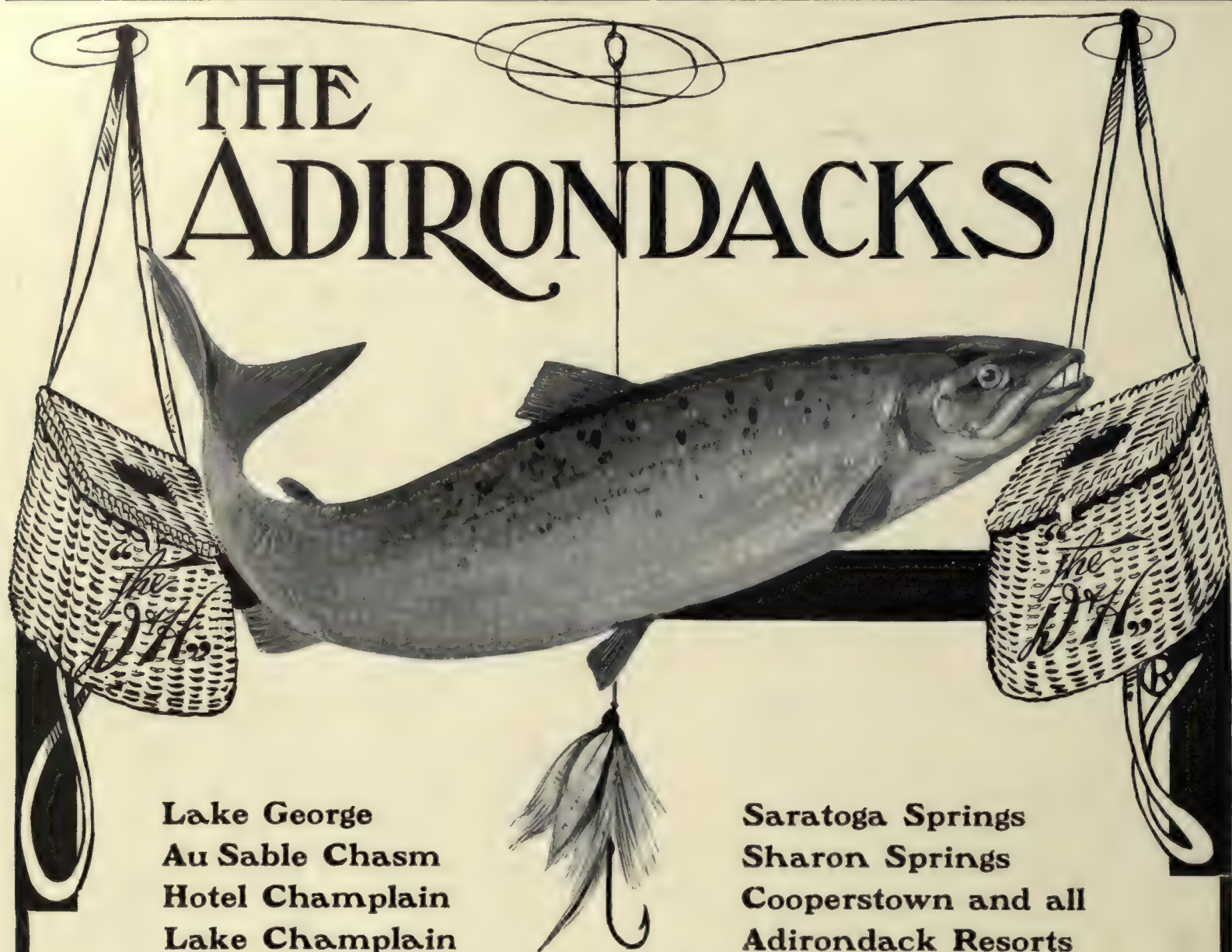
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Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

E. J. D., Springfield, Mass.—Q.—What is Marie Burroughs doing? A.—She married Robert Barclay MacPherson and retired from the stage. She appeared, however, for one night at a benefit entertainment March 24, 1903, in the Astor Gallery in the Waldorf Astoria. Q.—Where can I get a souvenir book of Robt. Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune"? A.—Write to H. B. Harris, Hudson Theatre, this city.

L. R. K., Milwaukee, Wis.—Q.—Will you publish a picture of James Durkin? A.—See this issue. Q.—With what company is he? A.—Proctor's 58th St. Theatre. Q.—Is that his correct name? A.—Yes.

A Reader, Montgomery, Ala.—Q.—Where will letters reach the following actors and actresses? Grace Van Studdiford (A.—In care of "The Red Feather" Co.), Chas. Richman (A.—He was lately at Allenhurst, N. J.), Blanche Bates (A.—In care David Belasco, Belasco Theatre, this city), Maxine Elliott (A.—Now in London, Eng.), N. C. Goodwin (A.—Now in London, Eng.; opens at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, Sept. 4), Frank Monroe (A.—"Mirror," 121 West 42d St., this city), J. K. Hackett (A.—Madison Square Theatre, this city. He sailed for Europe June 7), Eleanor Robson (A.—Liebler & Co., Knickerbocker Theatre, N. Y. City), Creston Clarke (A.—Jules Murry, N. Y. Theatre, N. Y. City), E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe (A.—Lyceum Theatre, N. Y. City).

E. B., Chicago.—Q.—Is there a good stock company in Denver, Colo., and in Los Angeles, Cal.? A.—Bellows Co. at Elitch's Gardens in Denver and the Ulrich at the Grand and the Belasco Stock Co. in Los Angeles.

B. B. B.—Q.—What is Henry Miller's address? A.—We do not furnish private addresses.

M. E. M.—Q.—Where is Caroline Hill? A.—She returned to Europe some time ago.

F. W. F.—Q.—Where are the following actresses? Cecelia Loftus (A.—Carpenter Cottage at Mamaroneck, N. Y.), Eleanor Robson (A.—Liebler & Co., Knickerbocker Theatre, this city), Isabel Irving (A.—Professional Woman's League, 108 W. 45th St.), Charlotte Walker (A.—Columbia Theatre Stock Co., Washington, D. C.).

C. A. S., Cleveland, Ohio.—Q.—Where can I get a book on the art of "making up," with illustrations? A.—Write to Henry French, 24 West 2d St., this city.

R. E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—What must be done to become a professional heavy weight juggler? A.—The best plan to adopt is to go to a vaudeville manager and give him proof of what you can do. If very good you might command from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week, according to your act.

An Old Subscriber, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Where can I address letters to Clara Morris, Mary Shaw, Mme. Modjeska, Otis Skinner, Mrs. Pat. Campbell, Fritz Scheff, Anna Held, Blanche Walsh, Elita Proctor Otis, Walker Whitesides, Marie Wainwright, Annie Russell, Ada Rehan, Carlotta Nillson? A.—Send all your letters in care of the Mirror office, 121 West 42d St., this city, and they will reach the parties in due time.

R. J. H., Toledo, Ohio.—Q.—Will Mr. Bellew play "Raffles" in New York next fall? A.—Yes, until January, 1906. Q.—Where can I secure a book containing pictures of Mr. Bellew as Raffles? A.—Write to Liebler & Co., Knickerbocker Theatre, this city. Q.—When did you publish pictures of Mr. Bellew? A.—November, 1903, and June, 1905.

J. P. D.—Q.—Where can I obtain the most thorough theatrical education in New York City? A.—Consult our advertising columns. Q.—Where will a letter reach Martin Harvey and Kyrle Bellew? A.—London Era office, London, England. Q.—Is Kyrle Bellew married? A.—He is not now a married man.

L. L. Q.—Where is Kyrle Bellew at present? A.—Mr. Bellew remains in London until July. Then he will cruise about in his yacht until September, when he returns to America and plays "Raffles" up to January 1.

Sammy. Q.—In what play did Mrs. Fiske make her first great success? A.—In "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Q.—What is her greatest part? A.—Probably Nora in "A Doll's House." Q.—Is Mr. Fiske an actor? A.—No, he is editor of the New York Dramatic Mirror. Q.—Will you interview Mrs. Fiske? A.—See our October, 1903, issue.

Leah Kleschna.—Q.—Have you interviewed Mrs. Fiske? A.—See answer to Sammy. Q.—What play will she open with next Fall? A.—A new play, entitled "What Will People Say?" Q.—What is her New York address? A.—Manhattan Theatre.

Chicago, Ill. Q.—Is Robert Edeson coming to Chicago in "Strongheart"? A.—Yes, in October. Q.—Have you published pictures of Dustin Farnum's wife? A.—Not yet. Q.—Is "The College Widow" coming to Chicago? A.—Yes, at the Studebaker Theatre in July. Q.—Is Percita West playing with Robert Edeson? A.—She was, but Robert Edeson has now gone to Europe.

Miss Chicago.—Q.—Where will a letter reach William H. Morgan, lately of the Kyrle Bellew Co.? A.—We cannot locate him. Q.—Will Robert Edeson be in Chicago this season? A.—See answer to "Chicago, Ill."

D. H. K., Yonkers, N. Y.—Q.—Will the Fawcett Stock Co. play all summer at the American? A.—The company has closed. Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of Edwin Arden's play "Eagle's Nest"? A.—Write to Darcy & Wolford, 1358 Broadway, this city. Q.—Will you interview Mr. Arden? A.—Yes, very soon.

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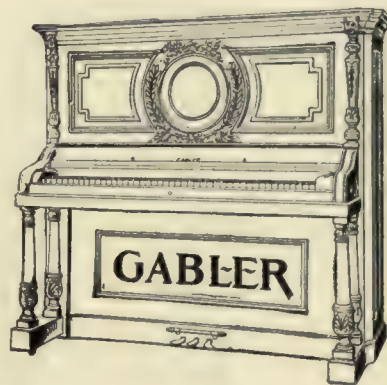
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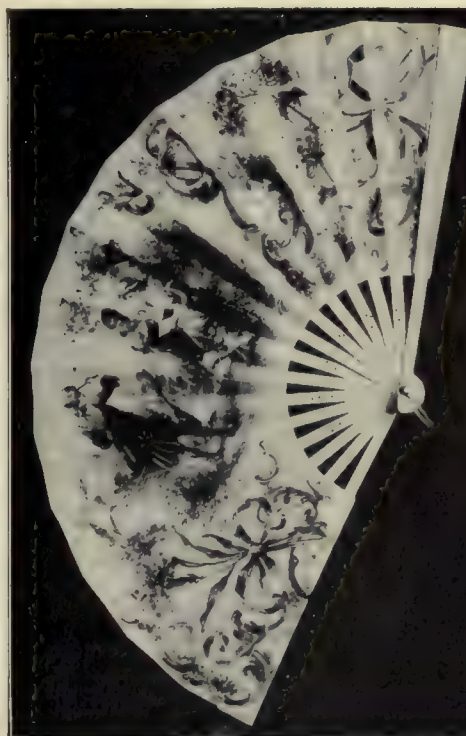


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Subscriber.—Q.—Where should a letter be addressed to reach Lulu Glaser? A.—In care of Chas. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre, this city.
A Kentuckian, Covington, Ky.—Q.—Is Bruce McRae now acting? A.—For the Summer, he is at Elitch's garden, Denver, Colo. Q.—Is his wife an actress? A.—To the best of our knowledge he is not married. Q.—When and where was he born? A.—He is of Scottish birth and is a nephew of Sir Chas. Wyndham.
I. M. P., Westphalia, Kan.—Q.—Have you a Theatre Calendar for 1903? A.—We have no more of that year. Q.—In what play is Miss Barrymore going to star next year? A.—See answer to "An Admirer of Maude Adams." Q.—Will you publish pictures of Miss Barrymore? A.—We have printed several pictures of her. See back issues.

R. R. F.—Q.—Will Edwin Arden remain with the Geo. Fawcett Stock Co? A.—The company has closed. Q.—Did Mr. Arden ever play in Augustin Daly's Stock Co.? A.—See answer to "A Reader." Q.—Have you published pictures of him, in costume? A.—Not yet. Q.—Will you have an interview with him? A.—See answer to "D. H. K."

F. C. T., Reading, Pa.—Q.—Who is Bruce McRae's wife? A.—See answer to "A Kentuckian."

A. W. W.—Q.—Is Mr. Arden's daughter on the stage? A.—No. Q.—What are Isabelle Evesson's plans for the Summer? A.—She is now with the Los Angeles Stock Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Q.—Will Wallace Erskine remain at Proctor's Fifth Ave. this summer? A.—He is engaged for the Summer season. Q.—What is Miss Evesson's city address? A.—We do not give private addresses. Q.—What are Edwin Arden's plans for the Summer? A.—See answer to E. L. Q.—Can I get Mr. Arden's photograph with his own signature? A.—Write to him.

H. F., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—What date is Dustin Farnum's birthday? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is he married? A.—See answer to "M. C. B." Q.—Is he likely to go to England? A.—At present he does not intend to go abroad.

Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Will Dustin Farnum play in "The Virginian" in Chicago again? A.—The present season has closed. He will play in "The Virginian" in October in your city. Q.—In what did his wife play? A.—"The Virginian." Q.—What is her name? A.—See answer to "M. C. B." Q.—Will Helen Holmes play with Dustin Farnum next Winter? A.—No.

John W.—Q.—Why did Edwin Arden leave Proctor's Fifth Ave. Theatre? A.—See answer to "A Reader." Q.—Will Harry Woodruff be at Proctor's next Winter? A.—He will not be there next Fall and Winter season. Q.—When, and in what play, did he make his debut? A.—See answer to "Agnes." Q.—Will you interview Mr. Arden? A.—See answer to "D. H. K."

Amelia K.—Q.—Is Henry Woodruff married? A.—No. Q.—Will he play at Proctor's next season? A.—See answer to "John W."

Jane Rush.—Q.—What are Harry Woodruff's plans for next year? A.—See answer to John W. Q.—Is he going to retire from the stage? A.—Not that we know of. Q.—Is his wife on the stage? A.—He is not married. Q.—Has Edwin Arden ever starred? A.—In "Eagle's Nest." Q.—Will he play in New York all Summer? A.—See answer to E. L. Q.—Will you interview him? A.—See answer to "D. H. K." Q.—Is Wallace Erskine married? A.—We do not know.

M. E. D., Denver, Colo.—Q.—Will Maude Adams visit Denver this season? A.—She will spend the Summer with Mr. and Mrs. Barrie in Scotland. Q.—Where can a letter reach A. Carrozza? A.—We cannot give you any information concerning him.

I. F.—Q.—What is Maude Adams' full name? A.—James Kiscadden is her father's name. Q.—Where is she going to spend this summer? A.—See answer to "How do you pronounce Mabel Taliaferro's last name?" A.—Tali-ferro.

N. M.—Q.—Where was Maude Adams April 6? A.—She was in Boston. Q.—When does she finish her season? A.—She closed her season a few weeks ago, and shortly after she went to a hospital to undergo an operation for appendicitis. She then went to Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I. She will spend the summer in Scotland.

An Admirer of Maude Adams.—Q.—Will Maude Adams play "Peter Pan" and "Alice, Sit-by-the-Fire" next season? A.—She will commence next season at the Empire Theatre, this city, in "Peter Pan"; Ethel Barrymore plays "Alice, Sit-by-the-Fire."

Our Place in Magazinedom

[From Printer's Ink]

THE THEATRE, established four years ago by Meyer Bros. & Co., New York, has won a place among the monthly magazines, and is now on general sale as a newsstand periodical. Unlike the *Clipper* and *Dramatic Mirror*, it deals with theatrical news only in a casual way. A magazine of theatrical art and life, it gives much space to fine illustrations of plays and portraits of players, with articles upon current productions, dramatic art and criticism, stage management, play writing, theatrical thought and tendencies. Its tone is high, and it bears the same relation to the drama that the *Atlantic Monthly* does to literature and the *International Studio* to art.

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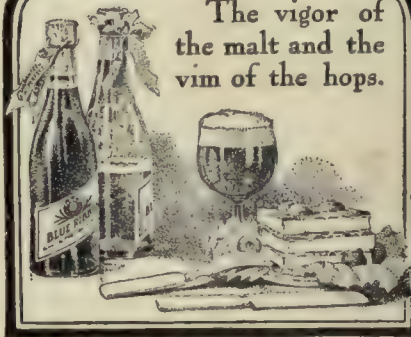
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An Actor on Fund Matters

NEW YORK, July 10, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Last Spring, about the time when several benefits were to be given for the Actors' Fund, Mr. Daniel Frohman, president of the Fund, in an interview in one of the daily papers, referred to the lack of interest in the Society's affairs by actors, as one of the special reasons for the low state of the Fund's finances. This want of interest on the part of the theatrical profession generally has been a subject of frequent comment. The actor is apparently willing enough to appear at any of the Fund's benefits, but only in a limited instance does the professional set himself down for the regular payment of dues. A pertinent reason for his playing for the Fund at benefits is readily found in the fact that he very willingly volunteers because he does not wish to offend the prominent manager who has the benefit in charge and he trusts he may win his good favor by appearing. His presence manifests purely a selfish interest that may tend to his individual advantage and does not in any sense indicate his interest in the Fund.

There may be many reasons for the Fund's critical condition—a very positive one is found in the concentration of the Fund's business affairs in the hands of a few persons. One finds, for instance, that Wm. Harris is treasurer, his son, Henry B. Harris, is one of the Board of Trustees, and Frank McKee, his partner in various enterprises, is secretary. Al. Hayman is on the Board of Trustees and so is his brother Alf. It would be interesting to know if the latter ever attended a Fund meeting in his life. Now, there is no personal objection to any of these gentlemen for they all occupy prominent positions in the profession and are doubtless worthy of the distinction bestowed on them; but their combined presence very naturally impresses the profession generally that the Fund is a close corporation in its general management. Of the present officers, Harry Harwood is the only actor of modest pretensions—the others are either managers or "stars"—but it is safe to say that Mr. Harwood's presence gives more satisfaction to the profession than does that of all the others. Another on the Board is a young man who, until recently, was an officer of the Actors' Society. Now that he is out of that position, what does he represent? What has he ever accomplished personally, or what individual attainments does he possess that entitle him to this distinction?

When those who control the Actors' Fund affairs are no longer governed by the mere temporary influence of those whom they select as their officers, and allow actors, business managers, agents, treasurers and others in the profession to have a place and voice in the Fund's affairs they will discover that there will no longer be any occasion for Mr. Frohman, or any one else to bemoan the lack of general interest. The mere possession of money or the ability to acquire it is not every consideration in this world. At any of the Fund meetings can be seen men and women of modest professional position who have education, intellect and splendid vitality. Why not occasionally seek an officer or two among these and make use of their energy and interest? Their work and healthful vigor would in the end bring more money to the Society than the contributions of the merely rich and would excite a far more helpful disposition among the rank and file than is obtained from the presence on the executive of some managers who possess no real qualifications for their positions and who command neither the respect nor the good-will of the profession at large.

AN ACTOR.

A Correction from Miss Kauser

In the July number of your magazine you make a statement that is somewhat misleading. You say, "As Miss Kauser concentrates upon the letting of successful plays for stock companies," etc. While it is true that the major part of the stock business goes through my office, I am nevertheless largely engaged in the placing of new plays. I have handled the work of many foreign authors of note and have sold plays by almost every well-known American playwright.

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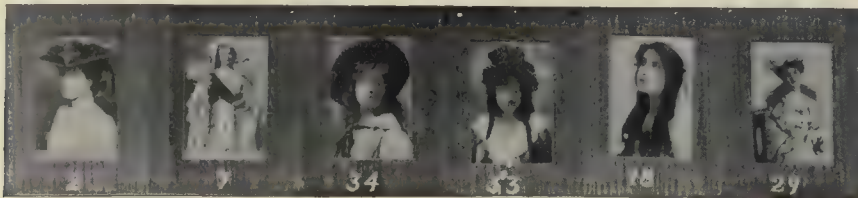
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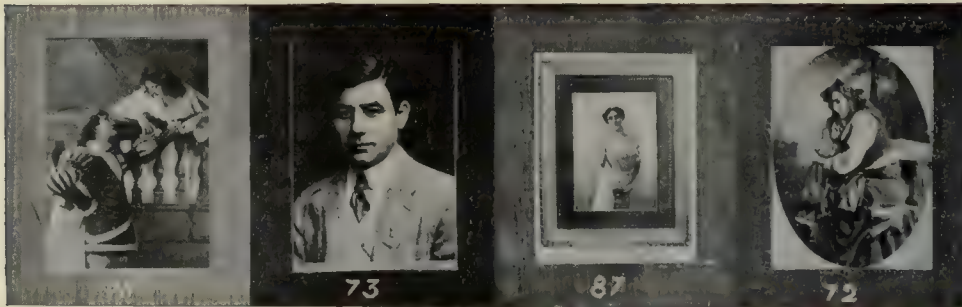


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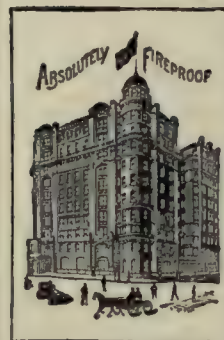
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Sarah Bernhardt's New Play

The greatest novelty of Sarah Bernhardt's season in London was the play "Adrienne Lecouvreur," written by herself. The piece differs entirely from the old piece by MM. Scribe and Legouvé, and the two leading actresses have excellent opportunities for showing the utmost of their powers.

The first act passes in Adrienne's dressing-room at the Théâtre Français, where we learn that Maurice de Saxe has returned to Paris after two years' absence, and that his mother is anxious that his connection with the actress should cease. The Duchesse invites both Maurice and Adrienne to a supper, and comes to the dressing-room to enforce her invitation. There she meets Maurice, who has at once made his way to the theatre, and succeeds in persuading both him and Adrienne Lecouvreur to come to her party. In the second act Adrienne is discovered sitting for her portrait to the Abbé Bouret, and she takes the opportunity of informing the artist and the audience that her father is mad and that her sister hates her, although she has been as a mother to the girl. The Duchesse then comes in, and, dismissing the Abbé for the moment, demands of Adrienne where the Count Maurice is hiding. Then follows a powerful scene, in which the Duchesse upbraids and threatens Adrienne and tries to extract the whereabouts of Maurice de Saxe from her. Adrienne, however, refuses to reveal the secret and leaves the house. The Duchesse finds out from Marguerite Lecouvreur that Maurice is hiding at her sister's home, and she immediately starts off to confront him, after having bribed the impecunious Abbé to assist her in her plot.

To her guests she says that she has been suddenly summoned to the court. The second scene of the act is really another act in itself. It is laid in Adrienne's chamber, in which Maurice is discovered staring idly out of the window. The Duchesse somehow contrives to break in upon his reverie, and has a powerful scene, in which she begs him to come back to her. He, however, refuses, and she vows to revenge herself on the actress, her rival. Maurice is roused to fury by this, and as she will not leave the house, walks off himself. No sooner has he gone than Adrienne comes in, and to her the Duchesse repeats her threats of vengeance. There is another very fine scene between the two women, in which Mme. Bernhardt, the author, has most generously given the rival of Mme. Bernhardt, the actress, quite as powerful, if not a more effective, part than to herself. This second scene of the second act is the finest part of the play, and the acting of the three principal characters roused the audience to enthusiasm.

The first two acts occupy nearly a couple of hours in performance, but happily the others are shorter. The third and fourth acts are something of an anti-climax after the great scenes of the previous act, for they contain a meeting in the Luxembourg Gardens, between Adrienne Lecouvreur, accompanied by the Comte D'Argental and the Abbé Bouret, who confesses that he has been bribed to poison Adrienne, and that he has been threatened with arrest and the Bastille if he fails to accomplish his task. Sure enough, no sooner has he ended his confession than he is arrested as a madman and hurried off to prison. In the fourth act we find him in his cell in the Bastille, being examined by Cardinal de Fleury, the Duc de Bouillon and Voltaire. The Abbé refuses to confess and incriminate the Duchesse, but Voltaire explains the whole plot and reveals to the Duc that the Duchesse is in love with Maurice de Saxe. The Abbé is comforted with hopes of a speedy release, and when the men have left the cell Adrienne comes in, followed by the Duchesse, and both, for different reasons, try to persuade the Abbé to sign a paper saying that his story about the Duchesse is all false, prompted by his great love for the actress. But he refuses to sign, and the Duchesse then tells Adrienne that she is already poisoned, and can only live a few more hours. In the last act we have Adrienne's death scene. The Comte D'Argental and M. de Voltaire both visit her, and the former, finding her so ill, sends for a doctor, who hints that he can find no signs of poisoning. But whether really poisoned or not the belief that she is doomed is too much for Adrienne, and after a most pathetic scene she dies in the arms of Maurice de Saxe.—*London Globe*.

Credit to Photographer

By an oversight, the photographs showing scenes in "A Circus on Mars" at the New York Hippodrome, published in our last issue, should have borne the credit line: "Copyright, 1905, Hall, N. Y." The acknowledgment is here made of our indebtedness to Mr. Hall.

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The Theatre Everywhere

Portsmouth, O.

(From Our Correspondent.)

PORTSMOUTH, O., July 10.—The Milbrook Stock Company was seen in "What Happened to Jones." The company was an excellent one, and the house was crowded every evening and matinee. "Diamonds and Hearts" will fill out the last half of July at the Casino. A fire broke out on the stage in the Grand Opera House July 5. The loss on scenery, curtain, etc., was \$4,000, covered by insurance. Armbruster & Son, Columbus, O., have the contract for a new curtain, scenery, etc., and will fresco the entire house. No date is set for the opening as yet. Ben Evans and Earl Higley, eccentric dancers, and known as the "Buckeye Whirlwind," are spending the summer here. H. A. LORBERG.

Louisville, Ky.

(From Our Correspondent.)

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 7.—Outside of Fountaine Ferry Vaudeville, theatricals are practically dead here. For the past two weeks Morin and his French military band have been the attraction at the Jockey Club Park. Creatore is to begin a week's engagement after Morin. The Marco Twins and a score of other clever artists drew crowds down to this popular "White City." Most of the managers of the local houses are East, making up the bookings for the coming season. Mr. Macauley promises to give us the best line of attractions that he has ever offered.

EDWARD EPSTEIN.

Evansville, Ind.

(From Our Correspondent.)

EVANSVILLE, Ind., July 12.—Business continues to be immense at both of the local parks. The people of this city are patronizing the side attractions more and more. The vaudeville as a rule has been of a very high standard. At Cook's Park all the concessions are getting their share of business, which has been very satisfactory. The new Giant Circle Swing, which was completed a few weeks ago, is the most popular attraction and is continually drawing larger crowds, while the receipts are consequently increasing. The vaudeville has been very good. The management of Oak Summit Park has been diverging a little from the beaten path of having only vaudeville at the Park Theatre, and as a result we have had a week of comic opera, and also Creatore and his Italian band. The comic opera was furnished by the "Beggar Prince" Opera Company. ROBERT L. ODELL.

Cleveland, O.

(From Our Correspondent.)

CLEVELAND, O., July 10.—The Euclid Avenue Gardens Stock Company is producing such operas as "Robin Hood," "The Merry Kahn," "Royal Middy," "The Fencing Master" and many others. "Robin Hood" had to be repeated for another week to accommodate the crowds. The work of Estella Wentworth as Maid Marian, Harry Davies as Robin Hood and Clarence Harvey as Sheriff of Nottingham was especially good. The Coliseum Gardens changed their bill to vaudeville on July 10 and promise all the latest attractions in that line. The Colonial Stock Company at the Colonial continues to draw well. R. Z. Herz has been engaged by the management for a two weeks' stay, and as Mr. Herz is fresh from his triumphs in Europe, Cleveland expects great things of her favorite. Luna Park and the White City are vying with each other in furnishing amusement for the large crowds that patronize the parks. J. A. WATTERSON.

San Diego, Cal.

(From Our Correspondent.)

SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 7.—The leading event of the past month was the visit of John Drew and his company in "The Duke of Killikrankie." The engagement was a big success financially. The opera "Der Freischutz" was given at the Isis, June 8, 9 and 10 under the auspices of San Diego Lodge No. 168, B. P. O. E. Max Heiprich had charge of the production and also had the leading rôle. The play was well staged and was a big success. One of the prettiest vaudeville houses on the Pacific coast is the Pickwick Theatre which has just been finished and opened under the management of Palmer & Fulkerson. Only the best acts are being billed and the playhouse has been crowded nightly since the opening. The Grand Theatre still continues popular with the crowds and high-class talent is being obtained. On July 1, Sidney Goldtree purchased a half interest in the house from L. H. Funge. In the future, as in the past, the Grand will be a vaudeville theatre. T. J. STOREY.



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Scene in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," which opened the season at the Lyceum Theatre, New York

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Joseph Jefferson's Will

The will of Joseph Jefferson was filed July 22 in the Surrogate's office in New York City by Edward G. Black, the executor of the estate.

It mentions bequests such as a Kentucky fishing reel, which is to go to Grover Cleveland, and small bequests to the Actors' Fund, the Actors' Home, and to William Winter, the dramatic critic.

The bulk of the estate, however, is left to Mr. Jefferson's relatives. The real estate in New York State consists of valuable property along Riverside Drive, on Lexington avenue, and on Central Park West.



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CINCINNATI, O.

THE THEATRE

VOL. V., No. 55

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1905

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Sarony

EDWARD J. MORGAN

Will play the part of Magnus in the forthcoming stage production of Hall Caine's novel, "The Prodigal Son"



The New Theatrical Season of 1905-06

IF we may judge from the announcements made by the managers the new theatrical season now fairly begun will not be lacking in abundant material. Including Arthur Wing Pinero, all the leading English and American dramatists are well represented, and some of the pieces to be done here, such as Barrie's fairy play, "Peter Pan," Alfred Sutro's "Walls of Jericho," and André Messager's "Véronique," have enjoyed successful runs abroad. "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," a musical piece by Paul West and John W. Bretton, presented by Klaw & Erlanger at the Broadway, was the first offering of the season in New York, and this was quickly followed at Wallack's by "Easy Dawson," the new piece written for Raymond Hitchcock by Edward E. Kidder. Edna May appeared at Daly's in "The Catch of the Season" on Aug. 28, and from now on the theatres will open their doors in rapid succession. The evening of September 4th will be a particularly busy one. On that night Maxine Elliott will be seen at the Criterion in "Her Great Match," the oft-titled play which Clyde Fitch has written for her, and on the same night Lulu Glaser will appear at the Knickerbocker in the new operetta by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert, entitled "Miss Dolly Dollars," while at the Empire, also on this eventful evening, John Drew will make his reappearance in New York in the comedy written for him by Augustus Thomas entitled "De Lancey." Then comes the production at the Hudson of George Bernard Shaw's queer comedy, "Man and Superman," with Robert Lorraine and Fay Davis in the leading rôles. Later, Miss Davis is to star under Charles Frohman's management in a new play by Ernest Denny, called "All of a Sudden Peggy."

Maude Adams, as already announced, will be seen this season as the heroine in James M. Barrie's whimsical play, "Peter Pan." Blanche Walsh will continue presenting Fitch's play "The Woman in the Case," and William Gillette will be seen in his own play, called "Clarice," the title rôle being taken by Marie Doro. Edward H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe will continue their theatrical partnership, making at least three new Shakespearian revivals, including "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night." W. H. Crane has a new play by George H. Broadhurst and C. T. Dazey, entitled "An American Lord," and will be seen here in it some time in January. Richard Mansfield will add the character of Don Carlos to his gallery of character studies, the play being an adaptation of the well-known play by Schiller. Nat C. Goodwin comes to

the Lyceum early in September with a new play by W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker, called "The Beauty and the Barge." Annie Russell, who is to be under new management, will be seen in a new comedy by Channing Pollock, called "The Little Grey Lady." Henrietta Crosman has a new comedy by Eugene Presbrey, called "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," and Virginia Harned will be seen in a play as yet unnamed by Henry Arthur Jones. Ethel Barrymore will be seen in a satirical comedy by James M. Barrie, called "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Viola Allen has a new comedy of Georgian manners written by Clyde Fitch, and called "The Toast of the Town." Martha Morton's play, "The Truth Tellers," based on a novel by John Strange Winter, will be produced in Washington Sept. 25.

Of other plays made from popular novels there are to be a goodly number. Hall Caine's story, "The Prodigal Son," is to be staged by the Messrs. Liebler, with Aubrey Boucicault, E. J. Morgan and J. E. Dodson in the cast, and the same managers are presenting a dramatization by Channing Pollock of Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage." Paul Potter and George H. Lorrimer have made a play from the latter's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," and Clyde Fitch and Willis Steell have dramatized the story "Wolfville," which Charles Frohman will produce. Other book plays announced are Gen. Lew Wallace's "Prince of India," dramatized by J. I. C. Clarke; F. Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster," made by the author; Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," by the author and Louis Evan Shipman; Harold MacGrath's "The Man on the Box," by Grace Livingston Furniss; Egerton Castle's "Secret Orchard," by Channing Pollock; a new dramatization of Hugo's "Misérables," by Wilton Lackaye, and in which that actor will play the rôle of Jean Valjean; "The Garden of Allah," which Mr. Belasco is supposed to be considering for Mrs. Carter; "The Redemption of

David Corson," made by Lottie Blair Parker, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe," in which Grace George will appear.

Mrs. Fiske has a new comedy of New York society life by Rupert Hughes, entitled "What Will People Say?" and Bertha Kalich, who is now under Harrison Grey Fiske's management, will be seen as Maeterlinck's heroine, Monna Vanna. An earlier production at the Manhattan will be a play by Edith Ellis Baker, called "Mary and John." Ellis Jeffreys will be seen again in



Sands and Brady

JULIA MARLOWE

This popular actress will continue to appear with Mr. Sothern this season in Shakespeare's plays

New York in comedy by Alfred Sutro. C. M. S. McClellan will have no fewer than three new plays on the boards next season in addition to "Leah Kleschna." One, a comedy entitled "On the Love Path," will be presented by Charles Frohman; another, a drama called "The Jury of Fate," will be fathered by the Shuberts; while a third, written with music in collaboration with Gustave Kerker, and called "The Butterfly of Fashion," will be produced by Klaw & Erlanger. Arnold Daly will continue presenting the Shaw plays, and later in the season the young actor-manager will produce "John Bull's Other Island." William Faversham will be seen in "The Squaw Man."

The Casino, rebuilt, will open with the musical piece "The Earl and the Girl," with the popular Eddie Foy as chief comedian, and this will probably run until Christmas, when the fairy spectacle, "The Babes in the Wood," will be produced by the Messrs. Shubert. George Ade's new piece, "The Bad Samaritan," will be seen at the Garden Theatre Sept. 11, and de Wolf Hopper will be the star comedian in de Koven and Ranken's new operetta "Happyland," to be presented at the Lyric. Francis Wilson will come to New York during the winter with a new comedy, and Joseph Wheelock, Jr., is to be starred in a piece by George Ade, called "Just Out of College."

The Rogers Brothers make Ireland the scene of their stage excursion this year, and Corrine will be their leading lady. Marie Cahill will star in "Moonshine," a piece by Geo. V. Hobart and Milton Royle, while Fay Templeton will be starred by Klaw & Erlanger in a piece by Geo. M. Cohan, called "The Maid and the Millionaire." Chauncey Olcott has a new play on the historical subject of "Edmund Burke," written by Theodore Burt Sayre, and Lawrence D'Orsay will be seen in another comedy by Augustus Thomas, called "The Embassy Ball." Eleanor Robson is to have a new play by Geo. B. Shaw, in which she will be seen as a Salvation Army lassie. Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin will appear as co-stars at the Princess, the first play to be produced being "Zira." Thos. W. Ross will be seen in a new piece by H. M. Blossom, called "A Fair Exchange," and the same author has written, with Victor Herbert, an operetta for Fritzi Scheff called "Mlle. Modiste." Blanche Bates will be seen in a new play at the Belasco Theatre early in November, and at the New Amsterdam Theatre, across the street, we are to see a gorgeous Drury Lane spectacle called "The White Cat." Ada Rehan will make a tour in Shaw's comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," and Minnie Seligman and William Bramwell are to be co-stars in a new play by John Luther Long and Edward Childs Carpenter, called "The Dragon Fly."

James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering will appear as co-stars at the Savoy, Sept. 28, in "The Walls of Jericho," a comedy by Alfred Sutro, and later Miss Mannering will head her own company as usual. "The House of Silence" and "The Prayer of the Sword" are two other plays scheduled by Mr. Hackett for production later. Walter N. Lawrence, who was very lucky last year with the Madison Square, will produce at that house "The Prince Chap," a play by a new American dramatist, Edward Peple, and this will be followed by the Harold MacGrath piece, "The Man on the Box," "A Divorce Colony," and other plays. Charles Frohman announces the production of a new poetical play, "Mizpah," written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and S. Luscombe, and a new play by H. V. Esmond and another, written in collaboration by Jules Lemaitre, the well-known French critic, and the English humorist, Jerome K. Jerome. Other interesting productions to be made by Mr. Frohman will be "La Belle Marseillaise" and "The Duel," both of which French pieces were marked successes in Paris.

Several distinguished foreign players will visit us during the coming season. Sir Henry Irving will make what is emphatically stated to be his very last farewell tour, and we shall have also an-

other opportunity of seeing that wonderful woman, Sarah Bernhardt, who will present "Adrienne Lecrouvreur." Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore are to return, and so is Forbes Robertson. Miss Olga Nethersole, who has not appeared here for several years, will make her American reappearance in Hervieu's much discussed comedy, "Le Dédale." E. S. Willard returns as usual, and will be seen in a new play by Alfred Capus.



Reutlinger

OLGA NETHERSOLE

The well-known English actress who will make her re-appearance in America this season in Paul Hervieu's much discussed comedy "Le Dédale" (The Labyrinth)



Adelaide Ristori as Queen Elizabeth

Adelaide Ristori Sends a Message to America



Ristori as she is today

AN interview with Ristori! Is it possible that one of the splendid dramatic figures of the past, a great tragic actress who is absolutely unknown, except by name, to the present generation, should still today be able and willing to talk to a twentieth century reporter of her triumphs of three decades ago? The famous Italian artist, now a venerable old lady of 83, was not only willing to receive your correspondent, but expressed herself anxious to have conveyed to the American people, through the columns of *THE THEATRE MAGAZINE*, her love for America and the affection and gratitude she will always feel towards this country.

The Marchesa Capranica del Grillo (better known to theatre students the world over as Adelaide Ristori) had sent word that she would see me at six o'clock one afternoon, and at the appointed hour I presented myself in the Via del Valle, at the *Palazzo*, on the first floor of which the aged artist makes her home. With her lives her devoted daughter, Donna Bianca, who has never married, but is her mother's constant companion. On the floor above lives Ristori's only other child, her son Giorgio, a gentleman of the court of Queen Margherita, his wife and three children, Giuliano, Flaminia and Francesca, to whom their grandmother is devoted.

Ascending a broad marble staircase from the vestibule, I was shown into an attractive, thoroughly home-like drawing-room filled with souvenirs of the great actress' career. Albums of photographs, whose contents I could only speculate upon, covered the tables. On an old-fashioned grand piano were many autographed photographs, conspicuous among them one of the Queen Mother, with an affectionate inscription. A large three-quarter-length portrait of Ristori as Mary Stuart, always one of her favorite rôles, hung opposite me. But I had not long to wait when Ristori entered the room, accompanied by her daughter. A moment's discussion as to which language we should converse in, and Italian was promptly chosen when I had expressed my familiarity with that tongue.

"But you, *Marchesa*, speak English fluently, do you not?" asked the interviewer, remembering the actress's London triumphs in English.

"Oh, not now. I read it, yes, but it is so long since I have had occasion to use it that I should not feel at home in it."

It was never the writer's good fortune to see Ristori on the stage, and her farewell performances were in 1885. But in private life it would be difficult to find a more thoroughly charming woman. Old lady seems hardly the term to apply to her. As she herself admits, she was eighty-three last January, but it seems incredible. Rheumatism makes it difficult for her to walk much, but she sits erect in her chair. Her hair under the little white lace cap is abundant, and only partly gray, and there is a pretty color in her cheeks. Her eyes are bright and her deep voice rich and musical. Any one more simple and unaffected could not be imagined.

She talks of any one, of anything, rather than of herself. She was interested to know that her interviewer was American and from New York, which she described as a "*bella città*," although she was sorry to hear of our skyscrapers, which she thought could hardly add to the beauty of our city. She spoke, too, of Riverside Drive, of which she had heard but never seen.

"America is a most interesting country," she said, "and I have always preserved the pleasantest recollections of it. The people are so enthusiastic, so intelligent, and so kind."

"Then you did not find us the cold, heartless people that one of the Italian writers (Mathilde Serao) declares us?"

Ristori's eyes flashed.

"Nothing of the sort! I think the Americans are full of heart.

Otherwise they would not constitute such sympathetic audiences. I have never played before more sympathetic or enthusiastic people. I remember especially the matinees, where women predominated. They used to crowd the theatre, and even on the stage there were chairs, so that we had hardly room for the actors. And how can one say Americans are heartless when on the celebration of my eightieth birthday I received many, many presents and congratulations from American friends whom I had not seen for years, and some from strangers, too. Even children sent me pressed flowers with best wishes, saying they had never seen me, but their mothers or grandmothers had, and had told them about me. So they, the little

ones, wished to send me congratulations for my birthday. I assure you I was deeply touched."

Asked as to her favorite rôle, Ristori pronounced it to be Mary Stuart, but she added:

"I like to alternate between tragedy and comedy, for I thoroughly enjoy the latter, even if it has not the grandeur of



Ristori at her prime

tragedy. One of my favorite rôles was La Locandiera in Goldoni's comedy of that name."

"Is it true that you have recited in German as well as English?"

"No; never. I cannot speak German, but I appeared with a German company at the Thalia Theatre, New York, and the critics declared after the performance that it was evident that I understood the German language thoroughly. This was not the case at all; quite the reverse. But when one knows one's rôles well it is a simple matter to play with a company speaking another language."

Ristori did not speak enthusiastically of the present condition of the stage in Italy, although she expressed admiration for several of the modern actors, and among them Gustavo Salvini, whom she considers very talented. Yet she never fails to encourage new comers, and has helped many.

As your correspondent said good-bye, the great artist asked her to convey, through THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, which she reads regularly, her love for America and the American people, assuring them of the deep affection and high esteem in which she shall always hold them.

Rome, July, 1905.

ELISE LATHROP.



Photo Hall

GERTRUDE CARLISLE

TAYLOR GRANVILLE

Scene in "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," the new musical piece by Paul West and John W. Bratton, with which Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have inaugurated the new dramatic season at the Broadway Theatre

Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly

* Part IV. Conclusion



Mr. Daly's bookplate

IN his striving to gratify popular demands, Mr. Daly was not wholly uninfluenced by the spirit of superstition—a weakness of no inconsiderable force with the profession at large. I remember his telling us one evening of the reading of a new play to the company that morning. And, by the way, those who know declare that to hear Mr. Daly read a play constituted one of the most enviable of treats, so pronounced was his gift in this direction. As he was expatiating upon the exuberant manifestations, the convulsive laughter of his people, which at times made it impossible for him to proceed, I could not suppress an intervening wedge of encouragement as to the pre-assured success of the piece, to which he promptly responded:

"No. Now, do you know that is just where you are wrong? It is a bad omen with me always. A play over which the company enthuses is sure to meet the disapproval of the audience."

And during days of prolonged struggle, he was not above searching for the possible "Jonah"—that *bête noire* of theatrical life. I recall his saying, "I believe I have found my 'Jonah.' It is Miss ——. There is no play in which she has ever appeared that has not proven a failure." And no subsequent opportunity was ever given to this actress to live down the imputation.

Then the repetition of certain words in the titles of his plays indicates their antecedent felicitous service. For example: one of the first plays to win even partial appreciation was "An Arabian Night," and so afterwards he presented "Red Letter Nights" and "A Night Off." The street number of the little theatre down on Broadway which proved so fortunate a house for him after the burning of the original Fifth Avenue Theatre was 728, and one of his early successes at the present Daly's Theatre was the bright little comedy called "728." "The Royal Middy" had a comparatively fair run, and so he tried "Royal Youth," whose disastrous finish ended his faith in that direction. "Love in Harness," "The Railroad of Love," "Love on Crutches," "Love in Tandem," followed one another under the same dominance. And an additional person was brought into the banquet scene of the "Taming of the Shrew" on the discovery that just thirteen people were originally represented in this notably beautiful stage picture.

The foregoing seems very petty in association with a man who even at the very outset of his connection with the stage proved himself a leader, a man of whom it was said by those who came to him from other established theatres that never before had they known what stage management really meant; a man who, although young in years and wholly inexperienced, manifested

*For the first part of these Recollections see our issue for June, 1905

in his novitiate judgment of the most mature character and whose decisions were invariably speedy and accurate. Lately I heard a brainy professional man, in deploring the passing of the Daly régime, say: "When I wanted to go to the theatre, I always went to 'Daly's,' without even stopping to inquire the name of the play. It made no difference, really; for it was always 'Art.'"

System ruled with Mr. Daly. In the plan of his life's routine he made time for everything. Each hour had its purpose. His own pen attended to the obligations of his correspondence. No letter in his mail was too insignificant for his individual attention.

There was a little child whom he was very fond of and much beloved by his own children. After their death, she held a sacred place in his heart. During his travels she used to write him. In her baby conceit she attempted to emulate her elders according to her own ideas. She would scribble with a pencil fantastic lines and signs, reading to the present writer those things which she meant to tell him. These interpretations were always faithfully taken down and sent to him with her own imaginary letters, which always received prompt and tenderest answers—no matter where they might find him. The following extracts will tell something of the man's large and charming nature:

June 17, 1885.

MY GOOD LITTLE HEART'S DELIGHT:

I received your very beautiful letter to-day. It was only two days coming from New York to Chicago. And only think! my hotel in Chicago is nearly a thousand miles from — Avenue in New York. Did you ever hear of the giant who wore a pair of magic boots, and every step he walked covered seven leagues? Well, that giant was a sort of a fairy, but he didn't begin to be half as big a fairy as the Giant Locomotive which brought your letter to me.

I am very much surprised that you have "writed" me two other letters before this one. Are you sure that you sent them to the right address? I never got them. Some dreadful man must have received them, and is trying to make his friends believe that you "wroted" them to him. I'm ashamed for him, aren't you?

I think it was highly proper for you to tell me to send you a sheet of paper if I expected you to send me an answer. And I would send you a sheet of paper, but I have none as large as I would like to send, so that you could write me a splendid BIG, BIG letter. I hope you will come to see me in your new dress. I'm sure I'll feel like eating you up when you wear it, for I like crushed strawberries very much.



LILLIAN BURNS

One of the pretty English girls who will be seen at Daly's in "The Catch of the Season"

had to give an individual periodical accounting of it. He was very rigid about this. "As he rendered unto Cæsar," so did he render faithfully what was due to a higher power.

Sunday in Mr. Daly's life was a great day. After church service and a resumé of the best Sunday papers he gave himself up to the fullest enjoyment of "home." Sunday evening gave to Mr. Daly his opportunity to fill a rôle for which he was royally adapted—that of host. In his home there were innumerable banquets given on Sunday evenings, attended by notabilities in the worlds of literature, art, diplomacy, luminaries of the bench, the church, the stage, etc. On those Sunday evenings not devoted to entertaining, he permitted himself the enjoyment of his rare books. As soon as the skies began to brighten in his life, he commenced to build up what represented his only form of self-indulgence—the library which constituted so prominent a feature of his attractive home, where room after room became a magnificent depository for those priceless treasures, in bringing which up to his own idealization of perfection, time, research, labor, fortunes indeed, counted as nothing. To visit him in his favorite "den" on Sunday evenings, absolutely hemmed in by his invaluable belongings, literally fondling the work on which his eye rested, was to happen in on a man whose countenance indicated supreme happiness—an atmosphere wherein he surely found fullest compensation for whatever was severe or sorrowful in his life. And in this



White

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
In "Easy Dawson" at Wallack's

connection is entailed a pathetic acknowledgment of "the vanity of vanities" especially proclaimed in a career of lights and shadows so strongly defined. Since those days and these, in "the dismantling of the treasure house of Augustin Daly," this almost priceless collection has been sent to the four winds, has passed in fragments into the hands of the highest bidder, and, if one may introduce so prosaic a consideration, at prices of paltriest proportion to their real value. As an example: one work alone, in which was centered his pride and devotion, cost him in money alone \$20,000; but which to its present possessor represents an expenditure of about one-fourth of that sum.

There is no doubt that Mr. Daly was in no condition to make the last trip abroad from which he was destined never to return. He was much broken in health. The effect of continuous struggle and strain was beginning to gain upon him severely. But a betrayal of faith and trust, embodying consequences which played a grave part in bringing his life to a premature finish, made this journey an imperative one.

It seems still another evidence of "the irony of Fate" that he could not have lived to realize the fulfillment of his dreams in regard to "Daly's London Theatre," that in the tedious course of the unwarrantable litigation (forced upon him as a result of his own misplaced confidence), which carried his case from court to court of appeal, the finally affirmed favorable decision should not have been reached until after death had rendered that decision an unmeaning one for him.

On the night before he sailed, although in the late spring, he sat in his office hugging an open fire, fighting against a well-defined attack of grippe. On the steamer, pneumonia developed. This he conquered, and, accompanied by Mrs. Daly and Miss Rehan, he reached England. Matters concerning the case involving the legality of his right to the lease of the theatre which had been built for him were still in abeyance, and his immediate presence in London was not essential. With natural chafing against loss of time, he decided upon going to Paris to look into affairs of importance there—where the end came suddenly, unexpectedly to all.

It was often a custom with Mr. Daly after a day of unusual mental and physical expenditure, when Nature clamored for undeniable rest, to come home perhaps half an hour before the usual time. He would be heard hastening up the stairs to say, "I am going to lie down. Don't let me sleep over twenty minutes. Awaken me then!"

At the end of the time allowance, I remember asking him once how much of it really represented sleep, saying if it were I, knowing that time were really so short, I would begin by fearing that if I lost five or ten minutes the remainder would hardly be worth while, and that at the end of the twenty minutes I would perhaps still be wide awake. He laughed as he answered: "But that is not my way. I lay my head on the pillow for one purpose only—sleep. And in a second I am asleep. I have no time to waste for any other meaning." He was always so resolute and sure of himself!

And so it has always appeared most sorrowful to me, that the great misfortune of all should have been the fatal mistake of those last words of his before he fell asleep in the far-away hotel in Paris on June the 9th, 1899: "If I fall asleep, don't awaken me!" He did not *mean* to die then, surely! There was so much for him still to accomplish! Weakened and worn out as never before in his life, it must always seem to me that Death "caught him napping," as it were, and took an unfair advantage. If he had only been awake, he would not have surrendered acquiescently. He was so unconquerable, so brave always; even the "prince of terrors" might have relented in recognition and admiration of his splendid courage and spirit, and passing on, have yielded him perhaps another respite! Who knows? MARGARET HALL.

Tolstoi has finished a new drama entitled "Behind the Scenes of the Russo-Japanese War." It was to have been produced at the Alexandra Theatre, St. Petersburg, but the censor prohibited the performance, declaring it a menace to the public peace and insulting to the Czar. Tolstoi has now offered his work to foreign theatre managers.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) whose drama, "Masioara," met with much success, has commenced another psychological drama which she calls "Fatality." The theme, remarkably realistic, is taken from Roumanian life.

Gabriele D'Annunzio has outlined a new drama which, with his "Daughter of Jorio" and "Light Under a Bushel," will constitute a trilogy. It will be another Abruzzese tragedy and is entitled "The God Expelled." It deals with the ancient god of the people of Maru, who reigned and had temples and sacred groves on the shores of the Lake of Fucino. In the tragedy is represented the resistance of the god to civilization.



White
Dustin Farnum, who will continue to appear in "The Virginian" next year



Thos. W. Ross, who will star in a new play by the author of "Checkers"

My Beginnings

By FRANK DANIELS



Frank Daniels
In "The Ameer"

IF I lay aside shrinking modesty, and mention the first time I felt the stirring of great dramatic instinct within me, I shall have to say that it was when I stood at the open window of a dentist's office in Boston, waving a feather duster as a siren waves her tresses, and whispering wooingly to the brats on the street—the brattiest brats in Boston, all special friends of mine—"Daggy's out."

"Daggy" was my brother, Dr. Daggett, D.D.S.

He was a bookish man, who cared a thousand times more for Shakespeare than teeth, and who let the one perish while he frowned and muttered over the other. He should have been the actor and I the dentist, "on the level." He was twenty-five years older than I, and a kind of father who didn't spare the rod or cane, or even the fire shovel, and spoil me. The only serious mistake he made in bringing me up was in giving over to me the position of honor and trust as his office boy. I accepted it with grateful tears and sincere promises, but I betrayed my trust. Once he left me to tend the slow fire over which he was vulcanizing an ancient maid's new mouthpiece, and I let it boil too long and hard, with the result that the rubber blew up and tore a hole in the ceiling, and nearly ended my youthful career by blowing off my head.

He didn't do what the good of the community demanded, discharge me. He let me linger on a-while and continue to wave the feather duster and warble as soon as his contemplative back was turned, "Daggy's out," and immediately his office was filled with all the boys in the block, who played leap-frog over the chair of torture and shaved themselves with his instruments. It has been said by cruel critics that my faces are my fortune, which faces I learned while I watched my brother

play with his victims with his little forceps, but that isn't "on the level."

I concluded, and so did everybody else, that teeth were not the paving stones on the road to my fortune, and I left my brother's office for a business college. I tried to learn bookkeeping and the trimmings at Pierce's Business College, and I would have done so in time—a long time—had it not been that I knew the way to Melodeon's Billiard Hall, two blocks away. I was such an earnest student of billiards that I won second prize in a tournament. I didn't win a thirtieth prize in the business college, and wounded to the

quick by the faculty's lack of appreciation of my latent business ability, I left the factory of business men.

Deciding that cold business was not for me, and that I had an artistic temperament, I applied for work at a wood-carver's, and for three years I was tolerated—I should have said employed—by George Mathews, of Washington St. Much of my time I spent getting into my employer's good graces by cracking jokes, doing jig steps and standing on my head. I was pretty nimble with my tongue and legs, but my wood-carving was—well, sometimes I would work straight away for a week, turn out something that was at least striking, and, carrying it to Mr. Mathews, wait for the praise I deserved. It came.

"That's good," he would say. "Throw it in the stove."

But all this time I had been studying at the New England Conservatory of Music, taking singing lessons from John O'Neil. They thought I could sing then, but now, ah! now's always so different.

A piano player came to me one day and said, "They're needing chorus boys in an opera called 'Pinafore,' that plays at Nassau, N. H., to-morrow night. Why don't you go up and try it? Tell the manager I sent you."

I borrowed money from my brother for the fare both ways—there and back, remember—and went to Nassau. I appeared before His Highness, the stage manager, a few minutes before the performance began.

"Titus sent ye, did he?" he growled.

"Yes, sir," I said, looking up at him trustingly.

"What's your voice?"

"Baritone."

"Baritone!" You should have heard the language that fell from that stage manager's lips, all of it adjectives, descriptive of Titus. "He knows we want tenors."

"Yes, sir," said I, with a trustful upward look.

"Do you know the opera?" he grunted.

"Yes, sir."

He growled and grunted some more, but sent me to the room where the other chorus men were making up. Fifteen minutes later I was hopping around the stage doing everything the fellow in front of me did. But after the last curtain I was following the other boys off the stage and I heard the stage manager telling his troubles. I was the troubles.

"That little fellow over there. Titus sent him. Said he knew the opera. Can't sing a note of it. Said he'd been on the stage. Never saw a stage. Wait till I see Titus."

I didn't wait, but spent the remaining half of my brother's money getting back to Boston.

Still I wanted to go on the stage. For a year I hung about managers' offices. They received me as warmly as they do other beginners, and they



FRANK DANIELS

When the Opera House burned and he pawned his watch to get home



In "Little Puck"



When he wouldn't do for "Pinafore"

Scenes in the Stage Version of "In the Bishop's Carriage"



Nance Olden (Julia Dean)

Latimer (John Westley)

Tom Dorgan (Edmund Breese)

Act II.—Latimer, who has caught Nance and Dorgan robbing his apartment, gives Dorgan to the police, but makes no charge against Nance



Act III.—Latimer threatens Dorgan with arrest if he doesn't leave Nance



Photos by Hall

Act IV.—Nance, confronted by Dorgan's departing accusation, realizes that Latimer's faith means everything to her

Act III.—Dorgan having broken out of jail tries to make Nance abandon her new life and return to his

added a few cheerful remarks about my personal appearance.

"You're too small," they said with remarkable unanimity.

"Huh," said one. "Your face is about as expressionless as a gravestone. Think you'd better hire out as chief mourner at funerals. That's the only way you'll ever make a hit."

But I sang and danced at benefits whenever they would let me, wearing off my stage nervousness, and after a year of engagement-seeking I found a man who was willing to take me in spite of my low stature and solemn, owl face. George A. Jones allowed me to barnstorm with him, and I made my first professional appearance as the Sheriff in "The Chimes of Normandy" at Chelsea, Mass., in 1879. I played it so badly that it makes me feel faint even now to think of it. But by some strange trick of fate I was allowed to remain with the Boston Opera Company. I afterwards joined the McCaull company, but only for a very brief time.

I was with the Atkinson Jollities in "The Electric Doll," an adaptation they had made from a German farce. It was played by a company of five. It went well in the United States, but we tried it on the English provinces and the English couldn't see anything to laugh at in it. When our English tour ended, three members of the company had to have part of my money to get back to America. My most vivid remembrance of that tour was the trip home. It was as full of events as a dime novel.

We returned by the National Line. The boat was called the Helvetia, and the trip is fitly described only by the first syllable of the ship's name. She had aboard a cargo of some new disinfectant that smelled like the concentrated, distilled essence of ancient limburger. The odor was so insistent that when we turned in at night we pinched our noses and breathed through our mouths to escape it. The rats outnumbered all the other passengers ten to one, and that things might be still more agreeable, we struck an equinoctial storm that roared around us for three days. The only persons who could leave their berths were the captain, the first mate and the quartermaster. The ship stood on her nose and wagged her tail. She turned somersaults that would have made her a star at a turnverein. But the captain seemed to enjoy it. He enjoyed it so much in fact that he spent all his time in the smoking-room playing poker with the other officers. On the first morning that the storm showed signs of abating I looked over the edge of my bunk and saw that during the storm the rats had held an orgie and eaten the uppers of my shoes. Thrusting my feet into the remnants I went to the smoking-room to make a complaint. The captain had just been dealt a fine hand and was in excellent humor.

I gripped a rail with one hand, pointed to my tattered shoes with the other, and told my sad story.

"That's all right, my lad. Your play, Jock," said the captain. "The ship will never sink as long as there's rats aboard."

I went ashore in New York in a pair of borrowed carpet slippers.

Some time later I joined a company that was playing "The Star." Harry Conor and other boys were in the cast. We arrived at Greenville, N. C., and as we were driving uptown in the stage, Harry, who sat in front with the driver, said: "That is a magnificent sunset."

"Sunset h—l!" said the driver. "That's the op'ry house burnin' down."

That's the original "sunset story" and the true one. I had to pawn my watch to get home.

When Hoyt and Thomas made me Old Sport in "A Rag Baby," I began making money for myself and others. They gave me a share in the business and the firm became Hoyt, Thomas & Daniels. Then Kirke La Shelle took hold of me and I made money for him. They all made money more than Frankie. FRANK DANIELS.



White

ADELE RAFTER

Well-known operetta singer who has been appearing recently in vaudeville

The next article in the above series will be by Wilton Lackaye, who will relate his early stage experiences. Previous articles have been by Blanche Bates, Blanche Walsh, and Jefferson de Angelis. See past issues.

In a recent interview Gustavo Salvini expressed his opinion of Ibsen's "Ghosts" as follows:

"Among other works of the great Norwegian dramatist, I have studied deeply 'Ghosts.' Nine years ago I was anxious to produce it, but I gave up the idea, and continued studying it in the original, consulting one scientific treatise after another in an effort to obtain a clear idea of Oswald's malady. It seemed to me that the remarkable, forceful interpretation of the rôle by Ermete Zacconi nevertheless erred by a too great concession to the scientific, pathological elements, with injury of the purely artistic side."

"What interests me deeply," continued Salvini, "is the experimenting as to whether the psychologic effect that Oswald's intellectual agony produces upon his mind tottering on the brink of idiocy, should or should not be the principal feature of the tragic action."

"Then again, the author did not intend that Oswald should be the chief character. The mother is the chief one. Is not she more intensely tragic than Oswald, the healthy mother who watches hour by hour the dissolution of her own child, and is present at the final tremendous moment when the son's conscience makes one last final effort for supremacy before the light of his reason is extinguished? Opposed to her, whom I like to fancy with hair cut short in Norwegian fashion and enveloped as in a mantle, in her ever intensified hopeless grief, I feel that I should occupy but a second place."



Falk

W. S. HART AS THE "BAD MAN" IN "THE SQUAW MAN"
Mr. Hart, who appeared recently as John Storm in "The Christian," was once a cowboy himself, so he is able to impart genuine atmosphere to his new rôle

Reminiscences of an American Beginner with



Gertrude

Sir Henry Irving Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt

Norman

IT is now several years since I was a very humble and obscure member of the companies of the above-named famous artists, but my recollections of them are as clear and distinct as if it were only yesterday that I had the joy of working under their brilliant guidance.

As our first experience in all affairs of vital import can color the whole of our after life, I was more than fortunate to secure as my initiation into that most fascinating but at times disillusioning profession for a woman, a small opening at the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Gertrude Kingston, a well-known and extremely brilliant London actress, introduced me to Ellen Terry, and soon afterwards I became a member of the Lyceum forces.

While at the Lyceum I had many opportunities of seeing a good deal of both Sir Henry, Miss Terry, and that remarkable aggregation of players which Irving always managed to gather around him, and so many of whom are now the foremost artists of the English stage. Forbes Robertson was there, revealing in his aesthetic interpretations all the noble beauty, perfect grace, exalted intelligence, mellow diction, and intellectual art, which are so endearing him now to the American public. In the company, too, was Lena Ashwell, then in the early days of her fame. A lovely, girlish personality, so full of ardent frankness, emotion, poetry of temperament, and that curious charm which has so potently raised her to the very front ranks of English actresses. And there was Martin Harvey, with his spiritual, delicate beauty, flame-like genius, his luminous expressiveness, and swift, sensitive nature. His rôles at that time were usually not large, but all his work was an absolute promise of the rare and unique interpretations which he is now presenting as his own manager. Sydney Valentine, with his clever, good-humored face, masterful art and strange mediaeval personality, now one of London's most noted character actors and stage managers, was likewise a prominent member of the company. Others were: Genevieve Ward, with her proud, energetic intellect, her tragic, domineering power, her interest in and solicitude for all young aspirants; Julia Arthur, with her profound and sombre beauty, her enormous emotionalism, penetrating intellect, and gorgeous resonant voice; Annie

Hughes, Maud Milton, Mary Rorke, Frank Cooper, Cooper Cliffe, Norman Forbes, William Farren, Ben Webster, William Haviland, Fuller Mellish, and Miss Terry's gifted son, Gordon Craig, and a host more of goodly names, now all scattered.

But above all these remarkable personalities, a number of whom are familiar in this country, two stand out pre-eminent, Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, the most unique figures probably that have ever graced the English stage, not only as artists and pioneers, but as two of the most generous, kind-hearted, interesting, loveable and potently individual human beings it has been my good fortune to meet.

Sir Henry always impressed one, despite his capabilities for long hours and days of vigorous work, as being a fragile and delicate man, one who had suffered great physical pain in the earnest battle of life. When he appeared in the early morning to his already gathered company, coming quietly and unobtrusively round the corner of some jutting wing, the most prosaic of us all felt a change and stimulus in the atmosphere. It was as if some grave and gentle sage or philosopher had come to speak to his waiting followers. Immediately one was aware that here was a man of the profoundest intellectual attainments, containing in that lofty brain so many brilliant qualities and gifts that there was little doubt whatever branch of art,

literature, science or politics he had chosen for his medium of expression, in any one of them he must have poignantly succeeded.

When at rehearsal he was alert, tense, all-seeing and comprehensive, but in private life, usually grave, dreamy, absent-minded. But he could be, as many have attested, the most

animated and genial of talkers, the best and wittiest of storytellers. Nevertheless, one could never in his presence lose sight of the fact that his art was to him an all absorbing, monumental and worshipped passion.

The many unforgettable productions which evolved from under his master hand were rehearsed by himself and Miss Terry with the most ardent love. The rehearsals attendant on these lasted many weeks, but the enormous interest attached to them was so enthralling that one never grew weary, even though one often found the day and night had passed and dawn was flooding the



Sir Henry Irving

Ellen Terry

Sarah Bernhardt



Gilbert and Bacon

LULU GLASER

Will star in a new piece entitled "Miss Dolly Dollars"



JOSEPH WHEELOCK, JR.

Will star in a new George Ade play called "Just Out of College"



Sarony

KATHERINE FLORENCE

Leading woman for Nat C. Goodwin in "The Beauty and the Barge"

London sky and streets. Behind the whole vibrating atmosphere of work, one was ever conscious of "the Governor's" hand and brain, manipulating and guiding the vast machinery. The old Lyceum was like some large hotel, with its many offices, Beef-Steak Room, green-rooms, innumerable dressing-rooms, and the floors given up to the wardrobe women, where so many of the lovely costumes were made. Then there were Hawes Craven's studios for the painting of all the exquisite Irving scenery.

Irving was benignly gentle, especially to the young folk and seemed to comprehend sympathetically the great awe in which we all held him. Occasionally he was a trifle shy, as if not quite sure what to say to us. To all he continually showed the sweetest tact and consideration, ever striving to find as topics of conversation the subjects most interesting to his colleague, friend or visitor. His sense of humor was both sly and delicious, and his criticisms of faults in one's work were so delicately made that one felt more as if receiving a compliment than a correction. Each and all worked for him with love, not fear, so it is little to be wondered that he attained harmonious results. I have seen him go over a tiny scene or an inflection from eighteen to twenty times, never losing his patience nor that wonderful sense of courtesy which haloes the whole man.

When Sir Henry was engaging me for "Richard III" we did not discuss business at all. He disliked touching on the pecuniary side of a contract and is well known for his munificence regarding salaries. We talked of the production of "Cymbeline," for which he had sent me seats, and ate large slices of home-made cake, baked by his old housekeeper, and which he kept in a tin box in his dressing-room. He had no knife to cut it with, so had to break it into big chunks. We sat side by side, I a diminutive and awe-struck morsel, and he majestic-looking in his dress suit, while Miss Terry looked on bubbling with glee at this great and simple man who immediately afterwards was going with her to a big dinner he was giving in the famous Beef-Steak Room to some notable people, including several Indian Princes.

There are many stories told of Sir Henry's little eccentricities, and all are too well known to bear repetition here, but one quaint

little habit I do not recall having seen mentioned in print—that of his wearing different hats at rehearsal. By these hats we could usually tell the mood of our great chief and the length of the rehearsal before us. When he appeared in a smart, tall, silk hat, we knew it meant a brief hour or so's work. If he wore a high, stiff hat, such as Mr. Daly used to wear, it meant several hours of earnest labor, but if he appeared or called for a battered, shapeless, soft and very old brown hat, we knew that it meant an intense and arduous day. If this last adornment was flung off altogether, then we knew irrevocably it was a sign of all day and almost all the night within the walls of the theatre. But our green-rooms were so cheerful, with their blazing fires in winter and comfortable lounges, where one could read quaint prints on the walls, and with merry Miss Terry coming in to cheer our long waits when she could, that no one ever minded the length of time. Both Miss Terry and Sir Henry were devoted lovers of animals, and the latter's faithful fox-terrier followed his every footstep. It was this same little dog who at one time when his master was going on a long journey, and thought it wiser to leave his canine comrade behind, followed the train-tracks a long distance until he reached the town where his beloved master was.

Miss Terry, too, was beloved by the entire company. Like the radiant gleam of sunshine over the face of dark and troubled waters shines the memorable light of her exquisite, gracious loveliness. She radiated as unique a charm as her great colleague, only one was the magnetic charm of mystic, solitary mountain peaks, and the other the charm of the warm, human unfolding of a perfect rose, grown in some quaint, old-fashioned English garden. Her tears, her laughter, her wild-eyed pathos, the caress of her whole loveable personality drew one with its sweet affection. She was irresistible with her careless, easy grace, her large-hearted expressiveness and exalted look of sentiment and poetry.

In private life Miss Terry is the most absolutely womanly woman it would be possible to meet. She has since those days given up her lovely home in Barkston Gardens, where it was a momentous pleasure to go and have high-tea with her and her interesting family. We used to sit round a big table in

front of a large open fire-place, a warm lamp-light illuming the faces of Miss Terry presiding so wisely and so buoyantly (her mop of fair hair often done up in irresponsible curl-papers), and a dear old lady in white muslin cap tied under the chin, called "Boo," the children's governess, who always remained a member of the family long after they were grown up and out in the world.

One often met there eager, bright, American girls, of whom Miss Terry was ever especially fond. Miss Terry, as Arthur Symons so pregnantly puts it, "is ever the eternal girl." I recall once on going to see her, her sending me down a doll and a kitten to amuse me while waiting for her. And to see her romping with her beautiful grandchildren, like some mischievous kitten herself, is a sight long to be remembered.

Her home was full of the intimate fascination of her own attractive personality. The library was a source of perennial joy. She was the first to lend me that completely revealing psychology of a young girl's soul, "The Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff." On almost every page some little remark was written in pencil. And these little annotations were the first things to make me realize the impulsively sympathetic nature of this most sympathetic of women.

In the theatre she was the friend, teacher, counselor, encourager and champion of all the younger members.

Many a time has she gone over my scenes with me, giving me suggestions from her invaluable store-house of knowledge and her immeasurably swift insight. She was so tender and generous, so delighted if one did anything especially well, so overflowing with the desire to help and praise, so sympathetic to sensitiveness and sorrow. Her character was one of those which abounded in giving, and cold, egotistical or unresponsive natures bewildered and hurt her.

Miss Terry was full of the most mischievous moods, and her continual pranks both on and off the stage were a constant source of delight to us. There was no deadweight of fear, sycophancy to position, or the abjectness of crushed individualities in that unsurpassable school for the learning of the technique, unity, object, beauty and wisdom of art. Each was at ease and able to develop him or herself to the utmost limits of their possibilities.

To watch Miss Terry rehearsing was an inspiration. She had and still has the most effervescent temperament ever given to an English artist of our time. She would dart here, there, and everywhere, full of sudden, impulsive ideas and luminous suggestions for lighting, draping, color, groupings, entrances, inflections, etc., which often might escape the more technical and balanced brain of Sir Henry. Miss Terry is the perfect combination of the blending of the rarest imaginative faculties with the utmost child-like simplicity. And is it not this perennial youth and wonderful simplicity of nearly all the greatest

artists which so endears them to the theatre-going public?

I had neither met nor seen Madame Bernhardt when I entered her company through the kind influence of Miss Terry. Of course, I had heard much of her marvellous, world-famed genius, her extraordinary personality, passionate temper, daring deeds,

travels and eccentric habits, and although I expected to learn much from association with these Latin artists which would be of infinite value to me, I own I was inwardly filled with a certain amount of trepidation, coming especially as I did from an atmosphere of such harmony and self-control as was exhibited at the Lyceum.

As Madame Bernhardt did not attend the first rehearsals, I waited impatiently for my first glimpse of her. We were in the middle of a rehearsal of "Gismonda," when suddenly the ranks divided, and I saw coming towards me, bowing graciously to right and left, the most remarkably individual looking woman I had ever seen. A small, upright woman, whose age one never troubled to think about, so scathlessly did it pass over her. Her whole being blazed with an almost primeval energy, triumph, ambition, enthusiasm, and the intensity of an ardent temperament. Every one seemed to become phlegmatic, heavy, pale and lifeless before this embodiment of tense, vibrative, nervous force. Her life seemed to stretch itself out.



Otto Sarony Co.

ROBERT LORRAINE

Will be seen this coming season in George Bernard Shaw's curious play "Man and Superman"

When on the stage with Madame Bernhardt one is at first positively petrified by her extraordinary simulations of rage, passion, despair, love, hate or joy, and then can fully realize in that so often disillusionizing nearness the potent power she exerts over the audiences of all-nations. The effect she had on me the first night I was on the stage with her was disastrously paralyzing. The play being a familiar one to her she had done little more than suggest at rehearsals what she intended doing. I was a small and reverent acolyte, swinging incense on the altar steps, with various bits of "business" attendant on that small but, to my mind, all important position. When I turned and saw kneeling at my very feet, almost in confession, a grief-stricken woman, uplifted by the intention of a great sacrifice, pouring out her story in that unsurpassable voice, with outstretched hands and tearful gaze, the stage, my little duties, everything passed completely from my mind, and, dropping my censor, I began to weep bitter tears in sympathy. I never saw any signs of *abnormal* eccentricity in Bernhardt. Both in her private and professional life she was invariably a charming, cultured and considerate woman. She was always either busy with her pen, at the theatre, or in her studio painting or sculpturing. That she was at all times *unusual* is obvious, for is not true genius an untrammelled fearlessness of soul that can and dares to be its intense and highest self? Her passionate love of truth and beauty seemed to me to be the guiding and inspiring forces of all her actions. GERTRUDE NORMAN.



Photo by F. Colburn Clarke

EDWIN ARDEN AS THE PRINCE DE METTERNICH IN "L'AIGLON"

Edwin Arden — Wild West Hero and Eastern Artist

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 42)

YE matinée girls who have marvelled and thrilled at his love-makings and the sorrows of his torn heart; ye older and sterner folk who have comprehended the mental grasp and admired the intellectuality that dominated his more complex performances—for is not the lover always primitive?—read!

The Edwin Arden of your admiration and your hundred inquiries is not the Eastern-bred man, the spirit of libraries of psychology that your imagination has limned. Or, to be as accurate as the schoolmen, he is in effect this and far more. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the fascination he exerts upon his audiences, even when it is a professional matinée critical audience, composed chiefly of those of his own motley cloth, that Edwin Arden is a many-sided man; and in variety has the world always

found interest, even sometimes infatuation. The fact to which I invite your attention at the outset of this chat with and about the Loris Ipanoff of the latest presentation of "Fedora," of the original Lancelot of "Merely Mary Ann," and of that icily repellent and artistically superb Prince Metternich, of "L'Aiglon," is his Westernism.

It is the quality which makes him welcome the long jumps en tour that carry him to the farthest and biggest West, which causes him to ride two-thirds of the time, against the regulations of well-conducted common carriers, on the rear platform, or even in the engine, in transit, which made him in the drawing-room of his home at 351 W. Twentieth street, New York, sit erect on the gilded French chair as though on the back of a bounding pony,

lift his head, fill his chest and look wistfully at mention of the great West. For look you, ye who write so many monogrammed notes to and about Edwin Arden, this refined and intellectual actor of your curiosity was born in the convention-free, individuality-developing section of the country where every man is as good as his neighbor, or even a little better, and where it is bad form to ask the most veiled questions about the prior life on the effete Atlantic coast, and where grandfathers, instead of being honorable institutions and social fetiches, are disregarded entities or even superfluities, where a man's a man in spite of family or the lack of it, wealth and lack of it, or a' that.

Are you already tired of this appreciation of the West, which breeds men and energy and ideas? I was not as it fell warmly from the lips of this man from the West.

In that broad-bosomed West Edwin Arden was a runaway boy, stealing rides on freight cars, riding the range after liberty-worshipping mustangs, waiting on the guests in the dining-room of a little railway hotel, asking for food at hospitable doors where "tramps" were unknown and only brothers in temporary financial distress and with stomachs craving wholesome nourishment were recognized, wounded by a man who resented his freedom of tongue, sleeping in the open with the sky for a canopy, and the rain as a lullaby, riding in cabooses to backwoods stations as paymaster to men who worked on the railroad. 'Tis experience and the sentiment of birth, as well as its own catholicity of principle and infinite breadth of vision, that endear the West to Edwin Arden.

In the long, cool drawing-room, its furniture shrouded from the heat and dust of midsummer, its olive paper and marble and bronze statuettes, its fine old etchings and prints of classic subjects, its soft green shades at the windows tempering the glare of



White EDWIN ARDEN IN PRIVATE LIFE

the street, everything, even the man himself, garbed correctly, even fashionably, for the afternoon, conventional and the essence of Easternism. Mr. Arden told this story of origin and impress:

"Perhaps of the kindly things that have been said of me, I have cared most for the statement that my following is among the most thoughtful and best-read persons, the truly best people of our country. If that is true, and I give these chosen persons anything worthy their reflection, it is because for a long time I acted as amanuensis to a clever and competent newspaper man. That man was my father. In my youth

he was a leader writer for the old St. Louis *Republican*. He did most of his work at home and sent his "copy" to the office. Often I was the messenger who carried it, and always I knew every

word that had been written, and day by day, through my association with his thought, the scope of my vision was enlarging."

Mr. Arden smiled quizzically. The smile reveals, in most instances, the man. Upon his composed, somewhat cold face it shone genially and lingered softeningly. In its light one saw that his brown eyes which looked tired in the afternoon light, boyishly brightened. It seemed to affect even his accents, which, slightly measured, took on a more fervid pace.

"My experiences prior to that had also tended to a certain breadth of view and to some necessary self-reliance. When I was fourteen and my brother slightly older, we decided that we would not be whipped any more.

The neighborhood, upon which we had made a distinct but not wholly flattering impression, and my father did not agree with us in our reading of the future. My father, Arden Smith, was a military man who believed in army discipline. Army discipline comprehended corporal punishment. Our views and our father's on corporal punishment had always differed widely, and we decided to prove to him that he was in error. It was I who made the pronouncement.

"'Father,' I said, 'we have decided that we won't be whipped any more. If you insist upon it, we are going to run away.'

"'I do insist upon it, when it is necessary,' he returned, giving me an iron gray glance through his eyeglasses.

"I reported the ultimatum to my brother, and he, after due reflection, revised his opinion about corporal punishment and was rewarded by a course in Columbia College. I can never forgive him that college course. No such advantages fell to me.

"But I, counting my assets of the age of fourteen years and twenty-six dollars in bank that I had saved from my allowance, made my plans for a solitary elopement. I arranged for a consignment of fish that I might take to Denver. If the fish arrived and were delivered at the dealer's alive, I should have a fair profit, and at any rate, my fare to the city. I worked my way to Denver by riding in the stock car and not sleeping a moment in the three days and nights. I had to keep the water constantly replenished, else the fish would die. So I slept not, and the fish arrived alive in Denver. We were put off at a small side station at



Fredericks
As John Oxon in "The Lady of Quality"



In his own play, "Barred Out"

night. The station was closed and I called to a passing teamster and tried to engage him to deliver my fish at the dealer's. He said he had done a day's work and was tired and was going home. I exhausted cajolery on the fellow, and finding that unfailing I applied vigorous language. His reply was startling. It signified that I was in different longitude from my native St. Louis. It proved to me that in this farthest West we might not apply epithets to strange persons with impunity, whatever the provocation. The teamster aimed deliberately, fired and sent a ball through my right foot. Having thus exchanged sentiments with me, he drove away.

"I left the fish to die. I wandered along the track till I came to a rough board house, which I learned was a boarding house for section hands on the railroad. The Irish woman who kept it took me in. Conforming to the etiquette of the West, she asked no questions about my plight. She must have had a rough knowledge of surgery, for she cleaned and dressed my wound herself, and took care of me for six weeks, until the wound was healed. I had admitted to her that I was a runaway and told her to keep my secret, which she did. When I was well again I gave the woman my hoarded twenty-six dollars and worked my way to Indian Territory, where I became a cowboy.

"For four years I led that life with all the varying fortunes of the plains, for fortunes vary on the lanos estacado as elsewhere. I drifted back, on the tide of these varying fortunes, to Colorado, to Fort Dodge, Kansas, where I met that renowned 'bad man,' Bat Masterson—I reminded him of it the other night when I met him at the Metropole—and to Wyoming, where I was glad to wait on the table at a small hotel for my board, and where I was not ashamed to ask at back doors for food when I needed it. There was no odium attached to such a request in those crude times and places. The heart of brotherhood beat louder than in the crowded cities of the East.

"It was at Cheyenne, Wyoming, that I thought of mother. Not

that I hadn't thought of her before in the still watches on the plains, but the thought of father's ultimatum on the subject of whipping had overshadowed her. But this night in Cheyenne, four years after I had run away, and during all of which time she had not

heard from me, the thought of her obtruded. Neither pool, nor the jokes of the other cowboys, nor the story of a horse thief who had been hanged in the canon below, would banish the thought.

Perhaps it is explainable on the ground of telepathy. She told me afterward that every night she prayed that I would come back. Often she prayed in agony of yearnings, and it was at one of these moments that I sold my saddle and other belongings to a tenderfoot and said, by way of laconic reason, 'I'm going home.'

"I did go home. We'll pass lightly over that home-coming. Mother received me with tears. I said to father, 'I won't be whipped any more.' He surveyed the growth in all directions that was the record of those four years, and said, 'You won't,' and thereafter father and I lived in peace and amity. That was the period when I derived as liberal an education as I possessed from helping him in my slight measure with his editorial labors.

"Through my father's influence I was later made paymaster of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad, and traveled over the route every month, paying the men. Father happening to be appointed Indian agent in Oklahoma, I traveled over the old plains with him.

"'You haven't any idea, governor, what my hardships were on this same ground,' I said, smiling, and he smiled back, and,

man-like, we went into the old, sore subject no further.

"The governor was appointed receiver of the Grand Opera House of St. Louis, and I was appointed assistant treasurer of the house. One morning, when I happened to be in a good humor, Thomas Keene came to the box-office and asked if there was any mail. I opened the window and answered civilly that there was none. Mr. Keene, who was a humorist off the stage, affected to have an attack of heart-failure. He explained that the last box-office man whose precincts he had ventured upon had growled a negative and shaken a ferocious head. The contrast with this demeanor, he explained, came near fatally affecting him. Subsequently I asked Mr. Keene to put me on the stage.

"'Why?' said he.

"'Because I think I could become a good one.'

"While he gave no sign of agreeing as to the brilliancy of my future, he finally consented to give me a trial. I showed no more appreciation than by asking him for his daughter. He



Sarony

PAUL GILMORE

The young romantic actor as he will appear this coming season in the dramatization of William Farquar Payson's story "Debonnaire"



White

MAY CONVELL

Seen last season in Lulu Glaser's Company



White

HELEN LACKAYE

Sister of Wilton Lackaye and now playing in stock in St. Louis

Richard Carle in His New Piece, "The Mayor of Tokio"



THE MAYOR OF TOKIO



Charles W. Meyers

Richard Carle

Edward Garvia



THE "PEANUT" BALLET IN "THE MAYOR OF TOKIO"

From left to right are Marie Salisbury, Irene O'Donnell, Olive Roberts, Helen Brandon, Kathryn Ardiani, Daisy Johnstone

made no objection. Mrs. Keene made active objection. She said she did not want her daughter to marry an eighteen-dollar-a-week actor. I think now she was right. Then I thought she was wrong. Fortunately Miss Keene did not share her mother's prejudice, and in time she honored me by marrying me."

Yes, ye who make romantic queries about him, in spite of that slim and youthful figure, Mr. Arden is married. His wife is the popular president of the Woman's Professional League, and he has a lovely young daughter who fills his eye so far as young creatures like you are concerned.

"No doubt those experiences of roughing it in the West have had their effect upon my work as an actor," Mr. Arden resumed. "Every character as a player presents it is a mosaic of his own impressions, colored by the author's creation, of course. A part is always a composite. I doubt not that a mannerism of this man from Oklahoma, or a grimace of that man from Wyoming, enters into some of my conceptions. When I was playing in 'The Ninety and Nine,' my railroad days served me, for I arranged the business in the station scene while they were waiting for despatches, and when I climbed into the engine to rehearse my part of saving the lives of villagers, I discovered that it was an empty engine, and insisted that there be something there to lend reality to the scene.

"Give me a throttle," I demanded. "Two or three in the audience may miss it, and if they do the scene will be spoiled."

"I went to the Pennsylvania tracks in Jersey City, carrying a letter to the yard-master, and for a week I consorted with engineers and firemen, and rode on switch engines until my old knowledge of the mechanism came back. I had my engine properly fitted up, and it was fortunate I did, for it chanced that I had to play before an audience from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers that held its convention in New York. If there had been no throttle they would have hooted."

And now there flashed another character facet. We left the boy of diverse occupations in the West and had our actor seeking to conquer the East. We had him leaving the Keene company because of his destined mother-in-law's objections to his presence for his courtship, and we found him searching the offices of managers and agents for an opportunity.

"Do you think you can play this part?" asked a cautious manager.

"I know I can," was young Arden's answer, and it won him the engagement.

While he was youthful and plastic, Edwin Arden, whose original name, by the way, was Hubert Pendleton Smith, which he, conceiving that Smith was undesirable as a stage name, had changed, with his father's consent by law, to Edwin Arden—joined the celebrated Boston Museum Stock Company, the best stock company in the United States. There he played with the visiting stock stars, Charles Barron and Edwin Booth, and Clara Morris. In one night of boyish triumph he shared twenty-one

calls with Booth, and afterwards had three of his own. In his den on the second floor of the West Twentieth street house, in a narrow, black frame, hangs this autograph letter from Edwin Booth, written by the tragedian from Boston in 1885:

BOSTON, April 23, '85.

MY DEAR MR. ARDEN—I understand that you do not remain at the Museum, but contemplate a movement on your own responsibility with reason. You have my sincerest wish for your venture, and if any endorsement of mine as to your merits as an actor will be of any use to you in your professional undertaking, I gladly give it. I shall miss your efficient aid during my next engagement with Mr. Field, but cannot conscientiously counsel you to abandon the project you have in view.

With sincere wishes for your success and kindest regards,

Truly yours,

EDWIN BOOTH.

Mr. Arden's eyes still glow with fervent enthusiasm at thought of the value of that dramatic training of twenty years ago.

"What hard work and what invaluable profit," he exclaimed. "One week I played six old comedy parts, that were new to me. I had the advantage of stage direction by Dion Boucicault, the greatest of stage managers, as an artist unequalled, as a man—well, not always popular. But the points he gave one! I took myself in hand. When his arrogance at rehearsal was no longer bearable, I went down to the cellar and said some vigorous things to myself, but I always brought

myself back. 'Submit to being called a "d—m fool" for the instruction you receive from him,' I would advise myself. When he had quarreled with his son Dot, he proposed to make me his leading man. Under all his stage arrogance there was always an undercurrent of personal kindness to me. I owe an indefinite debt to Dion Boucicault. And to Charles Barron another.

"In stage settings the theatre has gone forward, but in ethics it has gone back. At the Boston Museum caste was strongly drawn. The young actor who had not won his spurs saluted the leading members of the company as the rank salute their commanding officer in the army. Now they slap them on the back and roar 'Hello, Jim,' in their ears. Then the player who was earning six dollars a week, and his kind, were barred from the green room. When he had earned recognition it was his, but until then he must remember his rank. Ah, how it made for discipline!

"I remember how when Charles Barron said: 'I want you to call me Charlie,' my throat filled with an unmanageable lump at the honor. And when I dared to call this great man 'Charlie,' the other members of the company were aghast, and expected me to be discharged. O, for a dramatic educational institution like that fine old Museum to-day!

"Acting is no longer an art. It is that which is easier than working in a foundry. Take the well-set-up young man with no brains worthy the name, who fills a place in a company and claims to be an actor, what could he earn at a sales counter or driving a truck? Eight or ten dollars a week. Clearly he is doing what will earn for him the most money. But is he an artist?—ah, that is another matter."

ADA PATTERSON.



Morrison, Chicago

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF EDNA MAY

Who will be seen shortly at Daly's in the English musical comedy entitled "The Catch of the Season"

American Dramatists Who Supply Our Stage with Plays



The names of the dramatists and the title of the play each is identified with are as follows: 1. F. Marion Crawford, "In the Palace of the King;" 2. Genevieve G. Haines, "Hearts Aflame;" 3. Rupert Hughes, "What Will People Say;" 4. Paul Armstrong, "The Heir to the Throne;" 5. Julie Herne, "Richter's Wife;" 6. George Ade, "The College Widow;" 7. William Gillette, "Secret Service;" 8. Augustus Thomas, "The Earl of Pawtucket;" 9. Broun Howard, "The Henrietta;" 10. Clyde Fitch, "Her Own Way;" 11. David Belasco, "Adrea;" 12. Edward E. Kidder, "Sky Farm;" 13. Paul Potter, "Trilby;" 14. Martha Morton, "A Bachelor's Romance;" 15. Grace Livingston Furniss, "Mrs. Jack;" 16. Henry Blossom, Jr., "Checkers;" 17. Charles Klein, "The Music Master;" 18. Madeleine Lucette Riley, "Christopher, Jr.;" 19. J. I. C. Clarke, "Heartsease;" 20. John Luther Long, "Mme. Butterfly;" 21. Sydney Rosenfeld, "The Senator;" 22. Kelmet Chalmers, "Abigail;" 23. Lottie Blair Parker, "Way Down East;" 24. J. J. McNally, "Rogers Brothers in London;" 25. Theodore Burt Sayre, "Tom Moore;" 26. Frederick Ranken, "The Chaperone;" 27. Frank Pixley, "The Prince of Pilsen;" 28. H. A. DuSouchet, "My Friend from India;" 29. Channing Pollock, "The Pit;" 30. Theodore Kremer, "The Fatal Wedding;" 31. Willis Steel, "The Firm of Cunningham;" 32. William C. DeMille, "Strongheart;" 33. C. M. S. McLellan, "Leah Kleschna;" 34. Charles Emerson Cook, "The Rose of the Alhambra;" 35. Henry Tyrrell, "The System of Dr. Tarr"



The Julia Deans—Yesterday and Today



Julia Dean
From a photograph

had a pretty daughter. Gods, what a beauty that girl was! 'Tall she stood and peerless,' but not too tall, and her figure grazed that neat air life where etherealism leaves off and rotundity begins—as trim, lithe and graceful a figure as ever swept down to the footlights or shone in the chaste marble of the Bella Verona. There was a quiet giving way before her wherever she went, and a fragrance and a freshness and an innocent, artless, natural coquetry about her that she seemed to have caught up along with many other inspirations that were hers. Men are fond of novelty, and prefer naivete to character in women. She possessed a little of both, but not enough of either to repel one. Such eyes! Aye, and such a way of using them! There are old bucks among us—they were young bucks then—who will wince at the thought of those great, bright eyes, whose greasy old waistcoats that have not concealed a sentiment for a decade at least, will thump as they read these lines, and whose rusty old romantic notions, long since forgotten, will pop up like bottle imps and remind them how verdant they were. They wanted to marry her—lots of them wanted to do that—and they crowded the Adelphi nightly, and were vastly elated if Mr. John Green should invite them to 'walk in and take something with meeself and mee esteemed friend, Mr. Dean.'

"The girl was Julia Dean. She had just begun her career—coming here from Cincinnati, where she was born some sixteen or eighteen years before. The stage of this country was very bare at that time. Mrs. Drake and Miss Tree had gone off, and Miss Logan and Miss Davenport had not come fairly on. Charlotte Cushman held the post of Dowager Queen of the drama, but she was heavy and tragic and homely. There was an opening for something sweet and tender and blossomy, for la Sylphide, for Julia Dean. With what an easy, natural grace she took the position which was made for

her. Pauline and Julia were pretty parts then, not so stale and dog-eared, flat and played out. She gave them naively and tenderly, and people carried two cambric handkerchiefs when they went to see her. What a treat it was, and what royal, sentimental, green old days they were. It was worth half an income to see that girl fall into the arms of Clifford or motion Melnotte away."

Thus the old beau with the lace ruffles and the propensity for verses. Miss Rose Eytinge says in her "Recollections": "Very hard I worked to support the stars that came in a steady procession to the Green Street Theatre in Albany when I was leading woman there. Among them I remember Julia Dean, surely one of the 'sweetest women e'er drew breath' was that same Julia Dean. It seemed to be a sort of benediction when she leaned over and fixed her soft, gentle eyes on one."

The radiant picture fades into this drear one. A "Lover of the Stage" wrote recently to a dramatic journal:

"While recently walking through the beautiful Laurel Grove Cemetery at Port Jervis, N. Y., the aged care-taker called my attention to a circular burial plot overlooking a lake, in the centre of which, surrounded by mountain laurel shrubs and lilac bushes, is a sunken mound, under which the venerable keeper declared rested 'as great and fine a lookin' actress as the country ever had,' and further stated that 'much of a time was made over her in

New York.' He also said that when 'her body was brought on here a big crowd of theatre folks came on to see her buried and they cried over her open grave.'

"I carefully noted the location of the actress' lot, and visited the little cemetery office on the grounds, and in looking over the admirably kept records I was astonished to find that it represented the grave of a fair member of the dramatic profession whose tomb has been entirely lost sight of and dramatic editors and historians have been unable for years to enlighten those of their readers who sought to discover her place of rest. Beneath this mound rests all that is mortal of the once lovely Juliet of the American stage—Julia Dean.

"The complete record of the Laurel Grove Cemetery reads:

"Name—Julia Dean-Hayne-Cooper.

"Place and time of nativity—Pleasant Valley, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 21, 1830.

"Names of parents—Edwin and Julia Dean.

"Place and date of death—New York City, May 19, 1886.

"Second husband's name—James G. Cooper.

"Buried in Lot No. 3, section B, owned by her father-in-law, Mathew H. Cooper.

"Remains first placed in the marble cemetery receiving vault,



Collection T. Allston Brown

JULIA DEAN AS JULIET
From an engraving



Photo by the Otto Sarony Co.

This new portrait of Miss Viola Allen was taken only three weeks ago when the actress came to New York to make preparations for her forthcoming production of Clyde Fitch's comedy of Georgian days entitled "The Toast of the Town." Miss Allen made her debut on the stage about twenty-three years ago in "Esmeralda," taking the place of Annie Russell at the old Madison Square Theatre. Both her parents have been long identified with the stage. Her father, Leslie Allen, who came originally from Boston, is known as one of the best "character old men" actors on our stage, and her mother was formerly well known in the dramatic world as Mrs. Brutone. Miss Allen's first real success came when she appeared under the management of Charles Frohman as Rosamond in Sydney Grundy's delightful comedy "Sowing the Wind." Other successful appearances were in "Aristocracy," "Liberty Hall," "The Councillor's Wife" and "Gudgeons." Later she became a star, playing for several seasons in "In the Palace of the King," "The Christian" and "The Eternal City." Last season, Miss Allen devoted herself to Shakespeare, making a splendid production of "The Winter's Tale."

Second St., New York City. Transferred to Laurel Grove Cemetery, Port Jervis, April 16, 1868.

"At the foot of the eminent actress' grave slumbers the unnamed girl infant for whom Julia Dean surrendered her illustrious life. She was a martyr of motherhood.

"None of her relatives were ever able to erect a monument over her remains, and it seems a pity that this exquisite actress of another generation should forever sleep in an unrecorded sepulchre.

"Having heard that the noble Actors' Fund of New York has caused many a granite tomb-stone to be erected over the graves of their worthy comrades, and as Julia Dean was so sweet and accomplished an artist, I hoped that by calling attention to this forgotten and out-of-the-way tomb through the columns of the most powerful of America's dramatic journals it might result in placing a modest memorial stone of granite at the head of the mound under which reposes Julia Dean, whose splendid genius Dion Boucicault compared to that of another gifted and beautiful daughter of the drama, the ideal Juliet, Adelaide Neilson, who awaits the final call in distant England, beneath an imposing mortuary memorial, thanks to the influence of the loyal William Winter."

Between the bright picture and the dark there passed a succession of others varying in character. There were triumphs successively in her portrayals of Juliet, of Julia in "The Hunchback," as Peg Woffington and as Viola. Archness, grace, a captivating girlishness were the keynotes of her acting. Traditions relate that she held David Belasco in her arms in the last act of "East Lynne" in Vancouver, British Columbia. The last part she played was that of Ann Catheneh in a version of Wilkie Collins' novel, "The Woman in White." The career of Julia Dean points an argument for the celibacy of actresses. For with her marriage to Dr. Hayne, of Charleston, S. C., came an eclipse of her talents, as unhappiness has ever thrown a shadow upon the path of genius. The marriage was a sorrowful mistake. One of the pictures intervening between the first painted of her youthful radiance and the last of her lying in an unmarked grave in a country cemetery, is that which shows a weeping, shrinking figure, trembling on her own doorstep in a storm at midnight, after the play, her unworthy husband having locked the door, taken the key with him and departed for some haunt more to his taste than home. A neighbor burst the door in to permit the actress to enter her own home.

While she was playing in Salt Lake City she brought suit for divorce from Dr. Hayne, whereupon Brigham Young, the head of the Mormon Church, waited upon her in state and offered to make her Mrs. Brigham Young No. XXIV, an honor which she firmly but sweetly declined. She afterwards married James G. Cooper, of New York, and died a year later.

During her father's life he always traveled with her, chaperoning her affably when circumstances permitted, grimly when they required. For a long time he was manager of the Eagle Theatre, Rochester, and later leased a theatre in Buffalo. He was one of the most popular managers who ever got together a cast.

Frank C. Bangs, the venerable actor, dropping into a dressing room for a chat, marked the odd character of his hostess' make-up box. It was long and narrow, of tin, painted black.

"My grandfather's envelope box," she explained. "He always carried it with him."

Tears welled to the old actor's eyes. He bent and pressed his lips upon the old box. "My first salary came out of that," he said, "and it was handed to me by one of the kindest souls that ever lived, Edwin Dean. God rest his soul."

Julia Dean of this generation is the granddaughter of Edwin Dean and niece and namesake of the elder Julia Dean. Miss Dean, who is the daughter of Alfred Dean, the younger brother of the actress, was born in Minneapolis. She made her debut in Joseph Jefferson's company, and the next season joined the Neil Stock Company on the Pacific coast, where, as the company's ingenue, she won public applause and a gratifying social position.

Three years ago she played leading parts with N. C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott. The following season she joined the Leibler forces and supported Vesta Tilley in "Algy." She was afterwards in the cast of "Merely Mary Ann." Last season she was with Cecelia Loftus in "The Serio-Comic Governess." She was E. J. Morgan's leading woman in "A Gentleman from Indiana," and has been playing in a Worcester stock company this summer. This coming season she will play the leading feminine rôle in the stage version of "In the Bishop's Carriage," the dramatization of which interesting novel, made by Channing Pollock, has just been successfully produced on the road.

Mr. Bangs and others, in whom live tender memories of the elder actress, see many of her traits and mannerisms repeated in the younger.

PAUL HOWARD.



Sarony
THE JULIA DEAN OF TODAY
Who will be seen in the stage version of "In the Bishop's Carriage"



Otto Sarony Co.

THE EVOLUTION OF A LAUGH

Marshall P. Wilder, the well-known entertainer, illustrates here the faces he sees among the audience in front while they are undergoing the process of digesting one of his funny stories



Fanny Davenport



FAMOUS FAMILIES OF AMERICAN PLAYERS

No. 8—THE DAVENPORTS



E. L. Davenport

IN the days of lumbering stage coaches and long journeys between places now reached in a few hours by railroad, travellers used to start from a tavern in Boston, owned by Asher Davenport, a discreet business man and a thrifty husband, and these same travellers, on their way to New Hampshire or Maine perhaps, might have stopped to notice a small boy, whom the proprietor called Edward Loomis Davenport, and who was scarce able to walk, it being not many months since his birth on November 15, 1815.

The fact that at an early age young Davenport was apprenticed to one George Vinton, a confectioner, and thereafter was placed in a drygoods store, does not lead us to believe the inn a very prosperous venture, and the only advantage resulting from Asher Davenport's financial connection with a certain playhouse in town was the indirect influence it might have had in moulding the taste of his son. When the family removed for a while to New Haven, Davenport went to school, where he easily won recognition as a declaimer and a reader. In Boston, Davenport went to the Mayhew school, where he was the chief figure in an amateur company, playing in a rigged-up theatre.

But it was several years before the drama laid a defining finger upon him. As drygoods clerk, Davenport sought seclusion under the counter to read the latest printed play. To him the chief event during the time he worked with his father at the Exchange Coffee House was his meeting with Forrest. Previously he had spent a short while at Lynn as hotel clerk for his elder brother. But in spare moments, now over a baker shop, again over a stable, the boy moved along with the Junius Booth Dramatic Association, where he learned rudimentary principles and where he was weaned into the dramatic profession. There was another organization possessed of a high-sounding name, and no more popular member of the Siddonian Dramatic Club could be found than young E. L. Davenport. So strong had the taste become in him that no matter how much the father opposed when the time arrived for a stand—the son, aided by one of his brothers, met G. H. Barrett, a member of the Boston Tremont Theatre Company, and through him was able to secure a position at Providence, to support the elder Booth. Thus began the career of the first prominent member of the Davenport family.

The initial rôle assumed with considerable nervousness was Parson

Willdo in Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," but the young actor's earnestness, together with Booth's assurances, served him well, and during the engagement his Montano ("Othello"), Duke of Albany ("Lear") and Marcellus ("Hamlet") drew some small attention, not to Mr. Davenport, but to a Mr. Dey or Dee, under which name he was billed. In after years Davenport was to win renown in Booth's part of Sir Giles Overreach.

While playing at Newport, Davenport's success was further increased by his appearance in Douglas Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan," and this led to his transfer to the Boston Tremont Theatre (*circa* 1837). The rôle of William was destined to become one of his most popular impersonations. It is recorded how a sailor, having witnessed the performance in later years, wrote that Davenport quite knocked the salt water out of his top lights. Fanny Davenport's earliest recollection of the play was weeping inconsolably over William, when her father played the part at Burton's. "I recall this first theatrical experience," she wrote, "the anticipation, preparation and almost hysterical feeling with which I took my seat in the private box, with my favorite full dress and a cherry bow at my throat, and on my head—bits of finery indispensable whenever I 'went out.'"

The utility experience gained at the Tremont, together with several seasons at the Philadelphia Walnut Street Theatre, proved of inestimable value to Davenport; he studied parts in plays that have become classic, and in dramas long since forgotten, names that sound strange to the modern ear. Not ashamed was he either of his tenor voice; many a time he would sing "between" pieces such as "Sally in Our Alley," and so, too,

was he favorably regarded when he appeared as Thaddeus in "The Bohemian Girl."

At the Bowery Theatre on April 19, 1845, Davenport made his first New York appearance in Payne's "Brutus," in which Hamblin took the lead. But though after that he was to be starred at the Boston Museum, it was not until he met Mrs. Mowatt at

Niblo's Garden on July 14, 1845, both cast in "The Lady of Lyons," that his signal advance occurred. In 1846 he became her leading man.

Together the two appeared at the Park Theatre on September 26, 1846, in "Romeo and Juliet." Later Davenport decided to go abroad with Mrs. Mowatt. So, on November 1,



Collection T. Allston Brown
Fanny Davenport before she joined Mr. Daly

ASHER DAVENPORT				
Edward Loomis* m. (1829)		Fanny Vining* (Mrs. Gill)		
(1815-1877)		(1829-1891)		
<hr/>				
Fanny*	Edward L.	Blanche M.*	May*	Florence C.*
(1850-1898)	(d. infancy)	(b. 1851)	(b. 1856)	(b. 1858)
Adele		Lily Vining*	Edgar L.*	
(d. infancy)		(1853-1878)	(b. 1862)	
m. 1 (1879)	E. H. Price*	m. William Seymour*		
m. 2 (1889)	M. MacDowell*	m. F. Thorne		
* Members of the family who became actors.				

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1847, they sailed, and opened at the Royal Theatre, Manchester, in "The Lady of Lyons," reaching London on Jan. 5, 1848, when they presented "The Hunchback" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

When Sheridan Knowles' drama, "Love," was given, in the cast was a Miss Fanny Vining, related through her mother to the Wallack family. Her personality pleased both Mrs. Mowatt and Davenport, the latter seeming to look beyond the mere artistic ability, for on January 8, 1849, the two were married, Mrs. Davenport still continuing to play under her maiden name. She it was who gave a fervid impersonation of Romeo that season to the Juliet of Mrs. Mowatt, and to Davenport's Mercutio. And in all the casts she filled rôles of considerable scope. Davenport's association with Mrs. Mowatt was an agreeable one; in 1850 it was severed, and Davenport went over to Macready, to assist him in his series of farewell performances.

In Macready he found a nature totally different from his own. The English tragedian watched his laurels in bulldog fashion; whatever part he played, whether Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, Richelieu, or any of the other rôles he appeared in during that long farewell at the Haymarket, which lasted from October 28, 1850, to February 3, 1851, Davenport, who had succeeded J. W. Wallack, had to dim himself. "I wish you would not act quite so much," roared Macready one night; "your extreme earnestness detracts from the legitimate effect." So Davenport remained listless, and by obeying orders, was rewarded with Macready's counter-criticism that there was not sufficient animation in his work. A number of other English engagements followed before the Davenports returned to America, one with J. H. Hackett. But in August, 1854, they set sail, opening September 11 at the New York Broadway Theatre in "Othello." Everywhere the actor was cordially received, and in Boston, when he appeared on January 1, 1855, as Hamlet, across the street was flung a banner with "Welcome home, E. L. Davenport," blazoned upon it.

As a manager, Davenport's regime influenced the American (formerly Burton's), the Howard Athenaeum (Boston), the old Washington Theatre, and the Chestnut Street Theatre. He was energetic, sympathetic, and not overserious in his discipline at the theatre. Here is an example of the stage notes that by their very jocularity gained their effects. "Boys," read one, "don't smoke, and if you love your manager, turn down the gas."

When, on August 29, 1859, Davenport became manager of the Howard Athenaeum, he assembled together a company of rare ability, including Mrs. Farren, Mr.

and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Matilda Heron, Julia Dean Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., John Brougham, and Edwin Booth. As regards the latter, Davenport held an opinion that time itself

refuted. "If James E. Murdoch had never lived, 'Ned' Booth would be the finest reader of Shakespeare the world has ever seen. There it ends. He is not a great actor, but his reading of the text is divine." This estimate was recorded toward the close of Davenport's life.

The management held together for three seasons; during the first, Davenport alternated with Booth in "Othello" and with Chanfrau between Dunderbary and Asa Trenchard. During the second season (beginning August 13, 1861), and the third season (beginning September 12, 1862), despite financial ruin, John McCulloch, Lawrence Barrett, and W. J. LeMoyne added to the strength of the company.

But the venture came to an end, to be immediately followed by an extraordinary co-operation of the Davenport forces with those of J. W. Wallack, Jr. On January 7, 1862, a rare cast of "The School for Scandal" was given at the New York Winter Garden, and while on the road, besides a Shakespearian repertoire, plays of a more popular nature were presented, such as "The Iron Mask," "Still Waters Run Deep," and "The Rivals."

Davenport managed the Philadelphia Chestnut Street Theatre, beginning December 12, 1870, when Mrs. Scott-Siddons and Fanny Davenport figured prominently during the year. Here two other daughters passed under the management of their father, Lily Vining, who retired from the stage after her marriage with Mr. Frost Thorne, and May Davenport, who afterwards played with her sister Fanny in the "Danicheffs" (1881), and who married in 1882 William Seymour, the well-known stage manager, who had in previous years been a member of Edwin Booth's company.

Nearly as important as his association with Mrs. Mowatt was Davenport's appearance with Charlotte Cushman, with whom he played during May, 1858, appearing as Cardinal Woolsey to her Queen Catherine; Mary Devlin and John Gilbert were in the cast. "Macbeth," "Guy Mannering," "The Stranger," and "She Stoops to Conquer" formed only part of the extensive repertoire.

Regarding Davenport's association with Augustin Daly, two assertions may be made: he seems to have been, in the words of E. A. Dithmar, "too large a figure for Mr. Daly's pretty little stage," and further, his power and prestige were now gradually slipping from him. He joined the stock company at the Twenty-fourth Street Theatre on August 16, 1869, but he now as-



White

CLARA PALMER
Seen last season in "The Girl from Kays"

Hall

CATHERINE COUNTISS
Well-known as leading woman in stock. Played a prominent role in "The Christian"



Sarony

JACK BARRYMORE

LIONEL BARRYMORE

The two sons of Maurice Barrymore, who will appear this coming season with their sister, Ethel, in James M. Barrie's new satirical comedy "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire"

sumed such rôles as Sir Harcourt Courtly. On June 5, 1871, he returned to Daly to be with his daughter in "London Assurance." In December, 1874, he gave with the Daly company a series of old plays, and on May 24, 1876, he played Jacques to Fanny's Rosalind, and the year following he took part in "The Hunchback" as support for Fanny Davenport and Adelaide Neilson.

There comes a period in every actor's life when he feels himself weakening with the public; Davenport had reached the point where his past versatility, he realized, had not built for the future. His last years were spent in small engagements. It is true he attained distinction as Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" toward the end of his life, beginning at Booth's Theatre with Lawrence Barrett on December 25, 1875, and playing the rôle for two hundred and twenty-two evenings in New York and on tour. Though he had flouted the idea more than once—in the spirit of pain rather than of bravado—of ever *supporting* Barrett, this he was forced to do on December 4, 1876, in a production of "King Lear." Then Davenport, broken in health, gouty, and sadly conscious of approaching dissolution, summoned his strength for the last effort, and on January 8, 1877, he played at the Walnut Street Theatre in Gilbert's "Dan'l Druce," a story based upon "Silas Marner." Many a time he was forced to give up, so imminent had grown the state of his health. He died on September 1, 1877, at his home in Canton, Pennsylvania.

Of nine Davenport children, seven of them went on the stage; Edward Loomis and Adele died in infancy; Blanche Maria, born in London on July 11, 1851, studied for grand opera; Lily Vining, born in Glasgow November 2, 1853, has already been mentioned, as well as May, who was born in Boston, July 21, 1856; a daughter, Florence Cecilia (born June 16, 1858), had but a brief stage career. Of the sons, Edgar Longfellow (born Roxbury, Mass., February 1, 1862) did not become a professional actor till after the death of his father, and has not gone beyond

the scope of minor support, while Harry George Bryant (born New York, January 19, 1866) is known to present playgoers only through musical comedy.

Of them all, only one stands pre-eminent as an artist, and that is Fanny Lily Gypsy Davenport. Born on April 10, 1850, opposite the British Museum in London, she received somewhat of an education at the Boston public schools, but more real to her and more important, too, than books, were the child plays that fired her imagination and quickened her desire. So, too, from early days, she saw around her her father's friends—and these were nearly all of the theatrical profession. As a little girl she played in "Metamora," and she was a target-bearer in a burlesque, "Pocahontas." Earlier than this, standing, a tiny figure between her mother and father, on the stage of Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, she had, on February 23, 1857, sung the "Star-Spangled Banner." She advanced rapidly, encouraged by Davenport, who recognized his daughter's genius. It was while under the direction of Mrs. John Drew at the Philadelphia Arch Street Theatre that Augustin Daly's attention was drawn to her.

From that time her advance was rapid. We may almost divide the artistic life of Fanny Davenport into two parts: a repertoire period and the Sardou reign. And what a repertoire she carried—an enviable list of old comedies, a large range of Shakespeare; from Colley Cibber, through Robertson and Bulwer, to Bronson Howard's "Saratoga" and Daly's "Pique." It was one nervous overflow of temperament and energy—a training more marvellous than wise. Were one alone to read the plays given by Miss Davenport, it would be a dramatic education in itself. Her acting was filled with vitality—emotion of the kind that could grasp the zest of a Lady Teazle, the strain of a Camille, and the force of a Nancy Sikes. Though she went abroad several times, she only went once to act in 1882; then in 1883 she secured the rights to "Fedora," "Tosca" (1887), "Cleopatra" (1890), and "Gismonda" (1894). Finally Miss Davenport's spirit grew weary of

Sardou. A spiritual calm must be the dominant note in her next piece which proved to be her last. Frances Aymer Mathews put Joan of Arc into a drama for her. But already her health was breaking, and at South Duxbury, Mass., where she had a summer home, she died on September 26, 1898. Miss Davenport was

married twice. She was a great emotional artist, with a restiveness that was undaunted by obstacles, but blind to the reserve which should balance genius. But as the actor-daughter of an actor-father, no better representative—in a way equally as lasting—could be found.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

The Adventures of an Advance Agent

By ONE OF THEM

IT was in the early nineties that, standing out for salary in proportion to my ability as an advance agent, I discovered that October was fleeting and I should soon be compelled to

do something in order to obtain the necessary three meals a day and a place in which to sleep at night. After a series of disappointments, I became desperate. The question of salary was soon lost in the worry of securing any sort of a position. With this idea in view, I ran into a theatrical buccaneer, so styled because he had a reputation for taking out the most impossible shows on the least possible money.

Our interview was short and laconic. He said: "I'm taking out this 'trick' with just enough money to land in the first town. You claim you're a good agent. It will be up to you to get the show on from there. Your salary will be fifty dollars a week and twenty per cent. of the profits. This latter inducement should stimulate you to put in your best efforts."

He advanced me my first week's salary, with the parting admonition: "If you go broke or get in a hole, don't wire me your troubles; get out of it yourself. If there's going to be any telegraphing for money I will do that and shall expect you to raise it somehow from the managers. They are as much interested in getting the show to their town as we are to get there. Good-bye, and good luck to you."

I accepted the engagement. What else could I do? Anyway, I had enough money to live a week or two on whatever happened. Two days were spent in fixing up press matter and attending to other details, and I took my departure.

En route to our first town, I held a confidential conversation with myself. I went over many years of a misspent life, and as a result mental resolutions were made by the score and which I firmly resolved to keep. My soliloquy was disturbed by the announcement that Pleasantville was the next stop. This was the town selected for our opening. I was the only passenger that dropped

two seats for my show. It was marvelous how these railroad men know an advance agent on sight. I side-stepped this request, however, by saying that we were playing the town on a "sell out," but I was coming back a few weeks later with another show, and I wouldn't stop short of four passes for him.

The Opera House was found on a side street, doors locked, windows barred, the picture of desolation. Now began the search for the local manager. After making a dozen inquiries I located him in a livery stable playing "seven-up" with a couple of hostlers. Introducing myself as the business manager of the "Path of Thorns" company, he immediately withdrew from the game and invited me over to his office. It seems that he owned the bill-posting plant, had an interest in the restaurant, was the local authority on sporting matters, and when business was brisk at the local blacksmith shop, he helped out.

My first question, of course, was the inevitable one among advance agents, "What are our chances for business?"

Settling himself back in his chair, and with a look on his face as if he were about to decide some grave and serious question, he said:

"Well, I dunno. If you had a band there would be nothin' to it, but we will hustle and do all we can against that handicap. You ought to play as much as fifty dollars, anyway."

"Great Scott, man!" I replied; "why my show has none but swell New York actors in it, and you can't get top liners for ten dollars a week and cakes. I've got a great big show that is filled with sensations and will make the biggest hit that was ever made in this town."

This bunch of air did not disturb the local Frohman in the least.

"I don't doubt you for a minute," he replied, "but a whole lot depends on what sort of opposition you're going to have. If we can keep them from havin' a dance that night, your prospects will be better." He chuckled loudly to himself.

"How can we do that?" I said.

"Well, I'll tell you what you'd better do before anythin' else," he replied. "You go up and see 'Hennie,' the Dutch barber around the corner, and give him a couple of seats for your show, and it'll be a cinch there won't be any dance that night, 'cause he plays the

(Continued page vi.)



AILEEN MAY
Leading woman with the "White Slave"



Sarony
FRANKLIN RITCHIE
Was leading support with Rose Coghlan and Kathryn Kidder, and last season played Sheldon Corthell in "The Pit"



JOHN H. BOOTH
Young Western actor who may be seen on the boards next season



Large hall of the Council in the Doges' Palace, Venice, where the Moor spoke in his own defense

Where the Lovely Desdemona Lived and Died

WHEN one calls to mind the tragedy of "Othello," and endeavors to fix with reasonable probability the localities where its different personages lived and moved, one's thoughts instantly turn to Venice, as the scene of the courtship and brief wedded life of the fiery Moor and his lovely Desdemona. Yet, as a matter of fact, but one act of the five is laid in the island city. The action of the remaining four takes place on the island of Cyprus, sufficiently away from the beaten track of travel to remain vague and unreal in the minds of most people.

It is in Venice alone that we can find data upon which those not too sceptical may base their belief in the actual existence of the principal characters of this drama. The Palace of the Doges lends its dignified presence as a background, with the very room in which Brabantio and his fellow senators assembled, and the Venetians themselves will show you to-day the house in which Desdemona lived on the Grand Canal. Alas, that in the face of such proof of the existence of "the gentle Desdemona, so tender, fair and happy," "a maid that paragons description," any attempt to find equal reasons for believing in the reality of her jealous spouse should be doomed to failure.

It is unusual for Shakespeare so to describe his characters, so to fix the actual date of his dramas—save in those historical in theme—that the very circumstantiality of description belies their reality, yet this is the case with "Othello." The island of Cyprus came into the possession of Venice in 1473, and remained under Venetian rule until 1571, when it was captured by the Turks under Selymus the Second, the only attempt ever made against the fair island by the Turks. Therefore the date of the play's action is established as lying between 1569, when Selymus first formed his design, and the actual date of his capture by the words of the

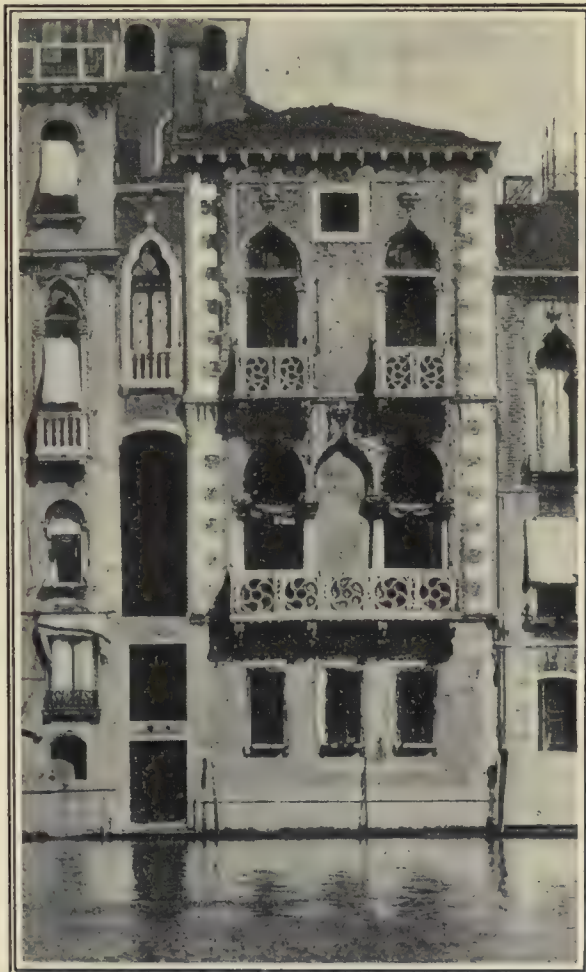
Messenger in Scene III, Act I: "The Ottomites . . . do . . . re-stem their backward course, bearing with frank appearance their purposes towards Cyprus," and again by Iago, when he says: "I do know the state . . . cannot with safety cast him (Othello), for he's embarked with such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, which even now stand in act."

In 1570 a fleet of 192 galleys collected by Spain, Venice and other countries for the defense of Cyprus, lay off Crete, when news of the fall of Nicosia reached them, whereupon the Spanish and Venetian admirals insisted upon returning home, abandoning all thought of succor for the island. The only assistance that ever reached Cyprus during the Turkish attack consisted of

several shiploads of provisions and 1,700 men under one Captain Quirinus. Therefore we can hardly turn to history for proof of the actual existence of the noble Moor and his victorious fleet. Lacking this, we must allow Othello to speak for himself, since not even in Cyprus can we find any one or anything to proclaim his existence.

Early in the play he says: "I fetch my life and being from men of royal siege, and my demerits may speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune as this that I have reached." Whatever his birthplace, he was not only very brave, but a true Venetian at heart; his was no mere allegiance of the paid soldier, as may be learned from almost his last words: "In Aleppo once, where a malignant and turban'd Turk beat a Venetian, and traduced the state, I took by the throat the circumcized dog and smote him thus," as he stabs himself, although at that time it was held to be certain death in Aleppo for a Christian to strike a Turk.

The first scene of "Othello" takes place in a street in Venice, upon which the windows of Brabantio's palace look down, evidently one of those narrow back streets so confusing to the stranger in Venice, since the front



The house in which Desdemona lived as it appears to-day

walls of the palace always pointed out as the home of Senator Brabantio and his lovely daughter, like so many Venetian palaces, are washed by the waters of the Grand Canal. Nor was it a lonely, unfrequented street, for when Iago, that "supersubtle Venetian," in this first scene, warns the father that he has been robbed, the latter cries: "What tellst thou me of robbing? This is Venice, my house is not a grange!" From this palace the lovers made their escape, "transported with a knave of common hire, a gondolier."

The third scene of this same act we may place in the large hall of the Council in the Doges' palace, as it was here that the assemblies of nobles, including all those over twenty years of age, were held. At this time many of the wonderful frescoes which adorn walls and ceiling had already been executed. Here Othello made his defense, after the irate Brabantio had accused him of administering a love potion to his daughter, something held highly criminal in the Venetian laws of that time. Here, too, the Duke gave his orders to the Moor to proceed at once to the assistance of threatened Cyprus, and here Desdemona, summoned in haste to give testimony of her love, pleaded to be allowed to follow after her husband, and received permission so to do. The remaining four acts take place in "a seaport town at Cyprus," and to establish just what town was intended has given much food for discussion.

Many writers, among them Rowe, have assumed that Nicosia, the capital city of Cyprus, is the town indicated, but this is highly improbable, as Nicosia is in the centre of the island, and thirty miles from the sea. The principal seaport of Cyprus is Famagusta, which has a large harbor, and "neare which standeth an old castle with four towers, after the ancient manner of building." After Guy de Lusignan took possession of Cyprus in 1192, he and his successors built three strong castles, which served as refuges for them, and also for prisons. One of these was nine miles from Famagusta, was often occupied by the Lusignans, and after them by the Genoese and Venetians, and is still standing, although the interior is in ruins. Another was north of and near Nicosia. Other important seaports of the island are Larnaca, Pendaia, and Limassol, near which latter town is also to be found a colossal tower, but as Famagusta was admirably situated for defense, lying at the back of a gulf encircled with rocks whose interstices were filled in with masonry, now almost destroyed by the action of the water, and as when, several years earlier, Venice, apprehensive of this attack by the Turks, dispatched Savornani to investigate the condition of the defenses of Cyprus, at which time those forts considered beyond repair were dismantled, others repaired and strengthened, Famagusta was among the latter—it seems reasonable to choose it for the scene of the drama, although it is true that the Turkish army landed at the east of Larnaca, now wholly modern in appearance, took Nicosia, and then marched upon Famagusta, whose commanding general, Bragadino, surrendering after a gallant defense, was brutally tortured and put to death by the Turks.

The inhabitants of Famagusta were noted for their wealth. They lived in opulence, which amazed a German priest who visited the island in 1341, although he had seen both Venice and

Constantinople. There were then as many churches as there are days in the year, and a 14th century church, now converted into a mosque, still stands, while near the palace is another ancient church in which are buried many of the early rulers and their wives. Those who choose may fancy that here were laid to rest sweet Desdemona and the fiery Othello, after he killed her and then stabbed himself with his "sword of Spain, the icebrook's temper." For those who prefer to believe that the old capital city of Nicosia is the most probable site for the concluding scenes of the tragedy, there is the other royal palace of the

Lusignan times, in the courtyard of which may still be seen a tall pillar, near which were found the shattered remains of what appeared to have been a Venetian lion, and which probably once surmounted the column, as does its prototype today in the Piazzetta San Marco, Venice.

A castle is an essential feature of the locality selected for the play, since all the scenes of the last four acts are laid in or in front of a castle, or in one case in a street nearby, and whether Limassol, Famagusta or Nicosia be chosen as having the greater claims to furnish the background and setting of what Schlegel calls "a strongly shaded picture, we might call it a tragical Rembrandt," and which has always been a favorite with the world's greatest tragedians, as affording them wonderful opportunity for depicting the greatest human passions, there is the castle in which to believe one who has ever since been regarded as the personification of jealousy, together with his unfortunate bride, lived their last moments, and around the ruins of any one of the three castles the romantic may wander, fancying themselves walking in the footsteps of the hapless couple, who at least vanished from fair, sunny Cyprus before the devastation and ruin, the outrageous cruelties inflicted so soon after by the victorious Turkish army.

RICHARD SAVAGE.



Sarony

MISS ELISE SCOTT

Engaged to support Wilton Lackaye during the coming season

the play is the literal translation—The Labyrinth. The piece will be in four acts instead of five, and Miss Nethersole will be supported by Cicely Richards, Louise Moodie, and Dorothy Grimston.

Mr. Proctor promises interesting and busy seasons at his many houses in this city and elsewhere. The Fifth Avenue recently gave a revival of William Collier's farce "The Diplomat," which piece is full of the most amusing sort of complications. At the hands of the Proctor stock it received a capital production. The part of the unruffled diplomat was assumed by Charles Abbe. The other characters fell to the hands of actors so skillful as Mr. Gilmour, Mr. Stein, Mr. Griffin, Miss Lovering, Miss Scott, Mr. Wesley, Miss Conroy and others. At the Fifty-eighth Street house, week of August 21st, was presented Edwin Arden's drama, "Zorah." Mr. Arden himself appeared in the leading rôle. Elaborate scenery had been prepared for this production. Mr. Arden was supported by Adele Bloch, Agnes Scott, Charles Arthur, William Norton, Robert Rogers, Louise Mackintosh, George Howell, and the full strength of the Fifty-eighth Street Proctor company.

Olga Nethersole will produce W. L. Courtney's version of Paul Hervieu's play, "Le Dédale," at Washington on October 23. The English title chosen for

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Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 500 words. Letters published must be regarded as expressing the personal opinion of each correspondent. The Editor does not necessarily endorse the statements made and disclaims all responsibility.

The Daly Family

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I would like to correct a statement made in your "Queries Answered" of the June issue. In answer to W. C. J., Gonzales, Texas, you say: "Lucy Daly is a sister of Peter Dailey." This is wrong. Lucy Daly (the wife of Ward, of Ward and Vokes), and her sister, Margaret Daly Vokes, are the sisters of the late Dan Daly, and no relation to Peter F. Dailey. Vinie Daly is a cousin of the Daly sisters.

I think you are also wrong as to Ethel Barrymore being a Catholic. I do not think she is. If I am wrong, I should like to know.

In answer to D. C. E., Brookline, Mass., I would be glad to give this information about Miss May Buckley: She went on the stage when very young and her first hit was as a Chinese girl in "The First Born." She also made a hit as the American girl in "The Price of Peace" a few years ago. Later she appeared with a stock company at St. Paul all one summer (in 1901) and next was with Daniel Frawley before he went to the Orient. Miss Buckley next appeared as the Japanese maid to Margaret Illington in "A Japanese Nightingale." "CROWQUILL."

You are right as far as Lucy Daly is concerned. We obtained our information from a printed biography which we find was inaccurate. She is a sister of Dan Daly. We believe that we were correct regarding Miss Barrymore's religious belief, but all such questions are out of place and in future will be ignored in our query column. We try to please our correspondents by answering all their queries, but some take advantage and ask all kinds of trivial personal questions. We thank you for putting us right.

Mr. Mansfield's Rank as an Actor

LEIPZIG, Germany, July 9, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

A letter appeared lately in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE regarding the position of Richard Mansfield as an artist which gave me great satisfaction. Because Mr. Mansfield is a great man he has many determined enemies, principally composed of persons incapable of comprehending the breadth or subtlety of his art. I have seen all our prominent American actors, also Irving, Coquelin, Von Possart and Wüllner, but Mr. Mansfield impressed me far, far more deeply. Especially noteworthy is his wonderful voice, the tones of which are music. Whoever could have heard his Brutus and not remember those rich intonations? So it was with the greatest pleasure that I found such hearty appreciation expressed by one of your readers, and beg, as a true admirer of art, to join in saying—Mr. Mansfield is the world's greatest actor. M. A. M.

Dramatic Criticism

"Under the head of dramatic criticisms I ran across a good one on our last trip to Texas," said Jess Dandy, of "The Prince of Pilsen" Company. "Walker Barnes, the alleged tragedian, played Hamlet at the Opera House last night. He played it until nearly eleven o'clock."

Praise from a Veteran Journalist

[Stephen Fiske in "Sports of the Times."]

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE for August is, as usual, a beautifully artistic number. The portrait in colors of Marie Doro, Gillette's leading lady, is alone worth a year's subscription. There are pictures of plays to come—the most effective kind of news—and of the stars of the opening season. Some things in THE THEATRE MAGAZINE you cannot get anywhere else, as, for instance, the Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly. The energetic proprietors are pushing plans to develop artistic advertising and they deserve every encouragement from the profession. No other country has such a theatrical monthly. The duty of every professional is to support it, and the best practical way to support it is to crowd it with artistic advertisements.

New Dramatic Books

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET. By Marshall P. Wilder. Illustrations by Bart Haley. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is a book of stories and anecdotes of interesting people told by a man who has made a reputation as one of the best story tellers in the world. As its title implies, the volume is primarily intended as a cure for the blues. There is nothing doleful throughout its 400 pages, but everything that contributes to the sunshine of life is here chronicled. As the popular author writes in his brief preface:

"In this little volume are offered recollections of the sunny side of many people. I have plucked blossoms from the gardens of humor and pathos, which lie side by side, and in weaving them into a garland, claim only as my own the string that binds them together."

Here are some of the good actor-stories he tells:

Joseph Jefferson one day called on President Cleveland with General Sherman, and carried a small package with him. All his friends know that dear old "Joe" was forgetful, so when the visitors were going the General called attention to the package and asked: "Jefferson, isn't this yours?"

"Great Caesar, Sherman," Jefferson replied, "you have saved my life!" The "Life" referred to was manuscript of his then uncompleted biography. Jefferson delighted in telling of a new playmate of one of his sons, who asked another boy who young Jefferson was, and was told:

"Oh, his father works in a theatre, somewhere."

"Pete" Dailey, while enjoying a short vacation, visited a New York theatre when business was dull. Being asked afterward how large the audience was, he replied: "I could lick all three of them."

On meeting a friend who was "fleshing up," he exclaimed: "You are getting so stout that I thought someone was with you."

J. K. Emmett tells of a heathenish old farmer and his wife who strayed into a church and heard the minister say: "Jesus died for sinners." The old man nudged his wife and whispered:

"Serves us right for not knowin' it, Marthey. We hain't took a newspaper in thirty years."

Fay Templeton tells of a colored girl, whose mother shouted: "Mandy, your heel's on fire!" The girl was so untruthful that her discouraged mother said: "When you die dey's going to say: 'Here lied Mandy Hopkins, and de trufe never came out of her when she was alive.'"

I have been the subject of some actors' jokes and enjoyed the fun as much as anyone. May Irwin had two sons, who, early in life were susceptible to the seductive cigarette, against which she cautioned them earnestly. I entered a restaurant one day where she and her sons were dining, and she called me over and gave me an opportunity to become acquainted with the little fellows. After I left them, one turned to his mother and asked:

"What makes that little man so short?"

"Smoking cigarettes," she replied. And they never smoked again.

Willie Collier invited me one summer to his beautiful home at St. James, Long Island. He was out when I arrived, and when he returned Mrs. Collier said to him:

"You're going to have Marshall P. Wilder for dinner." And Willie replied: "I'd rather have lamb."

A glance over the other chapter headings gives a few hints of the variety of the book. In his inimitable way Mr. Wilder tells about: Sunshine and Fun; Sunny Men of Serious Presence; At the White House and Near It; Story-Telling as an Art; A Sunny Old City; My First Trip to London; Experiences in London; "Luck" in Story-Telling; Journalists and Authors; The Unexpected; Sunshine in Shady Places; "Buffalo Bill"; The Art of Entertaining; In the Sunshine with Great Preachers; The Prince of Wales, now King Edward; Sir Henry Irving; London Theatres and Theatre-Goers; Tact; Adelina Patti; Some Notable People; Human Nature; Sunny Stage People; Sunshine is in Demand; "Bill" Nye; Some Sunny Soldiers; Some First Experiences. Mr. Wilder covers a wide field and there is something in his book to interest everybody.

At the West End Theatre

The West End Theatre, appropriately titled "The House Popular," opened its season Saturday night, August 19, with one of last season's biggest hits, "Texas." During the theatre's summer idleness the playhouse has been thoroughly overhauled.

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**Adventures of an
Advance Agent**

Continued from Page 234

fiddle, and they can't get another nigher than twenty miles, and that'll steer a lot of 'em to the 'Opry.'

Taking his advice, I called on the barber and arranged the deal, which was an easy matter after I gave him an order for two best seats.

Thanking "Hennie" for his kind sentiments, I went back to arrange business matters with the manager. In order to make a bluff as to the strength of the attraction I was representing, I asked a hundred unnecessary questions as to the stage equipment, how much scenery could be taken care of, how many lines they had, etc. We then began to discuss prices.

"Wal," he replied, "Ye see it's like this. It's early in the season, and they ain't got in the habit of comin' to shows, and we'd better tease them along. We'll make three rows thirty cents, and the rest downstairs twenty. The balcony and gallery we'll advertise as 'scramble' seats."

I enquired what he meant by "scramble" seats. "Gosh! every agent that hits this town knows what they are. Where have you been all the time? Them's 'take your choice.' First one in gets the best seats, and they are only ten cents."

"Oh, I can't stand for that," I rejoined. "My show is too good a one to play at 'rep' prices."

"Well, we'll compromise," he said. "To give the thing a tone, we'll put the box seats in at fifty cents. It'll make it look all right, though I'll tell you right now nobody ever sits in 'em, 'cause they're afraid if they do, people'll think they're stuck-up." Meanwhile he was busy with a pencil and paper, and the moment I asked him in a jocular way what we could play to at those prices, he replied, "\$59.80, but you've got to take off seventy-two of those twenty-cent seats for the free list, and anybody'll tell you that's been here with a troupe that those figures is as much as you can get here. But we used to play to more money before the wagon-works shut down."

I wanted to see my paper posted, so I remarked that it would be well for both parties that the bill poster get out that day and begin "blowing up" the town.

"Can't do it to-day, friend. He's got to fix up the b'iler that we heat the water with to make the paste," he answered.

The town supported one newspaper which had a desperate struggle to come out once a week. I called on the editor, who was likewise dramatic editor, compositor, pressman, "devil," and, when he found time, officiated as town clerk. I had no sooner mentioned the purpose of my call than he began to talk extra-advertising, and asked if I wouldn't fix him for a couple of seats for his wife and daughter.

"The cuss that runs the Opry," he said, "wouldn't give me but one pass—me, editor of the paper, mind you. Every bum around town gets in to see the show for nothing, not saying anything about the grocer and the baker, and the rest of the fellers that kept the manager in eatings and things, for which they got seats for every show."

I carried him along with a lot of "con," and filled him full of stories of this all-star cast which was surely coming with the big show. While he was busy trying to light a three-for-ten pure Havana that had something the matter with its flue, I did a hot-foot to the station, thinking my troubles were over.

The train which was to carry me to the next town was just rounding the curve when suddenly a man, breathless and perspiring from a hard run, rushed on the platform, and in broken sentences asked me if I was going to give him a pass for his bill-board on which we had already posted a three-sheet on. I informed him that was a matter to be settled by the manager of the theatre; I had nothing to do with such minor details. He insisted that I should give him a pass for two, failing which I must instantly return and scrape that three-sheet off his wall.

I had no time to lose, as my train was now at the station and ready to pull out. At the first move on my part towards entering the car it was met with resistance by the irate "rube." Necessity knows no law. I had to catch that train, and it was dollars to doughnuts I couldn't do it with a hundred and seventy-five pounds hanging on to my coat tails. So I gave forthwith a demonstration of the efficacy of jiu jitsu. I went to the car and my adversary took the count. As the train began moving away, a local minion of the law, the bane of all theatrical managers, the village constable, made a hundred-yard-dash at a ten-second clip to catch the train, and if my number nine calf-skin interfered with his progress in his endeavor to apprehend me, whose fault was it?

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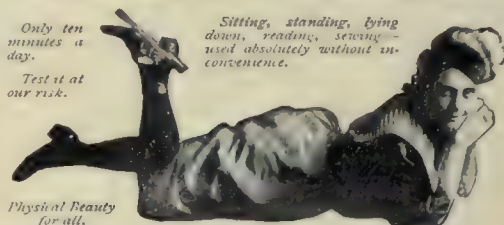
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Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

Theatregoer, N. Y.—Q.—Have you published a picture of William J. Kelley? A.—Not yet. Q.—Did you interview him? A.—No.

An Admirer.—Q.—What are the addresses of the following: James O'Neill? (A.—New London, Ct.) Sarah Truax? (A.—Care Guy Bates Post, Hudson Theatre, City.) Elita Proctor Otis? (A.—Bayport, L. I.) J. H., Kansas City, Mo.—Q.—Is August 17 the anniversary of Julia Marlowe's birth? A.—Yes.

A Subscriber.—Q.—Will you publish a sketch of the life of Wright Kramer? A.—We may.

Lillian C. B.—Q.—Will you publish a short sketch of the careers of Mrs. Pat Campbell and Mrs. James Brown-Potter? A.—Mrs. Pat Campbell was born in Kensington, London, Eng. Her father was an Englishman, while her mother came from Italy. She made her debut in the leading part in "Bachelors," by Vezinann Robert Buchanan, in the English provinces. Then a tour with Mrs. Daniel Bandmann and Ben Greet's Company, and made her London debut at a matinee at the Vaudeville Theatre as Stella Maris in "A Buried Talent." In 1891 she played Lady Teazle, also Rosalind in "As You Like It," both at morning performances, London. She made her American debut two years ago last January at the Republic Theatre (now Belasco's). This coming season she and H. B. Irving join forces and tour England as co-stars. She will not come to America until the season of 1906-7. Mrs. James Brown-Potter was Cora Urquhart. Made her first appearance on the professional stage October 31, 1887, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, this city. She acted Fausine de Bressier in the play of that name. Kyrle Bellew was in the cast. She afterwards went on tour with the Bellew-Potter combination. She acted Lady Elizabeth in "Twixt Axe and Crown," December 24, 1888, at Palmer's (Wallack's) Theatre, this city. Also Jan. 7, 1889, Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra," also week May 20, 1895, in "Charlotte Corday" at the Herald Square Theatre, this city.

I. W.—Q.—Will you include E. H. Sothern in your "Chats with Players?" A.—See our issue for March, 1903.

Victor R., Fort Smith, Ark.—Q.—Where can I secure scenes from the "Virginian," such as were used in front of the Manhattan Theatre, and photo of the three male leads in their make-up, and at what price? A.—At this office for \$1.00 each for the scenes and 50 cents for the photos. Q.—Where is Mr. E. C. Gallagher, who starred in "The Power Behind the Throne"? A.—A letter to the New York Clipper or Mirror, this city, will reach him. Q.—What is his full name? A.—Edwin C. Gallagher. Q.—Who was the author of "The Ruling Power"? A.—Elwyn A. Barron was the author.

L. F., Charleston, W. Va.—Q.—What are the addresses of the managers of "Sergeant Brue" and "The Rollicking Girl"? A.—C. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre, and Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, this city.

Subscriber, N. Y.—Q.—How do you pronounce Mabel Taliaferro's name? A.—Tali-ferro. Q.—Where was she born? A.—In New York City. Q.—Does she come of theatrical people? A.—Her mother has an agency in this city for children of the stage. Q.—Will Ethel Barrymore appear in London before she returns? A.—No. Q.—Are any of her plays published? A.—No. Q.—What is her full name? A.—See our July issue for history of the Barrymore family. Q.—Will you give scenes from "A Doll's House"? A.—Perhaps.

V. R. V., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—What actor took the part of Lancer in the production of "Brother Officers"? A.—There is no such character in that play. If you mean Laurence, Guy Standing. Q.—What are Julia Marlowe's plans for next season? A.—See the leading article of this issue. Q.—When was Maude Adams born? A.—November, 1872, in Salt Lake City. Q.—Was she once voted upon as being the most popular actress in the United States? A.—She was, and received a majority of votes. Q.—Did Harry Woodruff ever play the title role in "Ben Hur"? A.—Yes, at the New York Theatre. Q.—Where can I buy souvenir books of the different actors and actresses? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 W. 33rd Street, New York. Q.—What are Marie Dressler's plans for next season? A.—At present she is in charge of one of the many features at Manhattan Beach. Q.—When was Edna May born? A.—She is the daughter of a Syracuse letter carrier named E. C. Pettie. Q.—When was Lulu Glaser born? A.—June 2, 1874, in Allegheny City.

B. K., N. Y. City.—Q.—Where can I procure some good sketches to be played on the amateur stage? A.—Write Samuel French, 24 West 22nd St., this city.

Constant Reader.—Q.—Will Richard Mansfield appear in a play called "John Barton"? A.—He will open his season at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, Ill., in October in Frederick Schiller's play, "Don Carlos."

Inquisitive, N. Y.—Q.—In THE THEATRE MAGAZINE Miss Marie Tempest's married name was given as Mrs. Gordon Lennox; in Burr McIntosh's, Mrs. Cosmo Stuart. Which is right? A.—The gentleman's name is Cosmo Stuart (Gordon Lennox), to whom she was married July 27, 1898.

C. A. K., Lancaster, Pa.—Q.—Could I secure a position in a stock company or in the chorus of a musical comedy company by applying for the position when the company is at my city? A.—All first-class organizations have the company complete before going on the road, and we doubt if you could get such a position.

John Q. A., Mt. Vernon.—Q.—Where are Henry Woodruff and Edwin Arden summering? A.—Mr. Woodruff is at present in this city. Mr. Arden was recently playing at Proctor's, this city. Q.—In what will Mr. Arden play next winter? A.—"Home Folks."

D. C.—Q.—Where is Louise Galloway's home? A.—Washington, D. C. Q.—What is her real name? A.—That is the name of her father. Q.—In what will she play the season of 1905-06? A.—She is not yet engaged for next season.

L. T. P.—Q.—Will you publish pictures of Sothern in "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet"? A.—See our issues for Christmas, 1904 and 1905. Q.—Have you for sale these photographs? A.—Yes, at 50 cents a piece. Q.—Is there a Sothern edition of "Romeo and Juliet"? A.—No. Q.—What is Mr. Sothern's real name? A.—That is his correct name.

M. D. C.—Q.—Will Dunstin Farnum, Robt. Edeson, Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, and Fav Davis come to Milwaukee next season? A.—Farnum and Edeson will visit your city, but we do not think Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore will.

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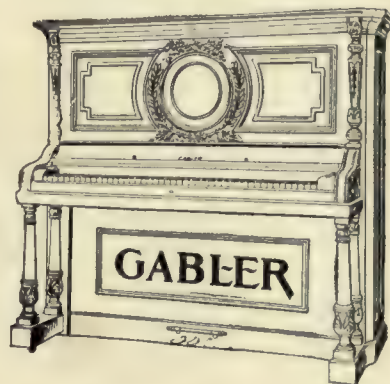
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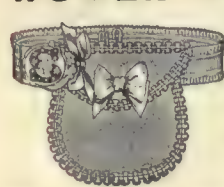
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Constant Reader. Q.—What will Henry Woodruff play in the next year? A.—He is not yet engaged for next season. Q.—Is he considered a good actor? A.—It is a matter of opinion. Q.—What is his address? A.—The Lamb's Club. Q.—Don't you think Wallace Erskine a very good actor? A.—Same answer applies. Q.—Why did Mr. Woodruff leave Proctor's so soon? A.—Because he found the work twice daily too strenuous.

L. H. M., Cedar Rapids, Ia. Q.—Is the i in Pinero long or short? A.—It has the sound of i in pin. Q.—How is the ich in Mme. Kalich's name pronounced? A.—Mme. Kalich formerly spelt her name "Kalisch," but now spells it without the s, and it is pronounced ish.

H. A., San Francisco, Cal. Q.—What is the name of the song sung by Geo. Arliss in the second act of "Leah Kleschna"? A.—It is a French song, entitled "Viens Pouppoule."

L. V. C. Q.—Will William Faversham in "The Squaw Man," "The Heir to the Hoorah," and Robert Edeson in "Strongheart" play in Chicago next winter? A.—All three attractions will play in your city.

H. D. M., Chicago, Ill. Q.—Where is Frank Worthing playing and for how long? A.—He has been playing in your city in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." He recently received news of his mother's death in Scotland and was to sail for Edinburgh the last week in July. Q.—With whom does he play next season? A.—We do not know.

B. S. and W. L. Q.—How much a copy are the issues for 1904, 1903, 1902 and 1901? A.—50 cents, 75 cents, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Q.—Where can I secure them? A.—At this office. Q.—Where can I get pictures of Dustin Farnum, Eleanor Robson, Kyrle Bellew, Chauncey Olcott, Ethel Barrymore, and Trixie Friganza? A.—At this office. Q.—What is the price of same? A.—35 cents for cabinet size.

O. S. D., Westchester, N. Y. Q.—Have you ever heard of a magician named John Rugano? A.—We have enquired from several prominent magicians and they all say they never heard of Rugano.

M. C. J. Q.—Who are the members of the Ferris Stock Company, now playing in Minneapolis, Minn.? A.—Lawrence Grattan, Lewis S. Stone, Jane Hampton, Richardson Cotton, Ernest Fisher, Leslie Merosco, Geo. Berry, Chas. Burnham, Leoli La Force, Frank Priest, Harry Plympton, Lelia Shaw, Kate W. Fiske and Christine Prince. Q.—Where is Helen Macbeth at present? A.—We cannot locate her.

A Washington Reader. Q.—What is Malcolm Duncan's real name? A.—We never heard of the gentleman. "A Virginian." Q.—Where can I get the play of the "Virginian" and "Soldiers of Fortune"? A.—They are not for sale. Q.—Where can I get souvenir books of "Her Own Way," "Merely Mary Ann," "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Marlowe as Juliet? A.—The Liebler Bros.; also Mrs. Kirke La Shelle, both at Knickerbocker Theatre Building, could give you the information. Q.—Where and when was Dustin Farnum born? A.—In the West. Q.—Is that his real name? A.—Yes. Q.—Will you interview him soon? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Will you publish a picture of May Irwin off the stage and in "Mrs. Black is Back"? A.—Perhaps.

L. W. C., Utica, N. Y. Q.—Is Charlotte Walker to be James K. Hackett's leading lady next season? A.—No, as his wife, Mary Manning, fills that position. Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Arthur Libbals? A.—No. Q.—Where can I secure a copy of "The Show"? A.—Channing Pollock, Lyric Theatre, this city. Q.—Will you publish a picture of Harry Heaton? A.—Perhaps. Q.—What is the address of "O. S.," who asked in the July THEATRE if some THEATRE reader would exchange programmes? A.—We have asked O. S. to communicate with this office.

John W. Q.—Will Isabelle Evesson play at Proctor's next year? A.—Probably not, as Amelia Bingham has been engaged. Q.—What are Edwin Arden's plans? A.—He plays the lead next season in "Home Folks." Q.—Did you review "The Holy City," which played at Proctor's last year? A.—See our October, 1903, issue.

A Regular Reader, Houston, Texas. Q.—Are the plays of G. B. Shaw published in book form? A.—Some are published. Q.—Who originated the name part in "Princess Chic"? A.—Christie McDonald in New York and Marguerite Sylva on the road.

O. S.—Will O. S., who asked to exchange programmes, kindly send his or her address to this office, as we have received a number of communications concerning this question from our readers.

H. B. H., Reading. Q.—Where is Thomas W. Ross' home? A.—Canada.

B. L., Cleveland, O. Q.—Is Laura Nelson Hall considered a good actress and is she liked by the people of Columbus? A.—She only played a few weeks in Columbus, having been a long time in Cleveland. Q.—How can I keep track of her whereabouts? A.—Watch the "Dates Ahead" in the New York *Clipper* or *Mirror*. Q.—When did you have her picture? A.—July, 1903, issue. Q.—In the March, 1905, issue, did the first question refer to Mr. Glaser's wife or Mr. Edeson's? A.—Mr. Edeson's.

C. G. P. Q.—What women have played "Hamlet"? A.—Charlotte Crampton, Ellen Bateman, Anna Dickinson, Mrs. Thomas Hamblin, Marie Seebach, Alice Marriott, Adelaide Keim, Anna Maria Quinn, and Sarah Bernhardt. Q.—Did any women ever play Shylock? A.—Charlotte Crampton, Mrs. Henry Lewis, and Mrs. Macready. Q.—When did the Astor Place Opera House riots occur? A.—May 10, 1849. Q.—Did Dion Boucicault and Lester Wallack ever act simultaneously? A.—Yes, at Wallack's Theatre, March 15, 1880, in "How She Loves Him." Wallack acted Tom Vacil and Boucicault, Diogenes.

E. G., St. Louis, Mo. Q.—Where will a letter reach George D. Parker and William P. Carleton? A.—Mr. Parker, Gramercy Park, N. Y.; Mr. Carleton, Lyceum Theatre, this city.

D. C. W., Milwaukee, Wis. Q.—Is Ruth White with "The Burgomaster" Co.? A.—The company closed the season early in June. She had the prima donna rôle in "Kafetzium" at Hyde & Behman's Theatre, Chicago, and opened in Boston June 24. Next season she has the leading rôle in "The Belle of Broadway." Q.—How long has Miss White been on the stage? A.—We have no record of her career. Q.—Has she played in any other company besides "The Burgomaster"? A.—Yes.

H. T. M., Providence, R. I. Q.—Who are the publishers of "Eminent Actors in Their Homes"? A.—R. H. Russell, New York.

A. M. S. Q.—Where is Eugene Ormond? A.—In the stock company at Portland, Oregon.

F. B. W. & A. D. S. Q.—How may a letter be addressed to Blanche Ring. A.—Care C. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre, this city. Q.—When is Maude Adams going to begin her season and is she going to play "The Little Minister" next year? A.—Maude Adams comes to the Empire in November to play "Peter Pan." Q.—How long are Mr. and Mrs. Hackett going to stay in Eng'land? A.—They returned some weeks ago and are now rehearsing. Q.—Where will a letter reach Mary Bacon? A.—A letter care New York *Mirror* will reach her.

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The Theatre Everywhere

ATLANTA, GA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

ATLANTA, GA., Aug. 1.—To paraphrase Tennyson: "In the summer the pleasure-seeker's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the park." The theatres in the city being closed those seeking recreation and enjoyment throng to our playground, Ponce de Leon Park. The amusement devices at this popular resort are many, and enable one to while away a few hours most pleasantly. The Casino, under the management of Jake Wells, offered some light summer offerings during the past month.

D. E. MOORFIELD.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

(From Our Correspondent.)

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 1.—"Monte Cristo," presented by the William Farnum Stock Company at the Park theatre, proved to be an interesting presentation of that always attractive play. It ran the entire week.

Monday, July 17th Manager M. Shea provided for the opening of the new Shea's theatre in the splendid playhouse that has been known as the Park theatre, a first-class bill headed by Helen Bertram, who was a prima donna soprano of the Bostonians, and a number of other strong vaudeville acts. ARTHUR J. HEIMLICH.

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN.

(From Our Correspondent.)

BRISTOL, VA.-TENN., Aug. 10.—Probably the one redeeming feature of the summer attractions offered here was the presentation by amateurs of "Princess Bonnie," the cast including Georgia Mae Mooney, a singer of some note throughout the southland, of Knoxville, Tenn., and Edwin Walker of Boston. Miss Sallie Smith of this city, as Kitty Clover, was the recipient of many favorable comments from several professionals summering in this region.

The repairs at the Harmeling theatre have been completed and Manager Fowler announces that everything is in readiness for the opening on September 4th.

C. A. JONES.

BALTIMORE, MD.

(From Our Correspondent.)

BALTIMORE, MD., Aug. 1.—The prospects for the coming season in this city are promising, and the managers are looking forward to a prosperous year. Several of the theatres are being painted for the opening the latter part of August. Baltimoreans are watching with interest the development of the plans for ex-Governor Frank Brown's new theatre, which is to be built on Saratoga street opposite the Hotel Rennert. This is an exceptionally fine site for a theatre, and the structure will be a handsome one.

KENNETH M. WISONG.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

(From Our Correspondent.)

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Aug. 8.—The month has been very quiet as far as the theatres are concerned, the only one open being the Chester Park Opera House, with its local company. During the past month they have presented Richard Harlow in "1492," "The Girl from Paris," "The Strollers," and "The Wedding Day." This week they are presenting Dorothy Morton in "The Geisha." Jacob P. Adler and his wife played at the Grand Opera House Sunday and Monday, to good audiences, and made a good impression in their Yiddish plays. Three of our theatres open this week—The Lyceum, Heucks and Peoples.

J. B. HALL.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

(From Our Correspondent.)

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 1.—The summer season is rapidly drawing to a close—vaudeville at Olentangy Park being the only survivor. The Laura Nelson Hall Stock Co. at the Great Southern theatre was forced to discontinue a summer run on account of lack of patronage, and then the Empire Theatre Musical Comedy Co. closed after half of a proposed 10-week run for similar reasons.

Olentangy Park theatre, under the capable management of Will W. Prosser, has offered good vaudeville all season, and has been well patronized.

Albert G. Owens, for several years the successful manager of the Grand and High Street, has retired and is succeeded by Frank C. Osborn at the Grand and Chas. Harper at High Street. Howard A. Weisman, for more than two years manager of the Empire theatre, has retired and is succeeded by Fred Neddermeyer.

The Empire will continue to offer the highest class stock productions, the company and plays being under the management of Priestly Morrison. Frank Camp, a favorite here for past two seasons, has been re-engaged to play leads. This theatre opens Aug. 28th.

The Grand opened Aug. 4th with John W. Vogel's Minstrels—a Columbus production. Al. G. Field's Minstrels and the Donnelly and Hatfield Minstrels, both Columbus companies, started on the road Aug. 7th.

The High Street opened Aug. 3d. The Great Southern will open Sept. 6th.

DALLAS, TEXAS

(From Our Correspondent.)

DALLAS, TEXAS, Aug. 1.—The Al Fresco Players, J. E. Lehmann, manager, presented here recently their open-air production of "As You Like It." The performance was such an immense success that the company continued here three weeks, presenting "The Sculptor's Dream" and "Ingomar." The company is one of the most capable ever brought to Dallas; it was headed by May Stewart and Archibald Hotchkiss, Joseph Lehmann and L. B. C. Josephs.

C. S. P.

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

(From Our Correspondent.)

EVANSVILLE, IND., Aug. 10.—Business at both of the local parks has been very good, the side attractions being attended as well as the theatres. Cook's Park draws large crowds nightly—admission at the gate being free. The feature at this park for the past month was the Fall of Port Arthur. The fireworks and the exhibition were good. The vaudeville is still up to its usual standard and the theatre is packed nightly, especially on Sunday.



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for September opens with an unparalleled boom of sparkling, popular, wide-awake reading matter touching upon interesting people and current events. It is not the policy of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE to exploit interesting personalities by a re-hash of what is already known. Men and women of the day in every line of art and achievement write about themselves and their work in special stories that have all the charm and individuality of autobiographies. In this way our readers get at the very core of personalities and facts.

A Painter of Dreams, as a sample of one of our magazine stories, is a paper on Albert Ryder, the distinguished and eccentric painter who has chosen the life of a recluse to carry out his ideals of art. Mr. Ryder's canvases are bought years in advance by art dealers, and connoisseurs, and are looked upon as priceless. This paper is richly illustrated and is supplemented by Mr. Ryder's own story of his life and art struggles.

A Half-Million Dollar Hayfield on Fifth Avenue is a bit of local color that will soon pass away. A hayfield wedged in between palatial homes and skyscraping hotels is an almost incredible fact, but it is born out by a series of pictures taken by our staff photographer and by the story of Mike, the honest gardener who farms the lot.

DEPARTMENT OF FICTION

Through this department the BROADWAY is bringing into notice the talented and unknown writers that are scattered throughout the country. Our Magazine is not hunting for big names, but for quality and originality. The September BROADWAY contains a number of clever stories by new authors who are forging ahead under our auspices.

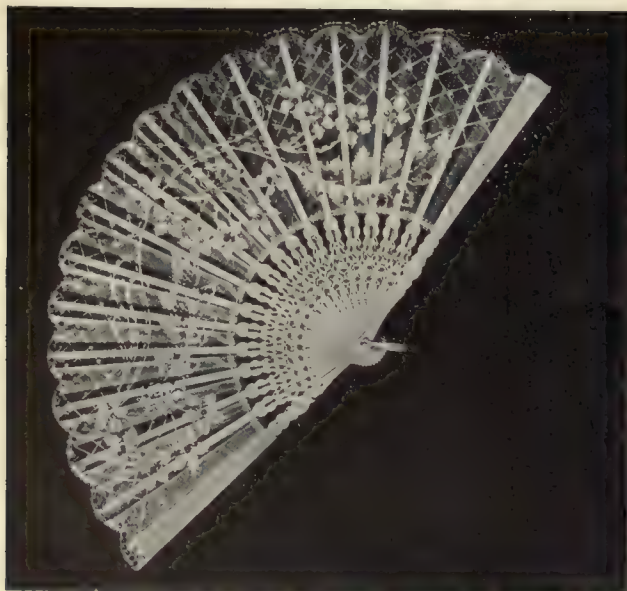
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Almost every page of the BROADWAY for September shows a sketch, a photograph, or a reproduction of some clever original. No magazine at the same price is more charmingly or generously decorated.

NEW THEATRICAL SEASON

Geo. C. Jenks supplies his usual budget of theatrical doings. Mr. Jenks is on the "inside," and his September paper contains advance announcements of what the managers have in store for the new season. The story is profusely illustrated by an array of photographs of the new people who are to appear, as well as new portraits of old favorites.

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FRESNO, CAL.

(From Our Correspondent.)

FRESNO, CAL., Aug. 1.—The new season opens August 14th with Ezra Kendall. Next season's booking for here are top notch, and it ought to be a record-breaker as the Opera House is undergoing a thorough overhauling. Manager Barton had some little trouble with the Eastern syndicate, but finally came to agreeable terms, and the season will stand as booked.

E. C. VAN BUREN, JR.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

(From Our Correspondent.)

LOUISVILLE, KY., Aug. 12.—The season for 1905-6 is just beginning. All the local houses have been repainted, and everything looks good for a big winter. The Avenue opened on the sixth with the startling melodrama, "How Hearts Are Broken." Their first week was certainly a record-breaker. For the coming week they offer "Nettie, the Newgirl."

The Jockey Club still offers summer concerts. Weber, Creator, Kinderman's German Marine Band, and "The Kilties" furnished excellent programs.

Fountain Park seems to gain in popularity with each new week. The Hopkin's Pavilion offers all of the stars who played their winter house. EDWARD EPSTEIN.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

(From Our Correspondent.)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Aug. 11.—The season in Minneapolis will commence with the re-opening of the Orpheum and Dewey the 20th. On the 28th the Bijou and Metropolitan open with "In Old Kentucky" and Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann," respectively. The Lyceum, for three years the home of the Ferris Stock Company, becomes a 10-cent vaudeville house. The bookings at the Metropolitan for the season have not been announced.

JACOB WILK.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

(From Our Correspondent.)

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, Aug. 1.—The Parker Amusement Company, under the management of Raven & Darnaby, opened in this city week of July 3d, to excellent business, an enormous crowd being present the 4th, drawn here by the celebration of the fraternal orders of the city. The "Girl from Abilene" was injured on the 4th while attempting to loop the loop in a ball. "A Swell Affair," a musical entertainment arranged by C. E. Patterson of this city, was presented under the auspices of the Apollo club at the Odeon, July 11, 12 and 13, to large houses.

T. Nelson Downs, known to the vaudeville world as the "King of Coins," was recently married to Miss Hattie Rocky of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Downs will leave shortly for Portland, Ore., where Mr. Downs will fill an engagement at the Exposition.

JOSEPH WHITACRE.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

(From Our Correspondent.)

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 10.—The new Thanhouser company opened what promises to be a most prosperous season at the Academy, on the evening of July 10. With the exception of the leading man, Edgar Baume, the company is an entirely new one. Evelyn Vaughan, the leading woman, is a young woman of great beauty and much personal magnetism. For the past year she has been with the Odeon Stock Company in St. Louis. Edgar Baume is the most popular leading man Mr. Thanhouser has ever had. De Witt Jennings, formerly with Augustin Daly, is playing character men, and Emily Wakeman is playing the character women. The company opened with R. C. Carton's comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy," it was followed by "The Henrietta" with Mr. Van Buren and De Witt Jennings in the parts formerly played by Stuart Robson and William Crane. The company have been equally successful in "My Friend from India," "The Sign of the Four," and this week are receiving much praise for their work in "When We Were Twenty-one." This will be the eighth season of the Thanhouser Stock Company in Milwaukee.

C. W. HEOFFORD.

PITTSBURG, PA.

(From Our Correspondent.)

PITTSBURG, PA., Aug. 1.—We have been well served during the past month in the lighter amusements and, despite a wretched suburban car service, the open air resorts have been nightly crowded.

In summer dress and with ice-cooled air to entice, the Nixon continues open with the Carleton Opera Company in repertoire or light musical pieces. Gertrude Vaughn, the prima donna of this organization, and the younger Mr. Carleton, are adding to their local prestige professionally and have made many social friends.

Pittsburg entertained the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees the second week in July. During the Convention, some difference of opinion existed as to whether the New York or the Brooklyn body should "control" the Coney Island resorts. Needless to add, the New York contingent will "control." Several theatres will take down the summer shutters during August. R. M. Gulick of the Bijou has taken a lease of the Alvin, where the lighter musical pieces will be heard. The Gayety enters the burlesque field, while the fate of the old Duquesne still hangs in the balance. This is the playhouse rumor has coupled with Mr. Belasco's name and, indeed, unless the Belasco players do appear at this playhouse, the only one apparently open to the Independents, the Duquesne bids fair to remain dark during the coming season. HOWARD JOHNSTON.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

(From Our Correspondent.)

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 1.—The summer gardens are now having their usual heavy attendance, despite the wet, rainy weather St. Louis has had for the past two weeks. The stock company at Delmar garden recently finished a successful two weeks' run of "King Dodo." "Princess Chic" has also been seen. At the Suburban garden, Melbourne MacDowell and his company pleased St. Louis patrons with the Sardou plays, "Gismonda," and other pieces. Forest Park Highlands has had a novel attraction in the person of Mons. Henri French, the "king of jugglers." "The Ironmaster" was presented recently at West End Heights by the stock company there.

ARTHUR P. O'LEARY.



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SERIES NUMBER THREE COMPRISES

William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes. Robert Edson in *Soldiers of Fortune*. Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn, scene of *Romeo and Juliet*. J. K. Hackett, plain costume. Edna May in the School Girl. Blanche Bates in *Under Two Flags*. Maude Adams as Juliet. Hattie Williams in the Girl from Kays. Richard Mansfield at home. Leslie Carter as Du Barry.

SERIES NUMBER FOUR COMPRISES



John Drew as Killicancre. Henry Miller as Frederick Lemaitre. Mrs. Gilbert, three-quarter picture. Forbes Robertson as Hamlet. Blanche Walsh, in *The Woman in the Case*. Maxine Elliot, bust picture. Julia Marlowe as Barbara Fritchie. Maude Adams, bust picture. Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen, in *The Heart of Rome*.



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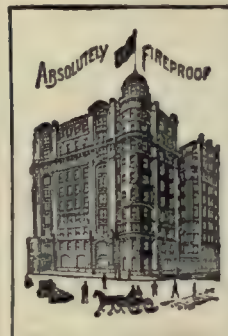
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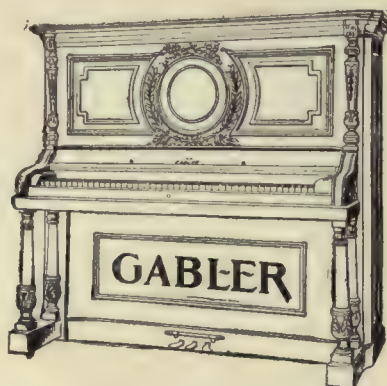


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Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 50 words. Letters published must be regarded as expressing the personal opinion of each correspondent. The Editor does not necessarily endorse the statements made and disclaims all responsibility.

Joseph Jefferson's Religion

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 24, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I wonder if the theatrical world in general has learned from any reliable source what kind of a belief it was that claimed a place in the real heart of the jovial and ragged "Rip." It appears that he was of that number whose minds are lit up by "the latest flame of faith that has blazed on our ball of day," as Balzac has characterized the teachings of Swedenborg. Henry Watterson, in a lengthy editorial in the *Courier Journal*, after speaking of his acquaintance with Mr. Jefferson during the earlier career of his life as an actor, and which ripened into an intimate friendship as his fame grew with the years, says of his faith: "Joseph Jefferson was a Swedenborgian in religious faith." His poem on "Immortality," which lately appeared in our leading dailies, gives evidence at what fountain he drank, for if there is a teaching that brings conviction to the heart concerning the certainty and continuity of the future life, it is Swedenborg's. T. G. LANDENBERG.

T. G. LANDENBERGER.

Count Tilly's Skull Again

OAKLAND, CAL., Sept. 4, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In reading back numbers of your excellent magazine I came across an article signed "The Editors of *New Shakespeareana*," in which said editors take exceptions to certain matters of no importance. I quite agree with Messrs. Editors of the *New Shakespeareana*, and I believe that every one else who, like myself, know little or nothing about what Messrs. Editors of *New Shakespeareana* are driving at, will also agree with Messrs. Editors of *New Shakespeareana* in what they have to say. Hence, since the uninformed firmly agree in what Messrs. Editors of *New Shakespeareana* say, it is not necessary to say what they, the said Messrs. Editors of *New Shakespeareana*, have said, and furthermore, it is hardly necessary to waste a column and a half of so valuable a paper as THE THEATRE MAGAZINE on what the said Editors of *New Shakespeareana* have said, or will say. However, there is one statement made by the said editors which is entirely incorrect. I refer to their assertion that the third extra skull of Count Tilly (Johann Tzerclaes, Count of Tilly—the editors should be more definite) is located at Prague. I have never heard of the *New Shakespeareana*—probably it is a little ha'penny sheet—hence do not know address of said sheet. Will you therefore inform the said editors that the so-called third extra-skull of Count Tilly is located in Oakland, California, and not at Prague, as they state. The second-extra skull may be located at Prague, or Odessa, but that is an entirely different matter.

A READER.

[We thank our anonymous Oakland friend for his complimentary remarks anent ourselves. We are grateful to him also for furnishing us with definite information regarding the exact location of the Count of Tilly's third skull. He errs, however, when he mistakes our esteemed contemporary for a ha'penny sheet. *New Shakespeareana* costs 75 cents a copy, is a most learned and dignified publication, and is edited by that distinguished Shakespearian scholar, Dr. J. Appleton Morgan.]

Music or No Music?

EAST MORICHES, L. I., Aug. 26, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Why do you not give more space to the musical interests of New York? There is no periodical which is doing for music just what your paper does for the stage. You must know that the number of people whose demand for good music makes possible (and profitable) a long season of opera and perhaps a hundred concerts every winter, is astonishingly on the increase. If you gave more consideration in your pages to this class of entertainment, I am convinced that you would appeal to many more readers.

M. SANFORD.

[Our department devoted to music was discontinued because we believed it did not appeal to the majority of our readers. We should like to hear from others on the subject.]

THE THEATRE

VOL. V., No. 56

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1905

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Marceau

MARY MANNERING IN "THE WALLS OF JERICHO"

THE CURRENT PLAYS



The chambermaid's paradise in George Ade's new piece "The Bad Samaritan"

HUDSON. "MAN AND SUPERMAN." Comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced Sept. 5, with this cast:

Roebuck Ramsden, Louis Massen; Parlor Maid, Pauline Anthony; Octavius Robinson, Alfred Hickman; John Tanner, Robert Loraine; Miss Ann Whitefield, Fay Davis; Mrs. Whitefield, Lois Frances Clark; Miss Susan Ramsden, Sally Williams; Miss Violet Robinson, Clara Bloodgood; Henry Straker, Edward Abeles; Hector Malone, Jr., Richard Bennett; Hector Malone, Sr., J. D. Beveridge.

Who, whence, and wherefore this George Bernard Shaw, the most brilliant man, with the keenest satire, in English literature to-day? Sharp in observation of character, quick in the invention of fable for his work, vitriolic in epithet and formidable in epigram, plausible and pleasing to those who seek the new and who are content with no established truth, holding to no opinion or theory that will stand the test of any honest man's common sense, revelling in the momentary success of his seduction of weak minds, capable of splendid service to the world with his pen—he is writing in sand, his brilliancy as useless as the flashes from an electric wire caused by some disturbance or diversion of the proper use of the current; seriously attempting, at times, to set the world afire merely to see it burn, and with the same idle purpose as the small boy who applies a match to the back stairs of a tenement house "to see the engines run." This is a wholly inadequate description of Shaw, for his chief claim to the homage of his admirers is that he cannot be understood, as if a man who does not make himself intelligible is worth understanding. He is delightful at moments, but only when he applies his capacities as a dramatist in the way that is common to every true dramatist, as witness the admirably written scene of reconciliation between Violet and Hector Malone, Sr., in the third act of "Man and Superman." We can accept that, for its truth is absolute and universal; but what do we want with Shaw's half truths and his falsities? When he is simply joking with us in attacking some of the absurdities of life, its customs and conventionalities, we can joke with him; but if he really means by it to start a new system of philosophy, pernicious in every part of it, he is, if taken seriously, a menace to public morality.

The play opens briskly and with entertaining dramatic verve. John Tanner, a Member of the Idle Rich Class, has written a book advocating socialism and a few other things. He is full of animation and apparent conviction. He has been appointed, by the will of her father, to act as guardian of Ann Whitefield, jointly with Roebuck Ramsden, a substantial but conventional man of business. The amusing perplexities of the situation are entertainingly carried out; it is comedy in its best estate. Pres-

ently, family affairs are discussed. Octavius Robinson, a colorless young man, appears to be engaged to Ann. Ramsden cautiously makes the sad announcement that something dreadful has happened to his sister Violet, an independent young woman supposed to be wasting her time in painting bad pictures and gadding about to concerts and parties. We are told that she has born a child out of wedlock. Consternation! What is to be done? There is doubt, but John Tanner does not doubt. He begins to talk. He is voluble. He preaches the new doctrine: "She has turned from these sillinesses to the fulfilment of her highest purpose and greatest function—to increase, multiply and replenish the earth. And instead of admiring her courage and rejoicing in her instinct; instead of crowning the completed womanhood and raising the triumphal strain of 'Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given,' here you are—you who have been as merry as grigs in your mourning for the dead—all pulling long faces and looking as ashamed and disgraced as if the girl had committed the vilest of crimes. If I had the honor of being Violet's child, I should boast of it, instead of denying it." It is the Life Force, according to Shaw, that excuses all this.

In other words, a generation later than Walt Whitman and his "Leaves of Grass," Shaw glorifies the Life Force. He is the apostle of Free Love. If it be not so in your opinion, what do you think he means? John Tanner arouses a moment of feeling in the audience when he proposes to go to the aid of Violet; but whose sympathy does not go out immeasurably to Violet? The stunned attitude of the members of the family, in this state of affairs, is not a proper matter for satire. It develops at once that Violet has been secretly married. Shaw's adeptness in setting something up and then knocking it down is much admired by those who proclaim the greatness of this literary anarchist. What does he knock down? Has he destroyed his own theory of free love? Not at all. Has he destroyed the typhoid germ that has been swallowed by the young girl in the audience who has been unfortunate enough to witness and listen to this play and its detestable doctrines? If he is not essaying to



Nat C. Goodwin in "The Beauty and the Barge"

teach new doctrines and to write a New Testament for mankind, what is he after? What is the meaning of Superman? To explain it is to demonstrate the shallowness of all his pretensions. Mr. Tanner and Mr. Shaw are Socialists, so they claim; but how can any one be a Socialist who believes that man as he exists at present is of such an inferior breed that a Superman

must be evolved, or rather bred physically, *ab ovo*, to take his place? Who is to select the new Adam and Eve? Who is to take charge of the mingling and birth of souls, that daily miracle by the Eternal Mystery forever hid from mortal man? It is rank blasphemy; and yet Mr. Shaw would have no trouble or hesitation in satirizing blasphemy. There is a certain practical side to the effort to elevate the physical standard of man, but Mr. Shaw is far in the rear in any practical steps in that direction. There are States in this Republic that have laws concerning marriage more to the purpose than all his words. Thus, this so-called philosopher is not to be considered on matters of large import. In his diatribes on smaller things, Mr. Shaw is interesting enough: that woman is the pursuer and man the pursued, for example. What of it? What if it be true that "it is the aim of every woman to get married as quickly as possible, and of every man to keep single as long as possible?" Is the idea new? Is it not rather fundamental and in the nature of the case? Would you not respect a girl if, in reply to your badinage about marriage, she admitted that it was one of her aims in life, and then added that she prayed for a good husband every night? This glib anarchistic babbler talks a lot of nonsense. There is no wisdom revealed to mankind for the first time in what any of his characters say; but we admit that much of it is exceedingly brilliantly put.

In one respect Shaw's manner and method of treating a subject in the dramatic form is very significant on its literary side; it stands for the present strong and growing tendency to avoid the purely romantic. In that alone his plays have a refreshing newness. They are unconventional in subject and to some extent in dramatic treatment. To make a "hero" of a dentist, as a lover, is an effort to avoid romanticism and sentimentality. To make a girl pursue a man, although he hastens a thousand miles away in an automobile, really concerns the form of the play more than it does its philosophy. But it would be absurd to claim that Shaw has created anything new in playmaking. He has done nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he is always most effective when he follows the established principles of play construction. The moment his action lags or ceases, his play becomes dreary, and while his dialogue has interesting qualities at all times, it loses nine-tenths of its value for lack of action in certain scenes. The story of "Man and Superman" is simple enough, and is not at the other end of the globe from the conventional, by any means. John Tanner, guardian of Ann, finally succumbs to the pursuit of his ward, protesting that he does not love in the ordinary sense, at the same time kissing her passionately. The slight obstacle to Ann's pursuit is Octavius Robinson, a weakling, who gradually drops out of the game. Violet has concealed her marriage with Hector Malone, Jr., son of an American millionaire, who is about to be disinherited when the discovery is made; by adroitness and cajolery she wins the father over, and that in substance is the story. The other characters are such as we find in life, such as other dramatists use, and such as all the world is entirely satisfied with, always has been and always will be. Mr. Shaw seeks new subjects; that is well. The dramatists have not exhausted Nature yet; but those who are clinging to the utterly conventional in subject and character are getting smaller and smaller in stature and in public consideration every day. Mr. Shaw is not a small man, but his greatness consists in that which he professes to despise—technical dramatic ability; not in philosophy, except in minor satire. American audiences are generous; they have the habit of rejecting the evil in a play and considering only the good. Except for this, "Man and Superman" would not be tolerated for an instant. In some communities it will be heard in silence; in others it will not be heard at all. Robert Loraine is the John Tanner of the play. He is the manly, eager, persuasive, animated, endless talker. While not exactly looking the part, he is all that could be desired. He has a good piece of "business" in doing some of his talking with his back to the audience. Much that he says could be uttered in that posture, and if he said

all he thought the same business could be used throughout. As John Tanner, Mr. Loraine defines a flirt as a woman who "arouses passions that she has no intention of gratifying," and we cite it here with reference to the appropriateness of the business indicated. If Mr. Shaw will confine himself within limits, his vogue will continue, but if our generosity and the fact that we do not take him seriously encourages him to take liberties with this public, he will learn a thing or two.

EMPIRE. "DE LANCEY." Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced Sept. 4, with this cast:

M. J., Guy Nichols; John, C. Maclean Savage; Thomas Hibbard, Sidney Irving; James De Lancey, John Drew; Dr. Elliot Morton, Walter Hale; Aunt Ruth, Kate Meek; Bill Gooding, Arthur Elliot; Waiter, W. Bechtel; Jacqueline Marple, Margaret Dale; Irene Millard, Doris Keane; Tom, Robert Schable; George, Harry Redding; Butler, Albert Roccardi; Mrs. Hibbard, Cornelia Bedford.

If it was Augustus Thomas' ambition to ascertain how snug a fit he could give Mr. Drew in a tailor-made play, he has been entirely successful with "De Lancey." Never has Mr. Drew had a rôle which meets his well marked limitations better, nor one in which this polished comedian can do nothing at all with greater ease and grace—a talent which was ever particularly his. But as a dramatic proposition, intended for the diversion of a



Hall

Blanche Ring and Lew Fields in "It Happened in Nordland"



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Eccentric dancer, to appear in "The Girl and the Bandit"

JULIE HERNE

Now appearing in "Easy Dawson"

EDITH SPEARE

Who plays 8-year-old Claudia in "The Prince Chap"

sophisticated audience, this new Thomas piece is a distinct disappointment. The play is weak structurally and has a trite and wholly conventional story. De Lancey is a man about town, of good family, living in bachelor apartments indicating habits of luxury. At one time he was well supplied with funds, but now has a waning credit. He has gone a fast pace. He is divorced. He had really always loved Jacqueline Marple, whom he had known from childhood. She is now engaged to his intimate friend, Dr. Elliot Morton; but the physician falls in love with the charming daughter of a florist in order that we may have a beautiful set scene in the greenhouse of the nursery. Dr. Morton and De Lancey belong to the Baychester Hunt Club, so that John Drew, resplendent in a red coat, may be thrown from his horse and break his collar-bone, whereupon we are in the thick of the thin action. Jacqueline's father, a Western millionaire and a man of plain speech, mistrusts De Lancey's attentions to his daughter, and the only strenuous scene in the play is the interview between the two men. A stormy discussion with one's future father-in-law, if one's collar-bone is broken, is piquant. If De Lancey had not broken his collar-bone the result of the argument might have been entirely different. Mr. Marple might not have propitiated in the slightest degree. The physician wins the flower girl, who is of good family, rather too easily for dramatic effect, but he does win her, and perhaps in such matters that is the main thing. De Lancey's difficulties are not over after his collar-bone is set and he has had his talk with the father. Jacqueline distrusts his love. She thinks he has another affair in hand and

has been sending flowers to some unknown. This suspicion is disposed of and the play brought to an end rather ingeniously. De Lancey's butler is a bibulous individual, and when he is sent with a bouquet to Jacqueline, he occupies himself with the diversion afforded by the bottle, and turns up the next afternoon with his message and his flowers in the nick of time to bring about the denouement of the play. Jacqueline is convinced.

It is obvious that this play was not written with any purpose more serious than to provide opportunities for the star. It is certainly not Thomas at his best, but this dramatist never fails to have scenes that show skill and freshness of invention. The animation of his dialogue also usually compensates for lack of action. He gets over the footlights with remarkable rapidity of fire, and is quick on the trigger with epigram and wit. Mr. Drew can make more points in any given scene than any other actor on our stage, and scored a pronounced personal success. Margaret Dale, as Jacqueline, and Doris Keane, as the florist's daughter, also were all that could be desired in a performance in which personality counts for so much.

MADISON SQUARE. "THE PRINCE CHAP." Comedy in three acts by Edward Peple. Produced Sept. 4, with this cast:

William Peyton, Cyril Scott; The Earl of Huntington, Cecil DeMille; Marcus Runion, Thomas A. Wise; Ballington, Theodore Terry; Yadder, Albert Perry; Fritz, George Fisher; Alice Travers, Grace Kimball; Mrs. Errington, Florence Conron; Phoebe Puckers, Mary Keogh; Claudia, aged 5, Helen Pullman; aged 8, Edith Speare; aged 18, Grayce Scott.

This delightful little play is conceived in simplicity, and none the worse for that in being its author's first effort. The bare



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The Coster Sextette in "Miss Dolly Dollars"



The "Dolly Dollars" Matrimonial Club

plot would be too slight to carry it if it were not for the treatment and the uncommonly discreet stage management, whereby every detail is made to count. The least excess of sentimentality in dialogue or acting would be fatal to the proper effect. It is commonly said among managers that no one can foretell the fate of a play. We do not believe this to be true with reference to all plays, and if the action be sufficiently self-explanatory and self-supporting, only an almost inconceivable combination of bad acting could destroy it. This combination sometimes strikes a play. It requires a fortunate combination of circumstances to make "The Prince Chap" safe. To one who keeps an open heart it is welcome for its simplicity. In the sense of being a trifle trite, it is poor, but the jaded cynic would have to admit that it is honest. It touches the heart. Improbabilities pay for themselves a dozen times over. A young sculptor fails to sell his work in London. One of his associates in poverty, a woman, visits him in his studio, proclaims the end of her struggle for existence, and secures his promise to care for her child, three years old. Exhausted, but happy in providing for her child, the mother dies in his arms. The child arrives. We then have the perplexities of a bachelor in caring for her. Three years elapse, and the child is the child of his heart. He tells her one story in particular that interests her, the story of a man who went far away and was always waiting for the Princess he left to come to him when he was rich enough. The Princess from America does come, and, believing that the child is the sculptor's own, renounces him. Ten years later the girl is grown. The Princess, now a widow, comes again to the home of the now rich sculptor. She cannot win him back. Of course, the sculptor marries the child of three, the girl of six, and the young lady of eighteen, a fairly rapid courtship and consummation, all things considered. The three ages were played respectively by Helen Pullman, Edith Speare and Grayce Scott, the illusion being an exceedingly success-

Lulu Glaser Melville Stewart
"I don't feel like talking"

R. C. Herz (as the educated fool) and Miss Glaser

ful experiment. Cyril Scott as the sculptor proved his capacity. Thos. A. Wise was the unctuously humorous butler from the first of this poor, and then suddenly rich, sculptor. Mary Keogh was a slavey that is supposed to be familiar in London, but it may be doubted if the type exists off the stage. "The Prince Chap" will be found interesting and something better than the spoon-food that its bare story would indicate.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE PRODIGAL SON."
Drama in four acts by Hall Caine. Produced Sept. 4, with this cast:

Stephen Magnusson, W. H. Thompson; Anna, Ida Waterman; Magnus, Edward Morgan; Oscar, Aubrey Boucicault; Oscar Neilsen, J. E. Dodson; Thora, Charlotte Walker; Helga, Drina De Wolfe; Margret Neilsen, Marie Wainwright; Elin, Charlotte Walker; Neils Finsen, Ben Webster; Doctor Olsen, George C. Boniface, Sr.; The Pastor, Russell Craufurd; The Sheriff, Warner Oland; The Director of the Casino, Henry Bergman.

The younger brother is often fairer to look upon than the older. In Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son," he is the prodigal. Veracious in nothing, he is voracious in everything. He wins the love of the older brother's betrothed and marries her, but loses no time in falling in love with her sister. The wife discovers the relationship and promptly dies. It will be seen that Mr. Caine proceeds with seven league boots in his drama. The two fly to Paris and engage in a reckless life, involving a career at the gaming table, and the forging of notes that ruin the young man's father. The young man, who is getting gray about the temples by this time, determines to repent after having won a large sum of money, which he leaves with the woman. He goes from the gambling salon. A shot is heard. We are supposed to believe that he has committed suicide; but the sophisticated, who by this time recognize that the play is pure melodrama, know better. Between the end of this act and the beginning of the next, he has made a fabulous fortune, and returns, disguised by gray hair, if not otherwise, to his old home, now desolate by the death of the father and the poverty of the older brother, now the head of the family. The prodigal's wife had borne him a daughter before she died, and she is now a figure in the last act. The prodigal does not



Reutlinger

DORIS KEANE

Promising young actress now playing the rôle of Irene in "De Lancey" at the Empire

reveal himself, but before retiring for the night he leaves on the table a letter disclosing himself and containing bank notes that more than repay, in money, for his past misdeeds. The older brother, about to be ruined by a mortgage, determines to steal to the room of the stranger and murder him in order to secure the money which he thinks he has on his person. He returns from the room, and it develops in a closing picture, showing the stranger climbing a lonely passway in the mountain, that he has escaped. There is a scene between the stranger and his daughter, who does not know him, and to whom he does not reveal himself, which is intended to be pathetic.

The play in every way is large and cumbrous. Instead of being didactic and impressive, as the author intended, it is a melodrama pure and simple, with sensational effects. To lay the scene in Iceland gives the story no appreciable newness. Certainly the Prodigal Son is not a new subject. It should be treated in new ways, as in "The Old Homestead," but there is nothing new in Mr. Caine's play, absolutely nothing that could be seriously considered as new. The structure is as old as the drama. The scene in the gambling house has been used again and again. Mr. Caine attempts large things. His improbabilities are large. What was the prodigal son doing in all these years of the

poverty of his family? Was he accumulating his great fortune gradually? Could he not have sent some aid to his daughter? Did it never occur to him that poverty might have ruined her morally while he was maintaining his silence and sending nothing to relieve that poverty? The sympathetic quality is entirely lacking in the play. It is the most curious effort at largeness and originality with the results of absolutely old material that it is possible to conceive. He traverses continents, and the action spans two generations. The percentage of mortality is higher than in periods of the deadliest plague. The nearest he comes to teaching a moral lesson is to place the beginning and the end of the action in Iceland, Ibsen's backyard. The pretension of it is appalling, the result such as to make one weep. Tons of scenery are used. The gambling scene employs scores of people, including bevvies of gaily-dressed carnival revelers. From the point of stage management, the play is pictorial and picturesque, abounding in color and in characters. Aubrey Boucicault was unconvincing in the title rôle, and both in voice and manner showed the ill effects of the variety stage with which this interesting young actor has of late been identified. Edward Morgan acted the rôle of Magnus in too sombre and theatric a key, and Drina de Wolfe overacted entirely as the unprincipled Helga. Charlotte Walker was charming and sympathetic as the unhappy Thora, but the best performance was that of the old factor by J. E. Dodson. In the outburst of paternal wrath against the whole Magnusson family he was truly superb.

GARDEN. "THE BAD SAMARITAN." Comedy in 4 acts by George Ade. Produced Sept. 12, with this cast:

Alonzo Gridley, Edward See; Bluford Higgins, Samuel Reed; H. Calhoun Galloway, L. Wadsworth Harris; Homer McGee, Jacques Kruger; Andrew Jones, Ralph Dean; Signor Gargelini, George Marion; Eugene Spillers, Harry Stone; Susanne Wheatly, Anne Sutherland; Elizabeth Gridley, Augusta True; Jessie Gridley, Cecylle Mayer; Belle Hinkle, Grace Fisher; Laura Frisbee, Carolyn Lee; Uncle Ike Gridley, Richard Golden.

This piece will add nothing to George Ade's reputation. Written in the manner of "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow," it lacked the vitality of those successful pieces, and at no time rose above the level of commonplace farce. Even the dialogue lacked the usual pungent humor we are accustomed to associate with this author. The whole suggested haste and smacked of the conventional pot-boiler. The idea on which the story is hung is interesting enough, and with happier treatment a capital comedy might have evolved from the material at hand. A rich man, tired of being badgered by grafting relatives, abandons his fortune to them and seeks peace and rest on a farm. With restored health comes a desire to return to the activities of city life. He regains possession of his own and announces his intention of befriending every one in need. Naturally, he is mobbed. He gives right and left, untill he finally rebels and drives all the parasites from him. The piece is too thin for permanent success, and it was disappointing in that, throughout its four acts, one was ever expecting developments that never develop. The humor of Richard Golden as the Samaritan was too artificial to be altogether convincing, nor did any one else in the cast distinguish himself except Samuel Reed, who played a crabbed country hotel proprietor in a delicious manner, and Harry Stone, who raised the only real laughter of the evening with some specimens of genuine Ade slang.

NEW LYCEUM. "THE BEAUTY AND THE BARGE." Farce in 3 acts by W. W. Jacobs and L. N. Parker. Produced Sept. 6 with this cast:

Captain James Barley, N. C. Goodwin; Lieut. Seton Boyne, Galwey Herbert; Herbert Manners, Frank Goldsmith; Major Smedley, George Sumner; Tom Codd, George Miller; Augustus Smith, Harry Barton; John Dibbs, Neil O'Brien; George Porter, Owen Gwent; Mrs. Smedley, Ina Goldsmith; Ethel Smedley, Katherine Florence.

There is no occasion to refer to this play save by way of record. It proved a flat failure and was quickly withdrawn. The outcome was a great surprise, for the play had proved a success in England, and much was expected of the first stage presentation in this country of W. W. Jacobs' popular alongshore tales. The scenes being laid in England, the humor was altogether too local to be appreciated by American audiences, and without entering into further detail it may be said that the play was impossible.

CRITERION. "HER GREAT MATCH." Comedy in four acts, by Clyde Fitch. Produced September 4, with this cast:

"Jo" Sheldon, Maxine Elliott; Mrs. Sheldon, Madge Girdlestone; Victoria Botes, Nellie Thorne; Her Royal Highness, Mathilde Cottrelly; Countess Casavetti, Suzanne Perry; His Royal Highness, Charles Cherry; Mr. Augustus Botes, Herbert Standing; Mr. Cyril Botes, Leon Quartermaine; Mr. Frank Wilton, Felix Edwardes; Hallen, Cory Thomas; Werks, Hodgson Taylor.

Clyde Fitch has again taken up the subject of international marriages as a dramatic motive and in "Her Great Match," which Maxine Elliott is now presenting at the Criterion, has won out as against the failure of "The Coronet of the Duchess," in which the same theme was handled with almost cynical brutality. The new piece is largely romance, with a dash of contemporaneous drama, and so delicately, prettily and truthfully is the sentiment treated that it will easily win the enthusiastic favor of the fair sex, while the regal beauty of the talented star cannot fail to arouse equal enthusiasm from the masculine element. It is a well-known fact that in spite of his very great success as a playwright, Clyde Fitch is an author of unequal merit. He can and has turned out many an act absolutely perfect in its technical workmanship, only to be followed by one loose in construction and over-burdened with flippant and irrelevant detail. "Her Great Match" is not the best piece that he has ever written, but it is a graceful, interesting and romantic drama, with a central figure admirable in its truth to humanity. There are moments when the play lapses in its hold on the audience's attention, but in the main the dialogue is so natural and witty and the progression of the romance so dainty and logical that the general effect is one of decided pleasure.

"Jo" Sheldon is traveling abroad with her step-mother, a veritable Cassie Chadwick. His Royal Highness, Adolph of

Eastphalia, falls in love with Jo, who reciprocates his infatuation. On account of his station a morganatic marriage is proposed, which the American indignantly scorns. Compromised by her step-mother, who has promised an ambitious brewer that he shall have a title from the Prince on Jo's marriage in return for a large loan, "Jo," to save her father's reputation, consents to the left-handed matrimonial proposition. The guilt of Mrs.

Sheldon, however, is ultimately shown up, Jo's innocence of concern in the shady transaction is established, and the Prince foregoes the succession to the throne and takes her as his own true wife. The opening comedy scene, in which at a charity bazaar Jo reads the Prince's hand, is a novel opening to a love scene in the second act altogether charming, and played with exquisite grace and refinement by Miss Elliott. The dramatic situation which follows, where "Jo" is apparently shown up as the accomplice of her dishonest step-mother, Miss Elliott acted with genuine emotional power. Charles Cherry presents an agreeable figure as the Prince and acts with distinction and manly force. Herbert Stand-

ing as the ambitious brewer, is within the picture, and his two children, tried and true friends of Jo, are neatly played by Leon Quartermaine and Nellie Thorne. Madge Girdlestone as the step-mother is discreetly dramatic in a part easily overdone, and Suzanne Perry as a type of artificial society is genuinely amusing. But no surer success was scored than that which attached to the really delicious art which Mathilde Cottrelly brought to the rôle of the Prince's dowager aunt. It was in conception and execution an absolutely flawless bit of genial, kindly characterization. In all of Fitch's plays there is at least one scene of whimsical and truthful observation, that which depicts the Botes family the



EDWARD PEPLE
Author of "The Prince Chap"



Cyril Scott Alice: "You must give up this child" Grace Kimball



White Claudia: "Now I lay me down to sleep—"

SCENES IN "THE PRINCE CHAP" AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE

morning after a big function, in which every one, tired out and cross from the labors of the previous evening, snarls and snaps at the other is splendidly diverting.

DALY'S. "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON." Musical piece by Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton. Produced Aug. 28, with this cast:

Duke of St. Jermyns, Farren Soutar; Lord Bagdad, Fred Kaye; William Gibson, Fred Wright, Jr.; Lord Yatton, Bert Sinden; Sir John Crystal, W. L. Branscombe; Talleur Andrews, Talleur Andrews; Capt. Rushpool, Frank Norman; The Duchess, Mrs. J. P. West; Lady Caterham, Maud Milton; Lady Crystal, Annie Esmond; Hon. Sophia Bedford, Jane May; Hon. Honoria Bedford, Margaret Fraser; Angela, Edna May; Princess Hohenschowen, Madge Greet; Hon. Ermytrude Dorking, Vivian Vowles.

"The Catch of the Season" is the old story of Cinderella with the almost historic characters changed into modern society men and

women. The locale is English, and one has only to sit in front and listen to know that the authorship is of the same nationality. It is just possible that a considerable number of persons will enjoy this entertainment, the joint effort of five intellects. Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton wrote the book, Chas. H. Taylor the lyrics, and Haines and Baker the score, with numerous other introduced musical numbers by various composers. To minds attuned to the American quality of wit and humor, the persiflage of "The Catch of the Season" will seem a trifle soggy. In fact, if the truth is to be spoken, this latest importation from London is a very dull affair; nor do the introduced dancers and specialties lighten up the gloom to any very appreciable extent. The score is commonplace throughout. As there are few singers in the company, from the star down, the effect is not brilliant. Edna May is a very pretty young woman of the doll type. Of facial expression there is not a gleam; her long sojourn in the British capital has given her a voice production that is quite remarkable in its remoteness to anything human. Her work is absolutely spoiled by her affectations. Messrs. Kaye and Wright, who have been here before with gaiety companies, are wasted on inane parts. Farren Soutar struggles valiantly with a rôle that is devoid of humor and romance. His agreeable personality, however, accomplishes some effect. Master Louis Victor as an amorous page is genuinely amusing, and would be still more so if he were not so self-conscious. The really redeeming feature of the whole production is the work of Maud Milton as Lady Caterham, the fairy god-mother. A one-time valued member of Sir Henry Irving's company, she showed her sterling training by the authority, variety and surety of her methods. It was a refreshing oasis in a desert of drivel. The costumes are rich and sumptuous, and Ben Teal's stage management is superior to the material he had to work with.

KNICKERBOCKER. "MISS DOLLY DOLLARS." Musical comedy in two acts, by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. Produced Sept. 4; cast: Dorothy Gay, Lulu Glaser; Lord Burlingham, Melville Stewart; Finney Doolittle, R. C. Herz; Samuel Gay, Charles Bradshaw; Mrs. Gay, Carrie Perkins; Guy Gay, Carter DeHaven; Bertha Billings, O'ive Murray; Celeste, Elsie Ferguson; Lieut. von Richter, Henry Vogel; Miggs, Byron Ongley.

There is one feature in the production of "Miss Dolly Dollars" at the Knickerbocker that is deserving of unstinted praise, and that is the costumes. The managers of numerous shows now on view may well take a leaf from Chas. B. Dillingham's note-book in the matter of feminine sartorial adornment. Here are gowns that are the real thing, charming and harmonious in color, rich in material and impeccable in cut. For the other two distinguishing characteristics of a musical comedy not as much of a laudatory character can be said. Victor Herbert's score is disappointing—disappointing in the fact that it does not come up to the standard he has established for himself. Of course, it is neatly written and scored with that grace which marks all this composer's orchestral efforts, but the melody is a trifle forced, and distinct originality is not a startling feature. Nor can it be said to entirely suit Miss Glaser's voice. Harry B. Smith's book is decidedly good; in spite of the fact that mistaken identity and the *faux pas* of the vulgarly rich are used as comic factors. There is, however, a story, and a number of the introduced types are refreshing in their novelty. The educated fool, most admirably played by R. C. Herz, would carry a much weaker book to deserved success. As the rich American girl who fights off mercenary suitors only in the end to prove the disinterestedness of a poverty-stricken English lord, Miss Glaser acts with all her accustomed vivacity and cheerful good nature. It is a rôle, however, which calls for little subtlety of expression, and none is

wasted. Melville Stewart as Lord Burlingham, who wins Dolly's hand, is etsy, and Dolly's family is portrayed with broad dashes of comic color by Charles Bradshaw, Carrie Perkins and Carter De Haven. The latter dances with neatness and grace. Elsie Ferguson is fair to look upon



Hall

MAXINE ELLIOTT IN "HER GREAT MATCH"



Herbert Standing

Maxine Elliott

THE FORTUNE TELLING SCENE IN CLYDE FITCH'S NEW COMEDY "HER GREAT MATCH"

as a sprightly Parisienne, and the eight foreign suitors are nicely differentiated as to character. But the star performance belongs to Mr. Herz. His dry, quaint humor is irresistible, and his rendering of "*That's the Thing That Keeps Me Guessing 'All the Time'*" is thoroughly artistic.

WALLACK'S. "EASY DAWSON." Comedy by Edward E. Kidder. Produced Aug. 22, with this cast:

Ripley Dawson, Raymond Hitchcock; Henry Titus, John Bunney; Benjamin Grierson, Scott Cooper; Bruce Grierson, Earle Browne; Count Chiquescudi, Nick B.iglio; Wellington Bonaparte, Wm. Martin; Rose Dawson, Julie Herne; Hannah Doty, Grace Griswold; Sadie Collins, Flora Zabelle; Mrs. Churchill, Jeffreys Lewis; Ernestine Ormsby, Lovell Taylor; Angie Bates, Phyllis Sherwood.

Raymond Hitchcock's translation from the fields of comic opera to the heights of legitimate comedy was not as parlous a feat as the original announcement indicated. In truth, it might be said that the title rôle of "The Yankee Consul" was a far more legitimate piece of character drawing than is "Easy Dawson" in the play of that name now running at Wallack's. Edward E. Kidder, the author of Mr. Hitchcock's new stellar vehicle, is largely associated with a type of bucolic drama made familiar and popular in earlier days by the late Sol Smith Russell. "Easy

Dawson" belongs to the same school of which "Peaceful Valley" and "A Poor Relation" were shining examples. It is a commonplace stringing together of rather impossible effects. It is sadly lacking in cohesion and the transitions of fact are jarring and false. It is a machine-made sketch in which a bibulous inventor, leader of the local fire department, offsets the machinations of the villain who would rob him of the finds of his genius, brings about the married happiness of his daughter and conquers his own weaknesses. It has some incidents of homely truth and humor, but as a whole does not ring true, and at times is more than tedious. It hardly suggests the sophisticated wants of Broadway. However, Mr. Hitchcock has a large following, and his quaint and droll personality intrudes itself frequently with real comic effect. He sings some songs with his accustomed skill and depicts neatly the humorous side of convivial inebriety. John Bunney is an excellent foil as Harry Titus, his rotund friend, and Scott Cooper is harshly realistic as the villain. The juvenile lovers are played with earnestness and charm by Earle Brown and Julie Herne. Jeffreys Lewis' talents are wasted on the rôle of an auto-enthusiast.

(Review of New Plays continued on page vii.)



"Jo" Sheldon (Maxine Elliott) and Prince Adolph (Charles Cherry) find they are very much in love



The True Mission of the Stage

By EUGÈNE BRIEUX, AUTHOR OF "LA ROBE ROUGE," ETC.

Eugène Brieux is a leader among those playwrights in France who plead for an intellectual drama. Like Gerhardt Hauptmann in Germany, he is the dramatic poet of the proletariat, believing that the true mission of the stage is not to provide mere amusement, but to present live, throbbing questions of vital interest to everyday men and women. In his play "Les Remplacantes" he protested against fashionable mothers giving their babies to wet nurses to nourish; in "Bienfaiteurs" he inveighed against the charity-giving evil, and in "La Robe Rouge," performed in New York by Mme. Réjane last winter, he exposed unscrupulous prosecuting attorneys who do not hesitate to send a man to the scaffold if it will serve their own ambition. In the following article this successful stage philosopher sets forth his ideas in a most interesting way.



Eugène Brieux

PROBLEM drama! which bores one to death and makes one blush for shame before our friends, and from which we go home sick in heart and head? No, thank you! When I go to the theatre, I go to be amused, to forget the cares of the day; I want to see life pictured in rosy colors, to believe in love, goodness and joy; I want to feel that I am better than I am, or, at least, to be conscious of my own wisdom when I see how weak others are and what trouble they get into; I want to go home rejuvenated and in a good humor. When I find in the theatre a repetition of my daily cares, when I am disturbed in my ease by being forced to give my attention to things that I usually avoid, if I am to have my digestion spoiled by the

sight of misery and the discussion of social problems, I put myself on the defensive, rebel and scold. I do not want to pay two dollars for the heartache which a truthful presentation of real sorrow gives me. I do not object to seeing a melodrama occasionally, because it does one good to stand on the shore and see how other people struggle with the angry waves when one knows that the sorrow only exists in the poet's imagination, and its very unreality and superhuman greatness quiets one's hypocritical optimism. But I do not want to be forced to reflect seriously on the things around me, to have seeds of pity sown in my self-satisfied soul, which, if I am not careful, may develop into pricks of conscience. They may talk to me about my rights if they want to, but let no one speak to me about my duties. I know what they are well enough, and if I don't fulfill them all I have good grounds for it—grounds which I don't like to hear discussed, lest an uneasy conscience might be the result for me.

Are they right who talk in this way? Is it possible that serious questions can be treated of, developed, even solved, on the stage, where ordinarily the puppets of Cupid strut about, or stupid farce favors us with its antics and tomfoolery? Or, in other words: Has the dramatist the right to make use of other themes than that of love? Books enjoy the freedom of discussing all kinds of subjects. Shall the theatre be condemned by an incomprehensible despotism to limit itself to a single one? Is the theatre a temple which is dedicated to one idol which can never be dethroned? Shall the incense which is burned in this temple ascend to no other trinity than that of husband, wife and lover? I beg leave to be of a different opinion.

What is it, really, that we want to find in the theatre? Ourselves. We want to see life portrayed—our life. The fine lady, wrapped in costly furs, who comes to the theatre in her carriage with liveried footman, is attracted thither by exactly the same feelings as the little seamstress, who has paid for her seat by denying herself some fancied luxury from her meagre table. Banker and poet, millionaire and factory hand, the respected citizen and the ne'er-do-well—all follow the same impulse. All want to recognize themselves behind the masques of the actors.

Art is nothing else than sympathy. It is compassion in the etymological sense of the word. We want to feel and suffer and love with other beings, so we go to the theatre and find thereby our own personality more marked. The representation of another's acts awakens in us, through sympathetic joy and sorrow, a life of greater intensity. We choose to think that the ridiculous things they show us on the stage do not refer to us, and we are vain enough to believe that we have all the virtues which we see there. Yes, it seems to us that every act of heroism on the stage sheds a little distinction upon us. Whether we sit in the parquet or in the back row of the top gallery, what we want to see is a representation of those things which go to make up our own life.

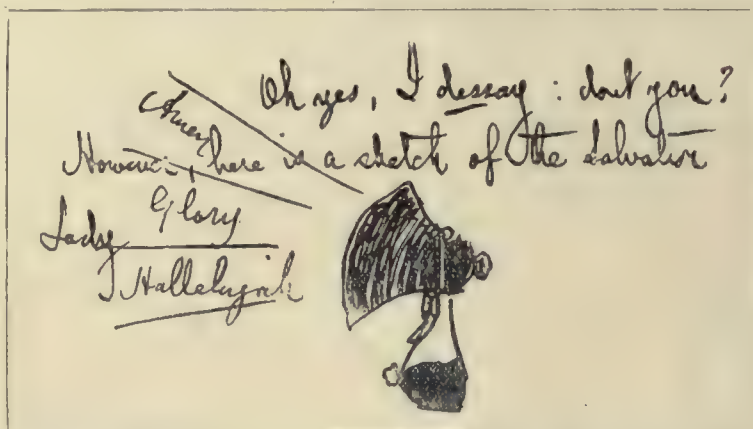
What is our life? Two great unconscious struggles. The one we fight in the interests of art—its scenic reproduction is the drama of love (théâtre d'amour). The other is the fight for the maintenance of the individual—its scenic reproduction is the socialist drama (théâtre social).

If the theatre is to be nothing else than a place to rest ourselves in after dining, so as to be ready for the pleasures of the night, then we might just as well close all of the better class of theatres, and keep only the music halls and concert gardens open. Let us burn Æschylus, destroy Sophocles and Euripides, throw Shakespeare and Corneille into the waste basket, and condemn Goethe, Victor Hugo, Henri Becque and Gerhardt Hauptmann to forgetfulness.

For it is not "to be amused"—to use the expression of the speaker in the opening paragraph—not amusing when we watch the torments of a son who learns that his uncle has killed his father and married his mother. It will not improve one's digestion to listen to the agony of a man whose despair is so awful that he tears his eyes out of their sockets. It is impossible to go home from a theatre where "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Faust" (I do not refer to the opera), "The Ravens" or "The

Weavers" have been acted, and feel entirely at ease.

And yet these plays are acted in all the languages of the civilized world, and always find an audience. There is, then, a public that is satisfied to see other subjects than marital unfaithfulness and horseplay on the stage. There are people to whom the stage is more than a drawing-room.



From London Sketch

A sketch by George Bernard Shaw, of the Salvation Army heroine in his next play, "Major Barbara," in which Annie Russell may be seen in America

Bernard Shaw's Satirical Comedy, "Man and Superman"



Louis Massen

Fay Davis

Robert Loraine

Mrs. Bloodgood

L. F. Clark

Alfred Hickman

ACT I. John Tanner denounces the family's pharisaical treatment of the indiscreet Violet



ACT II. Ann's mother kindly permits her daughter to take a spin with John Tanner



Photos by Hall

J. D. Beveridge

Edward Abeles

ACT III. Tanner caught in the toils at last

What is there unusual in this? In the show windows of the book-stores do not novels and philosophical works lie side by side? Can not the same man find just as much pleasure in the one as in the other, although not necessarily the same kind of pleasure? What despot, what tyrant has decreed that the theatre is the only channel for the expression of human thought which has to limit itself to obscenity and vulgarity? If I am an artist I am free to depict the beautiful Venus arising out of the waves of the sea or the grimy miner coming up out of the shaft. Murillo's brush paints alternately the mystical beauty of the queen of Heaven and the tatters of a Spanish beggar boy. But in the theatre, the poet is condemned to treat only of Venus.

Of all the means given to man to communicate his thoughts, his beliefs, his passions, his sorrows, his fears to others the theatre is the mightiest, and you would force it to give expression to nothing but low thoughts, exotic passions, boudoir sorrows, and the anxieties of faint-hearted lovers. It can not be. The dramatic poet has the right to treat of other things. And this right which he has formerly exercised in producing tragedies he now exercises in producing the socialist drama.

The socialist drama is the successor of classic tragedy. What subject is treated in the first and most beautiful of tragedies, "Prometheus"? What is the subject matter of all tragedies of antiquity? The combats of the gods. What do the great dramas of Shakespeare and Racine picture? The combats of kings. What ought to be the material for the modern drama? The combat of the masses.

After a prolonged contemplation of the inaccessible Olympus and the mysterious palaces of kings, we become more conscious of our own worth and position in life. We begin to put a value on ourselves and dramatic art, which has begun to lose interest in the combats of Jupiter and Minerva, Mars and Vulcan, Antonius and Cæsar, of Ludwig XIV. and Henrietta of England, casts a glance at the misery of simple mortals, at their continual struggles, at the clash of their desires and their sufferings, and a new form of the drama arises.

Each period of time has its own form of destiny and its theatre. The first period was predominated by the awe-inspiring rule of the gods, and the stage of the time was occupied with the representation of their vengeance and their atrocities. Then came the period of tyrants and men of might. The boards of the stage groaned under the

weight of these wearers of crowns and coats of arms. Today the mass is tyrannized by the mass. In the struggle for existence the power of production forms the mightiest weapon, and it is not to be wondered at that the wings echo with new cries of pain.

The first struggle represented on the modern stage was that of love against material or moral obstacles. For a long time every play had the same theme: youthful lovers, and the trials they had to pass through before they could be united. The usual obstacles were the objections of the parents or the inequalities of rank and fortune. But the time came when the dramatist had exhausted this theme. Then marital infidelity offered them its treasures. Today the plays do not end at marriage; they begin there. The problem is no longer, "What shall they do to attain the happiness they long for." On the contrary, it is expressed somewhat like this: "They are happy—will a lover or a mistress come between them?" Or we are shown a couple unhappily married, an imprudent wife or a dissolute husband, both of whom seek happiness outside of wedlock.

After the dramatists had once entered this path, they followed it to the end. They thought out every situation possible between the married pair, and the lover and mistress, and calmly chose the most indecent, because it seemed to them to be the newest and most unheard of. People were entirely carried away with the subject. A faithful or happy wife no longer existed—on the stage. A moral lawlessness was portrayed, which even the dramatists must have considered impossible. Faithlessness seemed to be the normal condition of marriage. When these three-cornered relations were exhausted, the search was made for something new, something that had not yet been represented, and it was found by

increasing the number of heroes. The result was an indecency that was nauseating.

I am sorry to say that in this rare game the French authors showed themselves especially clever, inventive and unconscientious. And they played it with a cheerful countenance, without being any more moved than in a game of chess. If they were fortunate enough, in moving around their human chessmen, to discover some situation more repulsive and unheard of than former



HELEN BERTRAM
Who will be seen in a new Broadway production this fall



JAMES MCINTYRE AND T. K. HEATH IN "THE HAM TREE"

ones, their smile was only more self-satisfied than usual. They were satisfied with themselves when they could give check to healthy human reason and checkmate to respect for woman.

If this remarkable game had had no other results than the temporary degradation of those who took part in it, it could be passed

over with averted countenance. But unfortunately foreigners naively inferred that it was the French wife who was the heroine of the French play. This is by no means true. As a matter of fact there are in Paris, as in all large cities, hundreds of people who live in the most abandoned way, and this is the type we learn to know in most of the French dramas. But the real French woman does not resemble them in the least. She does not, forsooth, sit by the fire and spin, but she differs from the respectable wives of other countries only in this: that she is virtuous without being morose, she is good without making a show about it, faithful but not dull, she knows how to be at the same time a dutiful wife and a good-natured one.

It further appears to me as if the French public, which at first seemed to find pleasure in such things, at last reacted against them and turned its interests in other directions. After the theatre had set before us all possible variations of love, both before marriage

and after, it seems to have said everything there was to say within the province of Art, that is, it had exhausted the material of the théâtre d'amour, so it naturally turned to things which relate to the preservation of the individual.

To maintain itself, the individual must conform itself to the society to which it belongs, must submit to certain influences, be subject to other individuals. The stage no longer represents man's revolt against the heathen Ananta, but it shows us the efforts which are made to fight against inheritance, the modern form of fate. The Atride will have to be rewritten. How the hearts of our contemporaries swell with indignation as they witness man's struggles against the tyrants of to-day, against the despotism of wealth, against the unholy powers which have arisen out of the new conditions of civilization which must in turn be conquered by the civilization which has created them.

We live in a time of fermentation such as no former century has known. The world is in a state of continual change. The social phenomena arise with unusual quickness. We are in touch with events which happen at the other end of the world as if our slender nerve fibres were prolonged to infinity. For the first time the words are true: "I am a man and nothing human is unknown to me." The whole world trembles now at some event which formerly it would have taken twenty years to find out about; and perhaps at this very moment some scholar is holding vigil in his smoky, obscure laboratory over curious instruments which shall



Hall
Ann (Fay Davis) to John (Robert Loraine): "I wonder are you really a clever man"
ACT I. "MAN AND SUPERMAN" AT THE HUDSON

bring forth something, some scientific, industrial or social discovery, which will revolutionize the civilized world.

But what suffering this progress will cause before its benefits will be assured to mankind. Every step forward crushes millions of beings. And it is not the whim of a god or the frown of a potentate which calls into being such unavoidable but beneficial catastrophes. They may have had their origin in the brain of some isolated, unknown man. Prometheus has given man the lightning which he wrested from the gods. New organizations are formed, the barriers which were created to separate men into castes and nationalities disappear or change their form. The whim of a capitalist can starve a nation, all too quickly a new hierarchy arises against which battle must be waged. The volcano threatens, and never were the noises which announce its eruption more awful.

And we, the dramatic poets, the possessors of the mightiest avenues of speech, we

must content ourselves by prying out and revealing petty domestic secrets—an occupation far from soul satisfying and which permits many a higher ideal. *Translated by Manfred Lilliefors.*

Augustus Thomas, in an interview in the *New York Herald*, is reported as saying that he never feels impelled to see a Shaw play any more than an Ibsen play. "I saw but one Ibsen play," says Mr. Thomas, "that was quite sufficient." Perhaps if Mr. Ibsen were to see "De Lancey" he might feel inclined to return the American dramatist's compliment.

Once more is Edmond Rostand accused of plagiarism! According to a despatch to the *New York World* Georges Polti, a French dramatic author, states that he submitted to the Gymnase, Odéon and other theatres four years ago a piece containing rôles for lion, wolf, deer, hen, dog and other animals; that the directors of these institutions, who are great friends of Rostand, must have known the play, because they had read it, and probably communicated the subject matter to Rostand, who plagiarized it just as he "stole *Cyrano* from the Chicagoan Gross' play, 'The Merchant Prince of Cornville.'" The *World* correspondent telegraphed Rostand, who answered telegraphically from the South of France: "I am a doomed man. Apparently all my ideas are stolen. This time I thought myself surely original. I may say my original idea came from the old French play called 'Le Roman de Renart,' but I found by the Gross experience that it was useless to make excuses; let them call me a plagiarist if they think best. However, I never heard of Polti or his play." M. Polti is the author of a work entitled "The Thirty-Six Dramatic Situations."

An intelligent foreigner who arrived in New York recently, and made the round of the metropolitan theatres, remarked: "Are you all children in America? There is not a serious thought, not a suggestion of the intellectual in anything I have seen. If all is typical of your stage to-day, I predict there will be no dramatic art in America 20 years hence."

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money often without enough to eat, before success came.

My Beginnings

By WILTON LACKAYE

trusses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money often without enough to eat, before success came.

WHEN I went upon the stage I was seventeen, and had encountered the usual parental obstacles and the change from what fond relatives had thought was a predestined career. I had wished to be



Wilton Lackaye at seven

a priest, had even begun studying for the priesthood. My father was the only one who differed from my view that I had such a vocation. A vocation, as we regard it, is different from a call. A call is an opportunity

to get all you can, but a vocation is giving up everything you have. My father thought I was not adapted to the life. I believe he had already concluded that the vow of celibacy would be my chief stumbling block. But it had been arranged that I should go to that school for young priests, the Propaganda, in Rome, and we had gotten as far as our journey

as New York and engaged our passage to Havre.

But we lingered for two weeks in New York and went to the theatre every night. I contracted that disease which everyone acquires at some time. Often it does not last, but everyone has it at some time or other. I was stage struck. The germ entered my system the night father and I went to the Madison Square Theatre to see "Esmeralda." Annie Russell was playing in it, I remember, and Eben Plympton. While watching Plympton act I decided not to go to Rome. I would remain in America. After all, I had a vocation, but it was not what I had at first thought. My vocation was the stage. After convincing myself I endeavored to convince my father. He said: "Your vocation is the padded cell." And back we went ingloriously to Baltimore and mother.

Since the governor was unalterably opposed to the stage we compromised on the law, and I began to study Blackstone. Or I would have studied Blackstone had I not been elected president of the Lawrence Barrett Dramatic Society. That office absorbed all my youthful energies. We invited Mr. Barrett to come to one of the performances of the society which had been named after him. When the performance was over he asked me if I wanted to go on the stage. I answered in the affirmative in as repressed a manner as my budding hopes would permit. He offered to take me with him the next season, and I accepted with secret pride but outward humility.

That would appear to have been luck or good fortune, and yet there entered into it the element of choice, for I had at nearly the same time a chance to go with a melodrama, something like a number 13 company playing a Union Square success. My salary with the Barrett company was twenty dollars a week, for a season of thirty weeks. It sounds like a good salary for that time, but



Otto Sarony Co
WILTON LACKAYE

had I gone with the melodrama company I would have had to play one part the entire season. In the Barrett company I knew I would have a chance to play several.

After the season with Lawrence Barrett I came to New York and looked for an engagement. I had all the experiences known or imagined and groaned over today by young men who want to be actors. I went into the agents' office three or four times a day until I was tired, and they were certainly tired of seeing me. I resorted to writing letters to myself, so that I might, with more countenance, present myself in the office. After receiving the letter I would say, "Oh, by the way, anything for me?"

"No. When there is we will send for you," was the invariable reply accompanied by an agent's frown. But I kept on calling.

The managers did not escape without attentions from me. I called on them, too. Of course, I was met by an office boy, who stood between me and the manager. The diminutive guardian of the threshold had invariably all the insolence of his race.

"What do you want?" was the usual formula of the boy.

"I want to see Mr. Blank in regard to an engagement."

"There is nothing," the boy would answer stiffly, and I would go away, but would soon come back. I kept on calling until the manager did see me. It was, I suppose, the gift of the prognathous jaw.

I was finally engaged for "May Blossom," and remained with it part of a season, joining Carrie Swain, in "Tad the Tomboy," for the rest. I did not sing, my chief duty being to sit on the stage and approve Miss Swain's singing.

For the first eight years after the season with Barrett I played continuously, winter and summer. Luck? Not a bit of it. If I hadn't an engagement I would get one. I would keep on trying till I got one, an economic principle actors would do well to follow. And, another economic principle, if I couldn't get what I wanted I would take what I could get. I always saved something, because I always lived on less than I earned. If, as when I played with the summer stock company at the Orphan Asylum at Dayton, Ohio, I earned fifteen dollars a week, I lived on twelve. I had no necessities. If I could not afford something I got on very well without it. We lived at the dormitory on the campus of the asylum, and I literally walked through the summer, because I played only



Wilton Lackaye at 20



Photo Hall

JOHN DREW AND MARGARET DALE
In Augustus Thomas' new comedy "De Lancey" at the Empire Theatre, New York

walking parts. Need I say that I found it a long walk?

Whenever the forked road, one way of which led to ease and the other to professional experience, confronted me, I chose what seemed to the short-sighted to be the wrong way. For instance, I once had to choose between playing Pierre, the cripple, in Kate Claxton's "The Two Orphans" company, and small, almost no parts, in Fanny Davenport's repertoire company. I chose Miss Davenport's company at one-half the salary, to the amazement and stern disapproval of the boys who were of my crowd. Most of them, I am sorry to say, are where they were then, having sacrificed every chance for advancement for the immediate salary. During the eight continuous years of which I speak I was a member of the Fanny Davenport company, in which I at least learned how to fasten on chain mail, to walk across the stage as men of differing periods and stations in life would do, how to forget my hands, and other necessary rudiments, with Rose Coghlan in "Jocelyn," with James O'Neil in "Dead Heart,"

McKee Rankin in "Canuck," and Barry M. Fay, Elsie Fay's father. While with Miss Davenport I played the part of a servant, the French valet in "Fedora." It was the only character in the play that was not Russian, and did not speak Russian. The fact that the character spoke French gave me a chance to use gestures in keeping with the nationality.

"Why do you do that?" some one asked me. "It is needless."

"Because I want to learn how to play a Frenchman," I replied.

It was well, for it happened that the next season I had a French part in "Alan Dare," a companion part for that which I had elaborated in "Fedora."

There is something in every part. It is the duty of an actor to find and develop it.

There is a great deal of complaint just now by young actors

that this and that manager "suppresses individuality." In my years as a beginner I never had any such quarrel with managers. On the contrary, then as now, managers were so glad to find that

an actor thought about his part at all, that they welcomed his suggestions. The trouble is not that an actor has the wrong idea about his part, but that he has no idea at all. When the manager is charged with "suppressing individuality," he is guilty of trying to teach technique.

I recall an instance of a young woman, not at all facile, who was asked to do something simple, like crossing the stage properly, and after trying twenty times, did not do it to the satisfaction of the star and manager. She treated them to her scorn, and came over to where I was sitting.

"You are an artist (she meant that they were not), you know what I mean. I have the feeling but I cannot express it," she said.

"Yes," said I, "I know what you mean. I have the feeling of the violin but I can't express it."

You will find that the person who cries that his "individuality is being suppressed" hasn't anything to suppress. Technique never denies inspiration, nor inspiration technique. Electricity requires mechanical furnishings.

While I was rehearsing for the part of Jefferson Stockton in "Aristocracy," I discovered how invaluable an aid a phonograph may be to an actor. I made a record of my part when I might have thought I had my intonations and inflections at a state of perfection, when I might have thought there was not a flaw in my delivery, so hard had I worked with the part. But so far from its being perfect, I noted just one hundred errors and faults in the way I spoke the lines. One may think he is reading a line correctly, and be as far from perfection as the phonograph informed me to my amazement I was.

WILTON LACKAYE.



NAT M. WILLS
In "The Duke of Duluth" at the Majestic



Hall John Bunny, as the chief's chum Raymond Hitchcock, as the bibulous fire chief Phyllis Sherwood, as the irrepressible youngster
SCENE IN EDWARD E. KIDDER'S RURAL COMEDY, "EASY DAWSON"

How Comic Operas Are Written

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"

FRANK PIXLEY, the author of "The Prince of Pilsen," "King Dodo" and other successful musical pieces, has been writing for the stage for ten years. After graduating from the State University at Columbus, Ohio, he studied law for two years, and then deciding he had enough of Blackstone, he studied medicine for the same length of time. This also proved distasteful, and he taught English for a time at Buchten College at Akron, Ohio. Finally, he purchased the Akron Times, changed it from a weekly to a daily, and, in addition to his editorial work, acted as political correspondent for various Eastern papers. Later, he became managing editor of the Chicago Mail. From there he drifted to the Chicago Times-Herald, now the Record-Herald.

"I became dissatisfied," said Mr. Pixley in telling a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative of his early work. "I felt that the reward contained in the little yellow envelope at the end of the week was not enough for my efforts. I wanted to do something bigger."

About 1896 his first play, "The Carpet Bagger," was produced in Toledo, Tim Murphy taking the leading rôle.

"I had not seen any of the rehearsals," said Mr. Pixley. "I was sure of the later acts, but the first I felt to be weakest, so I knew that if the first act was a success the rest would be. Before the end of the first act the star and all the company were called before the curtain. When I realized the hit it had made I went out before the second act and telegraphed my resignation to the Herald."

The Herald was loth to lose so good a man, and they delayed getting anyone to fill Pixley's place, and eight weeks passed before Pixley's resignation was accepted as final, and then they said to him: "Whenever you want to come back you will always find your desk awaiting you; just hang up your hat and go to work." The desk is still waiting and Pixley's hat is still following its owner around the world.

About the time Pixley left the Herald there was a Chicago stock company with an all-the-year lease theatre on its hands. Hearing of Pixley's success with "The Carpet Bagger," they asked him to write them a musical comedy for summer production, merely as a rent payer. So, in collaboration with Gustav Luders, Mr. Pixley set to work, and "The Burgomaster" was the result. For seventeen weeks it ran to packed houses, and its success surpassed all expectations. Before this—in fact, before even "The Carpet Bagger" had been written—Mr. Pixley had put in his spare time writing a comic opera, which, however, he had been unable to sell. Everyone turned it down, saying he was not fitted for that kind of thing and had better give it up. But when the next manager applied for a production Pixley went fishing in his trunk, and from beneath piles of linen and love letters he drew out his majesty, "King Dodo," which was accepted with



Armstrong

FRANK PIXLEY CONSTRUCTING A LIBRETTO

alacrity, put on at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago, and ran for 243 nights to crowded houses. The original idea for "King Dodo" is contained in the seeking of Ponce de Leon for the Fountain of Youth. After its production three writers came to Mr. Pixley, accusing him of stealing their ideas, and one of them threatened to sue him. Pixley calmly asked for the date of the other man's play. As "King Dodo" had been written six years before and had lain dormant in his trunk, his priority of idea was fully established, though he laughed as he assured the man who claimed the original idea that he did not claim it as his own, since Ponce de Leon had promulgated that belief centuries before!

By this time Pixley and Luders had won a market for anything they might turn out. Manager Savage, who had produced "King Dodo," now signed a blank contract for the next piece of work turned out by the

two clever writers, and Luders and Pixley immediately packed their trunks and went to Europe, where, travelling through nine countries, they wrote "The Prince of Pilsen," a piece which has played twelve engagements in New York alone, and is considered the most popular of its class ever written. "Woodland" was Mr. Pixley's next success.

"It's queer how some songs take and others do not," said Mr. Pixley to the present writer, as he flecked cigar ash from his smart tan shoes. "I asked Luders to pick out a song in 'The Burgomaster' which he thought would make the biggest hit and I did the same. Well, if you would believe it, the two numbers we had marked were the only two in the piece the audience did not like, while the 'Bumble Bee' song, which we had thought scarcely passable, made the hit of the piece, and 5,000 copies of it were sold."

Mr. Pixley is very enthusiastic over his work. He loves it and lives for it. His wife writes very clever verses, but says all her ambition is for him. Mr. Pixley's pet particular fad is his collection of photographs, which is one of the finest in the country. Charming at all times, Mr. Pixley's smile is irresistible, and, incidentally, he is handsome and well groomed. He is tall, of strong, athletic build, with a fine brow and aristocratic nose, dark brown hair and dark eyes, in which there is just the touch of the dreamer. When he speaks it is in a well modulated voice that is pleasant to hear. He chats very informally and delightfully about his work, and gives fascinating glimpses of life behind the curtain. He spent the past winter in Pasadena, California, where he wrote a new musical comedy for Charles Frohman which will be produced this season in New York and London.

"It is curious," he said, "how many people confuse musical comedy with comic opera. Comic opera deals with the imaginary, while musical comedy must keep close to the real. It must never treat of anything that is not true to life. Costumes, scenery,

action, all must be in keeping. It must be modern in every sense. The people and costumes must be those of today. There can be no flight of the imagination. 'King Dodo' is a comic opera. The leading character is king of Dodo-land. You don't know where that is; neither do I. 'The Prince of Pilsen,' on the other hand, is a musical comedy.

"How do I set out to write a new piece?" smiled Mr. Pixley, as he selected a cigar from his case and slowly lighted it. "Well, if you want to visit my workshop you will find it very elaborately furnished with a Faber No. 2 and a pad of paper. My plays are built out of air and located in the realm of fancy. But it is all very real to me as I write. I see every movement in imagination. I see every costume, every light and color effect, every entrance and exit; in short, the entire piece moves through my imagination just as clearly as when on the stage.

"A musical comedy has a three-fold office to perform: it must appeal to the eye, the ear and the intelligence. The location is the most important thing. No operetta located in the United States could ever be a success, because it would lack the right conditions—the proper setting, costumes, people. Our work demands the bizarre, the unique. The playwright must locate his piece in a country where he can find the right people and costumes for good choruses. For example: a piece located in Newport might present a chorus of summer girls. In one scene they might be dressed in white, in another in pink or yellow, or orange, but they would still be summer girls, and the novelty would be lacking to make the piece go. Of course, a piece must have back-bone, too," he continued, "and the complication is much like that in the novel.

"The first thing is to write a scenario, an analysis of your piece—the skeleton of your play, in which you outline the whole. This forms a kind of sailing chart. Then after you have formulated your story you must settle your characters. You see, it's much like making a plum pudding: first mix your pudding and then drop in the raisins.

"Of course, you must have a prima donna who is a good singer—and if she is good looking and a good actress so much the better, but she must be a good singer. Even then at rehearsals you hear her warbling over your songs as though she had a hot potato in her mouth. You must also have a tenor. Nobody but a tenor can ever make love to a



Otto Sarony Co.

James Young in "Tom Brown of Harvard"

acts, though some have three. If there are but two acts, one act

has two scenes. In a musical comedy there are from eighteen to twenty-four musical numbers, divided nearly equally among the acts. No two numbers of the same kind must ever follow each other. That is, a humorous piece must not be followed by a second funny one; if it is, one will fall flat. Some numbers that are unsuccessful in one part of the piece make a great hit in another, and vice versa. Why? I cannot explain it, but I know that it is so.

"After you have written the regular musical numbers there are the lyrics. The prima donna must have a solo love song, and the tenor must also have one, and you know that very likely they will get together later on and sing a love duet. Then the comedian must have something funny to sing in each act. When the lyrics are written they are turned over to the musical composer, and he works to get an appropriate melody to fit the words, and he has to work out his own salvation at the piano with fear and trembling. *The Message of the Violet* in 'The Prince of Pilsen' was written four times," added Mr. Pix-

ley, a bit ruefully. "Sometimes the trouble is with the music, and the composer has to keep at work till he gets just the right thing. At other times it is in the lines, and they have to be worked over. Why, I have written verses enough for the waste basket to reach from here to Pittsburg!

"The music of 'The Prince' was written between meals and all the time. On the morning of the first production the overture was not yet written! Luders had tried to get at it but could not seem to get the right touch, and said he would write the thing the night before the performance. Well, that night I went over to his rooms and found everything in confusion. Music was scattered over the floor



THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN IRELAND



Armstrong

MARY BOLAND

New leading woman with Robert Edeson



Sarony
MARGARET ANGLIN
Now appearing at the Princess Theatre, New York



White
GUY BATES POST
Playing the leading role in "The Heir to the Hoorah."



Baker Art Gallery
ALICE NEILSEN
About to return to America for a tour in grand opera

and in the midst sat Luders frantically trying to write. 'It's no use, Pixley,' he said; 'I simply can't do it; I'm used up.' The man had been working night and day, and I saw he would not be fit for anything the next day, so I took the thing in my own hands. I had studied medicine a little myself, and knew what he needed; so I sent across to the drug store for a good, stiff dose of bromedia, gave it to him and sent him to bed. I told the boy to get him out at six o'clock the next morning—to keep at him till he got up and not to take no for an answer. In the morning he was all right and the overture was written.

"It is oftentimes difficult to adjust a certain musical number to the stage. There must be legitimate sequence. People cannot be brought on to sing, alone. There must be some natural action develop from the entrance. There must be some reason for them to be on, and for everything they do there must be some evident reason.

"The work of the librettist and composer has but just begun when all the writing is done. They must then consult the scenic artist, who makes a miniature stage with all the colors and scenery and various effects, just as the real stage will be, and then all three go over it together. Perhaps the artist thinks a change at this corner will be better; maybe you see that a bit of woodland scenery should be substituted for a rose garden. Next you must visit the costumer; the book is read and re-read to him and the matter of costuming the characters is considered. Every character will change at least three or four times, and some of the chorus girls six

or seven times in one piece, so you see there are a great many costumes to be planned for each play. A water-color sketch is made of every costume required, and this takes much time. Then the electrician must be consulted. This is very important. We use electricity for many things—for waterfalls, rain, snow; we make sunrises and moonlight and lightning. White light is seldom used on the stage. What the casual observer takes for white light is usually amber. The 'make-up' and 'props' would show

too clearly in a white glare. There are from five to twenty-five electricians throwing lights, and sometimes five different lights are used at one time to gain the desired effect.

"Another very important point is that the costumes must match the atmosphere. If your piece begins in the mellow, yellow light of afternoon and deepens into the blue of moonlight, you must use great care in the selection of material. Suppose you want an autumn scene, with the falling, yellow leaves and tints of October. What would be a yellow dress in the afternoon light would turn to a vivid green when seen under the blue light necessary for moonlight effects, and you would have a verdant spring scene. So a chart for the lights is made and followed very closely.

"Then, after the electrician there is the property man to be seen. If the soldiers need swords, or tin cups, out of which to drink air, he furnishes them. If artificial flowers are to be used, he must know just how many and what colors, and he provides them at the proper time.



From the *Tatler*
Successful playwright responding nervously to cries for "Author" on a first night. Tom Browne, the English humorist, seems to have taken for his model a well-known American dramatist

After this the manager who is to produce the play is to be seen and then the stage manager is visited. By this time the piece is considered ready for rehearsals, which continue from ten to twelve hours a day for four or five weeks. And there are seven or eight kinds of rehearsals. There is the rehearsal of the dialogue of the principals; one for the music of the principals; a rehearsal of the male chorus; of the female chorus; of both together; there are rehearsals for the light and color effects. And then, after all the separate parts have been rehearsed by themselves, there are the ensemble rehearsals, and then at last the final dress rehearsal. Then we are ready to produce the piece. If you like it, and tell your friends about it, we make some money. If you don't we may lose a great deal. The theatre is more of a gamble than the wheat market," and Mr. Pixley smiled quizzically.

"Does Mrs. Pixley assist you in your work?" asked the writer with interest, as an attractive woman with fluffy brown hair and a stunning princess robe of pale gray passed near where we were sitting, and I caught the flash of a magnetic glance from the blue to the brown eyes. For Mr. Pixley and his little French-Canadian wife are still in love with each other, and refreshingly devoted, though they have been married for eleven years, and long ago passed the milestone at which conjugal interest is supposed to disappear.

"Yes, indeed, very materially," said Mr. Pixley enthusiastically. "She is my best critic. I usually find her suggestions are just right, and when she does not like a thing I generally change it, for I always see where it can be bettered. I remember once we had a song which I thought would make a hit, but when we tried it, it wasn't popular. 'It needs more people,' said Mrs. Pixley, so we introduced one more and made it a trio. It went better, but still it wasn't very well received. 'Make it a chorus,' said Mrs. Pixley. 'What it needs is more people.' I followed her suggestion and the song made a great hit. You see, her intuition and judgment are usually correct." Mrs. Pixley, or "Billee," as her husband affectionately calls her, often travels abroad, absorbing local color for him, while he stays at home and writes. In this way she gets suggestions for the proper costuming and staging of the piece. Recently, while he was engaged in writing a new piece, she spent six weeks in the Hawaiian Islands studying the natives and getting ideas. This fall both will visit Japan to get data and inspiration.

Mr. Pixley has broken all records and proved the exception to the popular superstition among theatrical folk that bad luck follows three great successes, and that a librettist must inevitably suffer defeat after three hits. Mr. Pixley, I believe, is the only librettist who has had four consecutive successes. After the great

hit made by "The Burgomaster," "King Dodo," and "The Prince of Pilsen," some of the players would have nothing to do with the next piece, as they thought it must be the inevitable failure. But on the contrary, "Woodland," which Mr. Pixley wrote two years ago on the roof garden of the Green Hotel at Pasadena, California, has proved a great success.

One characteristic of Mr. Pixley's work is its extreme neatness. The first copies of most authors' manuscripts are wonders to be-

hold in the matter of errors, interlineations and erasures, but not a crossed-out word, not an error of any kind marks the perfect pages. One secret of this playwright's success is that he is not content with mere success. If a piece makes a hit he still goes on trying to improve this scene, substituting a new song there, adding a bit of dialogue, changing a costume, till each part seems as nearly perfect as he can make it. It may be that the substitution is not so good as the original. If not he discards it and tries again. He and his collaborator, Gustav Luders, work together in this, and never tire of trying to improve their already accepted work. As an example of this it is interesting to know that the finale of the second act of "King Dodo" is the eighteenth one which was written.

"I believe a great deal of importance attaches to the name of the piece," said Mr. Pixley, "and I sometimes change the name several times. 'The Prince' was first called 'The Barbarians,' and 'The Burgomaster' had its name changed from the original. Indeed, it proved so hard to name, that its final christening did not take place till three days

before it was first produced. This piece was produced after three and a half weeks of rehearsals."

Mr. Pixley has also written an eccentric comedy, "The Dollar Mark," which has not yet been offered to any one. "I simply had to get it out of my system," said the author, laughing, "so I wrote it."

GRACE HORTENSE TOWER.



Hall
Helga (Drina de Wolfe) goads Thora (Charlotte Walker) to despair
ACT II. "THE PRODIGAL SON" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

PINERO

Pinero passes many a sleepless night
O'er problem plays, to make them all the rage;
The women with a Past exhaust him quite,
Providing futures for them on the stage.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

Star Actor (to Dramatic Critic)—So you really think I have no dramatic ability.

Dramatic Critic—Not a particle. But what of that? Look at your wardrobe!

Scenes in Hall Caine's New Drama, "The Prodigal Son"



Charlotte Walker as Thora Aubrey Boucicault as Oscar
ACT I. The letter from Magnus



E. J. Morgan as Magnus
ACT II. Magnus warns Oscar to be faithful to Thora



Photos by Hall
Drina de Wolfe as Helga
ACT III. Helga's passionate plea



E. J. Morgan Aubrey Boucicault
ACT IV. After many years



Photos by Hall

THREE DIFFERENT PHASES OF MAY IRWIN'S EXPRESSIVE FACE

May Irwin on Humor, Home and Business

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 43)

"I AM a serious woman."

May Irwin looked smilelessly at her interviewer. She who stands chiefly to American audiences for humor and to the American public at large for business sagacity, measured by a long rent roll and a corpulent bank account and had been asked to discourse on these subjects, would have dismissed the first with one sentence.

"It is true," she persisted when looked to for explanation. "There is not a woman in the United States who has had a harder time in life than I, and it makes a woman serious to remember, for instance, that there are thirty-three persons who look to her as that number do to me. The thirty-three are relatives or servants whom it is my duty and my pleasure to help. My mother, for instance, whom I support, my brothers, who have families, and there is Sarah. It was Sarah who brought you upstairs. She has been with me seventeen years. She has four children, three daughters and Bobbie. Do you remember that I had out an eight-sheet poster a few years ago—a cunning little pickaninny that I held in my arms? Sarah's Bobbie is the original of that poster. If anything happened to Sarah, of course I would look after them. Yes, I may be said to be the head of a family of thirty-three, white and black."

No. 16 West Sixty-eighth Street, which houses Miss Irwin when she is in New York, is a five-storied, cream-colored brick structure, whose spacious swelled windows suggested the pleasing rotundity of the chatelaine.

Within, as Miss Irwin had forewarned by telephone, there was the disorder that makes for greater order, the annual housecleaning that must wait for the actress' return from her tour, even though the tour should be prolonged into August. Rugs were rolled into huge dark shapes that perched upon covered couches or loomed, indistinct shapes, from remote corners. Floors shone and perspired from their recent thorough cleansing. Through the long, open halls came the sound of electricians at their tedious repairing, but out of the momentary chaos emerged a smiling, middle-aged colored woman with the low, musical voice of her race, who led the wayfarer up two flights, and to the open door of a wide-walled, sunny, front room, which, when chaos becomes cosmos once more, will resolve itself into the capacious den of the funniest stage woman in America.

Miss Irwin sat at a business-looking desk engaged in the prosaic pursuit of filing household receipts—a blonde, strong-jawed woman, fashioned on ample lines, with long, narrow, gray

eyes, in which smiles lurked and flitted, smiles which seldom reached the lips of a straight, determined mouth. She wore a white duck skirt and a white dotted Swiss bodice, short-sleeved and open-necked. In the early morning hours this costume had been daintily fresh. At noon it bore the marks of honorable toil, for the commander-in-chief of the household forces had led a dusting skirmish, a shadow of which lay lightly upon her cheek. May Irwin, star of "Mrs. Black Is Back," wearer of pink chiffons and point laces and diamonds, had died with the perished season of 1904-5. She would not be resurrected until Mrs. Black started on tour late in August. We had before us May Irwin, housewife, a most acceptable creature. The domestic stage was unset. It was a bare, unpoetic morning rehearsal. Miss Irwin made no apologies for nebulous conditions. One swift sentence by telephone the day before had disposed of them. She had kept her promise of a chat at noon, and she met the caller on the habitable grounds of understanding and sincerity.

"Humor is spontaneous," she said. "It is born with one or it is not. It cannot be acquired, and it cannot be forced. To illustrate: I often receive letters from magazines asking me to write on the humorous side of this or that. Many times I sit, my fountain pen clutched in my hand, my features tense as a tragedian's. And nothing happens. I have to write the editor, 'I can't. That's all.' Sometimes it is quite otherwise. The subject happens to come within the scope of my observations, is comprised in the radius of my interest. The other day an editor wrote me to write about the funny things I had seen on street cars. I wrote it at once because it was something I had noticed and was a favorite subject of mine. Notice the next time you get on a street car the worried look of the men and women, the jaws thrust out, the forehead gathered into hard knots, the lips drooping, the eyes hard and sullen. If there is one pleasant face, one good-natured looking person on the car, your eyes wander back again and again to look at him. I said 'him,' for it is almost always a man. Men are more cheerful than women. If things are unpleasant at home the man can go out, get away from and forget it. Women stay at home and nurse the unpleasant thing, whatever it is. Their thoughts turn inward. They brood. Poor, foolish creatures! As though anything on earth were worth ruining their tempers and their outlook upon life.

"To me humor is not analyzable. It comes or it does not. It is as mysterious and less controllable than electricity. That which is called the comic mind seizes upon the funny points in a

Scenes in "The Catch of the Season" at Daly's



Photos by Hall

Edna May as the modern Cinderella who, after being snubbed by two haughty sisters, wins a duke for a husband

play and makes the most of them. The person who taught me, helped me more than anyone else in learning to make those points, was Augustin Daly. The 'Governor' was glacial at times, but I loved him. Dear old Tony Pastor had spoiled me by allowing me to have my own way. If I didn't want to do anything he had suggested as an improvement, I didn't, and it was all right.

"When I went to Daly's I found a different sort of atmosphere, a very different sort of man. Three things he taught me were invaluable. One was the pause before speaking the line that makes the point. For instance, in my present play, Miss Burby says to me: 'Didn't you ever lie to your first husband?' I waited a full minute for the audience to get the embarrassing import of that question to me. Then I answer hesitatingly, 'N-n-o.' In that scene every line gets a laugh, and I ascribe it in part to our pauses to prepare the audience for the next point. I owe to Mr. Daly the lesson of the value of a pause. I owe him the other, of deliberation. It was natural for me to talk fast. He used to sit out in front, and ask quietly when I had finished a long speech, 'What was that?' I would repeat it. 'Ah, I don't remember any such speech in the play.' It was embarrassing, but he got the slow speech he wanted, and peace was restored.

"It was he who taught me not to finish every sentence with the falling inflection, a fault that is one of the most common on the stage. I never stop rehearsing until I have broken every member of my company of it.

"My friends used to say to me 'Why do you stay at Daly's? You have no chance there.' And I always said, 'I am staying because I am getting what I need—discipline.' Besides, I had another reason. My husband, all of those four years that I was at Daly's, was dying of consumption, and I had two children, one in long clothes, and one just learning to walk."

Enter Sarah with a telephone message. "Tell them I will call this afternoon. Tell them to be in. And get out my checked skirt and green jacket and the white silk shirt-waist and green turban."

Sarah went out with the noiselessness of the good servant. A word of semi-excuse revealed that the women Miss Irwin wished to stay in that afternoon were persons who were in the class of others, those outside the circle of the thirty-three, but those whom she gave aid without, as she expressed it, "counting."

"Sarah," Miss Irwin called suddenly, "where's Bobbie?"

"Downstairs."

"Send him up."

Bobbie shyly appeared, an ebony boy, with a rare dental exhibit. He said he had just been to the corner to mail Miss Irwin's letters. He thought he was a good boy. He tried to be.

"He's got to be," said Miss Irwin, vigorously, "with all of us to bring him up."

Bobbie beamed worshipfully upon her. He confided the information that he meant to be a cook, a good one, and he was permitted to trot downstairs.

"He has a well-shaped head." Miss Irwin's manner evinced proprietary pride.

We talked of business. Miss Irwin cited her three rules of success as measured by the monetary standard. She had followed them rigidly. They are:

"Work hard.

"Look after things yourself.

"Be saving."

"Next week Harry and Walter and I are going to the island to rough it," she said with manifest delight.

It was a remark that required interpretation to those who do not know that Harry and Walter are Miss Irwin's two six-foot sons, who live at home with mother and are the lodestones of her career, and who are ignorant of the fact that one of the show places in The Thousand Islands, those green jewels that flash from the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence River, is the big, round, sloping isle on the summit of which stands a handsome summer home. They are Irwin Island and Irwin castle, and they are owned, need it be said, by May Irwin. On West Forty-fourth street is a four-story brownstone house with a café in the basement. The latter bears the sign, Café Irwin. On the main floor is a French restaurant with a balcony attachment, where one may dine pleasantly and cheaply *à la fresco*. The house is on May Irwin's rental list. These and many other evidences there are that Miss Irwin has "worked hard," has "done everything herself," and has "been saving."



Hall "JESS" DANDY
In "The Prince of Pilsen"

"There is only one room in this house that has not been disturbed," said Miss Irwin. "That is the boys' den upstairs. We flee there from the wrath and dust of housecleaning. You should have seen us last night. One of the boys was playing a guitar, and I sat at the table with a cigarette and a gin fizz that my other boy had gone downstairs and made for me." She sighed contentedly. "I suppose I know fewer people on the stage than any actress in the country. It is because I am busy with my home and my boys. Society I never cared for, and had no time for it. I have enough in my life without it."

There shone in the keen gray eyes a light seldom seen in the human eyes, that of happiness complete.

"One of my sons is in a broker's office. The other is in the insurance business. Yes, Harry received an appointment to Annapolis but he failed in mathematics. It was not his fault. He had gone to the St. Xavier college and distinguished himself in the languages, but the boys were given little mathematics, and the child failed because he wasn't up on geometry—something about an isosceles triangle. When he failed to pass in the preparatory school at Annapolis I called on the fathers at St. Xavier's and begged them for the sake of other boys who might be disappointed as mine was to go in stronger for mathematics. When I think of what a fool I was over that appointment! I worked three years to get it. I saw everybody who had the slightest information or bearing upon that appointment. I went to dinners I hated because at some of them I would meet somebody who could tell me something. One night at dinner a man said, 'Do you know Richard Croker?'

"No," I said.

"Then," said he, "it is hopeless, for he is the man."

"I went home and thought 'Croker, Croker.' The man was never out of my mind, waking or sleeping. I constantly asked myself and every man I met, 'Whom do I know who knows Croker?' No one. No one. One morning when the question was pounding maddeningly in my brain, I read that there was to be a big dinner at the Dem-



NELLA WEBB

Recently seen in "When We Are Forty-one" at the New York Roof Garden

ocratic Club at half-past six that night. I figured that if the dinner was at half-past six Mr. Croker would probably be there about six. At six I went to the telephone. My teeth clicked. I shivered. I was having a nervous chill. But I rang up the Dem-



Photo by Marceau

ARNOLD DALY, WHO IS NOW PRESENTING THE SHAW PLAYS AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

ocratic Club, and could not control myself till someone answered:

"What do you want?"

"I want to see Mr. Croker," I said.

"Who are you?"

"I confessed.

"What do you want to see him about?"

"I want to speak to him about a personal matter."

"Soon my tormentor came back and said, 'Mr. Croker wants you to send your message.'

"I insisted upon speaking to the chief myself for just thirty seconds. Soon I heard a new voice.

"Is this Mr. Croker?" I asked in a small voice.

"Yes."

"This is Miss Irwin."

"Yes, what is it?"

"I—I—have a letter to you and want to know when I may present it."

"Send it over to the club."

"But it's a very particular letter," I pleaded.

"All right," he said. "I'll be here at half-past nine to-morrow morning."

"I let the receiver fall and stumbled upstairs, trembling and cold as ice. I had fibbed. I had no letter. Where should I get it? Sometime during that wretched evening light came. I had read somewhere that Judge Leventritt was a personal friend of Richard Croker's. Whom did I know who knew Judge Leventritt? One man I thought knew him. I telephoned. He knew Judge Leventritt. Certainly. He would send the letter at once.

I dressed as well as I could for a woman who was chattering in a nervous chill, and drove to Judge Leventritt's home. He was not in, but a voice like an angel's called over the banister:

"Isn't that May Irwin's voice? I was sure of it. I am

Mrs. Leventritt. I am too ill to come down, but wont you wait in the library. The Judge is sure to be home soon?"

"Soon the door opened and the Judge came in. The butler told him a lady was waiting. He came back at once.

"May Irwin," he said, taking my hand in a big, strong grasp. I'm afraid I was foolish then. When I could I told him about my three years' chase for that appointment for my son, about my fib, and the necessity that I have a letter to Richard Croker. There was no letter, but he did better. He went to the club next morning himself and introduced me to Mr. Croker, saying: 'Miss Irwin has done a lot for my family and for all of us, Dick. Do all you can for her.' And Mr. Croker promised.

"I didn't know you had sons. I've got boys of my own," said Mr. Croker. "I will do what I can. Are you sure there is an appointment?"

"How sure I was!"

"After awhile we found that the man who could give that appointment was a personal enemy of the chief's, the one man from whom he could not ask a favor. It looked as though the work must all be done over. But in a few days Mr. Croker called me up and told me just how to go about it, whom to see, what to do. So after all he got the appointment for me."

There was no word of her own bitter disappointment from this mother who wanted her son to become a naval officer. May Irwin wastes no time nor sentiment on post-mortems.

The interviewer hinted that some day the little home circle might be broken by marriage. Would Miss Irwin qualify as royally as mother-in-law as she had as mother?

The stray shot went cruelly home. The sunny face fell.

"I would try. Anyway, that is a long way off. The boys are happy at home. They don't seem to care for girls."

From behind the clouds there broke forth again the cheery Irwin smile.

ADA PATTERSON.



DOROTHY REVELL
Leading member of Mr. Daly's company



MARY HAMPTON
Leading member of Mr. Daly's company

Two Notable New French Plays

TWO new plays by distinguished authors have recently attracted much attention in Europe. They are "The Duel," an emotional comedy by Henri Lavedan, produced at the Comédie Française, and "Scarron," a tragi-comedy by Catulle Mendès, which was first seen at the Paris Gaiété. M. Lavedan, member of the French Academy, is already well known as the author of "Le Prince d'Aurec" and other brilliant comedies; Catulle Mendès is even better known in America by his poems, novels and plays.



Henri Lavedan

The first-named piece will be produced in America by Charles Frohman, and deals with the love of two brothers for the same woman. Dr. Morey and the Abbé Daniel are as unlike as it is possible for two brothers to be. Their paths in life diverged in early manhood. The one, deeply engrossed in science, took up the study of medicine, and, belonging to the materialistic school, argued that we should seize happiness where we can and make the most of it, insisting that human love is the only tangible thing man possesses. His brother, the Abbé, has an entirely different outlook on life. For him the spiritual life is everything, and thus having but few interests in common the brothers have drifted apart. Dr. Morey, meantime, has become famous as a nerve specialist, and among his patients is the Duc de Chailles, a morpho-maniac, who is brought, a mental and physical wreck, to the physician's private sanitarium. The Duchess has long ceased to love her husband, but in the hope of a cure has placed him in Dr. Morey's sanitarium, where she comes to visit the patient daily. She is a charming, beautiful woman; Morey is a brilliant and distinguished man. The inevitable happens, and the physician and his patient's wife fall in love. The Duchess does not love her husband, but she is a woman of high principles and struggles hard against the physician's advances.

Another patient at Dr. Morey's asylum is a missionary bishop, and among those who come to see him is the Abbé Daniel. Brought in contact by accident, the brothers resume their old-time discussions over Science and Faith. Not knowing that the Abbé is Dr. Morey's brother, the Duchess in her distress goes to him for spiritual advice. Some time before she had confessed to a priest that she did not love her husband, and she now discovers that the priest and the Abbé Daniel are the same. The physician has urged her to keep an appointment with him, and it is because she fears her own weakness that she goes once more to the study of the priest. While she is closeted with the man of God, the physician arrives. Having failed to keep his appointment, something told him that he would find her with his brother, whom he has already begun to regard as a rival, priest though he be. A sudden summons for

the Abbé leaves the physician and the Duchess together, and profiting by the priest's absence Dr. Morey urges his claim of human love against what he declares to be superstition. The Duchess is about to yield, when the Abbé returns. His entrance breaks the spell, and saved, temporarily at least, the Duchess leaves the room. In a rage, the physician turns on the brother who thus stands in his way, and losing his temper completely, Dr. Morey insinuates that there is more of the man's love for the woman than a disinterested regard for her spiritual welfare in the Abbé's attitude toward the Duchess.

The chance thrust had gone home, and when, later, the Abbé ponders over his brother's words he acknowledges to himself that there was ground for the accusation. In his distress he goes to the old Bishop. Before he arrives, however, the Bishop had received two other visitors—one a messenger who informs him that the Duke is dying; the other the Duchess herself, who seeks that spiritual consolation she failed in getting from the Abbé. The latter, in a state of terrible mental excitement, accuses himself of having sinned at heart and dishonored his cloth. He must, he says, renounce the priesthood. But the Bishop takes a more sensible view of the situation. He persuades the Abbé to go to the Duchess, apprise her of the Duke's approaching end, and advise her to marry his brother. The Abbé consents, and, doing violence to his own feelings, points out to the Duchess that the spiritual life is not the only one to ensure happiness. Hardly has the Duchess promised to follow this advice when news comes that the Duke is dead. The lovers are thus united, and the Abbé,



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MAY A. BELL MARKS, Red Cedar Villa, Ont.

I am proud to say that I own every copy of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. I like it especially for its frank, unprejudiced criticisms. I simply devour it from cover to cover.

N. REYNOLDS.

Permit me to congratulate you on your admirably written article on Miss Robson in "The Theatre" Magazine. I don't know how it could be improved upon, in the same space and with the same opportunity. In its freedom from objectionable invasion I have seldom seen its equal.

GEO. TYLER.

I am not on your subscription list, but I get THE THEATRE MAGAZINE every month from a newsdealer. I prize my numbers very much, and want to have them bound, for I know they will make a beautiful volume. The cover on the July number of dear old Joe Jefferson certainly deserves credit. I send for the postals and hope I will like them as well as I did everything else I sent for. My friend would like a copy of "The Player's Gallery."

ELIZABETH SCHWARTZ, St. Paul, Minn.

Your admirable magazine is read and appreciated by many people not connected with the theatre in any way. Your broadness in treating the different theatrical topics, the players, productions, etc., is to be commended in the highest terms. A very striking example of this is your recent treatment of Miss Nance O'Neil. I do not know the lady, but I have seen her act, and I know that yours was the *only* magazine which gave her the unprejudiced and serious criticism which she deserved.

M. L. FULCHER, St. Louis, Mo.

Magazines that Are in Demand

[FROM THE NEWARK NEWS.]

The casual reader visits the reading room of the Newark Library to browse among the best of the popular magazines, or to ask the aid of an assistant in looking up some special article in which he is interested. Constant visitors, as opposed to the casual, are men interested in periodicals devoted to their special professions or trades. These visitors know to the day when their magazines are to be expected at the library, and ask for them regularly each week. Among the magazines most read are *The American Machinist*, *Engineering News*, *The Iron Age*, *Shoe and Leather Reporter*, *The Dry Goods Economist*, *Scientific American*, *The Street Railway Journal*, *The Army and Navy Journal*, *The Official Gazette of the U. S. Patent Office*, *The Dramatic Mirror*, and *THE THEATRE MAGAZINE*.

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Two Notable New French Plays

(Continued from page 262.)

which rendered him a cripple for life. His head became twisted and his legs paralyzed. Notwithstanding his dreadful appearance and envenomed by his sufferings, he returned to Paris, and by his talent and wit became a well-known figure in Parisian society. Shortly afterwards he formed a most romantic attachment for a girl of much beauty and no fortune named Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards famous as Madame de Maintenon. Scarron's house was, both before and after his marriage, a great centre of society, despite his narrow means. Unscrupulous scandal-mongers accused the future favorite of light conduct during the eight years of her marriage to this strange husband, but history has since cleared her memory of this stain. Scarron, who had long been able to endure life only by the aid of constant doses of opium, was at length worn out and died in 1660. Such are the facts, all of which Mendes has used in his play. His play opens at Le Mans in carnival time. The market place is crowded with citizens dressed in fantastic costume, dancing, laughing and shouting. A carriage stops and a lady descends, leading a little girl with a doll. They pause to watch the merry-makers, and as they stand there appears a float on which is enthroned Scarron, King of the Revels, and dressed as Momus. He leaps to the ground, incites the crowd to wilder merriment, and at the climax of his folly throws off his clownish garb and reveals himself attired as an ape. Shouting ribald verses to his brother apes dancing around him, the delirium is at its height, when suddenly from out the gibbering, blaspheming crowd rings out the treble voice of a child in strong words of stern reproof. It is little Françoise, the child with the doll, who has uttered the rebuke. Scarron goes toward the child, but she recoils in horror from the blaspheming priest. Aroused to a sense of the indecency of it all, the crowd seizes Scarron and casts him into the river, from which he escapes with his life, but with the germs of the disease which make him a cripple to the end of his days. Ten years pass. Scarron has become the talk of Paris. His scurrilous verse is on a par with his deformity. His tongue is vitriolic, each phrase producing a wound at which every one laughs except the unfortunate victim. Then a miracle takes place. The little girl with the doll has grown to womanhood and meets Scarron. She no longer shrinks from his touch, for in her presence his bitter tongue loses its poison and becomes sweet as honey. She loves him and marries him.

Among the fashionables that come to their house is a M. de Villarcoux, a libertine, who marks out Françoise as his prey. Flattered, fascinated, but still true to her husband, to whom she is but a sister wife, she does not exactly repulse the seducer. She even goes so far as to receive his letters and she gives him a signal when she goes to her virginal chamber in her husband's house. As for Scarron, the association with her gentle nature has changed the whole tenor of his life. He no longer crucifies his friends, no longer writes vicious verse about his enemies. His publishers upbraid him for this change which threatens to destroy his popularity. But Scarron only laughs, and he laughs, too, when it is insinuated that all Paris is talking of the intrigue between his wife and Villarcoux. But he has to satisfy himself that the story is a lie, and at his bidding his servant goes to her room, only to find it empty. Mme. Scarron has disappeared. In the frenzy of his passion, by the exercise of one supreme will effort, the cripple compels his trembling limbs to bear his body to the house where he knows he will find his wife with the man who would bring dishonor upon her. Was she really guilty? History says no.

At the very moment, however, when she admits her love for Villarcoux, Scarron breaks in upon them, sword in hand. He challenges the man whom he believes has already betrayed his wife. Villarcoux laughs at the idea that he should fight a cripple. Driven to frenzy at the implied taunt, and the violence of his emotion overmastering him, Scarron falls back, this time a hopeless paralytic. Only his eyes can now speak, and hate surges up in his heart against this man and woman who have betrayed him. The only thing left is death, yet in the illness which follows it is his wife, Françoise, who tenderly nurses him, while he repays her every kindness with bitter reproaches. She bears it all, and even writes down at his dictation a ribald song. But at the moment of death, his better nature reasserts itself. Scarron turns to Françoise and takes an affectionate farewell of her, his own tears mingling with hers.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

Mrs. J. B.—Q.—How long would it take to learn and graduate in the art of graceful dancing and what is the cost? A.—Write to Marie Bonfanti, 1568 Broadway, this city.

A. L. M., N. Y.—Q.—Where did Edwin Arden spend this summer? A.—He went on a six weeks' fishing excursion in June and July, and spent the balance of the summer in the Adirondack Mountains. Q.—In what will he play next? A.—He has been engaged for "Home Folks." Q.—In what will Frank Mills play this winter? A.—He is not yet engaged.

Beatrice.—Q.—Are Malcolm Williams' brothers and sisters on the stage? A.—No. Q.—Where is Mr. Williams now? A.—In Worcester, Mass., managing a stock company. Q.—Where is Isabelle Evesson at present? A.—In Los Angeles, Cal., for the summer. Q.—Have you interviewed Mr. Williams or Mr. Woodruff? A.—Not yet. Q.—Where was Wallace Erskine before joining the Proctor forces? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is that his right name? A.—Yes. Q.—When did Mr. Woodruff make his debut? A.—At the age of nine in "Pinafore," at the 14th St. Theatre, this city. Q.—Where can I obtain Edwin Arden's photograph with his signature? A.—Write to him. See answer to "A. L. M."

J. E. T., Salt Lake City, Utah.—Q.—Has Isabel Irving any children? A.—No. Q.—Where was she born? A.—Bridgeport, Ct. Q.—Where was Julia Marlowe born? A.—Caldeck Village, Cumberland Co., England. Q.—Which is considered the best Juliet—Maude Adams or Julia Marlowe? A.—It is a matter of opinion. Q.—Will you publish Julia Marlowe's picture as Ophelia? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Will you interview her? A.—See our December, 1903, issue. Q.—Which was her greatest success, "Barbara Frietchie" or "When Knighthood Was in Flower?" A.—"Barbara Frietchie" was no doubt one of her greatest successes. Q.—Is the play "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" printed? A.—No. Q.—What is the name of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett? A.—Elise K.

A Reader, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—In what is Clara Morris playing? A.—She is not acting at present. Q.—Is Sallie Fisher with Frank Daniels? A.—Yes. Q.—In what are Rose Coghlan, Mary Shaw, Elita Proctor Otis and Bijou Fernandez playing? A.—Rose Coghlan is with the "Duke of Killcrankie" Co. Elita Proctor Otis is in vaudeville for the season. Bijou Fernandez is now with Thomas Ross' Company.

"Raffles." Q.—Will you publish a picture of Victor Morley in "The Earl and the Girl"? A.—Perhaps. Q.—In what other play has he appeared? A.—"The Prince of Pilsen."

R. L. W., Montreal.—Q.—Can you place me in communication with a few musical agents? A.—Arthur Tams, 109 West 28th St.; Henry W. Savage, 144 West 43d St.; F. C. Whitney, 1402 Broadway, all of this city.

J. V. A., Waltham.—Q.—Is it true that Clara Morris played in vaudeville? A.—Clara Morris played in vaudeville as late as the first of June. She is at her home on the Hudson at present. She appeared in vaudeville once before, May, 1897, in Philadelphia. Q.—Will a letter sent to Los Angeles, Cal., reach Mme. Modjeska? A.—Her country address is "The Forest of Arden," near Los Angeles, Cal.

M. S. S., Boston, Mass.—Q.—Will Maude Adams play "The Little Minister" next year? A.—No. She has a new play called "Peter Pan." Q.—What is Robert Edeson's wife's name? A.—Helen Burg. Q.—Is she on the stage? A.—She is not acting at present. Q.—Is Mr. Edeson a graduate of Columbia? A.—No.

M. E. H., Brooklyn.—Q.—Will you publish an article about Mrs. Spooner's success as a manager? A.—See our issue for February, 1903. Q.—Who is to be the lunatic lady in "The Wizard of Oz" next season? A.—We are not advised. Q.—Was Cecil Spooner's starring venture a success? A.—It was not a financial success.

A San Diego Enthusiast.—Q.—Where could I procure a good photograph of Margaret Anglin? A.—Write Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d St., City.

Polly Perkins, Brooklyn.—Q.—When did Guy Bates Post come to the front and in what plays was he previous to "The Virginian"? A.—He was formerly with the Mrs. Brown Potter-Bellew combination, Daly's Theatre, this city; Otis Skinner, Marie Wainwright, Henderson Stock Co. in Chicago, "Major Andre," "The Virginian." Q.—Are most of the cast in "The Heir to the Hoorah" from road companies? A.—With the exception of five or six of the people, all were strangers to New York audiences. Q.—Where is Sarah Truax now? A.—Traveling with her husband (Guy Bates Post). She will shortly star in a new play, Q.—Who will Robert Drouet support next season? A.—He is now and for this winter in the stock company at Gilmore Theatre, Springfield, Mass.

Juanita.—Q.—Where did Mrs. Fiske spend the summer? A.—In California with relatives. Q.—What new plays will Mrs. Fiske produce next season? A.—She commences her tour in October with "Leah Kleschna," later coming to the Manhattan Theatre, this city, with a new play by Rupert Hughes, entitled "What Will People Say?" A little later on she will produce a new one-act play by John Luther Long, also a revival of "Tess." Q.—At what age did Mrs. Fiske begin acting? A.—At three years of age she played the Duke of York in "Richard III." Q.—Has Mrs. Fiske any children? A.—No. Q.—Will Sarah Bernhardt come here early in the winter? A.—She comes to America in November under the management of the Shuberts. Q.—What plays will she produce? A.—"Angelo," "La Tosca," "The Sorceress," "Camille" and her own version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Q.—Will Coquelin come here with Sarah Bernhardt? A.—No. Q.—Is any other French company coming here next winter? A.—None that we know of.

Marian.—Q.—Where was Sidney Ainsworth born? A.—Somewhere, we believe, in the West. Q.—Where and when was William Faversham born? A.—In London, Eng., Feb. 12, 1868. Q.—Has he any children? A.—No. Q.—Will Robert Caeson play "Strongheart" again next season in Boston? A.—Yes. Q.—Where is Melville Stewart now playing? A.—He is with Lulu Glaser's Co. Q.—Have you published pictures of Faversham in "Lettie"? A.—See our October, 1904, issue. Q.—Where can I get all the theatrical papers? A.—At all news stands.

L. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—What is James K. Hackett's new play? A.—"The Walls of Jericho." F. W., Indianapolis.—Q.—Have you a photograph of Christie McDonald, Rebecca Warren and Julia M. Morton? A.—We have of Christie McDonald and Rebecca Warren.

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E. S. A.—Q.—Is Louisa Drew John Drew's daughter? A.—Yes. Q.—What is the best way to forward money for subscriptions, etc.? A.—Check, express or money order payable and communication addressed to Meyer Bros. & Co., or stamps. Q.—Was Margaret Anglin educated at a French convent in Montreal called "Sault au Recollet"? A.—Yes. Q.—Is Marie Boland to be Robert Edeson's leading woman another season? A.—Yes. Q.—Has Robert Edeson any children? A.—No. Q.—Has Helen Burg been on the stage since she played "Soldiers of Fortune" with her husband? A.—No.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Can I get a photo of Isabelle Evesson, Grayce Scott, Malcolm Williams and Edwin Arden, with their autograph? A.—Write to them. Q.—Have you published pictures of Malcolm Williams and Florence Reed? A.—We published a picture of Miss Reed in our July, 1903, issue. Q.—Will you interview Isabelle Evesson and Grayce Scott? A.—We cannot say.

Lillian S., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Where will letters reach Olga Nethersole and Carlotta Nilsson? A.—Care C. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre Building, this city. Q.—Where were Viola Allen and Marie Tempest born? A.—Huntsville, Ala., in 1863, and London, England, in 1867, respectively.

F. S. K., Pittsburg, Pa.—Q.—Where was Thomas Ross born? A.—Canada, and was reared in Boston. Q.—When will he be in Pittsburg again? A.—During the coming season. Q.—Is Viola Allen her real name? A.—Yes.

E. L.—Q.—Is Edwin Arden considered a clever actor? A.—Yes. Q.—Will you interview him? A.—See Sept. issue.

R. L. G.—Q.—How can a beginner secure an engagement with a good western stock company? A.—Make a personal application to the manager of the stock company.

Mabel L. K., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—In what Shakespearean pieces has Julia Marlowe appeared? A.—"Romeo and Juliet," "Henry IV." Rosalind in "As You Like It," "Hamlet," and "Twelfth Night." Q.—When did she open in the following plays? "Countess Valeska" (A.—season 1898-99), "Ingomar" (A.—Aug. 25, 1887), "The Rivals" (A.—May 7, 1896), "Colinette" (A.—April 3, 1899), "Barbara Frietchie" (A.—Oct. 28, 1900), "When Knighthood was in Flower" (A.—Jan. 14, 1901). Q.—What are Richard Mansfield's Shakespearean successes? A.—"Richard III.," "Henry V." and "Julius Caesar." J. A. M.—Q.—What nationality is William Gillette? A.—He was born in Hartford, Conn. Q.—When did he make his debut? A.—He made his professional debut at the age of twenty at New Orleans in "Across the Continent."

"Max," Chicago, Ill.—Q.—How can I gain admission to one of Savage's companies in the chorus? A.—Make application to Henry W. Savage, 144 West 43rd St., New York City.

A Reader, New York.—Q.—Will you have Miss Manning in the series, "Their Beginnings"? A.—Perhaps. S. C. J., Paris, Texas.—Q.—Is there a good dramatic school in St. Louis? A.—We have never seen such a school advertised.

L. S., B. O., Canada.—Q.—Is it true that the actors of New York are on a strike, and that theatres will employ nothing but union actors? A.—There is no such organization as "Actors' Union." Q.—Does the management of a stock company supply the costumes for a subordinate, when just beginning? A.—They do not supply costumes to beginners. Q.—What are the wages of that part? A.—The weekly salary does not exceed twenty dollars.

A. H. W. and Others.—The address of O. S., who offered to exchange programs, is as follows: Otto Schafer, 1434 Hutchinson Street, Philadelphia.

M. H. T., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—To whom should I apply for a position with an opera company? A.—C. B. Dillingham, 1402 Broadway; Fisher & Ryley, 1432 Broadway; M. Grau, New York Theatre Bldg.; Henry W. Savage, 144 West 43d St., and F. C. Whitney, 1402 Broadway, all of this city.

M. A. M., New York.—Q.—Where is Henry Woodruff playing at present? A.—He is not playing anywhere at present. Q.—Will he play in New York City next fall and winter? A.—Probably. Q.—Where is Isabelle Evesson playing at present? A.—See answer to H. A. Q.—Where can I secure a copy of "Caste"? A.—Write to Crescent Trading Co., 144 W. 37th St., N. Y.

P. A. M., Sound Beach, Conn.—Q.—Could I obtain a program of the Wallack Theatre production of "A Gentleman of France" from Liebler & Co? A.—We do not think so. Q.—When did you have a criticism and scenes of the play? A.—We had a criticism in the February, 1902, issue and scenes in January, 1902, and 1903. Q.—Where is Ned Howard Fowler, at one time a Proctor leading man? A.—After leaving Proctor's he went to Washington. We cannot locate him at present. Q.—Where is Fanny Beane (Gilday)? A.—She is still alive and resides in this city, but has not been able to pursue her calling.

M. N. O., New York.—Q.—Where was Guy Bates Post born? A.—Kansas City, Mo. Q.—In what play will he appear this winter? A.—"The Heir to the Hoorah." Q.—Will you publish pictures of him? A.—See this issue. See answer to "Polly Perkins, Brooklyn."

Yam K.—Q.—Are William Gillette and Virginia Harned booked for San Francisco this season? A.—Yes, late in the season of 1905-6. Q.—Will you publish a picture of Jane Laurel? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Do Bellew and Sothern assimilate their roles? A.—They are entirely different in their style of work. Q.—Will Charles Hawtrey, Isabel Irving or Blanche Walsh visit San Francisco in the near future? A.—Probably. Q.—Was Florence Friend or Friend, Mary Manning's own maiden name? A.—Florence Friend.

H. W.—Q.—Where does Rebecca Warren spend her summers? A.—She makes her home at Cleveland, O., although she was in this city late in July. Q.—Where does Christie McDonald live or spend her summers? A.—The lady is the wife of one of the sons of Joseph Jefferson and spends her summers at Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

Marocco, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—When did Mrs. Carter make her debut? A.—She first appeared on any stage November 10, 1890, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, in "The Ugly Duckling." Q.—Where was she born? A.—Cleveland, O. Q.—In what piece did Maude Adams make her debut? A.—She made her debut as a star in "The Little Minister" Sept. 13, 1897, in Washington, D. C. She made her debut on the stage at the Salt Lake Theatre, when only nine months old in "The Lost Child." Q.—What were some of her successes? A.—"A Celebrated Case," "A Midnight Bell," "Men and Women," "The Lost Paradise," "L'Aiglon," "The Little Minister." Q.—Where could I address the following: Clara Morris, Walker Whitesides, Amelia Bingham, Marie Wainwright, Creston Clark and Lizzie Hudson Collier? A.—Send letters care of The New York Mirror, 121 West 42d St., this city.

H. A. Q.—Where will a letter reach Isabelle Evesson? A.—Los Angeles Stock Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Q.—What salary does the leading man at Proctor's Fifth Ave. receive? A.—The amount of salary paid depends entirely upon the reputation of the actor. Some get \$200, while others obtain \$400 weekly.

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The Current Plays

(Continued from page 245.)

MANHATTAN. "MARY AND JOHN." Comedy in 3 acts by Edith Ellis Baker. Produced Sept. 11, with this cast:

John Erwin, John Mason; Frank Warner, John Emerson; Mr. Trowbridge, William B. Mack; Mr. Fairfield Stevens, Edward Ellis; Phelan, Joseph Hannaway; Mary Erwin, Sadie Martinot; Barbara Drew, Amy Ricard; Teresa Murphy, Annie Yeamans; June Jergensen, Vivien Holt; Miss Jones, Ida A. Thomas.

Edith Ellis Baker's comedy proved even homelier than its title and scored the second decided failure of the season's opening. It is, indeed, difficult to understand on what the author and manager based their hopes of success except on the theory that one is ever blind to the faults of one's own offspring. A wife, who was an artist before her marriage, is too proud to ask her husband for money every time she wants to buy a new shirtwaist, but her sensitiveness does not extend to her comic maid-of-all work, whose savings she borrows without compunction. A quarrel about nothing at all leads to a declaration of independence, and the act ends by the wife going away to take up her old studio life. In Act II. we see the wife and the comic servant—who has again been "touched" by her sensitive mistress for expenses—living in a dreary sixth floor attic. A thunderstorm is coming on and the wife is frightened and hungry. Previously, during her absence, the husband has come in and handed the servant money to buy his wife all she needs. From that point on, the play was lost. The action was destroyed and the outcome too obvious. Wife relents, hubby forgives, and all is as before. The piece was entirely unworthy of the Manhattan and the capable players engaged in its interpretation.

Gallons of ink have flowed in denunciation of that imbecile form of entertainment miscalled "musical comedy," but to little purpose. Appallingly childish as most of these pieces are, they succeed in drawing a numerous public. No matter how stupid they be, mature men and women apparently intelligent, can sit through and even enjoy these absurd shows of which even an African savage might well be ashamed. Some of these productions have at least the excuse that they make a strong appeal to the frankly sensual, with their glittering cohorts of shapely girls, their blatant music, their variegated lights and colors. But when even these fascinating externals are lacking, what mysterious spell remains to hold their patrons? The foregoing remarks are not directed particularly at any musical comedy now on exhibition in this town, but to the entire breed of pieces of this class which are vulgar, trashy and outrage common sense, besides working incalculable harm to the stage by vitiating and degrading public taste. The cry "the public wants them" is nonsense. The public does not know what it wants. Appeal to its low instincts and you will please it; appeal to its better instincts and you will please it also. The responsibility for the degeneration of the stage lies entirely with the managers. In the case of the Rogers Brothers, the indisputable comic talents of the principals atone for the poverty of the rest. These low comedians are veritable artists in humor, and to some extent they reconcile one to the utter inanity of J. J. McNally's annual concoctions which change their title each year, but remain practically the same preposterous nonsense. Another piece, more in the extravaganza class, which must be placed in the same category of comic plays which are not comic, is "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," book by Paul West and W. W. Denslow, music by John W. Bratton, which has been on view for some time at the Broadway. The story of the pumpkin famine and the adventures of the boy who raised the only crop, is complicated and dull, and only the cleverness of the performers and the elaborate setting given the piece saved it from disaster. Very different is the "Duke of Duluth," book by George H. Broadhurst, music by Max S. Witte, now occupying the boards of the Majestic. The music is more than reminiscent, but the lyrics are bright and the book entertaining. There is more than the usual supply of good topical songs, and each member of the company, from the star, Nat. M. Wills, down, contributes to keep the audience in good humor. This piece is at least worth while. If we must have nonsense on the stage let it be of good quality. Dull musical comedy is an abomination.

If the variety stage by its tempting offers is to rob the legitimate of so many of its shining lights, it is not surprising that the Broadway houses should, to offset the defection, draw on vaudeville for a new assortment of stars. Thus it is that the spirit of reciprocity, promotes McIntyre and Heath from "headliners" into stellar quantities. At the New York Theatre they are appearing in

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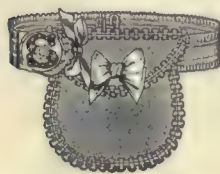
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"The Ham Tree," which Geo. V. Hobart, its author, is pleased to call a musical vaudeville. There is the semblance of a plot in the endeavor of a socially ambitious mother to marry her daughter to a British lord. The daughter prefers the manly attractions of the manager of a minstrel show, in whose aggregation of colored talent Messrs. McIntyre and Heath prominently figure. All that they have uninterruptedly done for the past quarter of a century on the variety stage is, of course, introduced with a chorus background which, for nervous activity and gingerish dash, has not been surpassed on the local boards for some time. They dance at the drop of the hat and render with gusto and enthusiasm the very tuneful numbers which Jerome and Schwartz have contributed to the score. In their line McIntyre and Heath are artists, and their several scenes are rendered with admirable detail of finish. That they are uproariously funny goes without saying. W. C. Fields, a comic juggler of remarkable deftness, is a valuable comic factor, and Belle Gold dances with much energy. Jobyna Howland and David Torrence, as the Mother and the Lord, act with a distinction and refinement that is quite startling in a piece of this description. For a hearty and continuous laugh "The Ham Tree" fills the bill.

Bernard Shaw's New Play

George Bernard Shaw has this to say about his new play, "Major Barbara," in which Annie Russell will be seen in America as the Salvation Army heroine:

"It is simply an ethical discussion in three long acts. It would be a public charity to warn all romantic playgoers to keep away from it, as I have thrown them over completely. The acting will be very fine, of course; there will be nothing like it in London. Even without counting the four great parts—Annie Russell, Rosina Filippi, Louis Calvert and Granville Barker—there will be lots of excellent acting. But the play is a terror. It is like the last scene of 'John Bull's Other Island,' spun out for three hours and a half. It will try the faithful extremely.

"The latest news received by cable," adds Mr. Shaw, "is that 'Man and Superman,' with Robert Loraine and Fay Davis in the principal parts, has been a colossal success in New York. I shall know how much to believe of this when I see the returns."

Aimée Angeles, whose clever dancing is one of the features of "The Rollicking Girl," in which Charles Frohman is presenting Sam Bernard at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, possesses much of her ability through inheritance. She is a daughter of the one time celebrated entertainer and clown, Alexander Foretta, a niece of Verdoni, a cousin of Herbert, of Caron and Herbert, and also a relative of John T. Kelly.

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The Theatre Everywhere

(From Our Correspondents.)

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 10.—With the opening of the fall season the "Empire" once more becomes Albany's leading theatre. Mr. Reis, the lessee, has installed as manager, Frank Williams, late of Erie, Pa. The opening bill was Eva Tanguay in "The Sambo Girl." The star gave satisfaction to a large audience. Next came Henrietta Crossman in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," which drew a large house. Her play appears to be a rather frank transcription of Sardou's "Scrap of Paper."

WILLIAM H. HASKELL.

Ardmore, I. T., Sept. 2.—The season opened here August 30th with "Uncle Josh Perkins." Ardmore is a town of about fifteen thousand and has a large number of regular theatre-goers. There being but one theatre and no public park, the theatre is generally well patronized. Under the efficient management of Mr. Joe F. Robison, nothing but clean, first-class week-stand shows are contracted for, which take the place of the usual park amusements and are well attended.

RAY ALEXANDER.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 1.—"The Convict's Daughter" and "The Lighthouse by the Sea" have packed Holliday Street Theatre at every performance, and "Bob" Fitzsimmons, in "A Fight for Love," has delighted the audiences at Blaney's. The Casino Theatre, Electric Park, has had the best in the vaudeville line. The Great Lafayette begins an engagement tonight. The gorgeous display of fireworks given nightly during the mimic Naval Battle at Riverview Park continues to be a drawing card, and adds greatly to the popularity of this delightful resort.

KENNETH M. WISONG.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 12.—The theatrical season opened with McIntyre & Heath in "The Ham Tree." We have also seen the Rogers Brothers.

Lew Dockstader and his minstrels were greeted by a large audience. Dockstader probably never had such a number of melodious voices as this year. A dancing feature of unusual attractiveness is an arrangement by Barney Fagan, which serves to bring out the dancing strength of the whole company. The Baldwin-Melville Stock Company opened the Lyceum Theatre. The play chosen for the initial week was "The Lost Paradise." At the Teck Theatre Hanlon Brothers' "Fantasma" opened its fall campaign, and was well received.

ARTHUR J. HEIMLICK.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Sept. 15.—Greene's Opera House was opened for the season last night with George Ade's "County Chairman," with Theodore Babcock and George Thatcher in the principal roles. Playgoers here have waited two years to see this comedy, and the audience was very appreciative of the play and the players. The alterations in the opera house have been completed, the house being entirely redecorated, new seats for the first floor, and the entrance entirely remodelled, giving a commodious and handsomely finished lobby. This house is now one of the handsomest west of Chicago, and with the bookings made by Manager Will S. Collier should have the most prosperous season of its history.

L. H. MITCHELL.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 8.—For summer amusements, Chattanooga has to depend principally upon her big amusement resort, Olympia Park. We have seen there the Beggar Prince Opera Co. which presented "La Mascotte," "Fra Diavolo," "Said Pasha," "Chimes of Normandy," "Girofle-Girofla," "Olivette," and "Pinafore." The pyrotechnical display "The Fall of Port Arthur" furnished variety. Chattanooga is the pioneer city of America to celebrate the Russo-Japanese peace treaty. Olympia Park will be given over on Tuesday, September 12, to a peace jubilee with a widely varied program, and with the Governor of the state and many other prominent personages present. The theatrical season opened on August 28th with the Jewell-Kelly Company in an assortment of melodramas and farces. A. F. HARLOW.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 13.—The theatrical season is now in full blast, seven houses being open in Cincinnati. The Grand opened its doors on Labor Day with Blanche Wals in "The Woman in the Case." The excellent company made a good impression, and played to capacity houses nearly all week. If the shows to be presented at the Grand this season keep up to the standard set by Miss Walsh and her company, Cincinnati will be well satisfied.

J. B. HALL.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 15.—All of Cleveland's nine theatres are now going full blast, and the S. R. O. sign is the rule. At the Opera House "Piff, Paff, Pouf" was followed by Frank Daniels in "Sargent Brue." Lew Dockstader's Minstrels open this week, followed by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, who are now rehearsing here. Johnny and Emma Ray in "Down the Pike" amused the audiences at the Lyceum. Keith's Vaudeville Theatre opened week of September 2d, with all seats sold in advance.

J. A. WATTERSON.

Clinton, Iowa, Sept. 12.—The latter part of August, Manager C. E. Dixon returned home. The formal opening of the season at the Clinton Theatre will be on Monday and Tuesday evenings, September 18 and 19, when Alice Fischer and company will present "The School for Husbands." Walker Whiteside will appear in "Garrick's Love" on Wednesday evening, Sept. 20. W. B. Patton, in his new comedy, "The Last Rose of Summer," filled an engagement on Saturday, September 9.

LILLIAN HULETT.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 10.—The theatre season of 1905-1906 is now in full swing. The Peoples' Theatre is offering first-class melodramas, musical comedies, etc., to its Sunday night crowds, which are usually large. There are many good attractions booked for this house, such as Nat M. Wills, "Isle of Spice," "Stella Mayhew," "Florodora," "The Chaperons," Murray & Mack, the Three Rays, etc. The Grand Theatre has been renovated and presents a bright, attractive appearance.

ROBERT L. ODELL.

Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 7.—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" began a week's engagement at the Mason Opera House. The opening house, filled to the doors, will probably be repeated every night. "If I Were King" was remarkably well produced, and pleased so well that another week's run was necessary. "The Heart of the Geisha," credited with being the best mounted, best acted and more of a success than anything yet attempted by a stock company, has proven a tremendous success. A revival of "Quo Vadis" at the Grand is drawing crowds. Modern vaudeville at the Orpheum is always popular, and attendance is above the average. The Chutes Park and Theatre report good business. Burlesque in the theatre is proving a money getter.

D. W. FERGUSON.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Sept. 11.—The supplementary season at the Odeon opened Sept. 2, with Liberator's Band. The Donna Troy Stock Company followed, giving satisfaction to big houses. Owing to sickness in



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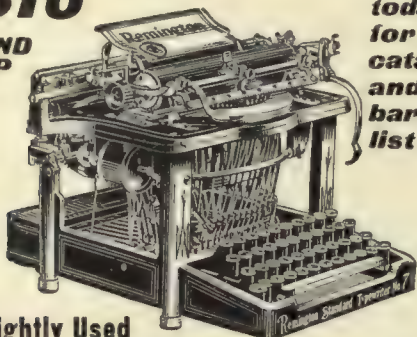
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the company, your correspondent appeared with the company during the engagement here and accompanied them to Creston, where they open Busby Bros.' new house. Ringling Bros.' circus Sept. 6. JOSEPH WHITACRE.

Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 13.—The season has started well, and all the theatres are open. Eleanor Robson and "Ben Hur" have done good business. Robert Mantell, in Shakespeare repertoire, has not done as well as he should. The Orpheum continues full at every performance. The Bijou will have a line of plays as usual. The bookings announced at the Auditorium (Independent) must have had some influence on the business of the town. JACOB WILK.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 10.—The past month marks an important event in local theatrical history in the opening of The Belasco, formerly The Duquesne, which had its premiere September 11. Beautifully refitted and decorated, this little playhouse formed a fitting frame for the first performance, Margaret Anglin in "Zira," by Henry Miller and Hartley Manners. Miss Anglin sustained her splendid reputation, and her support, including Frank Worthing and James Lee Finney, was exceptionally strong. If one may judge by the intelligence of the first-night audience and the cordial reception given both players and management, the Syndicate competitors will have the loyal support of discriminating playgoers. Mr. George W. Sammis, formerly a prominent member of the Frohman forces, has been selected as local manager. This season's bookings includes Warfield, Bernhardt, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Fiske, Miss Bates and Madame Kalisch. With one exception, all the theatres are now open. The Alvin management continues to present light musical pieces. HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Portsmouth, Ohio, Sept. 10.—The Grand Opera House, which was damaged by fire, has been wholly reconstructed and remodeled with new stage, scenery and curtains. It opened for the season of 1905-6, August 21, with the Depew Burdette Repertoire Company week stand; company fair. Many excellent attractions are booked at this house for the season. Manager Harry Gordon, of the Millbrook Stock Company, resigned August 21, and has gone to New York. Al Reiniger, stage manager at the Casino, has resigned, and is in New York. Robinson's Circus did a big business on August 7. H. A. LEBERG.

Quincy, Ill., Sept. 13.—The local theatrical season is now in full blast. The Empire Theatre, belonging to the Chamberlain-Harrington circuit, has had several stars already this season, among whom were W. J. Bryan as first number of the Star Course; Carol Arden in "Polly Primrose," and Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case." The "Rajah of Bhong," played to a fair house, on the 11th, but hardly came up to expectations. The Bijou Theatre, Patrick and McConnell managers, is now in its third week of refined vaudeville. The bills are giving satisfaction, and patronage is increasing as the result. JOSEPH ESLER.

Spokane, Wash., Sept. 11.—The prospects for the coming season have started in at the Spokane Theatre in full sway, and between burlesque and drama the theatre-going public will have a chance to see some of the best actors and most important productions of the century. Wilton Lackaye, in "The Pit," played on August 25th and 26th to a delighted audience, which filled every seat in the Spokane Theatre the first night, and also good houses for the matinee and evening. One of the most pleasing plays was presented in our city on Sept. 10th and 11th, when "Under Southern Skies" was produced by a very capable company. The Auditorium is also drawing packed houses by the Jessie Shirley Stock Company. J. E. MCWHORTER.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 12.—The season opened here at the Grand on August 26 with "In Old Kentucky," which filled the house at every performance. The Metropolitan opened August 27 with a production of "Ben Hur." The following week, Fair Week, Eleanor Robson presented "Merely Mary Ann." At the Grand during the week of September 3 "Hoity Toity" with a good company held the boards. Sept. 11 "The Forbidden Land" opened at the Metropolitan to good houses. "Her First False Step" opened at the Grand Sept. 11. At the Star Theatre the season opened with May Howard's Burlesquers. The week of Sept. 3 The Star Show Girls appeared to good houses. Sept. 11 "The Jolly Grass Widows" opened with a good company. Nearly \$200,000.00 has been raised toward the construction of an Auditorium, which, when completed, will be the largest one west of Chicago. H. A. TREAT.

Tacoma, Washington, Sept. 6.—Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit," who appeared at the Tacoma Theatre August 28th, marked the opening of the season of 1905-06. This month at the Star Theatre the Allen Stock Company, supporting Verna Felton, are presenting to crowded houses "Hills of California," "Michael Strogoff" and "A Northern Spy." The new Savoy Theatre, one of the independent houses, opened on August 31st with "The Kentucky Belles," followed by McEwen, hypnotist, and the "Merrymakers." The Grand Theatre, on the Sullivan-Conside circuit, is presenting excellent vaudeville, and is acknowledged the most popular theatre in the city. F. KIRBY HASKELL.

Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 9.—The Casino and Farm Theatre have closed for the year. The Kelta's Band closed the Casino, and a strong vaudeville bill with Rice and Elmer and Beatrice Byers, a Toledo girl, for "hard liners." The Casino season, owing to the run of stock comedy, has been very successful. Burt's has been putting on melodrama, "A Dangerous Life" and "Too Proud to Beg" are promised for the rest of the month. The Empire opened with "The Knickerbockers," and the piece made a big hit. "Smiling Island" and "The Masqueraders" are booked for this month.

The Lyceum opened with "The Marriage of Kitty," and was followed by "Buster Brown." Both made big hits. HARRY S. DRAG.

Toronto, Canada, Sept. 2.—Judging from the reception given Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, which opened the season at the Princess Theatre August 28, the theatrical outlook for Toronto is very promising. Following the Minstrels comes "Humpty Dumpty," which should prove an equally good drawing card. The Grand Opera House opened with Haverly's Minstrels. Toronto managed to bear up under the overdose of minstrelsy, consoling herself that it occurs but once a year. Al. Leech in "Girls Will Be Girls" put in a week at the Grand. The company was excellent and the show drew well. "Fantasma," a Hanlon Brothers' creation, is due here next week. AUSTIN A. ARLAND.

Wausau, Wis., Sept. 10.—The theatrical season for 1905-1906 has opened up with brilliant prospects for an unusually good season at the local houses. Among the attractions that have made good during the past six weeks are the following: "Cherry Valley," with an excellent cast, Vogel's Minstrels, Dubinsky Bros.' Wallack's Theatre Co. in high-class repertoire, "Two Little Waifs," and "Dora Thorne." E. S. DICKENS.

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SERIES NUMBER FOUR COMPRISES



John Drew as Killicancre. Henry Miller as Frederick Lemaitre. Mrs. Gilbert, three-quarter picture. Forbes Robertson as Hamlet. Blanche Walsh, in The Woman in the Case. Maxine Elliot, bust picture. Julia Marlowe as Barbara Fritchie. Maude Adams, bust picture. Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen, in The Heart of Rome.



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Saving Jack Tar from Crimps and Land Sharks, is a wonderfully interesting paper, both in text and illustration; contributed by Rudolf Kersting, Supt. of the Battery Station for Seamen.

The Country Boy in New York, by City Magistrate Leroy B. Crane, should be read by every boy and every boy's mother in the United States. It is a scathing rebuke of the evils of modern metropolitan life as well as valuable hints as to possible remedies.

Some Beautiful Women of New York's Smart Set, is a portfolio of full-page portraits of the most exclusive and best known women of New York's 400. It includes pictures of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Henry Havemeyer and others.

Melodic Medicines, is a popular exposition of the wonderful healing powers of Music, a remedy now recognized and adopted by physicians in the advanced methods of treating certain forms of sickness and insanity. This paper is contributed by Mrs. Eva Vesceius, founder of the Musical Therapeutic Society.

In the Pad Tent, treats of the home-life of the circus performer, and the clown, whose only home is the tent pitched on an empty lot in close proximity to the circus.

New Naval Buildings of Annapolis, Md., by Murray Middleton, is the first descriptive and illustrated story that has yet appeared on the almost completed U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. There is an excellent photograph of the temporary resting place of John Paul Jones.

The Idiosyncrasies of Prompting on the Jewish Stage, is unique, and is replete with new and valuable information on stage tradition of the Jewish drama.

Theatricals are treated by Geo. C. Jenks.

In Fiction, Lilla Allen's story, entitled "Illusion" (one of many), is bound to create a stir.

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To Oppose the Syndicate

The opposition to the Theatrical Syndicate took on renewed impetus lately by the acquisition to the ranks of the independent managers of the Shubert Bros., a powerful theatrical firm controlling a large number of theatres throughout the country and who allege that they have been unable to obtain good terms from the Syndicate for booking their attractions, and are thus forced into active opposition.

The opposition takes the form of a great corporation to be known as the "Sam S. and Lee Shubert Co., Incorporated," with a capital stock of \$1,400,000. The papers declare that it is the intention of the company "to encourage and cultivate a taste for musical and dramatic art in the United States and elsewhere; to manage and direct theatres; to engage playwrights and composers and to own plays." The directors of the new company are all men who have long been associated with the Shubert interests. They include Lee Shubert, Jacob Shubert, Joseph W. Jacobs, Charles A. Bird, Sol Manheimer and William Klein. It is known also that David Belasco and other independent managers have lent the new corporation financial and moral support. In this connection the Messrs. Shubert have sent to theatre managers all over the country a circular letter, as follows:

We want to play in your city and in your theatre. If we cannot arrange for time with you we shall be compelled to build or lease some other place of amusement where you are. We don't want to go to this expense, and we don't want to create this opposition to you. There has never been any quarrel between our firm and the managers of theatres throughout the United States. It is certain that you do not wish to encounter such opposition as we are prepared to offer if necessary. It is also certain that the people of your city will not care to be deprived of the opportunity of seeing Madame Bernhardt, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mrs. Fiske, Blanche Bates, David Warfield and other stars in the same rank, simply to gratify Klaw & Erlanger.

Why give up part of your profits, and still be obliged to dispense with the best attractions in America? Why engender dissatisfaction among your patrons? We can fill all the time at your theatre. These are the attractions which we can give you:

Sarah Bernhardt, Ada Rehan, Henry Russell Opera Co., David Warfield, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, Bertha Kalisch, Bertha Galland, Jefferson De Angelis, De Wolf Hopper, Eddie Foy, "Babes in the Wood," "The Jury of Fate," "The Secret Orchard," Alice Neilson, Paula Edwardes, "The Girl and the Bandit," Grace Van Studdiford, Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, "The Darling of the Gods," "The Heart of Maryland," "Mary and John," "Wang," Charles E. Evans and Rogers Bros. There is no doubt that the people in your city will go to see these attractions, whether they are at your theatre or elsewhere. Wouldn't you prefer that they should be at your house? Or do you prefer to sacrifice the opportunity of presenting them, to let your clientele know that you are willing to deprive local theatre-goers of the visit of these stars, simply to gratify the Theatrical Trust?

SAM S. & LEE SHUBERT.

There have been many futile attempts in the past to curb the power of the Syndicate. It remains to be seen if this latest effort will be more successful.

Did Shakespeare Visit Italy?

Recent articles in American magazines discussing the question as to whether or not Shakespeare ever set foot in Italy have been commented upon with much interest by Italian journals. Italians incline to the belief that the great poet undoubtedly did visit their country, and, among others, give these as their reasons for such belief:

In referring to cities such as Venice, Padua, and Verona, Shakespeare knew not only the principal characteristics, but also the local customs, popular sentiment, etc., all of which in his time could not have been learned from the rare books and still rarer travellers. He knew, for instance, that gondolas in Venice were used almost exclusively by gentlemen, by travellers, and by lovers; for this reason, in "The Merchant of Venice," Gratiano, on his way to Shylock, does not make use of a gondola, but has Nerissa show him the way through the labyrinth of *calli*, thus showing a familiarity with local customs impossible in a stranger who has not made a long stay in Venice. Then, too, he notes the Doge's privilege of two votes in the Council. He knew of the Venetian custom of sending a dish of doves as a present; he knew of the many blessed crosses scattered through the country; also that the gentlefolk of the province of Veneto were accustomed to go to Venice for their wedding outfit; that young, noble women lived in great seclusion from the outer world, that their balconies looked out upon almost inaccessible courts instead of upon the piazze and squares, and that audacious youths when visiting their amoritas made use of rope ladders, under cover of the night. Those of his tragedies whose scenes are laid in Italy develop in an atmosphere wonderfully Italian; therefore, how deny, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that Shakespeare travelled and lived for some time in Italy?

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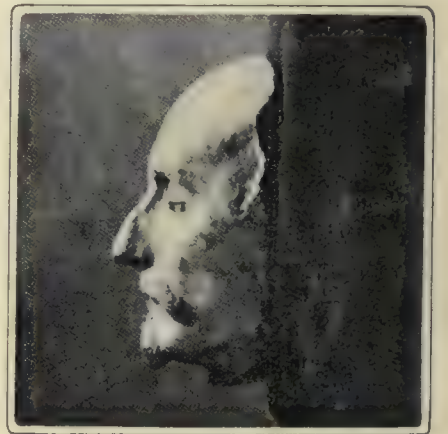
Shakespeare's Death Mask

According to Mr. Sidney Lee, says the *London Tatler*, the Kesselstadt death mask of Shakespeare was discovered by Dr. Ludwig Becker, librarian at the ducal palace at Darmstadt, in a rag shop at Mayence in 1849. The features resemble those of an alleged portrait of Shakespeare (dated 1637) which Dr. Becker purchased in 1847. This picture had long been in the posses-



FULL FACE.

sion of the family of Count Francis von Kesselstadt of Mayence, who died in 1843. Dr. Becker brought the mask and the picture to England in 1849, and Richard Owen supported the theory that the mask was taken from Shakespeare's face after death, and was the foundation of the bust in Stratford Church. The mask was for a long



PROFILE

time in Dr. Becker's private apartments at the ducal palace, Darmstadt; it is now the property of Frau Oberst Becker, the discoverer's daughter-in-law, and is in her residence at Darmstadt. The features are singularly attractive, but Mr. Lee does not regard the chain of evidence which would identify them with Shakespeare as complete.

Penalty of Decency

In "The Bad Samaritan" one act pictures a seaside resort with its attendant noise and color. A section of the board walk is shown with its constantly moving and motley crowd. A particularly disreputable man was required as one of the loungers along the walk. George Ade, the author, set upon the task of rounding up the right kind of genius hobo. He stationed himself at the stage entrance of the Garden Theatre, and after an hour's effort secured just the one he was looking for. The fellow was sans collar and shirt, had a week's growth of beard on his face, and the general appearance of one who had slumbered long and deep in the parks.

"Want to be an actor?" questioned the playwright.

"Sure," replied the tramp.

"Well, take this dollar, go and get something to eat and report back here in an hour."

The homeless one went away, and at the expired time presented himself at the stage entrance, but was refused admittance. He was so elated over his prospects of getting a position that he had been shaved, had bought himself a collar, and resplendent in a red necktie, looked so good that all chance of him fitting the rôle Mr. Ade had chosen for him fitted at the first glance. As he was dismissed the wanderer muttered:

"Well, dat's the foirst time I ever heard of a guy losing a job 'cause he tried to look decent."



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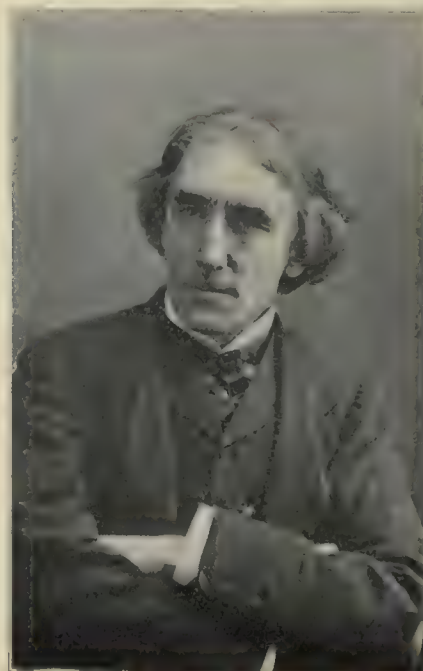
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Death of Henry Irving

Sir Henry Irving, the distinguished English actor, succumbed to a sudden attack of syncope after appearing as Becket at Bradford, Yorkshire, on October 13 last. He passed away without uttering a word from the time of his seizure.

John Henry Broadbribb, who took the name of Henry Irving for stage purposes, was born Feb. 6, 1838, at Keinton, near Glastonbury, Somersetshire, in the southwest of England. His father is said to have been a tailor, but this was denied by the actor himself. His mother was a relative of Capt. Penberthy, a local celebrity in the mining districts of Cornwall. He was a sickly child, and when his widowed mother went to live in London she put him to school, where he was remarked for his elocutionary gifts. A theatrical career was prophesied for him, but at the age of fourteen he entered



mercantile life as clerk. His spare time, however, he utilized in attending theatres and reading plays. He often spoke of his determination to take up a stage career, and on Sept. 29, 1856, he made his first public appearance at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, in Bulwer's "Richelieu," in which he was cast as the Duc d'Orleans. It is recorded that he was so nervous that his debut was a failure, and he was only saved from summary dismissal by the intervention of two friends. His first London engagement was offered him by the late Augustus Harris in 1859 at the Princess Theatre. He made his appearance Oct. 8 during that year as an insignificant character in a piece called "The Two Poets." He passed unremarked, and, somewhat disheartened, returned to the provinces, appearing first at Glasgow and then at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where he remained five years. Here he appeared as Hamlet for the first time on May 12, 1864. This was his first real success, and from then his star was in the ascendant. It was recognized that here was a new Shakespearean actor and his success continued. Two years later he made another hit as Scudmore in Boucicault's "Hunted Down," and this led to another London engagement, and on Oct. 6, 1866, he played Dorincourt in "The Belle's Stratagem" at the St. James Theatre. He had, however, by no means "arrived" yet, and for some years to come he was merely identified with the heavy rôles, such as Joseph Surface, Bill Sikes and Robert Beauchamp. The turning point in his career came April 16, 1870, when at the Vaudeville Theatre he originated the part of Digby Grant in Albery's "Two Roses." His success was such that the name Irving began to be talked about and crowds went to see him, he appearing in that character for no fewer than 300 consecutive nights. It was this success that brought Mr. Irving to the Lyceum Theatre in 1871, when that house was managed by Colonel Bateman. Here Irving played Jingle in "Pickwick," and then came the famous part of the Polish Jew in "The Bells," which remained Irving's most popular rôle up to the day of his death. He was at once hailed as a master of melodrama, and both fame and fortune seemed within his grasp. Later impersonations, such as Richelieu, Charles I. and Eugene Aram added to his reputation. In 1874 great enthusiasm was aroused by the announcement that he would play "Hamlet." This was produced Oct. 31, 1874, and ran for 200 nights. Other Shakespearean performances followed, and then came Tennyson's play "Queen Mary," with Irving as King Phillip of Spain. In 1877 he gave his sensational performance in "The Lion's Mail," and the following year he produced one of his most notable successes, "Louis XI." On the death of Colonel Bateman in 1875, Irving took charge of the house, and the Lyceum Theatre became the most important theatre of the English stage. The house opened under his management Dec. 30, 1878, with a revival of "Hamlet," the Ophelia being Ellen Terry, who became Irving's permanent leading woman. This was the beginning of the long artistic partnership between the most popular actor and actress in England. Several revivals followed "Hamlet," and then came the great dual triumph of both Irving and Terry in "The Merchant of Venice." "Romeo and Juliet" was given in 1882 and "Much Ado" in 1883. Later rôles were Becket, Waterloo, Robespierre and Dante. A few years ago the world was surprised at the news that the long friendship between Irving and Terry had come to an end, that their artistic partnership had been severed. The reason has never been made public, but there is no doubt that Irving felt the blow keenly. At the age of 24 Irving had married the daughter of an army surgeon, but his married life was not happy, and after the birth of two sons, Lawrence and Henry, his wife and he parted. He made many tours in this country, and was planning another for this season. He was knighted by Queen Victoria for his services to the English stage.

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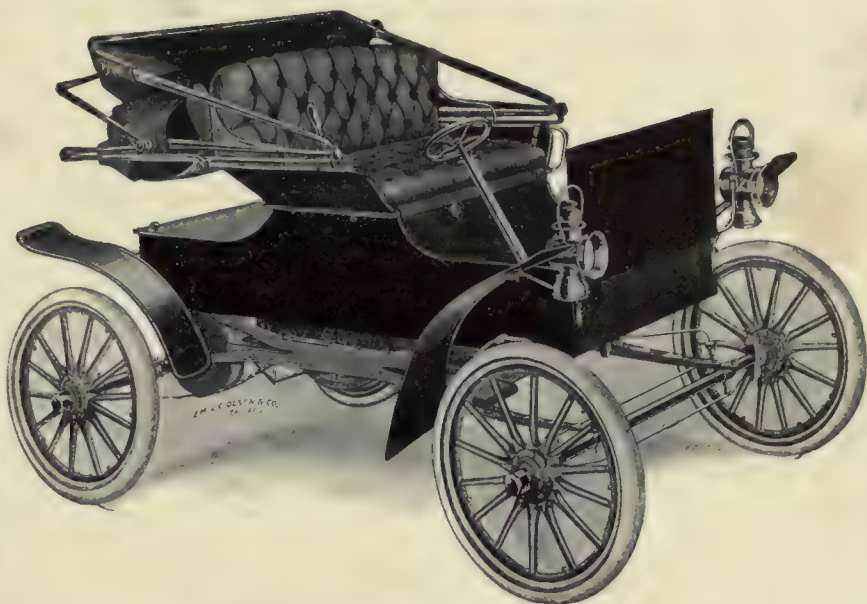
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THE THEATRE

VOL. V., No. 57

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1905

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



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SARAH BERNHARDT AS IZAELE

This famous French actress, who is now making a farewell American tour, will play an engagement in New York, beginning November 20

PLAYS and PLAYERS



SCENE IN VIOLA ALLEN'S NEW PLAY, "THE TOAST OF THE TOWN," WHICH COMES TO DALY'S THIS MONTH

HENRY IRVING is dead. The life and career of the great English actor now enter into history. He enjoyed, while living, a personal consideration never before accorded to an actor and achieved a dominating influence in the affairs of the stage that is wholly without precedent. When his biography is written, as it will be by his confidential associate, Bram Stoker, this consideration and influence will be confirmed and perpetuated. The record will be of absorbing interest, instructive and inspiring. That he was a great actor cannot be denied. Posterity will undoubtedly rank him among the world's great players. The fact that he succeeded in spite of deplorable mannerisms and the oddities of his elocution shows that he possessed other gifts which more than compensated for these defects. As a man he was princely in his benefactions, and as an artist he was splendidly above the commercial spirit which, up to his time, had been the characteristic of the stage. It would be ungracious, at this moment, to make any distinct comparison in this respect, with, let us say, Garrick and Macready. He was not the first to bring to his aid the genius of painters and costumers, but he was more consistent than others, and never gave an inch in his upward tendency. An idealist, he was eminently practical, for he seldom failed. Acting cannot be reproduced on the written page, but it is likely that the record of the details will be far more minute and definite than has been customary. A better idea will be conveyed of "business" and effects. The final verdict will not confine his fame to melodrama. "Becket," the play in which he made his last appearance, was certainly not mere melodrama. The actor of melodrama alone does not establish himself in the hearts of his public. One does not love Irving because of the agonies of Mathias in "The Bells," but one cannot remember the tender curate in "Olivia" without an access of personal feeling for the great actor. Without intensity, sincerity and great powers as an actor, as an artist, his personal peculiarities of utterance would have overwhelmed him with ridicule. He was tender of nature, a man to love. He was loved by all who came into contact with him with a close affection that falls to few men in public life, and the feeling of respect and affection that belongs to this generation

will be imparted to history. This is something rare in the history of the stage.

GARRICK. "JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND." Play in 4 acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced Oct. 10, with this cast:

Thomas Broadbent, Mr. Mitchell; Cornelius Doyle, Mr. Crosby; Larry Doyle, Mr. Daly; Peter Keegan, Mr. Farren; Father Dempsey, Mr. Price; Matt Haffigan, Mr. Findlay; Tim Haffigan, Mr. Smith; Barney Doran, Mr. Sparks; Hodson, Mr. Tyler; Patsy Farrell, Mr. Maddern; Nora Reilly, Miss Herne; Aunt Judy, Mrs. Findlay.

There is little to be said of this piece, the substance of it being largely unintelligible and wholly uninteresting to American audiences. It lacks continuity of purpose in its story and falls too far short of structural form to be considered as a play. But there is abundant virility in it. There is not the slightest diminution in the incisiveness of talk characteristic of Shaw. Three or four scenes only, at most, are up to his highest mark of effectiveness. In the matter of characterization no writer is more sincere, because none more true. Therein consists the highest faculty of the dramatist, objectivity. Whenever the character is permitted to stand on his own feet, to possess his own individuality, and not to be the mere mouthpiece of Shaw—Shaw the doctrinaire—the creation is perfect. Again, when the character is exaggerated, and is the whimsical color-bearer of Shaw's satire, he is delightful. In this way Thomas Broadbent is as quaint as was Gilbert's Bunthorne. He is as sincerely insincere as it is possible to conceive. He affects democratic manners and makes plausible speeches to the peasantry with the view of being chosen to Parliament. He is ready for a political speech at any accidental gathering, and is as full of blarney, this Englishman, as his friend, Larry Doyle, the Irishman, is of frankness. Broadbent's final scene of lovemaking is exquisite. His wounded but unconquerable vanity, which, when soothed, surges up and becomes triumphant and exultant as he snuggles Nora's head to his manly bosom, is a bit of truthful extravagance that compensates for much of the dulness in certain uncorrelated passages of the play. Matt Haffigan, who, after a lifetime of oppression now owns his patch of ground and takes an extremely conservative view of affairs expressed in



THOMAS JEFFERSON AS RIP VAN WINKLE

violent demonstrations, is one of the minor figures that push into the background Larry Doyle, Mr. Shaw's own mouthpiece. Father Dempsey, the unfrocked priest, is also a live character. The action of the play is thus carried on by a combination of automats and live figures. It is all the result of faulty structure. The minor parts are much better acted than the principal ones; and naturally enough, for they are the more natural and have not been disfranchised in behalf of Mr. Shaw's wit. The play leaves no impression except with reference to these disconnected characters and incidents. Mr. Shaw has thrown the play together too hastily. It is not a question of his not knowing better; for practically his only real significance is as a skilful playwright, certainly not as a philosopher. He is usually brilliant, but when impotent he becomes insufferably dull. His artistic virility is the thing. The play is without his usual immorality and impudent offenses against decency and common sense. In short, if the play were reduced to a connected action it could perhaps be understood and would certainly be diverting. Mr. Daly's part in the play is inconsequential in every way, as it stands. Under the strong hypnotism of Shaw, he probably does not realize this. He is not repeating his personal successes. All praise for acting is utterly empty if there is nothing in that which has to be expressed in the acting. Why, then, should we laud Miss Herne's Nora? She is personally charming and understands her art, but whatever Mr. Shaw's intent was with Nora, the character hardly rises above imbecility.

SAVOY. "THE WALLS OF JERICO," comedy in 4 acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced Sept. 25, with the following cast:

Jack Frobisher, James K. Hackett; Hankey Bannister, David Glassford; Marquis of Stevenon, W. J. Ferguson; Lord Drayton, Sydney Blow; Harry Dallas, William K. Harcourt; Bertram Hannaford, F. Owen Baxter; Hon. Wilfred Kenton, Frank Patton; Lord Marchmont, Rex McDougal; Hon. Jasper Twelvetees, P. Jefferson Rollow; Lady Westerby, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh; Miss Mornington, Sylvia Lyndon; Duchess of Wye, Blanche Ellice; Lady Parchester, Ruth Chester; Miss Wyatt, Mary E. Forbes; Mary, Mary Moran; Lady Lucy, May Blayney; Lady Alethea, Mary Mannering.

This play, which met with remarkable success in England, has at least one merit—that of unmistakable sincerity. It was written with a purpose. This purpose may not be very apparent, the complication is not new, no particular moral is pointed, the technical workmanship of the piece itself is far from perfect. But it will be welcomed by those who seek in the theatre something more substantial than smart quips. The play holds one. Its characters are people of flesh and blood, and they do things—at least one does, the young husband who rebels against a neglectful wife and the imbecilities of London society. He is the modern Joshua who blows on the horn the blast that tumbles the walls of Jericho.

Jack Frobisher has settled in the British metropolis after making a fortune in the Australian bush. He married the Lady Alethea, who has inherited the easy morals of a degenerate father. Mr. Sutro does not enlighten us as to whether it was ambition to enter the aristocracy or a case of natural selection. The rich young husband is a "good thing" for the entire aristocratic family, and when the impecunious Marquis finds himself in a financial hole his amiable son-in-law is conveniently at hand for a gentle "touch." The Frobisher's establishment in Mayfair is overrun by all the questionable types to be found in London society. There is the gambling duchess who cheats at bridge whist, the sporty old maid with her hooks out for a moneyed husband, the professional lady killer, the sophisticated ingenue, and the usual array of cheerful idiots to be found in fashionable drawing-rooms. These creatures make Frobisher's life a burden, and when Lady Alethea taunts him for standing aloof from their silly pastimes, such as the cake-walk, etc., he remains silent. She, thinking to pique him, permits Mr. Dallas, the aforesaid lady-killer, to make love to her, and it is only when this man makes his purpose but too clear that she realizes the danger of her position. But Frobisher is not blind, even if he has been a fool. He has guessed the truth, and there is a strenuous scene in Act III, when he himself interviews the would-be seducer who has come to his house secretly to see his wife, after having been forbidden the door. The man is allowed to depart unharmed, but now Frobisher seeks his wife. He has had enough. He has allowed others to rule



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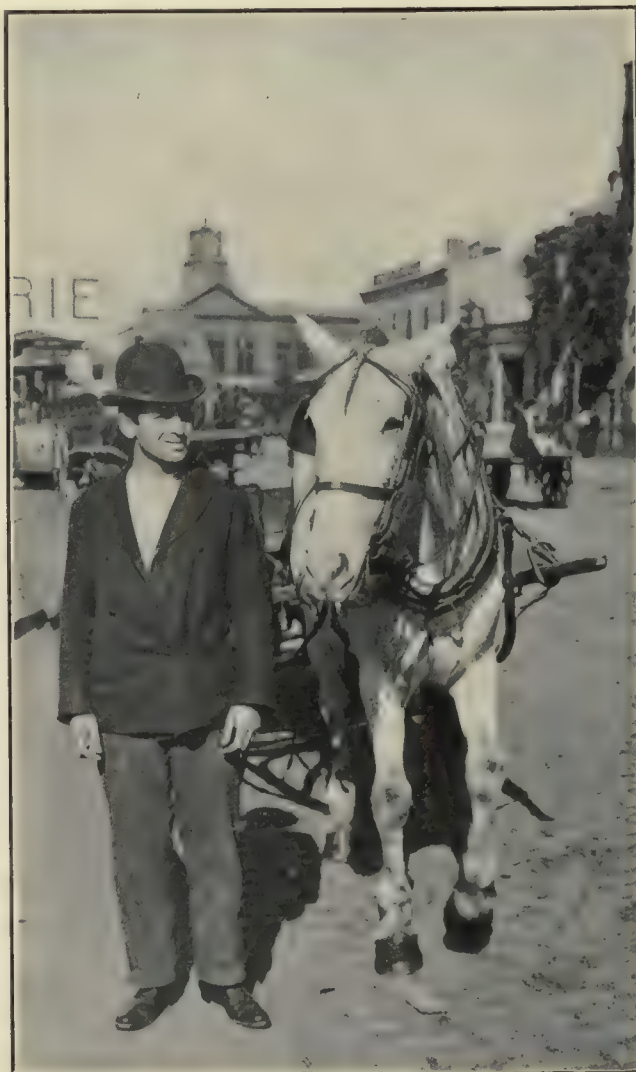
MADAME KALICH AS MONNA VANNA

him too long. Henceforth he will be master. He is disgusted with London. They will sell everything and go back to Australia. Overwhelmed at this show of authority to which she has been unaccustomed, Lady Alethea, for the first time, begins to respect her husband. But her pride prompts her to rebel violently. She will not go to Australia nor will she leave London. She would prefer a separation. "Very well," cries Frobisher, "let it be so!" But in the last act, Lady Alethea, who now loves her husband as never before, relents and humbly consents to follow her lord.

The best acts in the play are the second and third. They are well constructed, the action is quick, and the situations, if not novel, are of sufficient human interest to hold the attention. It is safe to say that many among the nightly audiences have had domestic experiences analogous to those on the stage, and this perhaps is one reason why the play makes a particularly strong appeal. It is good drama, and, at the end of Act III, where Frobisher asserts his manhood and is defied by the rebellious and indignant Lady Alethea, the strength of the situation and the realism of the acting arouse the house to enthusiasm. As much cannot be said of the first and last acts, both of which are decidedly weak. The first act is talky and tiresome, and the conclusion of the play is exceedingly tame. It is absurd that it should be necessary for the Frobishers to sell out and go to Australia, when once an *entente cordiale* has been arranged, and quite improbable that in real life they would do so. In fact, the weakness of the play is its logic. Frobisher could easily have prevented all his troubles by asserting himself earlier in the game, and when all is said and done, the Marquis and his family do nothing dreadful enough to merit such a blast from Joshua's horn. In short, the play is not a well ordered one and it is not well acted, but it is honest, and when its situations are reached it is the dynamic power of truth that moves us.

Mr. Hackett has never been a very convincing actor. He has relied more on his personal popularity than on his virtuosity. Content always to enact himself, he is never at pains to present a distinct characterization, and, from the viewpoint of real acting, not of the *matinée* maiden, the value of his rôle is consequently impaired. Mr. Hackett is a handsome, well-groomed man of the type termed "god-like," but while this continuous performance of his cameo-like features may be a source of constant delight to the enthusiastic *matinée* girl, it is not art. It is not acting. There is too much of this mere hero worship on the American stage. On the Continent it is unknown. That is why they have actors in Europe. One wearies of seeing the same face, without the slightest attempt at facial disguise, in all kinds of plays, from the heights of Shakespeare to the depths of burlesque. As the rough, easy-going cattle raiser who falls among philistines, Mr. Hackett is manifestly mis-cast. Apart from his lack of "make-up," he does not suggest the character either in manner, speech or action. He gets away with the big situation in Act III, but that is so good it practically plays itself. With equal truth it may be said that Mary Mannering is unsuited to the rôle of

Lady Alethea. The sweet womanly charm and innate refinement which have always been strong characteristics of this popular actress actually handicap her in giving an adequate impersonation of the gambling, pleasure-loving, semi-adulterous Lady Alethea. There is no illusion possible, for Miss Mannering's personality could not, by any stretch of the imagination, suggest that type of woman, and it takes more art than Miss Mannering possesses to counterfeit it. May Blayney, a young English actress, is a delicious ingenué. The play is a popular success.



From Stereograph, copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

Isaac Routman, the East Side huckster, who, as "Raphael Caruske," is ambitious to rank among the world's great singers. His stage name is a combination of Caruso and de Reszke, and was devised for him by Fritzi Scheff. He was discovered by Dr. H. Holbrook Curtis, the throat specialist, who declares that he has a marvellous voice and a quality of tone encountered only in finished artists. A few weeks ago he was crying vegetables on a huckster's wagon and earning \$1.50 a day; today he is the tenor in Charles Dillingham's "Mlle. Modiste" Co. At the end of this season he is to be sent to Paris to study with Jean de Reszke

LYRIC. "HAPPYLAND." Comic opera in two acts by Reginald de Koven and Frederic Ranken. Produced Oct. 2. Cast:

Ecstasticus, Mr. Hopper; Sphinxus, William Wolff; Altimus, William Danforth; Fortunatus, Joseph Phillips; Pedro, Frank Casey; Appollus, John Dunsmuir; Adonis, Carl Haydn; Paprika, Ada Deaves; The Lady Patricia, Estelle Wentworth; The Lady Alicia, Bertha Shalek; Sylvia, Marguerite Clark.

The unexpected has at length happened. There is a real comic opera in town. "Happyland" is its title. Reginald de Koven supplied the score for it and Frederic Ranken wrote the book. With the elongated De Wolf Hopper as Ecstasticus, one of those voluble rôles in which he delights, he frisks through its action with all the ebullient spirits of an over-grown school boy. Perhaps the critical might declare that at times he over-steps the limits of legitimate comedy, but few will take serious exception in view of the numerous and hearty laughs which he evokes. Ecstasticus is characteristic of some of those parts which Hopper played when the McCall Company was at the height of its reputation. That he is genuinely comic and convincingly funny as the King who finds that uninterrupted joy is apt to become monotonous goes without saying, and that he sings well, too, is another feature which will recommend this attraction to the attention of theatregoers. The company is a strong one musically, and the large

chorus, in the matter of feminine pulchritude, will hold its own with any other organization of its kind on Broadway. The composer of "Robin Hood" long since established his reputation as a composer of refined and graceful music. These two adjectives apply with particular apposition to this, his last score. There is lots of melody—not too familiar—scored with dainty effectiveness and musicianly skill. Mr. Ranken's book is the best heard in these parts in some time. There is just enough story to carry consistently the comic incidents, while its freedom from Forty-second street slang and bar-room jest will particularly commend itself to the sane. As a production only unstinted praise is to be awarded. Ernest Albert's scenery is truly beautiful in coloring and execution and the semi-classical costumes round out a series of really exquisite artistic balance. William Wolff is a droll Sphinxus, the custodian of the royal secrets, and William Danforth as Altimus, King of Alturia, helps along the fun. Ada Deaves, in a conventional rôle, plays with vivacity, and the rôles of serious interest are well cared for by Joseph Phillips, John Dunsmuir, Estelle Wentworth and Bertha Shalek. An altogether fascinating figure is presented by Marguerite Clark as Sylvia, the King's daughter. She trips through the piece with the airy grace of a woodland nymph, and is a source of never failing joy the entire time she is on the stage.



Otto Sarony Co.

J. E. DODSON

Who is "made up" as Henrik Ibsen in the part of the old factor in "The Prodigal Son"

LYCEUM. "JUST OUT OF COLLEGE." Play in 3 acts by George Ade. Produced Sept. 27 with this cast:

Edward Swinger, Joseph Wheelock, Jr.; Septimus Pickering, Eugene Jepson; "Shivers" Mason, Charles Jackson; Prof. Bliss, George H. Trader; Ernest Bradford, George Irving; Rufus, Harry Frees; Caroline Pickering, Katharine Gilman; N. W. Jones, Mabel Amber; Genevieve Chizzle, Georgie Mendum; Leulla, Louise Sydmet; Bernice, Blanche Stoddard; Aunt Julia, Mrs. E. A. Eberle.

All that George Ade requires is to master his art and to instantly cease to hold it in small esteem. His resources are great. Conventionality could never seize on him. His individuality could never be destroyed. He is absolutely safe

from ever falling into the conventional class. He need never fail. He does fail occasionally because of his loose construction. His latest piece, "Just Out of College," has the consistency of a play and serves the purpose of entertainment. At times certain incidents have no relevancy, and the final impression is of the utter trivialty of the story. It unquestionably comes from the inadequacy of his art. How, where, in what particulars? You are asking too much; we are speaking of impressions, and they are enough. They are the sum of the bill of particulars you demand. Hoyt felt the shallowness of his early, but enormously successful plays, and he set to work to learn his art as an art. He was growing all the time. Had he lived and kept his faculties he would have done something worth the while. Ade, with an individuality and mentality of his own, is plainly Hoyt's successor. His latest play is much in the Hoyt manner, a manner that has never been approached heretofore. The play is made up largely of little scenes and incidents that are absolutely distinct in themselves. They do not grow out of the necessities of the action. They might have come to the mind of the author without any reference whatever to any particular story. That is all right. Technique does not require that all plays be written in exactly the same way. It is the material or need of the case that determines the method. Here is plenty of material, but would it not be better if the action of the play itself were better maintained? We have the waiting-room of a railway station. The girl at the news-stand—at which THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is prominently displayed—the porter calling out the departure of trains, the annoyances of the ticket-seller, are seized upon as of the first importance. The incidents are certainly amusing, but those golden moments of amusement that you have had you do not carry away with you. There is a lack of substance somewhere. The purpose, even in its fun, is not serious enough. Art has been made to serve temporary uses and not permanent ones. Some of the scenes, minutely worked out, every possible point being made, are capital, but they would have double value if the play itself were more compact. The humor would be twice as sincere and the laughter twice as abundant if all the details were made essential to the action. Some of the causes are not sufficient. Some of the improbabilities might be made into facts. Nothing here said is meant to disparage Mr. Ade. His humor and his faculties of keen observation are distinctly American. He is a welcome force in that he helps us to despise conventionality. Such work as he is doing tends to drive the thieves to cover. The story of "Just Out of College" is slight. A young man applies to the father of a girl for her hand. He confesses that he is not able to support her. The father finally gives him a check for twenty thousand dollars and tells him to prove himself a business man before presenting himself again. With this money he forms a partnership with a business woman and

is finally bought out by the father himself, and gets the girl.

MADISON SQUARE. "THE MAN ON THE BOX." Comedy in 3 acts. Dramatized from Harold MacGrath's novel by Grace Livingston Furniss. Produced Oct. 3 with this cast:

Lieut. Robert Worburton, Henry E. Dixey; Charles Henderson, Sydney Booth; Colonel Annesley, Lee Baker; Count Karloff, John Westley; Colonel Frank Raleigh, James A. Bliss; Magistrate Watts, Fred W. Peters; Clerk of the Court, Duane Wagar; Officer O'Brien, Chester Beecroft; Cora, a maid, Lily Carthew; Elizabeth Annesley, Carlotta Nilsson.

This piece, which once more presents Henry E. Dixey as a star, may be described as an amiable comedy. Parts of it is good farce; another part is less convincing melodrama. The juggling of these two diverging interests is fairly well accomplished, but the fact remains that, however expert Mr. Dixey is as an entertainer and imitator—the capacity for imitating emotion in even its most elementary state is so denied him, that one of the crucial moments of the action is practically lost through his shortcomings. As a farceur Mr. Dixey is inimitable. Few actors, on the American stage at least, can equal him in the mobility of his facial expression. He is always neat in the accomplishment of his comic effects. Graceful and débonnaire, he perfectly represents the retired army officer, who, for a joke, becomes the driver of Miss Annesley's carriage, with results that lead to numerous farcical complications. The serious element arises from an attempt to rob the government of some of its military secrets. Whether the dramatization is better than the novel on which it is founded need not be considered; the piece makes an evening pass agreeably, which is something not to be said of numerous shows now on view. Walter N. Lawrence's company is carefully selected and does good justice to the author's exactions. Carlotta Nilsson, hitherto associated with heavier work, enacts the sprightly heroine with much charm and grace. Sydney Booth is agreeable as Dixey's friend, and Chester Beecroft as one of the mounted police contributes a well-sustained sketch of distinct character.



Otto Sarony Co.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT AND EDNA PHILIPPS IN "EDMUND BURKE"



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A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. LESLIE CARTER

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "THE TRUTH TELLERS." Comedy by Martha Morton. Produced Oct. 17 with this cast:

Ernestine Mortimer, Maude Fealy; Sir Thomas Mortimer, Sidney Carlyle; Honor Mortimer, Cora Quinton; Crystal Mortimer, Leonor Powers; Georgie Mortimer, Little Toy; Tamus, the Piper, Alfred Hudson; Miss Mortimer, Louise Mackintosh; Lady Mary, Esther Lyon; Lady Camdentown, Blanche Moulton.

An orphaned family of five, ranging from a charming maiden of sixteen to a little tot of four, is reared in the uncompromising and artless telling of truth. Accustomed to the simplicities of life in the North of Scotland, the children are left as a legacy to a fashionable aunt in London, and, suddenly thrust among artificial people, make something of a stir. The sayings and doings of these juvenile worthies and the happenings that follow fast upon their arrival are set forth in a striking bit of fiction by John Strange Winter, whose quaint idea and characterizations have been dramatized with considerable skill by Martha Morton. In the play the grown people are not particularly agreeable or natural, but the five children are delightful stage creations and are acted with charming naturalness. The plot soon drops into melodrama, but that matters little, for it answers its only real purpose in holding together the scenes of the little folks. Tamus, the Piper, a bibulous Scotchman, the brave guardian of the children, loves them to that degree that he is their constant playmate and servitor, subject to their every whim and command. The play, as now acted and in its present form, falls somewhat short of the possibilities of

the material; but the scenes carried by the children are refreshing in their novelty and in the force, sweetness and naturalness of the child-acting. Maude Fealy, whose qualities were such as to commend her to Henry Irving for the most ambitious parts, manifests unusual simplicity, genuineness and modesty, all the more notable because much has been said of her personal attractiveness. If the play were simplified in some parts of its mechanism it should gain permanency and large popularity.

Those who like their Shakespeare played à la Weber and Fields found plenty to amuse them in the Sothorn-Marlowe performance of "The Taming of the Shrew." Acted in the tempo of roaring farce, it was certainly funny, and perhaps the performance, as a whole, proved satisfying enough to those who had never seen this famous comedy acted differently. But with the recollection fresh in the memory of Ada Rehan's admirable Shrew and Otis Skinner's superb Petruchio, one feels that the proceedings at the Knickerbocker Theatre were somewhat in the nature of a desecration. Undoubtedly, Shakespeare and those from whom he drew his plot, conceived it in the spirit of farce—this taming of a virago by the wit of an intelligent suitor—but in the centuries which have passed since the piece was written, time has so mellowed and rounded out its scenes that it may rank today virtually as high comedy, and must be played as such in order to bring out all its beauty and meaning. There is no harm in trying to do old things in a new way when the new way is a better way, but beware of sacrilege. The traditions of 300 years may be safely relied upon for a faithful, classic performance, and that is the only Shakespeare we want. Mr. Sothorn's conception of Petruchio is entirely mistaken. He plays the lusty husband as a teasing schoolboy; not as a man who merely assumes his rage for a purpose. All the new farcical "business" introduced, such as having Katherine tread on his toes, pull his ears, throw chairs around, etc., is both unnecessary and ridiculous. In the din and racket of these unseemly antics the delicacy and beauty of the lines are entirely lost. The fooling with the priest with whom Petruchio dances in after the marriage, and the throwing of a cup of mead in the sexton's face, are violations of good taste. There is some authority for this horse-play in the text, but it was not intended to be acted. Gremio tells of it having happened at the church. Acting it makes the scene offensive, particularly to those for whom the cleric's robes have some significance. Petruchio also looked a fright in a ludicrous head-dress. In a word, the part does not suit Mr. Sothorn. Nor was the Katherine of Miss Marlowe more satisfactory. She presents a beautiful picture as Baptista's headstrong daughter, but she plays at being the shrew instead of being the shrew. One can plainly see her laughing in her sleeve at all the fuss and pother her petulant humor provokes. The change gradually worked in Katherine's nature by Petruchio's harsh treatment—which is the most beautiful part of the whole comedy; indeed its very essence—is not made apparent at all.

It is said that every seven years there is a new theatregoing public—the girl of thirteen becomes the young woman of twenty, and so on. Perhaps if Thomas Jefferson had waited these seven years, before presenting his characterization of "Rip Van Winkle" before metropolitan audiences, the popular verdict might have been different; so, too, the critical estimate of his performance. That of "Old Joe's" is too sweet, too hallowed in our memories to admit of a successor, simply because he is his father's son. Thomas Jefferson has been playing "Rip" in the "tall grass" four or five years; therefore, he is no novice in the part. Upon its merits his performance is good, bad and indifferent. In the earlier passages the new Rip shows a lack of humor and sentiment as compared to the old Rip. Under the rags of Irving's lovable vagabond stands out a more robust, virile personality than Joseph Jefferson ever possessed, and this dominates, detrimentally, of course, the embodiment of such a character as "Rip Van Winkle." There is too much studied effort, and there is none of that delightful abandonment of self that made Joseph Jefferson's Rip what it was—a thing to cherish and remember.

PRINCESS. "ZIRA." Drama in 3 acts by J. Hartley Manners and Henry Miller. Produced Sept. 21, with this cast:

Rev. Gordon Clavering, Frank Worthing; Capt. Arnold Sylvester, Jameson-Lee Finney; Sir Fred. Knowles, F.R.C.S., Geo. S. Titheradge; Mark Trent, J. R. Crauford; Major-General Graham, Harrington Reynolds; Col. Daventry, Jack Standing; Capt. Garston, Harry Hyde; Capt. Leigh, Stanhope Wheatcroft; Surgeon Watson, Frank Willard; Ruth Wilding, Beverly Sitgreaves; Hester Trent, Margaret Anglin; Bishop of Wapping, Fred Thorne; Arthur Fielding, Bertram Harrison; Jacob Ross, Fred. Warren; Lady Constance Clavering, Mrs. Thos. Whiffen; Mary Garthorne, Gwendolyn Valentine.

A play of artifice and mere situation may soon become outworn. The novelty and sympathetic nature of a new situation may give a play vogue for a time in spite of all possible improbabilities. Thus, "The New Magdalen," when it first appeared, made a strong appeal. It was, moreover, a better play and had more reality about it than the adaptation or dramatization made by Messrs. Manners and Miller. The amount of work or character of work bestowed on the adaptation is of small consequence. This kind of tinkering is a form of graft among people of the stage from which no author, singly or jointly, can gain a reputation. It is vanity and emptiness, and we are inclined to discourage all such authorship. The work or trade of repairing and of applying invisible patches is honorable enough and useful, but we would be loath to put the golden trump of fame to our lips to sound the praise of the cobblers. It should not

be used for the mere commercial purpose of advertising. Many old plays could be given new life by proper adaptation. Such adaptation is a legitimate process. "Zira," as a play, is on little or no better footing than "The New Magdalen." There may or may not be improvements, but they do not reach far enough. The work remains to be done. The happenings are so improbable, so impossible, that only the acting of Margaret Anglin makes the play worth while. A nurse with the British army in

South Africa during the Boer war, a social outcast, but with honest impulses, longs to redeem herself, and hopes against hope to regain her footing. A young woman appears at the camp on her way to England to the family of her father, who has been killed. Born in South Africa,

she is not known at the home she seeks. Firing begins. She falls, apparently slain by a shell. Zira sees her opportunity, takes her passport and papers from the body, and uses the means necessary

to enable her to substitute herself for the woman supposed to be slain. Zira reaches England; her deception succeeds. She is established in a new life, gains the domestic affections, loves and is loved by the son of the house. The rightful claimant to all this comfort and happiness turns up, having recovered from her wound. Zira's unwillingness to yield in the struggle that follows and to be turned out into the street is essentially dramatic. This situation once procured, there is at least a chance for acting, an everlasting, indestructible chance. Chances for acting of this kind are always interesting in the execution. The acting may be overdone; it may range from very bad to very fine and very true acting; but there is no getting away from the acting. Imagine the differentiations in character, appearance, voice, everything in the different possible Ziras in real life. The present version of the play is woefully weak. So much greater the triumph of Miss Anglin. Perhaps she lacks simplicity in her methods, but she is worth seeing for her effectiveness and virtuosity. She uses the old symbols, but they carry. For example, it is a time-honored symbol to kiss the hem of the gown to express contrition and implore pardon. Possibly that is the correct thing to do in the given circumstances. Still, if it were omitted by the real Zira in real life, who might find some other means of expression, her sincerity would not suffer in the estimation of those concerned.

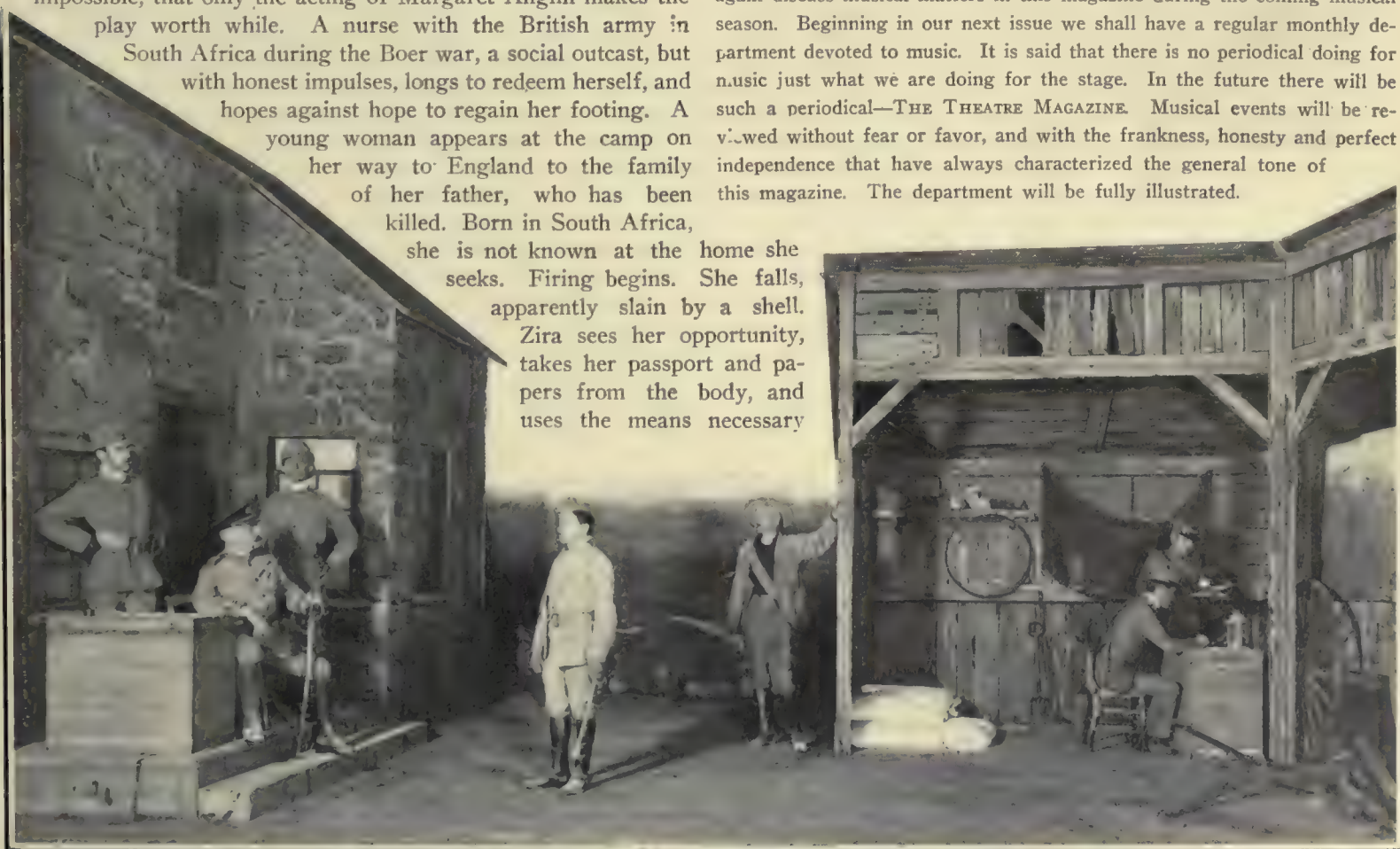
NOTICE

In response to the repeated requests of innumerable readers we shall again discuss musical matters in this magazine during the coming musical season. Beginning in our next issue we shall have a regular monthly department devoted to music. It is said that there is no periodical doing for music just what we are doing for the stage. In the future there will be such a periodical—THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. Musical events will be reviewed without fear or favor, and with the frankness, honesty and perfect independence that have always characterized the general tone of this magazine. The department will be fully illustrated.



Otto Sarony, Co.

MARGARET ANGLIN AS ZIRA



Harrington Reynolds

Jameson-Lee Finney

SCENE IN "ZIRA" IN WHICH MISS ANGLIN HAS SCORED A SUCCESS AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE



Stage History of Famous Plays

*No. 3. THE LADY OF LYONS



Bulwer Lytton

THERE has perhaps never been a play more adversely criticised than Bulwer's "The Lady of Lyons," yet we always turn to it with a certain sentimental satisfaction. However much we may condemn its sudden shifts from the sublime to the ridiculous, its transitions from common speech to the heights of blank verse, its artificialities of motive and action,—there is no play that is more lavish with its situations. Actors turn to it for opportunities, and the theatregoer, despite the fact that he lives in an era of Ibsenism,

Covent Garden, and believing that many of the higher interests of the drama were involved in the success or failure of an enterprise equally hazardous and disinterested, I felt, if I may so presume to express myself, something of the Brotherhood of Art; and it was only for Mr. Macready to think it possible that I might serve him in order to induce me to make the attempt. Secondly, in that attempt I was mainly anxious to see whether or not, after the comparative failure on the stage of 'The Duchess de la Vallière,' certain critics had truly declared that it was not in my power to attain the art of dramatic construction and theatrical effect."

At first Macready referred to his new drama as "The Adventurer"; afterwards the title was changed to "The Lady of Lyons," with a sub-title, "Love and Pride," which are the key-notes to the whole piece.

With two such consummate artists as Macready and Miss Helen Faucit, the play on its opening night was pronounced to be earnestly acted. The part of Claude Melnotte was perhaps too slim for the actor's very mature powers, but in Pauline, Miss Faucit struck a high note—so high, indeed, that Londoners held her up ever afterwards as the standard. Mrs. Mowatt made her English début in "The Lady of Lyons," with E. L. Davenport as support, and the papers devoted long space to the comparison of her conception with that of the first Pauline. It will be recollected that Mrs. Mowatt's New York appearance, on June 13, 1845, had been in the same rôle. As for Miss Faucit, she was a romantic type, graceful in bearing, and with eyes of a "beaming softness"; her features were full of expression and changing sensitiveness. Great as she was as Rosalind, this new part was one equally as well suited to her acting.

As a play, "The Lady of Lyons" was not original; the main idea was obtained from a book of travels by Helen Maria Williams, who therein related "The History of Perourou, or The Bellows Mender." Bulwer took wide liberties with the suggestion, and brought in motives that are justly open to criticism. Melnotte's deception, his rapid rise to position in the army, the sudden change of feeling in Pauline—these are points we accept without examining too closely, rightly fearing that they would not hold. Bulwer always met criticism by saying the play was laid in a revolutionary period, when it was not surprising for persons to act inconsistently. Edgar Allan Poe declared "The Lady of Lyons" almost perfect, save in the one respect where Pauline is willing to marry another without assuring herself of the fate of her husband.

Edwin Forrest was the original Claude Melnotte in America; he appeared at the New York Park Theatre on May 14, 1838, with Mrs. Richardson as Pauline. Francis Wemyss, however, states: "On the 18th of May, 1838, Bulwer's play, 'The Lady of Lyons,' was acted for the first time in the United States at Pittsburgh, Pa., for my benefit. Mrs. Shaw was Pauline. Then it was a failure, for on a subsequent representation the proceeds of the house were only \$126."

That same year Charlotte Cushman, whose face was well adapted to masculine rôles, and whose Romeo and Cardinal Wolsey always elicited warm commendation, attempted the part of Claude, with pronounced success. She had appeared with Forrest, playing the Widow Melnotte, and later she acted Pauline, but it was as the gardener's ardent son that she met favor; in fact, throughout 1850 she drew crowded houses at the old Broadway.

During the famous quarrel between Macready and Forrest,

goes back to it, with the well-worn excuse that "all the world loves a lover."

It was written in 1838. That was the period when the English drama was in a transition state. The theatre was about to go through the era of Robertson, Taylor, Douglas Jerrold, and H. J. Byron. The year that saw the completion of "The Lady of Lyons," also produced Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas." There was, indeed, much in the method of the English nobleman to show his indebtedness to the French poet. It was the romantic period of blank verse sentiment, which graded gradually into the hysterical discussion of "Caste." The drama was looked on as in a bad state, and in the Parliamentary commission appointed in 1832 to examine the status and liberties of the theatre, Bulwer Lytton acted as a member.

This was the period when Macready, with his inherent refinement and literary taste, called literary men to the rescue of the stage. He had written in his diary, on February 16, 1836: "Browning said that I had bit him by my performance of Othello, and I told him I hoped I should make the blood come. It would, indeed, be some recompense for the miseries, the humiliations, the heart-sickening disgusts which I have endured in my profession, if, by its exercise, I had awakened a spirit of poetry whose influence would elevate, ennoble, and adorn our depraved drama. May it be!" And the appeal had resulted in "Stafford" (1837), "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" (1843), and "Colombe's Birthday" (1844), a curious blend of unactable drama and beautiful poetry.

Failure never put a stop to Macready's experimenting, and, curiously enough, "The Lady of Lyons" rose from the ruins of a sad fiasco. Bulwer's first drama, "The Duchess de la Vallière" (1837), was a disappointment, and the author evolved in two weeks' time the play that has persistently held the stage through changing years. Doubtless the cold reception given to the first dramatic attempt prompted both Lytton and Macready to keep the authorship of the second a secret, though others have hinted that this was but a subterfuge to draw the public.

The play was produced at Covent Garden on the evening of February 15, 1838, and Macready, in his journal, states that the audience greeted its progress vociferously. The next morning the London *Times* set itself firmly against the sentiment of the piece. On February 24, Bulwer's name was attached to the program, and immediately a cry was raised against its republican sentiments and against the political dramatist. For some time after that date it was given three nights every week.

When the play was printed, Bulwer, in a prefatory note, stated his two-fold object in writing it. "In the first place," he said, "sympathizing with the enterprise of Macready, as manager of

G. Bernard Shaw's Latest Play, "John Bull's Other Island"



Thos. Broadbert (Dodson Mitchell) Nora Reilly (Chrystal Herne)
Broadbert: "Will you be my wife, Miss Reilly?"



Larry Doyle (Mr. Daly) Nora Reilly (Chrystal Herne)
Nora: "It's lonely waiting eighteen years!"



Photos by Hall
Thos. Broadbert (Dodson Mitchell) Larry Doyle (Arnold Daly) Barney Doron (Joseph Sparks) Father Dempsey (Mark Price) Matt Haffigan (John Findley) Cornelius Doyle (Charles Crosby)
Larry: "I would have Ireland compete with Rome herself for the chair of St. Peter."

the latter went to England, and showed a desire to present both "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu." Here was an opportunity where Macready could easily obtain the upper hand, for he was on intimate terms with Bulwer. Forrest wrote the playwright, asking permission to use the dramas; his letters remained unanswered for many days, and then the proposition was so rigorously put by Bulwer as not only to show that Macready had framed it, but as to make it impossible for Forrest to accept. About this time Kean is another famous actor who appeared as Melnotte.

The faith of Charles Dickens in "The Lady of Lyons" never once wavered; his correspondence with Bulwer and Fechter shows his admiration. On June 24, 1862, he wrote Lytton regarding a proposed operatic setting for the play:

"Pauline, tottering about in front of the float, invoking the orchestra with a limp pocket-handkerchief, is a notion that makes goose-flesh of my back. Also a yelping tenor going away to the wars in a scena half-an-hour is painful to contemplate. Damas, too, as a bass, with a grizzled bald head, blatantly bellowing about:

"Years long ago
When the sound of
the drum
First made his blood
glow
With a rum-ti-
tum-tum,"
rather sticks in my
throat."

Some years after, around 1867, Dickens was enthusiastic over Fechter's acting of Melnotte; he spoke particularly of the actor's brightness, intelligence, picturesqueness; of his remarkable delicacy in the scene where Melnotte's mother tells Pauline of the deception. The Pauline Fechter had when he was playing in America during 1870 was Carlotta Leclercq.

That Dickens was thoroughly in accord with the pompous dialogue of the love scenes is emphasized in his objections, stated in a letter to Fechter, to any changes in the text; the actor had made some judicious incisions and had softened the bombast,

by leaving out, for example, the parts italicized in the following [Act III]:

"Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart—
Low birth and non-fortune. Thy bright image, etc."

As for material changes, however, it will be noted that in the book, Pauline is discovered on the stage at the beginning of the first scene. This is always so altered that the actress may have an effective entrance.

Adelaide Neilson excelled as Pauline. The richness, the sweetness of her voice never failed to evoke the poetic vocabulary of the critic. Wrote one: "Her mouth was more beautiful in expression than in outline; and this is true of all her features, with the exception of her eyes, which were large and lustrous. Her head was small and shapely, and her ruddy brown hair well suited the pale olive-tinted complexion."

Mary Anderson, some time before she went on the stage, played a scene from "The Lady of Lyons" for her family; she had been inspired by the acting of Edwin Booth. In the rôle of Melnotte, Booth did not excel; in fact, he was something more than a romantic actor; which does not mean that there have not been those, born to romance, whose genius has illumined the part, such men for instance, as Davenport, J. W. Wallack, Jr., and Lester Wallack; to, too, Wilson Barrett, James O. Neil, Kyle Bellew and Sothern.

In 1853, Laura Keane appeared in "The Lady of Lyons" with John Lester. She was a famous Pauline, and as for Lester, his romantic figure set hearts aflame with the fervor of his Claude. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood right humorously describes his appearance in New York around 1875. "Young ladies wore the tricolor in their bonnets, hid his picture in their choicest caskets. . . . Lovers had to go to Wallack's Theatre to study up." When Henry Irving played Melnotte in 1879, he failed to inspire, though the play, with its careful mountings, drew with its customary promptness. His handicap was in tone and gesture, where he was more virile than dreamy, more passionate than ideal. When Ellen Terry appeared as Pauline in 1875, to the weak Claude of Charles Coghlan, she failed to reach the note of *Pride* that so fills the part. Joseph Knight, the English critic, wrote:

"Physical advantages are, of course, an all-important portion of the stock-in-trade of an actress. The long, tender lines of a singularly graceful figure add wonderful picturesqueness to the illustrations Miss Terry affords. Her presentation of Pauline comprised a series of pictures each more graceful than the preceding, and all too good for the lackadaisical play in which she appeared. They would have been perfectly in place as illustrations to some Border ballad or legend of the 'Round Table.'"

It is natural that all players ambitious of stardom, should desire a season of "The Lady of Lyons." It is a good play to begin in; not only have actors made their débuts in it, but at least one critic started his career by going to see it played by James Anderson and Miss Vandenhoff. Clement Scott describes his terror when a mere boy over the picture of a lady-tamer among the lions and his surprise when he saw the real "Lady of Lyons."

No drama has played greater havoc with our feelings. Macready speaks of receiving violet-tinted notes from Melnotte admirers; if such was the result produced by a man, who in 1838 was approaching the middle years of life, every young actor, handsome, lithe and dreamy, may be sure of some success in the rôle.

Pauline has been played by artists whose power went far beyond what the part contained. There were Fanny Wallack, Julia Dean, Mme. Ponisi, Ida Vernon, Jane Coombs, and Mrs. Farren; Fanny Davenport, Rose Eytinge, Julia Marlowe, and Mrs. Potter—to mention a few. With them all, a question of intensity rather than conception, made them interesting. "The Lady of Lyons" may not be a great play, but by its tradition alone, it is a famous one, for it has drawn to it a brilliant list of players, and these have, by their efforts, somehow softened the inconsistencies and taken advantage of what alone has kept it alive—its *actable* qualities.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



MISS FLORENCE ROCKWELL
Leading woman with Richard Mansfield this season



Hall Lew Fields as David Warfield Harry Fisher as Marie Bates Julius Steger
BURLESQUE OF "THE MUSIC MASTER" AT LEW FIELDS' THEATRE

The Two D'Annunzios—Gabriele and Antonio



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

IT will be news to many when they learn that the famous Italian poet, Gabriele D'Annunzio, author of "The Triumph of Death," "La Gioconda," etc., has a brother and cousin living in New York City. Some eight years ago Alberto D'Annunzio, the cousin, came to this country with his brother-in-law, Dr. Perugini, and established himself in business. He now has a prosperous drug store on Ninth Avenue and 45th Street. The brother, Antonio D'Annunzio, is four or five years younger than the author. There were five children in this branch of the family, the three sisters are now all married, and living at no great distance from their native town of Pescara, where their widowed mother still lives. Pescara is in the province of Abruzzi, Italy, which region Gabriele D'Annunzio has done much to make known through his works, notably, "Stories of Pescara," and his later tragedies. Antonio early showed marked talent for music, and wished to make it his profession, but in this he encountered serious opposition from his father. Gabriele had already left home and embarked upon a literary career, and the father wished his only other son to remain at home, look after the landed property belonging to the family, and thus give the father more leisure. However, Antonio finally carried his point, and after completing his musical studies in Italy, returned to Pescara to begin his musical career as bandmaster in his native town.

"Not an ideal occupation!" remarked Signor D'Annunzio, with a smile, when a representative of the THEATRE MAGAZINE talked with him the other day. "The conductor of a small orchestra, that is quite different, but of a country band! You remember Verdi called a bandmaster a *virtuoso canaglia* (literally a rabble virtuoso). However, there were good bands not too far from Pescara, and I was anxious to have mine compare favorably with them, so as there were no players of certain instruments to be had in our town, I imported them from elsewhere, paying them their salaries out of my own pocket. You can imagine that it was not a profitable enterprise. It was after I had given it up that my thoughts turned to America. I wanted to make a name for myself as a composer of music, believed that I could do so in America, and here I am! My uncle had joined his

son here, so we were quite a little family group in ourselves."

Antonio D'Annunzio has written a number of love songs and romances, two of which will shortly be issued by a New York firm of music publishers, and an operetta which has been highly praised by those who have had an opportunity of hearing it, including a prominent manager who secured an option on it. But like almost all composers, Signor D'Annunzio has had his troubles with librettists, added to the difficulties any foreigner not speaking English would encounter, not only in judging the merits of a libretto, but also its adaptability to our public. The first libretto was pronounced impossible by the manager, while both he and his musical director were enthusiastic over the music. After much delay, Signor D'Annunzio himself wrote a synopsis for a new libretto, which a friend translated into English, and this proved so satisfactory that the libretto will be written from it. The title is "The Queen of Gleamland," and it may be given a Broadway production this season.

"It would be interesting if you and your brother could collaborate on an opera," suggested the present writer.

"That would be impossible," laughed the composer. "I have no gift for serious, dramatic music, for grand opera, and my brother has no taste for comedy."

Antonio D'Annunzio seems absolutely free from the many peculiarities for which his brother is noted but their resemblance in appearance is marked.

"My brother was always a sad scamp as a



ANTONIO D'ANNUNZIO
Brother of the famous Italian poet and now a resident of New York City

boy," he said. "Although I saw little of him after he went away to boarding school at twelve years old. He always could make me do exactly what he wished, for he had great strength of will."

To this strength of will is united extraordinary energy, and a special talent for keeping himself constantly in the public eye, which, had his younger brother possessed to any similar degree, would have long since made his name familiar to all New York.

There is probably no more talked of man in Italy to-day than Gabriele D'Annunzio. No press agent could accomplish better for him what he does himself. His admirers excuse his peculiarities on the ground of genius; those who do not like him, and their number is not small in Italy, laugh or sneer.

Italians will assure one that the works of this, Italy's greatest modern writer, are difficult to read even for his own countrymen. He uses words and expressions of a period with which Dante is almost modern in comparison, he does not hesitate to Italianize Greek words and introduce them into his text. Many decry the tone of his writings, but none can fail to admire the beauty of rhythm, the charm of his language. His most enthusiastic admirers will sometimes admit that they look upon the present stage of his writing as transitory, that in the near future he will shake off the mannerisms and objectionable peculiarities of his style, and produce a great work which will silence his detractors and establish his fame at a far higher level than it has yet attained. His plays are not successful on the stage, even in his own country. Eleanora Duse, at one time the idol of Italy, has undoubtedly lost ground in the eyes of her countrymen owing to her connection with D'Annunzio, and Italian audiences liked her as little in his plays as did the New York public on her last visit here.

Many years ago D'Annunzio married a Neapolitan titled lady, and he has three sons, but the marriage was not a happy one, and the couple have been separated for a long time, divorce being impossible in Italy. One never hears anything of his wife, and the three sons have been under their father's care.

Franchetti, the Venetian composer, himself an eccentric, is busy setting to music D'Annunzio's tragedy "La Figlia di Jorio" (The Daughter of Jorio), which will be produced in Milan at La

Scala next season, and he and the author met several times a week during the summer for consultation, Franchetti appearing unexpectedly in his automobile from any one of his numerous

residences. His most intimate friends seldom know the composer's exact whereabouts. It is interesting to see the two dining together; the musician with his more than hearty appetite, thoroughly enjoying his meal, the author seated in a high carved chair like an old church stall, playing with the smallest quantity of food, hardly eating more than the proverbial bird.

D'Annunzio is at present making a collection of extracts of his various works, which any young girl may be allowed to read. The extracts are shortly to be published in book form. He is also busy with a new tragedy of most modern theme, and is the director of a new magazine shortly to be published twice a month in Milan, under the title of "Il Risorgimento" (The Renaissance). D'Annunzio has entered upon this

undertaking with all the enthusiasm and ardor of his nature, and hopes that it will appeal not only to intellectual, aesthetic circles, but to the great mass of people who love art and culture.

While the exhibition of antique Abruzzese art attracted strangers to Chieti this summer, a series of performances of D'Annunzio's best known dramas was arranged, including his latest "La Fiaccola sotto il Moggio," which was received there with enthusiasm, and, in fact, in the smaller cities this gruesome tragedy has been much more favorably received than in Milan, where the people would have none of it.

D'Annunzio was not formerly regarded with especial favor in his native Abruzzi, but of late, since his writings have attracted attention to this region, which is less well-known than the most of Italy, the inhabitants have become proud of him.

Like most geniuses D'Annunzio has his fads, and his chief hobby at present is collecting — trousers. Many and various pairs does he possess, of every style, cut and color.

This year he took a villa for the summer at Settignano, near Florence, turning his back upon the Marina di Pisa, because the particular villa which he wished had already been rented for the summer, and none other would suit him. Interviewed recently, he spoke thus of his eldest son, Gabriele, who made his debut as an actor in the author's



Otto Sarony Co.

GRACE GEORGE AS KITTY IN "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE"



Varietas, Milan

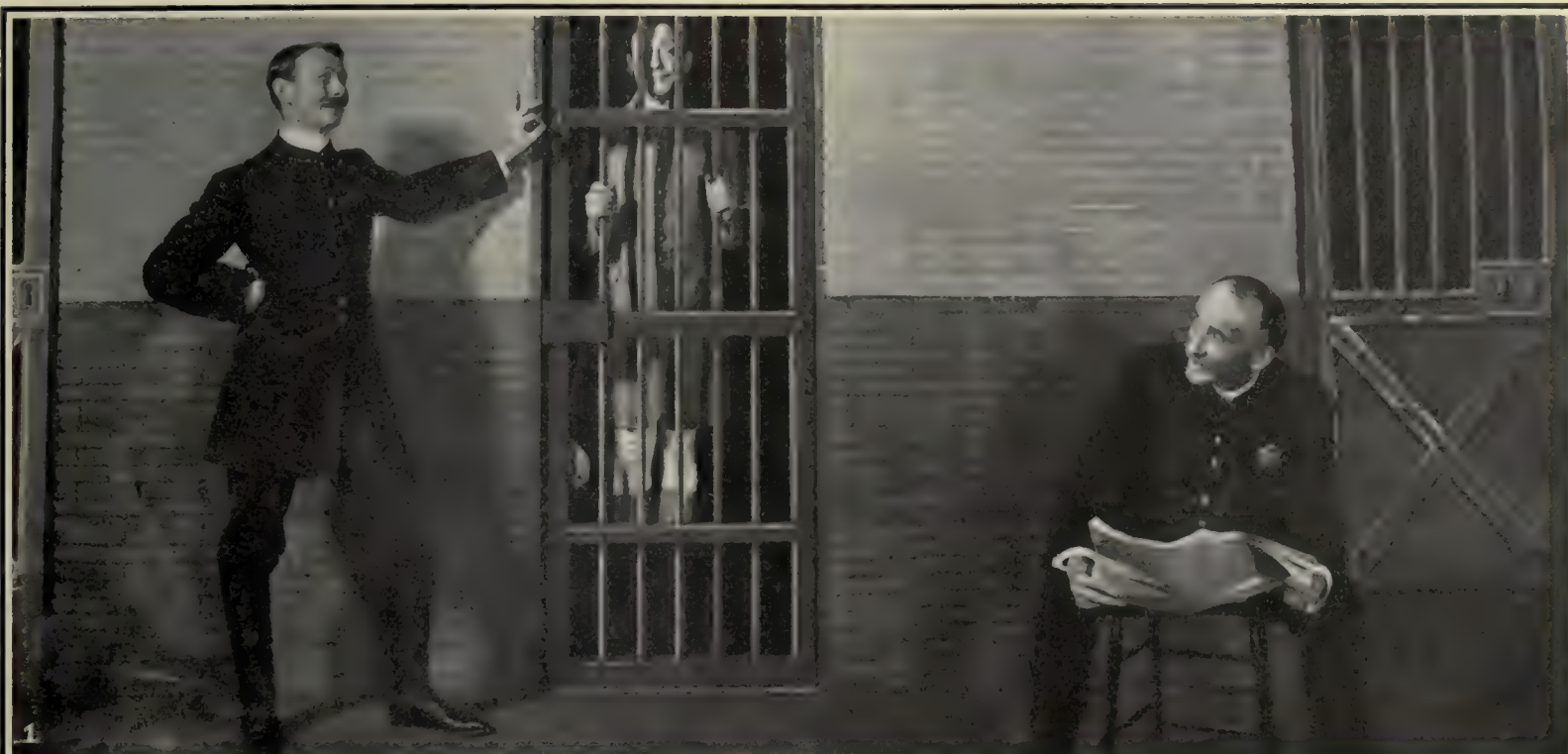
BEFORE

The proud author is assured that his operetta will be a great success



AFTER

His friends change their minds after the first performance



latest tragedy, and afterwards acted in other pieces.

"It certainly does not please me to see Gabrielino on the stage. I regret it. I did all in my power to prevent him from becoming an actor. He did not wish to listen to me. He was a brilliant scholar. He has been well grounded in the classics. His culture and capacity allowed him to look forward to an enviable career in a liberal profession, but here he has become an actor, quite contrary to my wishes. But my paternal interference has been confined to mere criticism and reproof. I should not undertake to oppose my son's wishes by any action; I despise restricting children's wills. The old patriarchal government which made the Roman laws that Christianity perpetuates, is a barbarous despotism, an abominable tyranny. The beings created by us are not slaves, and we should not exercise coercive rights over them. I think a father should be the friend of his children; from this you can judge what an anarchist I am.

"I deplore Gabrielino's resolution. I think he was wrong to act thus, but what will you? He has the divine spark, loves everything connected with his profession, the uncertain wandering life, the coarse promiscuity, the poverty of obscure theatres, dirty as stables—all this attracts him. My two other sons are more sensible."

ELISE LATHROP.



Scenes in "The Man on the Box" Successfully Produced at the Madison Square Theatre

1. Lieut. Worburton (Henry Dixey) is mistaken for a coachman and locked up for disorderly conduct. 2. Examination by the magistrate in presence of the complainant (Carliotta Nilsson). 3. The new butler gets sentimental. 4. Carliotta Nilsson



The Ambition of Miss Edna May

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 44)

"MY ambition is to have a home and husband and children," said Edna May.

"That is not very difficult—at least—it shouldn't be difficult for you to achieve," returned the interviewer.

Miss May breathed a tiny sigh. She was in a pensive mood and wore a girlish gown of pale blue muslin with entre-deux of white lace. Her neck and forearms were becomingly bare.

"Ah, well, perhaps not," she said, "but I made one mistake and after that one dreads making another. It makes cowards of us all, you know. But I am extremely domestic. I love children. Last Saturday, September 2, was my birthday. I was twenty-seven. My mother said, 'When I was your age I had four children.' I said, 'Well, you were more fortunate than I.' It is fortunate to be young when your children are grown up, and be able to enjoy what they do. You have met my mother. You see how young she is."

A handsome, rosy matron in the early forties had met me at the door of the Gregorian apartment, had smiled as Edna May smiles, and had welcomed me with a genuine air of hospitality. Edna May spoke truly. It would seem that it is good fortune to be young while your children are grown up, and be able to enjoy what they do.

"My friends, especially my London friends, all love her. They are her friends as much as mine. I have always had her and my sisters, Jane and Marguerite, with me since I went to London. I took a house there as soon as I went over and they have always been with me. My father and brother remained in Syracuse. Men are able to get along alone, but women are not. Father came over twice a year all the while I was in London. I do not know how I could have gotten

on without that home. I should have been miserable without it."

"You think that the home atmosphere is helpful to a girl on the stage?"

"I don't see how she can get along without it. When things go wrong the family is there to comfort, encourage and bid her go on. When she is tempted they are there to strengthen her to resist temptation. And with them she cannot be lonely. I am never alone. If I were I would be depressed. I cannot stand it."

A young girl who over-topped Edna May by a head and shoulders, and broad and muscular shoulders they were, entered the little green drawing-room and was introduced.

"My little sister Marguerite," said the star of "The Catch of the Season." "Just look at her. And she is only fifteen."

Looking, one saw the Edna May contour of face, the deep blue Edna May eyes, the Edna May smile and the Edna May figure on an ampler scale. By the law of association one asked Miss May whether she proposed to make of Miss Marguerite an actress.

The larger edition of herself retorted saucily, looking at her sister, "Going to make an actress of herself first, aren't you, sis?"

The star pretended to be shocked. The star's big little sister stooped and kissed her. The star looked at her proudly, as though she were a big and somewhat unmanageable doll.

"She has been going to a convent in London. I have had her there with me for eight years, ever since she was seven. This winter she will go to a private school in New York. Then I want her to go to school again to a convent in the South of France until she is twenty. I am anxious that she shall have the best education possible under the cir-



Photo Lallie Charles, London

EDNA MAY IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL"

Scenes in "The Walls of Jericho" at the Savoy Theatre



ACT I. The smart set of London society indulging in its highly dignified pastime—the cake-walk



Mary Mannering James K. Hackett

ACT I. Mrs. Frobisher taunts her husband for being too serious and having no taste for society's antics



Mr. Hackett Miss Mannering

ACT III. Mr. Frobisher asserts his manhood, and announces his determination to sell everything and return to Australia

cumstances, and then, if we think she has talent for the stage, I should like to see her go into the profession. It is the best vocation I know for the women who have a talent for it."

Miss Marguerite bent her tall head and reflected.

"I would rather go on the stage than be a stenographer, or a teacher or a saleswoman. I don't see how anyone could want to be a saleswoman who——"

"Who could go on the stage," laughed Miss May, and the little big sister walked out of the room with a marked athletic stride.

Visions of home and husband and children provoke inquiries about the ideal man in individual cases.

"Yes, I have an ideal man in my mind," said Miss May with a little laugh, "but I can't say that I have ever met him. He must be not less than forty. Younger than that they are——" Those men younger than forty will never know what Miss May was going to say about them for she didn't say it. Discreetly, she changed the phraseology.

"Those of forty or more, if they are clever, are very interesting."

"Might he, perhaps, be fifty?"

Miss May dubiously shook her head.

"And sixty would be quite out of the question?"

"O yes, quite. I think forty-five is a nice age, don't you?"

"He must be a man of brains and," she knit her brow thoughtfully, "he must never give up to me. He must kindly and firmly have his own way. A woman doesn't care much for a man who does everything she wants him to."

Miss May admired Englishmen, with or without titles. And Americans, too. It was not a question of nations, but of individuals, in her opinion.

From charm in men we passed to charm in women, to that nearly indefinable quality that makes for success and friends, and is a lure to love.

"It is a wonderful thing, isn't it?" said Miss May. "It is so much more than beauty. I had much rather have charm without beauty than beauty without charm. Don't you think so? Charm is—well, that's difficult. Isn't it sympathy? I don't remember knowing anyone who had charm who was without sympathy. And charming persons all have temperament. For instance, what woman was ever more charming than Mme. Réjane? Yet she isn't beautiful, is she?"

All the while the interviewer was trying to analyze the undeniable charm of Edna May. In the glare of the autumn afternoon sunshine, in the conventional green drawing-room of the hotel suite, she was not as radiantly beautiful as in the swirl

of chiffons and the blaze of diamonds, with the calcium throwing her into relief against thousand dollar stage sets. Her features are long, her face pale, her chin too pointed. In other

than an Edna May face one might say that by all the laws of physiognomy this chin pointed to shrewishness. But the softly womanish eyes denied this. The sensitive mouth repudiated it. She was pretty in that most trying of lights. She was dainty, exquisitely so. She was not the madonna of the stained glass window, nor yet a saint done in sugar. She was charming. By charming I mean that her personality exuded the sympathy with all things, all persons, which she had defined as an essential of charm. It spoke in her eyes, that at close range have none of the "baby stare" by which some of the critics have been harassed from the stage. Her eyes are softly blue, with curiously wide pupils, but their individuality is not in their color, and if I ever looked into the eyes of a woman who had tasted deeply of the mingled sweets and aloes of life, eyes that have looked upon all the phases of life and sorrowed at some of them, they were the eyes of Edna May. Hers are the eyes of a woman who understands. Temperament? I have known some women who had more, many women who had less. And having reached this con-



Photo Marceau

RICHARD MANSFIELD
Who will be seen shortly as Don Carlos

clusion the writer was aware that Miss May had taken the reins of the interview between her pretty teeth and was going at admirable speed. She had been asked about those things that make for growth in an actress's life, asked as delicately as might be about the steps in her own evolution, from that beginning which a former manager had minimized by saying that any girl who was not a fright could duplicate Edna May's success in "The Belle of New York," that twenty girls had played the part and all had "made equally good."

Miss May was saying: "I think perhaps the greatest influence in an actress's growth in her art is association with clever persons, especially literary persons. Here I did not have that. But on the other side it was delightfully different. There I knew Mr. and Mrs. Barrie, visited them at their home. I knew Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins (Anthony Hope). She was a friend of mine. In the society of such persons one could not but learn. They stimulate thought and ambition. Theirs is the atmosphere of growth."

While she talked Miss May unobtrusively raised her hand and straightened a picture. She smiled.

"I told you that I am domestic," she said. "You see that there are at least fifty photographs in this room. When we were

settling here and I was rehearsing until six every day, the maid said, 'I will hang the pictures to-day,' but I said 'No, thank you. I intend to hang them myself.' And hang them I did, that very evening after six. I was tired when I left the theatre, but hanging the pictures seemed to rest me. I like my part in 'The Catch of the Season,'" she said with a happy smile. "More than anything, perhaps, because it tells a story. It tells the story of Cinderella, you know, and everyone, I think, likes the Cinderella story. It gives me a chance to act as well as to sing.

"It was true that I had not intended to appear again in musical comedy. I was disappointed and discouraged by my reception in this country in 'The Girl From Up There.' It was a bad play and I was bad in it. The critics said so, without reservation, and the truth hurt. I did not want to come back.

"'They like me in London. Let me stay,' I pleaded with Mr. Frohman. 'I don't want to go to America. Let me stay where people like me.'

"'We have to do these things sometimes,' Mr. Frohman said.

"So I came back, but it was with many misgivings. I was to play 'The School Girl,' and I didn't like the piece. To my surprise, Americans liked the piece, and the critics were good enough to like me in it. Then this season, although Mr. Barrie had written a charming little play for me, Mr. Frohman wanted to bring 'The Catch of the Season' over, and me with it, and I came, but it is my last season in musical comedy, I assure you.

"Mr. Frohman has taken the Vaudeville Theatre in London for me for five years, and I am to appear in comedies in Marie Tempest and Réjane kind of parts."

Miss May talked of certain errors that had appeared with exasperating repetition in print, although she seemed, in her smiling poise of the moment, quite incapable of exasperation at

anything. "For instance," she said, "I never was in the chorus. That really doesn't matter, but I would like to tell you the truth about it. When I was seventeen I had come from Syracuse to study music. While I was studying at the National Conservatory here I married Mr. Fred Titus. I left the conservatory after studying for six months, and joined Oscar Hammerstein's 'Santa Maria' company. I sang in a trio with Miss Camille D'Arville and another singer. The play, you may remember, was a failure. After six weeks it closed. I then joined 'A Contented Woman' company, in which Charles Hoyt was starring his wife, Caroline Miskel. I played one of her two daughters. After that Mr. Titus took me to see George W. Lederer, and he engaged me for 'The Belle of New York.' For several weeks they rehearsed me for the part of the 'Belle.' So that I was never in the chorus, although that really doesn't matter."

She spoke of the critics. "I wish they didn't write as though I were foolish," she sighed.

"Do they?"

"Well, 'ignorant,' or something like that."

"Perhaps they mean young and comparatively inexperienced."

"Perhaps so," she assented, "but I wish they wouldn't. I have worked and studied hard. I am always studying. Why, think of it! When I went to London with 'The Belle of New York' I was only eighteen. I celebrated my nineteenth birthday while I was playing in London. One should not expect too much from a girl of eighteen. And I have tried. What more than that has anyone done? Then, too, isn't it rather a joke on my friends, the critics, that they talk so much of my baby face and my baby ways when that is all acting? Every rôle I have played here has required baby face and baby manners. It is rather a compliment to my acting, don't you think?"

ADA PATTERSON.



Byron

May Blainey

Mary Mannering

THE BRIDGE-WHIST SCENE IN "THE WALLS OF JERICO"



COURTNEY-THOMAS

This young American singer is a native of St. Louis, Missouri. She made her début at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in the rôle of Juliet with great success



GERALDINE FARRAR AS MARGUERITE

Boston girl who has had sensational success in Berlin, and engaged by Mr. Conried for the Metropolitan Opera House



MARY GARDEN

Who has made a triumph in Paris in Charpentier's opera "Louise." Now singing regularly at the Opéra Comique, where she is a great favorite

American Singers Who Have Won Fame in Europe

THE history of opera has its dynasties, as that of royalty.

The dynasty of Mario and Grisi, Alboni and Sontag,

Parepa-Rosa and Titiens was succeeded by that in which shone Nillson and Gerster, Lucca and Brignoli; this in turn being overshadowed by that of Sembrich, Lehmann, Alvary and Scalchi. Then comes the reign of Melba, Calvé and the de Reszkés, just fading into history. Now and then a singer like Patti, who had made her début when Grisi and Mario were still living, and even now occasionally sings in public, will shine through several epochs, or a Sembrich will cover the full stretch of two, but as a rule each dynasty has its shining stars, that rise and set together. Periodically there comes a moment when the public feels that a change is impending.

Such a moment is approaching. All keen observers are reasonably certain that in the next two seasons there will rise out of the east the star about which the next dynasty will revolve—but who is it to be? The east is full of singers willing to be the rising star—convinced they are worthy, anxious to twinkle, and ready to mount to the empty space at the zenith if effort can do it. Every one of these aspirants, save she who is to shine out there, will be convinced that the place was reached by something other than a voice!

To America, one day, perhaps, will fall the honor of furnishing the world's great singers. Certainly never more than now were American singers given such opportunities. Never were there

so many of our countrywomen and countrymen singing successfully in Europe, and their number is increasing each year. Scores of American girls with beautiful voices, despairing of finding an opportunity at home, go abroad to become artist exiles in foreign capitals, and while the majority are doomed to disappointment,

others fare better than they might have done had they stayed in their own country. Some recent débuts of American girls abroad have turned out veritable triumphs. Geraldine Farrar, whom Mr. Conried presents this season in New York's aristocratic opera house, made a *furor* in Berlin, and Mary Garden, Bessie Abott, Courtney-Thomas and others have been almost equally successful in Paris and elsewhere.

Two things constantly amaze the European teachers—the beauty of the female voice among Americans and the inability of the average American, no matter how gifted, to work seriously. American students think much more about the material benefits of success than about the art itself, even when they are

studying, and perhaps this is a logical result of American life and its scale of values. It is not to be wondered at that in a country where the great prizes *may* belong to great effort, singers should all hope to be Melbas and Calvés, and have ever before their eyes visions of Patti and the fabled wonders of Craig-y-nos. I doubt if there is a singer studying in Europe to-day who does not dream of wearing the shoes of one of the six great stars who are passing, and remember that only one of them has made a really surprising début, and who, failing of that ambition, will not, in later years, be able to explain just "how it did not happen," claiming that, even after an American girl has wasted time, youth and money acquiring the necessary European "hall-mark," the engaging,



GERALDINE FARRAR IN PRIVATE LIFE

like kissing, "goes by favor."

Forgetting that a singer's appreciation of a fellow singer's art is rarely the public's, they will support this statement by listing you any number of singers in the American set who have had decent careers in Europe and never been able to set foot on the



Minnie Nast, of the Royal Opera, Dresden. She made her début at Aachen, and was at once engaged for Dresden in 1898. She was married last winter to the Finnish nobleman, Karl von Frencken, and with her husband visited America this summer. She is seen above as Mignon

could hardly feel happy over the prospect of a début at—well, say Brockton, Mass., one can make a début at—say Toulouse, and—always providing that one survives (they still throw things at singers there) find life worth living, because in the southern city there is a musical public. The day may come when they will have a musical public in small towns in the United States—when Henry Savage has finished his missionary work!



Julie Lindsay, daughter of Andrew Lillie, a well known American resident in Paris, as Constance in Mozart's "L'Enlèvement au Sérail," in which she made her début December 4, 1903

operatic stage in New York, either at the salary so fondly dreamed of, or at no salary at all. They never take into consideration that America—that is the United States—has only two grand opera troupes, unless you count that at New Orleans, while every continental city has its opera house. France has alone no less than ten outside its two and a half in Paris (the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt has now a three-months' season of Italian Opera). The opportunities for a début are, consequently, easily a hundred to one in favor of Europe, not to mention the fact that while one

American grand opera directors has the least desire to risk a débutante, and one of them will not.

For some years it has been toward the Opera at Paris that all students of singing have turned their longing eyes, since that was the spring-board from which Melba and Eames and Nordica leaped into public notice. Still, comparatively few singers have passed through there of late en route to the much desired cosmopolitan career, and at least one singer—Jane Noria (known in Savage's English Grand Opera Company as Josephine Ludwig)—has reversed the established



Cecile Talma, daughter of Dr. Henry J. Garrigues, New York, and member of the Carl Rosa Co. season of 1903-4. She sang as one of the flower girls in the "Parsifal" production by Mr. Conried in 1904-5. She is seen in the above portrait as Lakmé in Delibes' opera

America does give great prizes to foreign singers—if they can sing! Well, why not? In exchange, the European opera houses give American débutantes a chance or so a year, and if some of these débuts are handsomely paid for, enough of them are legitimate to keep the balance in favor of the older countries. To-day the European opera houses are a very good training school for opera in America, as they are for all those who are to shine in the cosmopolitan set. As far as America is concerned, this training school is a necessity. Neither of the

ble and discouraging. But in what profession is it not so? The beasts and the plants struggle for life, so must singers!

Since Marie Van Zandt made her début at the Opéra Comique in 1880, over twenty Americans have had a hearing in Paris; six have come to pass since the new century opened. Only two among the other fourteen or so have made any lasting mark in the list of international reputation—Lillian Nordica and Emma Eames—and it is by no means certain yet where they will rank when the record of the nineteenth century is set down in



Della Rogers, of Denver, Colorado, who made her début as Carmen at St. Petersburg in 1894, and later at Milan at the Scala, where she created rôles in Mascagni's "Ratcliffe" and Gardano's "André Chenier." She is now singing in Germany. She is seen above as the Queen of Sheba

sequence by, at one easy step, passing from the Savage company, in which she had made her début and learned her business, to the stage of the Paris Opera House, where she proved so well prepared that she made her three débuts in far quicker succession than is usual.

In the last twenty-five years the American débutantes in Paris have far outnumbered all the other foreigners. The competition for a hearing is terri-



Schloss

Jane Noria, now singing with success at the Grand Opera House, Paris. In America Miss Noria was a prominent member of the Savage Opera Co., under the name of Josephine Ludwig

history. Vocal values, like everything else, are only relative.

Marie Van Zandt's début at the Opéra Comique, some fifteen months after her first appearance in Italy, contributed a stirring page to the history of opera in Paris—a page which Charles Chincholle preserved admirably in his "Femmes et Rois." Her appearance was followed in June, 1881, by that of Gertrude Griswold at the Opéra, a promising début which had succeeded a stormy season at the Conservatoire, where she was of the few Americans ever graduated, and a most distressing series of disaster-threatening rehearsals. But she never fulfilled her promise, and her career in Paris was short.



YVONNE DE TREVILLE

Formerly of the Savage Company and now singing successfully in continental cities

In July, 1882, Lillian Nordica made an inglorious début, and has never yet been able to number Paris among her great triumphs. In May, 1883, Emma Nevada made her début at the Opéra Comique, and then for a period of three years no American succeeded in getting a hearing, but all through part of that interim Marie Van Zandt was one of the most popular singers in Paris—her tragic fall not coming until May, 1885, and she continued to appear there for some years after.

On May 6, 1887, there appeared in the "Cid" an American girl who had been known in Boston as Addie Chapman, but who, under the stage name of Ada Adiny, was for ten years, at intervals, a member of the company at the Paris Opéra, and during that time sang at La Scala, Milan, at San Carlos, Naples, and toured Germany, creating in Italy some of the leading Wagnerian rôles, and known all over Europe as one of the handsomest women on the stage, although few Americans ever heard her. She is to-day the wife of Paul Milliet, editor of *Le Monde Artiste*, and well known as a librettist. She lives in retirement in Paris now and devotes herself to teaching.

The year of 1889 was rather remarkable, for on March 13 Emma Eames made her début, which was followed May 15, at the Opéra Comique, by that of Sybil Sanderson, and November 3 of the same year, the special star of her period, Nellie Melba, the Australian, followed at the Opéra. Sybil Sanderson is considered by Parisians the best contribution America has ever made to the Paris stage. She was far more akin to the French by temperament than to her own land, and for years she was a great favorite. Even up to the year of her death, when illness had dimmed her beauty and her voice, she could still draw at the Comique.

After that season for fully five years there was no American début in Paris, nor did the balance of the century see one brilliant effort. On September 20, 1894, Louise Nikita, of Washington, who had made her début at St. Petersburg in the same season

that Eames, Sanderson and Melba appeared in Paris, was heard at the Opéra Comique, and then passed on to the Court of Saxe-Coburg, where she became a fixture. In December of the same year, Francis Saville, like Sybil Sanderson, a California girl, appeared at the Opéra Comique as Virginie, in "Paul et Virginie," a rôle which she created there.

January 8, 1895, Suzanne Adams appeared at the Opéra as Juliet, and September 22, 1896, Courtney-Thomas, a Missourian, made her début at the Opéra Comique. The former never completed her débuts at the Opéra, and the latter remained eight years a member of the company at the Opéra Comique, understudying, singing off-nights, useful and unremarked, but liked by her associates. Juliet was her most successful rôle.

In 1888 Zélie de Lussan sang at the Opéra Comique some of the rôles in which she has won notoriety in America, and the French capital had a taste of American methods in réclame—but to small purpose.

The last year of the century was marked by two American débuts—Rose Relda, another California girl, whose real name is Adler, and who was presented by Madame Colonne, wife of the director, and who sang Lakmé admirably, then did a season in Italy, toured across the continent to Stockholm, married and disappeared—and Fanchon Thompson!

The new century came in with more promise. On April 12, 1900, Mlle. Riota, who had created Louise in Charpentier's opera of that name, which was the success of that and several following seasons, fell ill, and in the middle of the opera Mary Garden took her place in the cast, and, without a rehearsal, finished the performance more than creditably, and has been a member of the company at the Opéra Comique ever since. She owed her start to the generous aid of Sybil Sanderson and to her persistence, and she is the only American since Van Zandt and Sanderson who was ever of proved box-office value. No voice ever heard here has been more disputed over; no one's method has ever been so criticised; yet her temperamental charm, the beauty of her plastique, her creative skill, are beyond dispute. She has created the rôles in which she has had her greatest successes. It is a question whether or not she would share in America the fate of the two Parisian favorites whom she succeeds—and bidding for favor, fail as they did, and as she has already done in London.

During that same season Geraldine Farrar, whom Boston may claim (Melrose is so nearby), made her début at the Royal Opera, Berlin. Many consider her one of the best possibilities for the future in the American list. This season she rounds out her five years in Berlin, and she steps directly over to New York, being under



ELIZABETH PARKINA

Popular member of the American colony in Paris. Made her debut in "Lakmé"



Reutlinger

BESSIE ABBOTT

American girl who is a favorite pupil of Jean de Reszke, and who has had great success in Paris. Miss Abbott is coming to America this winter for a concert tour

special engagement to Mr. Conried. Her five years in Berlin have been marked by much hard work—latterly with Lilli Lehmann—some success, much sensation, plenty of lively and outspoken opposition to her from singers jealous of her success, and much undeserved notoriety, her name having been used in connection with that of the Crown Prince in most reckless fashion. This will no doubt prove valuable to her managers for advertising purposes, but it belies a simple, ambitious, brave,

beautiful, and after two years at the Opera passed over to the Opéra Comique, where, in the season of 1904, she sang such rôles as Lakmé and Traviata. Miss Abott enjoys, with Sybil Sanderson, the reputation of being the only Americans who have sung on both stages as regular members of the troupe of each house.

This showing of débuts is by no means a heavy percentage of those who have tried for a start in Paris. If one were to set forth the tales of disappointments, the heartbreaking stories of those



Photo Byron

OTIS SKINNER AND LAURA HOPE CREWS IN CLYDE FITCH'S PLAY "HIS GRACE DE GRAMMONT"

hardworking American girl who ought to have been able to "arrive" without it. So great has been her success at the Berlin Opera that the management has allowed her a three-years' pension, which ordinarily accompanies only twenty years of service.

In 1901, Bessie Abott, one of the Abott sisters, well known on the American vaudeville stage a few years ago, made her début at the Paris Opera House as Juliet, with the assistance of Jean de Reszké, who had great confidence in her voice, which is really

who have tried and hoped and waited—and are still waiting—I have one such voice, and a beautiful one, ringing in my ears at this moment—it would appall those who have never been in touch with the struggle. Yet every failure I have seen has been just as logical as any of the successes and exactly as easy of explanation. Something besides a voice is needed for a career, unless the voice is remarkable, and remarkable voices rarely come in these days!

MILDRED ALDRICH.

(Concluded next month.)

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and

My Beginnings

By DE WOLF HOPPER

actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

I HAD a bad start upon the stage. I refer to my grandfather.

Grandfather was a fine and famous old figure in Philadelphia, Isaac T. Hopper, Quaker and First Vice-President, or something like that, of the underground railway that conducted fugitive slaves to Canada. He was a hearty old Abolitionist, of the blackest, was grandfather. He was very

devout, said "thee" and "thou," eschewed "Mr." and "Mrs.," thought gray the liveliest color that should be worn, and believed that every self-respecting man wore a broad brimmed hat of gray felt. Most of my readers, at least those who have played Philadelphia, have seen the Quaker sombrero.

Of course a Quaker named Isaac T. Hopper hated the theatre. Granddad was thoroughly convinced that a theatre was a vestibule of hell, and that everyone, even remotely connected with it, was a Mephistopheles or a Lilith. Horns, hoofs, brimstone, flames that flamed forever were friend Isaac T. Hopper's conception of the attributes and the fate of the wicked ones who appeared upon the boards or even entered by the front door of the playhouse.

Imagine, then, how this good, gray old man felt when a manager of a company that was organizing for a Napoleonic play, and who had seen my respected grandparent on the street and was struck with his resemblance to Bonaparte, offered him a hundred a week to play Napoleon. It was a sad scene, in which grandfather's hickory cane was about to figure when he remembered that the Quakers are a peace-loving and preaching people. Grandfather's blood and grandfather's Philadelphia principles lurking

in my system, formed one obstacle to my going on the stage. So did the William Henry De Wolfs of Rhode Island, from whom I sprung on my mother's side. What affinity has anyone discovered between Plymouth Rock and the theatre? But my father and mother had original views on the stage, though neither of them ever appeared upon one. My father was a lawyer, and while he was struggling with Blackstone, grandfather said to him:

"My son, hast thou been to see Fanny Kemble?"

"Yes, father," replied my progenitor, a very George Washington of veraciousness, "ninety-four times."

My mother also liked the theatre, and they took me to plays as soon as I had reluctantly parted with my nursing bottle. I was five years old when I became stage struck.

I rigged up a toy theatre,

and with three other urchins, gave Shakespearean plays, and permitted my parents and their friends in the audience. It appeared to me even then that they laughed in the wrong places and laughed much, too much, but we small Thespians were so intensely serious that their illtimed levity we scarcely noticed. When I was six years old my father died and my mother resolved that I should be a lawyer, as he had been. Perhaps I would have been, for I had begun my attentions to Blackstone very seriously, when I appeared in an amateur production called "Conscience." Some friends complimented me. I was secretly pleased with my own performance. The law was forgotten, not forever, but for a time.

When I attained my majority I was the unfortunate possessor of fifty thousand dollars. I say "unfortunately" advisedly, and recall that there is a play called "A Fool and His Money."

That fifty thousand made me the "angel" of the Criterion Comedy Company. We started out with high hopes and a play called "Our Boys." I played Talbot Champneys. That was in '81. "O sad time! O brief time!"

When "Our Boys" had sadly perished I repeated my performance of the angel for "The Hundred Wives" company, which exploited Ada Gilman as a star, and in which Georgie Drew Barrymore played the part of an abused wife, I being Confucius Maginley, a kind of general friend and peacemaker. The play was a Mormon melodrama by two well-known Chicago journalists, James B. Runyon and Colonel Pierce. We did a large business of about thirty-seven dollars a week. Let us draw the veil over the sad picture. Suffice it, that it took two years to effectually, hopelessly and irretrievably get rid of the last copper of that fifty thousand. I was in the situation of a late star and angel who had to go to work.

I joined the Harigan and Hart "Blackbird" company, and would have forgotten my troubles, for I am of a sanguine temperament, had it not been for my mother and the bill collectors.

Mother brewed for me fresh misery my first night with "The Blackbird." The gallery having manifested good-natured tolerance of me in laughing a little and re-



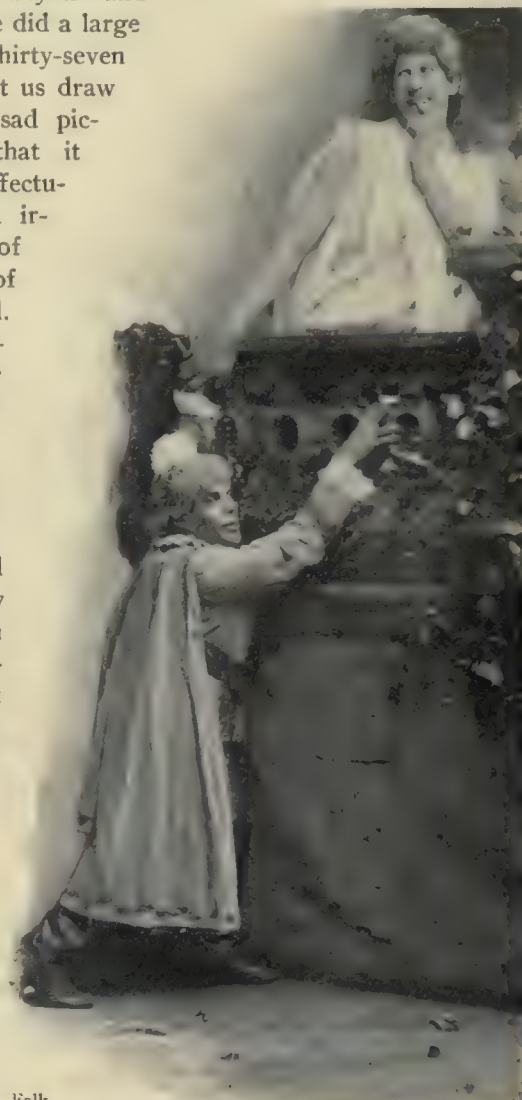
Falk
In "Clover"



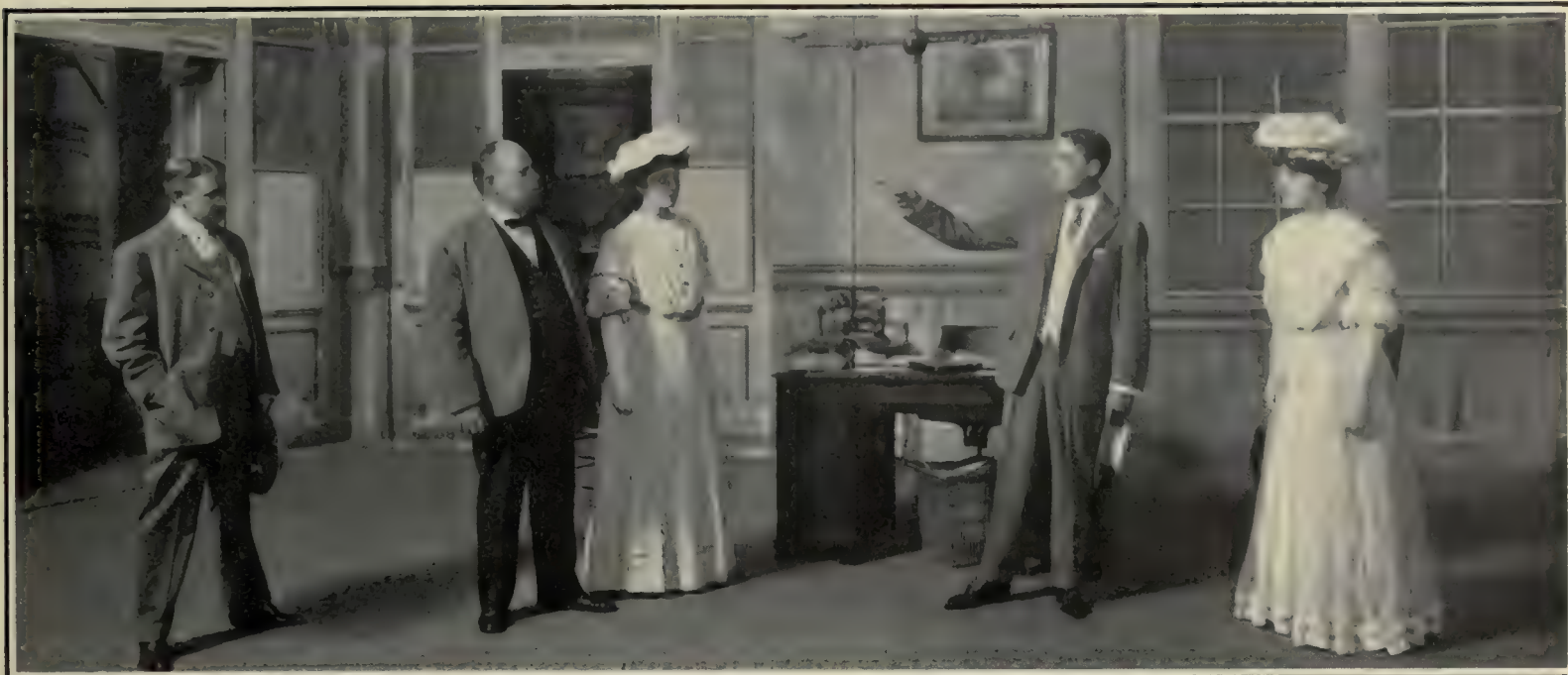
Falk
De Wolf Hopper twenty years ago



Myers
IN "CASTLES IN THE AIR"



Falk
MARSHALL P. WILDER AND DE WOLF HOPPER
As Romeo and Juliet



Charles Jackson

Eugene Jepson

Katherine Gilman

Joseph Wheelock, Jr.

Georgie Mendum

SCENE IN GEORGE ADE'S NEW COMEDY "JUST OUT OF COLLEGE"

fraining from throwing things, I went home convinced that I had made a hit. My good mother was almost in tears.

"O, Will," she said, "don't you think you should have stuck to the law?"

Clara Louise Kellogg and Georgia Cayvan became interested in my voice. They put the grand opera bee buzzing busily in my bonnet. I began studies under Luigi Meola, and owe it entirely to his training that I have been able to sing continuously so many years. In 1885 I joined the McCall opera company, being cast for the first baritone. While I was playing at Wallack's news came to me of the illness of my little son, Jack. His mother telegraphed me from Connecticut that the little fellow had diphtheritic sore throat and was not expected to live through the day. I was frantic, I could not be released from my engagement, and I walked the floor of my room in agony. That day Archibald Clavering Gunter read "Casey" in a Western newspaper. He brought it over to the manager and said: "This is base-ball night. The Chicago and New York teams will be in the house. Hopper is a fan. Why not have him read that?" The manager brought it to me and I read it unseeingly. I could not make out a word of it for thinking of little Jack. I told him that I could not memorize anything new at such a time.

Then a telegram came saying that Jack was better and out of danger. I celebrated my joy by falling upon "Casey" with a will. If that verse is anything, it is a mile long. But in an hour I had it memorized. It scored an enormous hit. After the show I hunted up Gunter and asked him the name of the man who wrote "Casey." He told me he didn't know, and said he had cut it out of a San Francisco paper some time before.

I tried for four years to find the man responsible for that thing. I asked everyone. I made the lives of my friends a burden to no avail. There were initials signed to "Casey"—E. L. T.—but they were every blessed thing I could discover. One night, nearly five years afterward, when I was playing "Wang" at Worcester, I got a note asking me if I would come around to a club I knew and meet the author of "Casey." I went, and was introduced to Ernest L. Thayer, a well-to-do manufacturer of Worcester. He had composed "Casey" merely to kill time, and had had no idea until I reached Worcester that the poem had scored a huge success.

To-day "Little Jack" is nineteen years old and weighs 197 pounds, and mother, who exclaimed: "O Will, don't you think you should have stuck to the law?" has been to see me in "Wang" no less than 157 times.



Georgie Mendum

Eugene Jepson

Joseph Wheelock, Jr.

Katherine Gilman

Mrs. E. A. Eberle

SCENE IN GEORGE ADE'S NEW COMEDY "JUST OUT OF COLLEGE"



Mary Anderson as a Stage Struck Girl

By MME. DE NAVARRO'S AUNT, ALICE GRIFFIN DUNSFORD



At the time she recited for Cushman

IN the Spring of 1875 I was stopping with my mother at the Grand Hotel in Cincinnati, when we were surprised one morning by a visit from my niece, Mary Anderson, better known among her friends at that time as plain "Mamie." She was accompanied by her mother and step-father, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, and they had that morning arrived by steamboat from Louisville, Ky., my former home. They had come to Cincinnati to meet Charlotte Cushman, the celebrated actress, who was then at the height of her fame, and before whom Mary wished to recite in order to have her judgment in regard to her (Mary's) abilities to become an actress.

I was not surprised when I learned that Mary was an aspirant for stage honors. I had always thought she was stage struck. She was then a lovely girl of about 17. I was a mere slip of a girl myself, and had known Mary intimately ever since her mother's marriage to Dr. Griffin. At the time of this visit to Cincinnati I was a young bride and Mary's aunt, having married her step uncle, the Hon. Gildersy Wells Griffin, United States Consul.

Miss Cushman was to meet Mary at one o'clock in the parlor of the hotel, and she and her mother spent the intervening time with us in our rooms. The young girl was full of enthusiasm regarding her plans for a stage career, and we chatted and laughed until Dr. Griffin came up to take his wife and daughter down to the parlor for the ordeal. Here we found Miss Cushman waiting. Dr. Griffin had introduced us all to the actress, who proceeded without further ceremony to the business on hand. Addressing Mary, Miss Cushman said: "My time is quite limited, Miss Anderson, so you will pardon me if I ask you to show me what you can do."

Mary did not stand on the order of going, but went at once, and with a voice as loud as is possible for a voice to come from the throat of a young, healthy girl, she broke forth, giving portions of the different plays of Shakespeare. Her gestures were wild and uncontrolled, but she succeeded admirably.

The guests of the hotel were then coming downstairs to dinner and many of them came to the doors of the parlor which Dr. Griffin had closed, and peeped in, some remarking that they thought a fight was going on. When the real nature of the proceedings did leak out, the excitement in the hotel corridors can be imagined.

After Mary had finished reciting she threw herself across Miss Cushman's lap, and said:

"Miss Cushman, do you think I shall ever make an actress?"

Miss Cushman looked thoughtfully at the young girl for a moment, then replied:

"You have three great requisites. In the first place, you have

a powerful voice; in the second place, you have a good memory, and lastly, you have a fine personal appearance. With study and perseverance you cannot fail to become a famous actress."

How prophetic seemed these words a few years later when the whole world acknowledged Mary Anderson to be one of the greatest actresses that ever set foot upon the boards of a theatre.

While listening to Mary recite I watched Miss Cushman closely, trying to see if I could discern wherein lay her power as an actress. I had never seen her act, and so, of course, had to judge from her appearance. She reminded me of a stern school "ma'am." She was of medium size and had blue eyes, fair face, and features rather small, all but her chin, which seemed to be her strongest point. It was very prominent and indicated great strength of character. Her hair was gray. She did not look old, but I suppose she was getting along about that time. Her manner was quiet and unassuming.

After Miss Cushman had taken her departure, my mother and I invited our visitors to lunch. Champagne was opened and we all drank to the health of the coming actress. Everyone was feeling very happy and jolly, when a cloud flitted over the party. Mary, who had become silent and morose, suddenly remarked:

"I believe I will return home this evening on the boat and go to school again, and give up the idea of going on the stage."

The terrible undertaking had seemed too great to her, and she had become discouraged. The crown of glory that was awaiting her was about to topple. The merrymakers grew quiet with anxiety and alarm. But her father and mother, after a little persuasion, soon got her over her blue spell, and all went well again. After lunch was over, we—Mary, her mother, her step-father, my mother and myself—took carriages and drove to Newport, Ky., where we were invited to the home of Mrs. R—, a relative of the Griffin family, and whose family were equally anxious to see the fair Mary become a great actress. During the afternoon I thought I would have a little fun, so I threw a bomb into the conversation. I was anxious to show the great devotion that Mary's step-father felt for her. I said:

"Oh, Mary may succeed and she may not. She has lots to learn."

The countenance of Dr. Griffin grew cold and angry, and he exclaimed:

"For God's sake, sister Alice, don't you turn against Mary. She will be the greatest actress this world has ever known. You'll never live to see another actress that will be better than she will be."

And his words proved true. From that time on I hoped and prayed Mary Anderson would

succeed. I saw the good and great-hearted Doctor Griffin's soul was wrapped up in his step-daughter, and I felt if she should fail, his happiness would be at an end.

Mary once asked me to write a poem to her. I did so on the



MARY ANDERSON
From a photograph taken in 1880



Carl Haydn
(Adonis)

Bertha Shalek
(Alicia)

De Wolf Hopper as, King Ecstasticus

Estelle Wentworth
(Patricia)

John Dunsmire
(Apollus)



Photos Hall Marguerite Clark

Mr. Hopper and Greek chorus singing, "Mimette, My Human Mermaid"

Marguerite Clark

The King of Elysia is bored to death because everyone in his kingdom is so monotonously happy. To change this, he marries them all by royal edict. Embarrassing complications ensue and His Majesty gets into all kinds of trouble, finding more alliances on his hands than he can possibly manage. Miss Marguerite Clark, who plays the Princess Sylvia with exquisite charm, is not really the tall young woman she appears here, but a winsome little elf barely four feet high and as nimble and graceful as a young fawn

Scenes in Reginald De Koven's and Frederick Ranken's Successful Comic Opera, "Happyland"

spur of the moment, she holding a book for me to write upon. I placed the letters of her name down one side of the paper and then wrote an acrostic on her name, expressing the wish that one day she should be famous. She declared that little poem was the first thing that made her wish to become a great actress. Mary was at that time a very innocent and unsophisticated young girl, and professed great love and admiration for me. After our visit to Mrs. R—'s our little party drove back to Cincinnati. As the carriage I was in was a little crowded I sat on Mary's lap, and during our ride we became quite chummy. I said, "Mary, what are you going to do for me when you become a great actress and make lots of money?" She replied, "Oh, dear Miss Alice, I will give you a costly diamond ring."

It was I who first discovered Mary's fine singing voice. She was in the habit of going regularly to the theatre to study Edwin Booth and on her returning she would recite bits of his plays. She would rave and yell, tear her hair and make so much noise that her stepfather said once:

"Mary, if you do not stop cutting up like that you will make



LEILA BENTON
Now appearing in "Miss Dolly Dollars"

the neighbors believe we have a lunatic in the house. You have been carrying on as crazy as a March hare."

The stage seemed her only vocation, and I suppose it was. It was what she was really fitted for, and yet at the height of her fame she preferred her sweet domestic life to the stage. The American newspapers recently announced that Mary Anderson would tour America again; that a fabulous sum had been offered her to come to this country and read; but she had refused the offer, saying her happy life could not be broken into. It is true that as Mme. Navarro she is said to play the rôle of wife equally as well as she played Juliet.

James W. Morrissey, who managed Mary Anderson's last engagement here, has just received the following letter sent from Malvern, England, where Mme. de Navarro is in the mountains with her new-born daughter:

We are here—next to Jenny Lind's old home—for a little mountain air. Let me thank you and your dear wife for your kind message of congratulation. Our little girl is a miniature of her mamma, only with dark hair and deep blue eyes. Your little friend, Tony (her little son, now 9 years old), is entirely in love with her! She is a very bright and winsome young lady! MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO.

The New Belasco Theatre in Washington



David Belasco

AFTER strenuous efforts by David Belasco to secure a theatre at the National Capital to be run by the "Independents" in connection with the chain of theatres in other cities and in opposition to the so-called Theatrical Trust, that manager and the S. S. Shubert Amusement Company have purchased from the Lafayette Square Opera House Company, the unexpired term of the lease of the Lafayette Square Opera House, made by Mrs. Harriet S. Blaine, widow of Hon. James G. Blaine, for ninety-nine years from January 1, 1895, which has about eighty-eight years to run. The amount paid by the new proprietors is not stated, but five notes signed jointly by Mr. Belasco and the S. S. Shubert Amusement Company, of New York, were given to secure the payment of \$85,000, the balance of the purchase money of the leasehold interest in the property.

The Lafayette Square Opera House is situated in Madison Place, fronting on Lafayette Square, is a short distance from, and almost in front of the White House, and stands on a historic site. It is related that many years ago when the lot was of small value Henry Clay won it in a game of cards and swapped it for a jackass which Commodore John Rodgers brought home from the Mediterranean. Commodore Rodgers built a house on it, which was afterwards occupied by Chief Justice Roger B. Taney. It was also occupied by the Hon. James K. Paulding, Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Van Buren. It was afterwards used as a club house, which was frequented

by many of the most prominent men in Washington. U. S. District Attorney Philip Barton Key was a member of the club and when he was shot Sunday, February 27, 1859, by the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, at the southeast corner of Lafayette Square, he was carried into the club house and died there.

The Hon. William H. Seward purchased the property and resided there while Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Lincoln. It was in the second story front room of that house on the night of April 14, 1865, the night that President

Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's Theatre, on Tenth street, by John Wilkes Booth during the performance of "Our American Cousin," that Mr. Seward was lying in bed suffering from a fractured arm and a broken jaw, caused by being thrown from his carriage. About 10 o'clock Payne, an accomplice of Booth, made his way into the house representing that he had some medicine from the physician, which he had been directed to deliver to the Secretary in person. Being denied admission to the Secretary's room he forced his way in, seized the suffering statesman with one hand and with a knife cut him on both jaws. In the struggle with the assassin both of Mr. Seward's sons were cut severely, and one was badly injured by being beaten over the head with a revolver. Payne then rushed down the steps and escaped. Mr. Seward was found lying on the floor, having rolled out of bed in his struggles to escape the knife of the assassin.

James G. Blaine later acquired the house and he died in it January 27, 1893. The erection of the present theatre was begun on the site in 1895.

A. I. MUDD.



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SHAW CALLS US PROVINCIAL

The action of Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, head of the circulation department of the free lending libraries of New York, in placing George Bernard Shaw's play, "Man and Superman," on the restricted list, has aroused the ire of the Irish-English dramatist, and he has sent the following characteristic protest to the *New York Times*:

"DEAR SIR—Nobody outside of America is likely to be in the least surprised. Comstockery is the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States. Europe likes to hear of such things. It confirms the deep-seated conviction of the Old World that America is a provincial place, a second-rate country-town civilization after all.

"Personally I do not take the matter so lightly. American civilization is enormously interesting and important to me, if only as a colossal social experiment, and I shall make no pretense of treating a public and official insult from the American people with indifference.

"It is true I shall not suffer either in reputation or pocket. Everybody knows I know better than your public library officials what is proper for people to read, whether they are young or old. Everybody knows also that if I had the misfortune to be a citizen of the United States I should probably have my property confiscated by some postal official and be myself imprisoned as a writer of 'obscene' literature.

"But as I live in a comparatively free country and my word goes further than that of mere officialdom, these things do not matter. What does matter is that this incident is only a symptom of what is really a moral horror both in America and elsewhere, and that is the secret and intense resolve of the petty domesticity of the world to tolerate no criticism and suffer no invasion.

"The one refuge left in the world for unbridled license is the married state. That is the shameful explanation of the fact that a journal has just been confiscated and its editor imprisoned in America for urging that a married woman should be protected from domestic molestation when childbearing. Had that man filled his paper with aphrodisiac pictures and aphrodisiac stories of duly engaged couples, he would now be a prosperous, respected citizen.

"If 'Man and Superman' were a specimen of the same propaganda its 'wholesomeness' would not be questioned. But 'Man and Superman' contains an explicit attack on marriage as the most licentious of human institutions. Consequently the domestic Alsatia, which has for so long wielded the stolen thunders of morality and religion to defend its excesses, with the result that man is the most morbid of all the animals, is terrified to find the thunderbolts burning its own hands and coming back like boom-crangs at its own head. Well, let it defend itself if it can, how it can, and as long as it can.

"I am an artist, and, it is inevitable, a public moralist, and if everybody supposes that by going through a marriage ceremony or any other ceremony he can put himself outside the moral world on any subject whatever, he is mistaken.

"I have honor and humanity on my side, wit in my head, skill in my hand, and a higher life for my aim. Let those who put me on their restricted lists so that they may read me themselves while keeping their children in the dark, acknowledge their allies, state their qualifications, and avow their aims, if they dare.

"I hope the New York press will in common humanity to those who will now for the first time hasten to procure my books and witness the performances of my plays under the impression that they are Alsatian, warn them that nothing but the most extreme tedium and discomfort of conscience can be got by thoughtless people from my sermons, whether on the stage or in the library.

"I hope also that the many decent and honorable citizens who are bewildered and somewhat scandalized by my utterances will allow me to choose my own methods of breaking through the very tough crusts that form on the human conscience in large modern civilizations. Indeed, a man is hardly considered thoroughly respectable until his conscience is all crust and nothing else. The more respectable you are the more you need the pickaxe.

"I am extremely sorry that the insult implied in the action of the library authorities should to some extent reflect on Richard Mansfield, Arnold Daly, Robert Lorraine, and the many artists who as members of their companies have been associated with my plays in America. Without for a moment pretending that the actor is committed to all the ideas of which he becomes the inter-



If you should ask her the secret of her beautiful flowing locks, she would say, "Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer." It is the guardian of youth, the key to beauty. It is safe, sure, and reliable. Sold for over sixty years.

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preter, I am yet convinced that the extraordinary enthusiasm with which my plays have been pushed to success on the American stage in the teeth of managerial skepticism and general incredulity has been due to moral as well as artistic enthusiasm.

"Pray, do not suppose I am insensible of the good intentions of the leaders of 'All men mean well,' and 'Hell is paved with good intentions, not bad ones.'

"Before you undertake to choose between evil and good, in a public library or anywhere else, it is desirable that you should first learn to distinguish one from the other. The moment you do that, say, after forty years' study of social problems, you realize that you cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs; that is, you cannot have an advance in morality until you shake the prevailing sense of right and wrong sufficiently to compel a readjustment.

"Now, if you shake the sense of right and wrong you give to every rascal his opportunity and to every fool his excuse. Preaching of Christianity makes some men Doukhobors instead of better citizens. Socialism may become the plea of the Anarchist or the dynamiter, science of the vivisectionist, and Puritanism of the Comstocker; but the nation that will not take these risks will never advance morally.

"I do not say that my books and plays cannot do harm to weak or dishonest people. They can, and probably do. But if the American character cannot stand that fire even at the earliest age at which it is readable or intelligible, there is no future for America.

"Finally, I can promise the Comstockers that, startling as 'Man and Superman' may appear to them, it is the merest Sunday-school tract compared with my later play, 'Major Barbara,' with which they will presently be confronted.

"Yours faithfully,
"G. BERNARD SHAW."

Police Commissioner on Shaw

Police Commissioner McAdoo in the course of an address at the West Side Y. M. C. A., this city, on Oct. 8 last had this to say regarding George Bernard Shaw and his play "Man and Superman," now being performed at a New York theatre:

"Then there are the theatres, and I am not saying that the most of them are bad. Some of them are very good. The theatre crowds, with two matinées a week, six night performances, and Sunday concerts to attend, represent a vast part of our population, more than those who go to church. They are eager for amusement. The best drawing plays are those where there is a laugh. Unfortunately, that is where there are jokes at the expense of the matrimonial relations. They are written by clever men, and intelligent men and women go to see them. They would not let their sons and daughters go, but they do go after hearing the parental discourse, or knowing that their parents did attend. We cannot have a censorship, but we can withhold a license.

"If as fine a man as our President is right about the sacredness of the American home as the pillar of the State, what shall we think of the theatre, where it is preached that marriage is a joke? That is not the healthy view of life of our best Americans.

"Now, I do not like to attack Bernard Shaw. He is clever, able, and witty, and he wants us to believe him sincere. If New York should adopt his moral code I would resign my Police Commissionership in an hour. Shaw is a countryman of mine, and, like me, was born poor. He is almost a genius, who classes Shakespeare as a second-rater in the literary world. Shaw may have seen that the way to make money was to do something out of the common. In the drama he represents the new type of Oscar Wilde, whose plays can be revived here with profit, notwithstanding the horrors of his private life.

"I prefer for one the old melodrama, where the hero was always a man, and a gentleman at that; the villain all that should be hissed, and everything came out right in the end. I want the old days, with the good plays, and there were many of them. I do not want the plays where you are made to laugh that marriage is a joke. Public opinion will regulate this in the end, as it will the sensational press."

Theatre Magazine for Library

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE has been added to the large list of current magazines on the library shelves. This publication will doubtless be very helpful to the members of the dramatic club and to all students making a study of the theatre and drama.—*Minneapolis University Daily.*

Plans for Bernhardt's Tour

Sarah Bernhardt's New York engagement will begin at the Garden or Wallacks, on Nov. 20, and will be for two weeks only. The other cities in which she is booked, Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati, will have but one week each. Her repertoire will consist of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Angelo," "Camille," "The Sorceress," and "Tosca." M. Max will be her leading man. The subscription sale of seats will begin two weeks in advance of the regular sale.

Wagner's "Valkyrie" is now scheduled for its first American production in English by Henry W. Savage at the Tremont Theatre in Boston on the anniversary of the first "Parsifal" performance in English last year at the same playhouse.

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An Interview with Ibsen

"Ibsen has written his last line.

"He is to-day a watery-eyed, tremulous old man, his nervous force gone and his physical strength vanishing. Two physicians are with him night and day. He reads no more, but sometimes his attendants read to him.

"His voice, however, possesses a wonderful vigor, for those Norwegian voices retain their rumble and decisiveness to a great age.

"There is marvellous life in the old man yet when you consider his nearly seventy-eight years of combat, but his work is done.

"Only the evidence of the eye is required to make all this known to him who pays a visit of respect to the great man of Christiana."

This is the message A. T. Worm, an American theatrical manager, brings from the gloomy old library of Ibsen's house in Christiana. On July 15 Mr. Worm, accompanied by George Tyler of the theatrical firm of Liebler & Co., met the dramatist there. They are of the very few from the outside world who have been permitted to see Dr. Ibsen during the last two years. The appointment was arranged by telephone with Dr. Ibsen's physicians, and was brought about not without difficulty. The visitors were escorted into the library at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, remaining half an hour. They found Dr. Ibsen seated in a large chair in the center of the room. He started to rise as they approached him, but they hurried forward and prevented the effort. He remained seated throughout the interview, which was carried on in English on the part of Mr. Tyler and in Norwegian by the playwright, Mr. Worm acting as interpreter. Three subjects—the appreciation of the Ibsen plays in America without the payment of royalties, the independence of Norway, and a possible automobile ride, were touched upon. The conversation went rather haltingly, says Mr. Worm, because both he and Mr. Tyler felt a natural awe and humility as they sat in the presence of the greatest figure in Europe to-day.

"The purpose of our visit," Mr. Worm adds, "was to sound Dr. Ibsen on the possibilities of his undertaking a lecture tour of America under Mr. Tyler's direction, or of writing a play to be presented by one of the Liebler stars. As to the first proposition I may say that, though the dramatist does not speak English, we planned to have him address the American public in German, and we felt he could reach large audiences of students and German-Americans in that tongue.

"But it required only a glance at the venerable man peering at us with watery eyes from behind his heavy spectacles to assure us that our plans could never be carried out, even were Dr. Ibsen willing to consider them. So we did not broach them to him. He has written his last line. He is living the life of a recluse. He very seldom goes out of doors now, but once in a while is taken for an easy drive.

"The library, where he spends most of his days now, is a high, dark, old-fashioned room on the first floor of his house. Newspapers were strewn about. Conspicuous on the shelves were the works of Kant and Schopenhauer. Dr. Ibsen was dressed in an old, black frock coat and wore a black tie. He is stout—stouter than when I saw him fifteen years ago.

"His face, in spite of the marks of age—I had almost said of dotage—is still wonderful. I was overwhelmed by it. You can feel the intellectual power in it. It somehow makes you dumb at first.

"I can compare his countenance to but one thing. It is like an iceberg. It is a massive, dominating countenance; almost terrible.

"We began our conversation by asking him if he realized how his plays were admired in America, and how interested the people were in his message.

"He smiled grimly—a kind of satanic smile I should call it, or is saturnine the word?—and said he was glad to hear it, but that he had no tangible evidences of that admiration, that the Americans used his work without paying for it. I thought of the 'art-for-art's-sake' devotees, who have made fame and some money out of him on our stage, and said no more on that subject.

"We spoke of the rupture between Norway and Sweden and of the future of Norway as a republic. He replied that he did not see why Norway should not be a republic on American principles, and that he would like to see that. We asked him what he thought of the idea that a Swedish prince should be called to the throne of Norway, and he again said he could see no reason why Norway should not become a republic, and that he was not in favor of a Swedish prince. I do not expect ever to see him again. His work is done and he is only waiting."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

M. Williams, L. A. W., South Bend, Ind.; E. H., Brooklyn; L. R., N. Y., and others: "Man and Superman" is on sale at all bookstores and published by Brentanos, N. Y.

Bay State.—Q.—Will you interview James K. Hackett and Mary Manning? A.—See our July, 1903, issue for Mary Manning. Mr. Hackett may be interviewed later. Q.—Is Mrs. Hackett's real name Mary Manning? A.—See answer to Yam K. in our October issue. Q.—Is elocution as taught at school considered poor preparation for the stage? A.—It is so considered by professionals. L. B.—Q.—Will Grace George have a new play this season? A.—Yes, "The Marriage of William Ashe." Q.—When will "Woodland" play in Boston? A.—Very soon. Q.—What is the new cast of "Woodland"? A.—Prince Eagle, Louise Tozier; King Eagle, Chas. Meyer; Blue Jay, Harry Bulger; Robin Redbreast, Walter Lawrence; Gen. Rooster, Sherman Wade; Judge Owl, Louis Cassavant; Dr. Raven, Chas. Meyer; Miss Nightingale, Magda Dahl; Polly Parrot, Ida Mulle; Lady Peacock, Greta Risley; Turtle Dove, Bertyne Mortimer; Jenny Wren, Helen Hale; The Cold Bottle, Hattie Nichols; The Hot Bird, John Donohue; Lieut. Sparrow, Eva Fallon.

Essex Falls, N. J.—Q.—Where can I address letters to Shaw, Ibsen, and Barrie? A.—Letters addressed to the London Era will reach them in due time. Q.—Is Guy Bates Post's wife on the stage? A.—His wife, Sarah Ruax, is a leading lady. Q.—Where can I address Mary Anderson? A.—Malvern, England. Q.—Who will take the title roles in "The Masquerader" and "Graustark"? A.—We do not know.

J. W. M., Weekapaug, R. I.—Q.—Can I obtain the original Maude Adams' edition of "The Little Minister"? A.—Write to Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d St., City. Q.—Will Maude Adams be included in your "Chats with Players"? A.—See our September, 1903, issue. Q.—Who is to be Miss Adams' leading man? A.—It is not yet announced. Q.—What photographs have you of Maude Adams? A.—We cannot enumerate them all. Q.—Will you publish her picture soon? A.—See our May, 1905, issue. Q.—Is the report true that she will again be co-star with Mr. Drew? A.—No. Q.—Where could I get some pictures of her in "Rosemary" or "The Masked Ball"? A.—At this office. Q.—Will she play both "The Masked Ball" and "Peter Pan" this season? A.—Only "Peter Pan."

H. D., Elwood, Ind.—Q.—Where can I procure a copy of the play "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"? A.—Write to Samuel French, 26 West 22d St., City.

D. F., Chicago, Ill.—See answer to "R. F., St. Louis, Mo." in our July issue.

G. E. P., Providence, R. I.—Q.—Are you correct in saying that Miss Marlowe made her first appearance as Parthenia in 1877? A.—It was a typographical error, and should have been April 25, 1887. Q.—Is Miss Marlowe abroad? A.—She has returned, and is now appearing in Shakespearean plays. Q.—In what will she appear besides "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night"? A.—The Taming of the Shrew. Q.—Was she married twice? A.—No. Q.—Is Florence Reed Isadore Rush's daughter? A.—No relation whatever.

Numbskull.—Q.—Is there a demand for new musical comedies? A.—There is always a demand for them. Q.—Does it pay to write a successful musical comedy? A.—Yes, if the comedy should prove successful. Q.—How does one arrange with a composer in regard to the music? A.—He generally shares in the weekly royalties. Thanks for your kind remarks.

Georgie.—Q.—How can I learn the principles of make-up and acting as would be taught in a good dramatic school? A.—The Crescent Trade Co., 144 West 37th St., publish such a book. Q.—Does it help one to see many good plays? A.—Assuredly.

Odette.—A.—In 1562 Arthur Brooke, or Broke, published a poem entitled "Romeus and Juliet," which has been pretty clearly shown to be one of the sources of Shakespeare's tragedy.

F. F. S., York Beach, Me.—Q.—How can I get a letter to Clara Morris? A.—Write her at Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y. Q.—Is she going to play in anything during the coming season? A.—We do not know. Q.—What are the addresses of Dramatic Schools of Boston, Mass.? A.—We cannot inform you.

D. A. S.—Q.—Will you publish Maude Durbin's picture and a brief synopsis of her stage life? A.—We published pictures of her in our June and October, 1904, issues.

M. K., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Can I get artists to furnish me with accounts of their stage careers? A.—Artists do not care to furnish such matter to strangers. Read this magazine regularly and you will learn all you want to know. Q.—How could I obtain an article from Eleonore Duse? A.—You might write to her when she comes to this country, but we doubt if you will succeed. Thanks for your complimentary remarks.

F. K., N. Y. City.—You will find your questions answered in the July THEATRE.

Jax, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Will you give me a short account of the careers of Olga Nethersole and Blanche Walsh between "Aristocracy" and "The Resurrection"? A.—Olga Nethersole was born in Kensington, London, in 1865. Is the youngest daughter of a London solicitor. Spent childhood in Germany. At eighteen made her debut at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, Eng., as Lettice Vane in "Harvest." Then joined Arthur Dacre's Co. and played in the English provinces. Afterwards in the companies of Lionel Brough and Willie Edouin. Made London debut at the Adelphi in July, 1888, in "Union Jack." Then accepted an engagement as understudy to Mrs. Bernard Beere in "La Tosca." In 1890 went to Australia with her own company. Reappeared in London in May, 1892, in "Agatha." Then hired the Garrick Theatre and produced "The Transgressor" and made a tremendous hit. Made American debut Oct. 15, 1894, at Palmer's (Wallack's) Theatre in the same play, but proved a disappointment. Visited this country seasons 1895-6-7 under Chas. and Daniel Frohman's management. For Miss Walsh see THEATRE MAGAZINE for June, 1903, and July, 1905. Q.—Where can I address a letter to Chas. Dalton, Forbes Robertson, Robert Edeson and Arthur Forrest? A.—Dalton and Robertson, London Era, London, Eng.; Forrest, Dramatic Mirror, West 42d St., and Edeson, Hudson Theatre, this city.

F. B. S., N. Y.—Q.—Will you print pictures of Maude Lambert and chorus singing the "Borneo" song in "Lifting the Lid" and other scenes from the same play? A.—Possibly.

Constant Reader.—You will find your queries answered in the September THEATRE.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Have you interviewed Anna Held? A.—Not yet.

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J. S. H., Baltimore, Md.—Q.—Will you interview Dustin Farnum? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Will you publish photos of him as himself? A.—See our September, 1905, issue. Q.—When did Mrs. Farnum play in "The Virginian"? A.—The first season it was produced in this city. Q.—Is she any relation to Agnes Muir? A.—None. Q.—Can I obtain a copy of the play "The Virginian"? A.—It is not published. Q.—Who took the photo of Eleanor Robson as Bonita in the July THEATRE? A.—Hall, 1466 Broadway, this city.

G. L., Cleveland.—Q.—See the interview with Edna May in this number. Q.—Are any of Gaboriau's novels dramatized? A.—Yes. Q.—In what show will Josephine Cohan appear this season? A.—She is now playing in vaudeville. Q.—Is Lulu Glaser coming to Cleveland? A.—Yes, very soon. Q.—Who plays Rose Melon in "Diff, Paff, Pouf"? A.—Amelia Stone played Rose Melon. Q.—Who played Waller in "The Vinegar Buyer"? A.—Walter Thomas.

E. M., Cincinnati.—Q.—See answer to W. A. E., Los Angeles, Cal., in our July issue.

F. H., Wawnatosa, Wis.—Q.—Did Arthur Berthelet play in Mr. Mansfield's company last year? A.—No. Q.—Who does he play with this year? A.—We do not know.

S. A. G., Cleveland, O.—Q.—When will Kyrle Bellew play in Cleveland again? A.—Late in the season? Q.—Is he still playing "Raffles"? A.—Yes. Q.—Will you interview Kyrle Bellew? A.—See our June, 1902, issue.

C. C. Fairmount, W. Va.—Q.—What play did James T. Powers act in about three or four seasons ago? A.—"The Medal and the Maid."

A. P. W., Shreveport, La.—Q.—Who is the author of "Pads and Pansies," and what is the price of the book? A.—We do not know.

G. T. W.—Q.—When have you interviewed E. S. Willard? A.—February, 1902. Q.—What is the price of that issue? A.—\$1.00.

Constant Reader.—Q.—Where can I secure a photo of Paul McAllister and William Bramwell? A.—At this office.

A Subscriber, Green Bay, Wis.—Q.—See answer to E. M., Cincinnati. Q.—Who engages the chorus people for Henry Savage's and the Messrs. Shubert's production? A.—The stage manager and musical director. Q.—To whom should one apply for a position in the chorus? A.—To the musical director.

P. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—What are the addresses of Andrew Mack and Chauncey Olcott? A.—Andrew Mack is now en route from Australia and Chauncey Olcott was in this city, at the Maieistic Theatre. See route.

C. H., Washington, D. C.—Q.—When will the Sothern and Marlowe Co. play in this city? A.—Late this year. Q.—Has a Julia Marlowe edition of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" been published? A.—No. Q.—When did you publish her picture in that play and in "The Cavalier"? A.—May, 1901, and April, 1903.

M. E., Washington, D. C.—Q.—How can I reach Louise Galloway, Charlotte Walker and Dorothy Hammock? A.—A letter sent in care of *The New York Mirror*, West 42d St., will reach them. Q.—Have you published a picture of Louise Galloway? A.—Not yet. Q.—Can you give me any information concerning her? A.—She is engaged for Henrietta Crossman's Company.

A. M. J.—Q.—Is "Leah Kleschna" taken from a book? A.—Not to our knowledge. Q.—Where can I get the play? A.—Write to Harrison Grey Fiske, Manhattan Theatre, city.

E. C., Kalamazoo, Mich.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Mabel Barrison and plays in which she has appeared? A.—Not yet.

M. C. B., Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Can I secure pictures of Dave Lewis, Maud Alice Kelley and scenes from "The Royal Chef" and "The Isle of Snice"? A.—Write to this office. The scenes you can also secure at this office at \$1.00 apiece. Q.—Have you pictures of Cissie Loftus? A.—Yes. Q.—What is the price? A.—Cabinet size, 35 cents. Q.—What is James Madison's address? A.—L. K. Heit, 1404 Third Ave., this city, is Mr. Madison's agent.

Old Subscriber, Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Q.—Does Mabel Taliaferro pronounce her name taliver or tal-i-ferro? A.—Tally-ferro is the only way we ever heard it pronounced.

A. E. A. B., Linden, N. J.—Q.—Have you published pictures of the principal characters and scenes from "The Wizard of Oz"? A.—See our August, 1902, and March, 1903, issues.

Robert, San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—What parts or part has Jameson Lee Finney been successful in? A.—Algie Portman, in the "Man of Forty," and Picard, in "The Two Orphans," were among his best characterizations. Q.—What is his line of work? A.—He is a character actor. Q.—Where is he playing at present? A.—With Margaret Anglin at the Princess Theatre, this city.

Helen.—Q.—How can I address letters to Sidney Toler and Donald MacLaren? A.—In care of *The New York Mirror*, West 42d St., this city. Q.—Is Sidney Toler engaged for this season? A.—He is with the "When Baxter Butted In" Co.

M. E. S., Evanston, Ill.—Q.—In what play last season did Stephen B. French appear? A.—He was with Maude Adams the latter part of last season. Q.—What are his plans for the coming season? A.—They have not as yet been announced. Q.—What is the best dramatic school in New York? A.—Consult our advertising columns. Q.—What school or teacher would you advise me to go to in Boston to study dramatic art? A.—We do not know of any in Boston.

H. B. T., Williamsport, Pa.—Q.—What is Ethel Barrymore's address? A.—Care of Chas. Frohman, Empire Theatre Building, New York City.

W. A. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Q.—When and where was the initial production of "Beauty and the Beast" given? A.—It was done for the first time in America, January 23, 1843, at Mitchell's Olymptic, this city; then at the Old Chatham Theatre, this city, February 5, 1855; New York Theatre (formerly the Globe), September 17, 1886, and at the old Broadway Theatre, December 12, 1856.

M. S. P. G., Omaha, Neb.—Q.—Will you publish Walker Whiteside's picture? A.—Perhaps. Q.—How do you pronounce Faversham? A.—As spelled, first "a" short.

O. J. F., Galveston, Texas.—Q.—When did you publish pictures of Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian"? A.—March, 1905, and Feb., 1904. Q.—Will Mr. Farnum and Guy Bates Post come to Galveston this season? A.—We do not think so. Q.—In what show is Arthur Dunn playing this season? A.—We do not know. Thanks for your complimentary remarks.

N. W. D., New York.—Q.—Will you reproduce other posters of current plays in the same way as you reproduced the English poster of "Peter Pan"? A.—We may do so. Thanks for your kind remarks.

Inquirer, New York.—Q.—Will you publish a short sketch of Edna May's career? A.—See this issue. Dana Hall, Boston.—Q.—Where could I procure a "Peter Pan" poster? A.—We are trying to secure some. When we do we will announce it.

B. B.—Q.—Have you published scenes from "Merely Mary Ann," and also a criticism? A.—See our January and February, 1904, issues. Q.—What is the price of these numbers? A.—Fifty cents apiece.

A Subscriber.—Q.—Where is James Neill? A.—He will be Mme. Modjeska's leading man. Q.—Is Edith Chapman his wife? A.—Yes.

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10. Mme. Bertha Kalisch in "Fedora."
11. Arnold Daly in "Candida."
12. Wm. Bramwell in "Captain Barrington."
13. George Arliss in street costume.
14. Denman Thompson in street costume.
15. William Collier in street costume.
16. Clara Morris at home.
17. Florence Roberts in "La Gioconda."
18. Fritz Scheff in evening dress.
19. Aimee Angeles in "The Rollicking Girl."
20. William Courtenay in street costume.
21. E. S. Willard in "The Cardinal."
22. Frank Worthing in street costume.
23. Henrietta Crossman in plain dress.
24. Robert Edeson at home.
25. Sir Henry Irving as Cardinal Wolsey.
26. Sir Henry Irving as Dante.
27. Edna May in "The School Girl."
28. Bertha Galland in street dress.
29. Amy Ricard in "The Master Builder."
30. Ada Rehan as Portia.
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Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send us, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 500 words. Letters published must be regarded as expressing the personal opinion of each correspondent. The Editor does not necessarily endorse the statements made and disclaims all responsibility.

Appreciated in Australia.

SYDNEY, New South Wales, Sept. 9, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In your most valuable and interesting journal for June, appears a letter in which the writer said: "Most people want to know these points (referring to a list showing the runs of plays) than to read reminiscences of old or deceased players." To my mind these reminiscences of old actors and the insight into the past history of the drama are among the most valuable and interesting features of your beautifully got up journal, and I sincerely trust your editorial policy will always include a judicious mixture of the old times with the new. For instance, your opening article on the "Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly" is extremely valuable from an historical standpoint, and to a cosmopolitan student of the stage like myself, is full of delightful lore, which could only be treasured up in the pages of a purely theatrical journal such as your own. Anything about this famous American manager is well worth recording for the benefit of all those who have the welfare of the stage at heart.

In conclusion, allow me to offer my humble tribute of praise for the admirable literary quality of your journal, and also for the beautiful illustrations that adorn it each month. Here in Australia I look for it with eagerness every month, and I trust, sir, you may long be spared to continue in your good work. LOUIS H. PAUL.

Re "Man and Superman"

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 10, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I am glad to read your review of "Man and Superman." Admitting the play's brilliant points, I can only think of it generally (for finding any decayed parts in an apple or orange for instance debars it from being used by those who know the difference and can have the best) as being simply unutterably rotten! and the word to me is as disgusting as the play. I try to get the good from the plays I see, but I'd no more take another friend to see "Man and Superman" than I'd cut off my own right hand. G. F. DREW.

We Will Discuss Music

Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Regarding a music department in your magazine, I would say for myself and a great many more readers, by all means. It would increase the value of your already splendid magazine incalculably. Give us your fine and just criticisms, your anecdotes, articles and photographs of operatic and musical stars as well as those of the drama. M. GIRON.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 5, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I quite agree with Mr. Sanford. Please restore your Music Department. Drama and music, in my opinion, are very closely related, and I feel that I am not far from wrong when I say that nine out of ten of your subscribers are as interested in music as they are in drama. Last year and the year before the New York Philharmonic Society brought various well-known European conductors to this country to conduct the orchestra. These men came and went as ghosts; each man conducted his two or three concerts, gave his scholarly or imaginative interpretations of various symphonies, and that is all we knew about them. This winter the Philharmonic Society is again to import several distinguished conductors from the old world, and I am wondering if we are to learn anything about the characters of these men, their ideals, etc. It seems to me that "Chats with Musicians" should prove to the majority of your readers every bit as interesting as "Chats with Players." A. LESLIE STEERS.

[It is impossible to print all the letters we have received on this subject. They all plead for a Music Department. We have, therefore, decided to comply with this request, and a notice regarding the matter will be found on page 269 of this issue.]

American Dramatists Ignored

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 3, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I am an attentive and interested reader of the valuable THEATRE MAGAZINE, and wish you well

in extending and sustaining its universal popularity. It is, in my belief, impossible to edit any periodical to suit everybody. I am surprised, however, at the exception you made (intentionally or unintentionally?) when you published recently a group of portraits of American authors. In that list you omitted, for some reason, some very important authors, such as Charles H. Blaney, Howard Hall, Doré Davidson and many others. Is this impartial or partial to the omitted?

"LOYAL."

[In preparing a pictorial feature of this kind it is impracticable to include everyone, there being certain limitations to the size of our page. In addition to the authors you mention we also omitted Geo. H. Broadhurst, C. T. Dazey, Victor Mapes, Stanislaus Stange, Harry P. Mawson and several others entitled to be there. Thus, it was not a question of partiality, but of space.]

Russian Theatre in New York

Paul Nikolaivitch Orleneff, one of the most powerful interpreters of the modern drama in Russia to-day, with his company of players who attracted much attention in New York last winter, has opened the first Russian art theatre in America. His little theatre on Third St., Manhattan, was duly inaugurated Oct. 20 last.

The representatives of nearly every nation on earth had already their theatre in cosmopolitan New York. The Germans had theirs, the Italians theirs, the Yiddish Jews theirs, only the Russians were unprovided for. The Orleneff theatre will be modelled after Stanislavsky's Art Theatre in Moscow, and the quality of the dramas to be produced may be judged from the following plays: Their repertoire will consist of Tolstoi's "Christian," yet unpublished, Gorki's "Children of the Light," Chechhov's "Uncle Vania" and "Chaika," Ibsen's "Ghosts," "Hedda Gabler" and the "Master Builder," Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell," "Solitary Souls" and "Michael Cramer," Herman Bahr's "Apostle," Arne Garborg's "Paulus" and many other plays hitherto unknown to the American theatre public.

Mr. Orleneff leased a cosy and beautiful theatre of nine hundred seating capacity, located at 15-17 East Third Street, and some of the best talent Russia affords was engaged to make a perfect ensemble. The necessary funds were raised by subscription, each subscriber being entitled to so many seats. Tuesday evening has been set aside for subscribers, when Mr. Orleneff will give his best plays, but, should subscribers wish to attend any other evening, they may do so.

Some time in December the Russian actor and his company will be seen once more at a special matinee at the Manhattan Theatre in Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," a play made familiar to New York theatre-goers by Richard Mansfield.

Ben Greet's Plans

Ben Greet announces that beginning Oct. 30 at Mendelssohn Hall, New York, his company will be seen in a series of Shakespeare's plays acted in the manner of the Elizabethan period.

The engagement will be limited to twenty-four performances. For four weeks, beginning Oct. 30, there will be performances every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, and every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday afternoon.

"Henry V." will be the bill the first week. The bills for the second week will be "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Merchant of Venice." "Macbeth" is scheduled for the third week and "Julius Caesar" for the fourth.

The repertoire has been arranged with the special view of interesting students, and many of the large schools of New York and its vicinity have already indicated their substantial support.

One night each week the company will appear in Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and one night each week at the East Side Settlement, under the auspices of the Educational Alliance.

In the Settlement schools the plays will be studied before Mr. Greet and his players arrive. The managers of the Educational Settlement expect that these plays, well acted, will do much to check the tendency for sensational melodramas.

The University Settlement, the West Side Neighborhood House, the Warren Goddard House, the Christie Street House, the Recreation Rooms, Alfred Corning Clark House, the Hartley House, the Nurse's Settlement, the College Settlement, the Jacob A. Riis Settlement, the East Side House Settlement and Branch B of the Educational Alliance are the ones that have persuaded Mr. Greet to give the East Side a trial. The series will begin with "Henry V.," Nov. 4.

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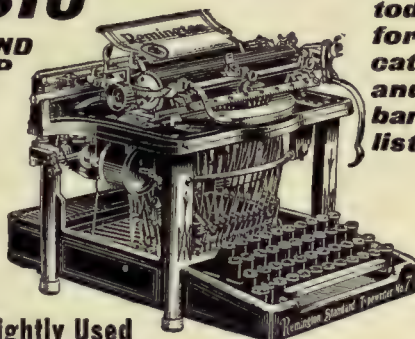
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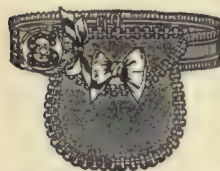
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Other Plays and Players

MAJESTIC. "EDMUND BURKE." Romantic drama in four acts, by Theodore Burt Sayre. Produced Oct. 2, with this cast:

Edmund Burke, Chauncey Olcott; Oliver Goldsmith, Daniel Jarrett; Prince of Wales, Mace Greenleaf; Lord Nugent, Verner Clarges; Sir Hugh Vivian, Thomas David; Captain Guliver, Richard Malchien; Lord Bertie, Gladys Smith; Lord Archie, Tottie Smith; Lady Phyllis, Edith Smith; Mary Nugent, Edna Philips; Mrs. O'Grady, Elizabeth Washburne; Gabrielle Le Jeune, Eleanor Browning; Mona, Charlotte Smith.

Irish plays of the approved Fourteenth street pattern are not nowadays considered very seriously as drama. With the merest apology for a plot, they usually consist of a half dozen hackneyed situations, plastered with a rich brogue and strung together by a number of songs of sickly sentimentality. The intensity of their patriotism always makes a strong appeal to their "auld country" audiences, even when, as was the case recently, whiskers on the hero of too green a hue raised considerable fuss. But of late our leading Irish comedians have become ambitious. They are no longer content with the fustian sentiment, the secret marriage, the moonlight escapades, which made Boucicault's plays masterpieces of their kind. Today the scene must be London, and they historic personages, no matter at what cost of truth and probability. This year Chauncey Olcott is masquerading as—we cannot conscientiously say impersonating—Edmund Burke, the famous Irishman who became one of England's greatest statesmen. Mr. Burke might feel flattered if he could see himself as portrayed on the New York stage, A.D. 1905, but we are inclined to doubt it. Mr. Sayre has in previous pieces shown himself a skilful dramatist. His "Tom Moore" was a good acting play and showed the Irish poet as a sympathetic and lovable character. But Mr. Sayre has failed to depict Burke in any such light, and it is little more than a caricature that he presents. The piece opens with Burke a poor tutor in the family of Lord Nugent. Fascinated by his patron's comely daughter, Mary, he is dismissed by the Earl, and Act II finds him living in squalor in a London garret in company with Oliver Goldsmith. Hither comes the virtuous Mary, followed by the libertine Prince of Wales, who would ruin her. Burke is decoyed away and the girl is kidnapped, the following tableau showing the Prince's "Love Nest" where Mary's virtue is threatened. But Burke, who is ever Johnnie on the spot, comes down through the roof in the nick of time, and rescues not only his betrothed, but saves his future King from assault by a band of masked ruffians. For this he is given a seat in Parliament. It is melodrama of the dime novel order, and some of the incidentals are absurd; for example, when Burke prophesies to Goldsmith that a hundred years hence audiences will crowd to see "She Stoops to Conquer." Really, it is too easy. The Irish landlady insisting on her rent, but captivated by her lodger's graces, is a repetition of a similar scene in "Tom Moore."



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Joseph Cawthorn came to the Herald Square recently as a star in J. J. McNally's new musical play, "Fritz in Tammany Hall." To say that the piece is fully up to the standard of the author's earlier efforts is to at once give it its proper place in dramatic literature. Mr. Cawthorn was amusing as Fritz von Swonbenfritz, and, surrounded by a number of clever youngsters, evoked recollections of the late J. K. Emmett. Stella Mayhew repeated her recent success as Mrs. Hart Judson, an Irish widow.

Jefferson De Angelis tabulates his opinion of audiences in the various big cities in the country as follows:

New York	Wise
Chicago	Hearty
Boston	Conservative but loyal
Philadelphia	Staid
Washington	Intellectual
Baltimore	Hesitant
Pittsburg	Fond of the obvious
Milwaukee	Phlegmatic
Cleveland	Cold
New Orleans	Spontaneous
Houston	Enthusiastic
Cincinnati	Slow but sure
San Francisco	Independent
Kansas City	"From Missouri"

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The Scandinavian Fur and Leather Company, of No. 14-16 West 33d Street, are showing automobile apparel, unique for many reasons. Aside from a great variety of

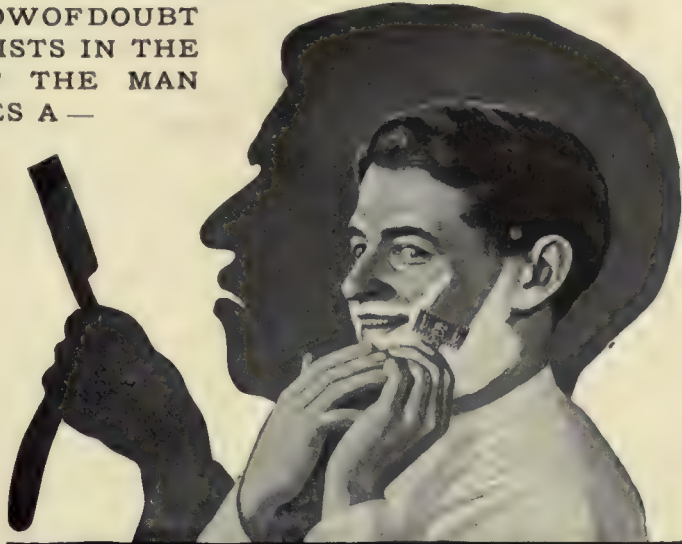


styles, these garments are shown in various materials. Among leather coats for women are some treated in such a manner as to be absolutely waterproof. These come in soft reds, blues and greens, as well as in the natural leather shades. There is a large assortment of satin gum coats in all the prevailing shades, very light in weight, and absolutely waterproof, and they also make these to order to suit customers. French imported cloth coats are also shown, to be lined with the customer's own choice of fur.

Among the fur coats are seen some of the oddest goods in stock. There are many varieties of fur with which few in this country are familiar. Thus, in addition to fine seal, Persian lamb, astrakhan and mink, are coats of baby seal, of a deep cream color, Russian pony, Marmot, Acelot coon, Australian opossum, a very soft, thick fur, and coats of matched civet cat, in the natural colors.

A beautiful long coat is made of Gorm seal, undyed, with hood, cuffs and collar of pale yellow leather, which harmonizes admirably with the soft tones of the fur. It is a decided novelty, and those in search of the unique in outer wraps, whether for automobile, street or theatre wear, would do well to visit these show-rooms. The firm is also prepared to furnish complete outfits for chauffeurs in cloth, rubber, leather, or fur.

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The Theatre Everywhere

(From Our Correspondents.)

Akron, Ohio, Oct. 10.—The New Colonial Theatre, Akron's new theatre, was opened for the season Sept. 15 with Al G. Field's minstrels. The house was packed from pit to roof. During the summer the Colonial was re-decorated, making it one of the most attractive playhouses in the State. "Little Johnny Jones" was here on the 6th.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 11.—Manager Frank Williams is offering weekly one or more trump cards to catch the Albany theatregoer. Two weeks ago it was Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian," which won instant favor. During the present week it is "His Grace de Grammont," an early effort of Clyde Fitch, which Mr. Skinner played some seasons ago, and is now reviving with a strong cast. Also, in a historical line was "Capt. Debonnaire," with Paul Gilmore, a "Beaucaire" sort of story, but with merits of its own.

Asheville, N. C., Oct. 10.—Al G. Field's minstrels opened the season, the largest business ever done here by a traveling company. At the Grand Opera House a wrestling match took place to good business. Later we saw the Peter Stock Co.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 10.—On account of quarantine regulations, it is difficult to get the first-class attractions through the south at the present time, although a few are travelling in this territory. The productions booked at the Grand promise to eclipse all past records in the matter of quality. Among the best plays so far presented here this season might be mentioned delightful "Tim Murphy and charming Dorothy Sherrod in 'A Corner in Coney';" Al F. Field's Greater Minstrel aggregation, which played to one of the largest audiences ever assembled at the Grand; Louis James, one of the foremost tragedians of the day, in a dramatic feast including "Virginius," "Ingomar," and "Richeieu;" "The Seminary Girl," a musical comedy of real merit; Will and Joe Jefferson—sons of a great sire—presenting "The Rivals."

Bristol, Va., Tenn., Oct. 9.—The season opened last month with Black Patti's Troubadours playing to good business. The attractions so far offered have been above the average, notably so the return engagement of the "Miss Bob White" Company, which presented that delightful comedy to a packed house of our representative theatregoers.

Charlotte, North Carolina, Oct. 10.—"Buster Brown" played to one of the largest matinees here. The children enjoyed the performance. Field's Minstrels also played two performances to capacity houses. Eugenie Blair in "A Doll's House" played to an appreciative audience. "When Ruben Comes to Town" we also saw, but the least said about this "play" the better. Joe Jefferson, Jr., in "The Rivals" pleased very much, and "The Eternal City," headed by Miss Jane Kennard, gave a very creditable performance.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 12.—The yellow fever scare has done great harm to business, many companies having abandoned their dates. But good amusements are not lacking. Louis James presented "Ingomar" Sept. 30, and was later seen as Virginius. Suzanne Santje appeared as a star in "Sowing the Wind" Oct. 10. Among the musical plays seen here have been "The Fortune Teller," "The Seminary Girl," "Miss Bob White" and "The Office Boy."

Cincinnati, Oct. 11.—Cincinnati has been fortunate in the matter of bookings this season. William Faversham in "The Squaw Man" played the Grand to large audiences during the week of October 2d, and George Ade's "The College Widow" is also doing good business. "Way Down East" comes October 16. The Walnut presented "Buster Brown" recently, with good business, followed by "Gay New York," which did not take well. "Quincy Adams Sawyer" was presented by a competent company. Johnny and Emma Ray in "Down the Pike" had their usual large coterie.

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 5.—"The Crossing," dramatized from Winston Churchill's novel, had its first presentation at the Opera House here week of Oct. 4th. It was well received. The work of John Blair as Nick Temple and Mable Bert as Mrs. Temple was especially good. Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in Shakespearean plays, and "The Sho-Gun" preceded the "Crossing" at this house and were all well received. The bill at Keith's for the past month has been an especially good one. Such popular favorites as Cecelia Loftus, The Great Lafayette, Wilfred Clark & Co., among the headliners. Mable McKinley in "The Parson's Wife" at the Lyceum, Vaudeville at the Lyric, and Burlesque at the Empire and Star are all drawing crowded houses.

Clinton, Iowa, Oct. 7.—Alice Fisher made her first appearance here in "The School for Husbands," on Sept. 18, and won the hearts of Clintonians. Walker Whiteside filled an engagement Sept. 20, and received eight curtain calls. "Parsifal" was produced on Oct. 7, people coming from Davenport, Albany, Fulton, Morrison and Sterling to attend.

Colorado Springs, Colo., Oct. 7.—The season opened at the Opera House with Kolb and Dill in "I. O. U." and later we saw "The Beauty Shop." On Sept. 19 Ethel Barrymore appeared in "Sunday," and was applauded by a crowded house. Later "Arizona" was given. On Oct. 3 "The Tenderfoot" was seen.

Columbia, Tenn., Oct. 8.—The Grand Opera House opened the season on the 2d inst., with the Wills Musical Comedy Co. in "A Trip to Atlantic City," followed on the 8d by Jule Foreman in "Cinderella," both of which drew big houses. The Barlow Minstrels come for one night on 11th inst., to be followed by "Babes in Toyland."

Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 10.—For the first time in years Columbus enjoyed a "first night" in George M. Cohan's "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," with Fay Templeton in the leading role. The play took well here. Attractions already played at this theatre include Sothern and Marlowe, "Little Johnny Jones," Faversham in "The Squaw Man," "Babes in Toyland," and others. The New Stock Company at the Empire is growing in popularity with each new performance. W. W. Prosser, for past two years the successful manager of Olentangy Park Theatre, succeeded F. C. Osborn as manager of the Grand Opera House on Oct. 9.

Dayton, Ohio, Oct. 10.—The season opened Aug. 29 with Al G. Field's Minstrels. Since that date, the Dayton theatregoers have been treated to some excellent performances. We have seen "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "A Corner in Coffee," "Prince of Pilsen," and what is more important, Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in Shakespeare. Fay Templeton appeared in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," but did not score heavily. We have also seen Blanche Walsh in

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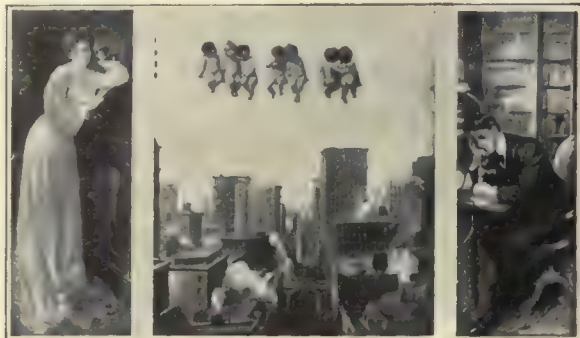
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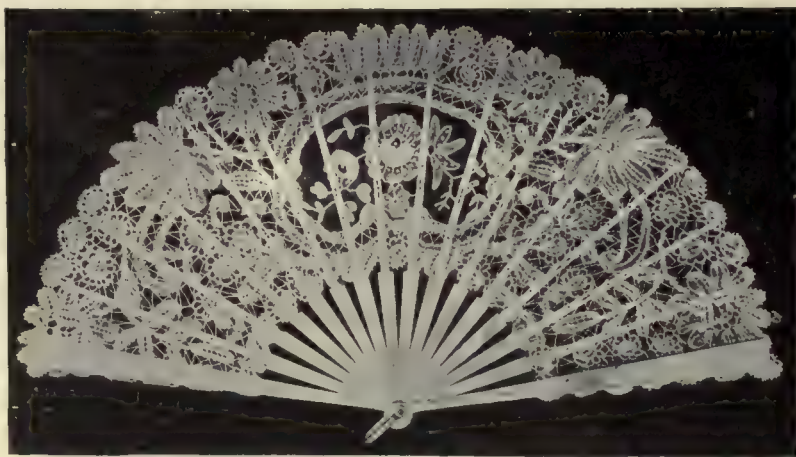


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The Bread Bakers of Manhattan, by Ludwig Vanderhoven, is a graphic description of the foreign bake shops on the lower Eastside. At great trouble and expense, pictures were taken of the dark and loathsome cellars and bake shops, showing the sweaters at work.

Shakespeare and the Box Office, is a paper contributed by Robert B. Mantell, who, as a proof of the box office side of Shakespeare, admits that he owns his own home, and contemplates the purchase of an automobile.

A Bullet Proof Shield is the story of an invention by Benditti, an Italian, which promises to change the face of warfare by eliminating the bullet.

The Mighty Pen of the Press Agent, by A. L. Samson, is handsomely illustrated with portraits of those men prominent in the theatrical press fraternity. It gives a semi-humorous account of the marvellous ways and means employed to "boost" a production.

Ermate Novelli, is a character sketch of the great Italian actor, by a fellow countryman, Raffaelli Simbola. It is illustrated with photographs of Signor Novelli and his wife and family, taken at his home, as well as by clever original drawings by his artist son. In view of the fact that New York managers are negotiating for a tour of Novelli in this country, the story is most timely.

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Ade's "Just Out of College" made a hit here, especially with the Yale boys. Messrs. Shubert presented Grace Van Studdiford for the first time in the title rôle of "Lady Teazle." Oct. 8, Viola Allen appeared here with much success in "The Toast of the Town." S. Z. Poli continues to run his usual high-class vaudeville at "The Bijou." G. W. KYDD.

New London, Conn., Oct. 11.—The outlook is very promising. "Buster Brown" was here on Sept. 25, and did good business. On Oct. 8 Rose Coghlan scored a hit in "The Duke of Killicrankie," and later we saw Franklin Woodruff in "Ben of Broken Bough." On Oct. 9 the Fenburg Stock opened a week's stand of good plays, playing to a crowded house. Coming later are "The Sign of the Cross," "The Lion and the Mouse" and Chauncey Olcott. JOHN LEARY.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 10.—We had the ever welcome "Babes in Toyland" at the Nixon, their third visit, and "Humpty Dumpty" followed at the same house with a successful two weeks' run. At the Belasco we had "The Earl and the Girl," considered here one of the cleverest light musical pieces we have seen in years. Blanche Bates was seen in "The Girl of the Golden West," Oct. 8 at the Belasco. The play was well received, in fact was a veritable triumph. HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 11.—The season is now in full sway. Klaw and Erlanger's "Humpty Dumpty" Co. held the boards at the Wieting Opera House during State Fair Week, and did the biggest business of any one week in the history of the house, and this in the face of numerous counter attractions. Some of the other attractions already presented since the opening are Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, Primrose's Minstrels, "The Beauty and the Beast," Lulu Glaser in "Dolly Dollars," Maxine Elliott in "Her Great Match," Paul Gilmore in "Captain Debonnaire," Wm. H. Crane in "An American Lord," "Babes in Toyland," and Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in "The Taming of the Shrew." The business so far at the Bastable has been excellent. The productions have been uniformly good. Some of the most successful productions since the opening of the season are Hurlig & Seamon's "Me, Him and I," Elsie Janis in "The Little Duchess," both playing week stands to a capacity business. At the Grand Opera House we have been having some good vaudeville. EDWARD C. HEISE.

Tacoma, Washington, Oct. 7.—The offerings at "The Tacoma Theatre" for the past few weeks have been many and varied and Tacoma's playgoers have been treated to an excellent list of attractions. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was enjoyed by a large and representative audience, and Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann" delighted audiences. F. KIRBY HASKELL.

Texarkana, Ark., Oct. 10.—The opening of the season has been delayed, owing to the yellow fever scare which caused a number of good bookings to be cancelled or postponed. The first attraction was the Spooner Dramatic Co. and later we had "The Liberty Bells." On the 5th we had Al Wilson in "The German Gypsy," then came "Indiana Folks." And on the 11th we saw "Hooligan in New York." These pieces were all of the same calibre, and to quote Lincoln's remark, "To those who like that sort of thing that is just the sort of thing they would like." W. LIONEL MOISE.

Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 10.—"A Corner in Coffee" opened the season. Tim Murphy and a capable company drew large houses. George W. Cohan's new play, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," followed. It had only been put on twice before and was ragged in spots. It is a strange mixture of melodrama, comedy and music. Fay Templeton, the star, has a part that is unsuited for her. Victor Moore, who plays Kid Burns, made the hit of the production. He is a practically unheard-of actor, and if the play does nothing else than to bring him into his own, it will have accomplished enough. Sothern and Marlowe drew large houses in "The Merchant of Venice." Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case" had a good house. Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp" played to fair business. The Valentine houses have been better, so far, than ever before. Otto Klives has succeeded Edwin Fix as manager. The Lyceum has done good business with "Hap-Ward," "Quincy Adams Sawyer," and "Bizzy Izzy." HARRY S. DRAGO.

Toronto, Canada, Oct. 9.—Toronto was disappointed in "Humpty Dumpty," but the children seemed to like it. "The School Girl," a real good thing, was enjoyed by well-filled houses. That the "Isle of Bong Bong" drew large audiences to the Princess is due largely to the fact that Alice Yorke, a popular little Toronto girl, occupied a prominent place in the cast. At the Grand Opera House we have had "San Toy" for the first time at popular prices, and, if possible, it was more popular than ever. Geo. Sidney in "Busy Izzy's Vacation" was scarcely to our taste. Pollard's Lilliputians, a company of clever children, whose ages range from 7 to 13 years, were accorded a warm welcome. AUSTIN A. ARLAND.

Troy, Alabama, Oct. 7.—The Folmar Theatre, under the splendid management of Frank P. Folmar was opened Sept. 26th by the Olympia Opera Co. On Oct. 4 Gabriel and his "Buster Brown" Co. played to a magnificent audience. Everybody delighted. "McFadden's Flats" comes to us on Oct. 7. E. M. WRIGHT.

Troy, N. Y., Oct. 10.—The season opened with several changes in the local theatres. H. E. Wood is in charge at the Lyceum, William Thompson is at Rand's, and William H. Graham at the Griswold. The latter house is now the home of vaudeville. In September Carmen-cita and James J. Corbett appeared there. Mortimer Snow & Co., now in their second year at the Lyceum, will continue the high class productions which characterized the work of the stock company last season. They opened with Mr. Snow and Miss Tapley in "Aristocracy," and followed it by "Rosedale," "Hamlet" and "The Crisis." At Rand's we have seen "The Village Parson," "Little Johnny Jones," Henrietta Crossman, "The Black Crook" and the "Smart Set." A. P. SIMMONS.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 10.—The formation of a strong independent opposition to the Syndicate will have a pronounced effect here this season. The Nesbit will be closed to many successful stars. Among the principal attractions booked are "Maid and the Mummy," Dockstader's Minstrels, "Beauty and the Beast" and "Checkers." "Love's Lottery" was seen here, but owing to the illness of Mme. Schumann-Heinck the principal rôle was taken by Miss Mantz. Henrietta Crossman was seen in her new play "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary." The Milton Abhorn Vaudeville Company has played to the S. R. O. sign at the Grand Opera House, and they certainly deserved their success. S. W. LONG.

Zanesville, Ohio, Oct. 10.—With the handsomest opera house in the country for a city of its size, and theatre-goers willing to pay top notch prices for good attractions, Zanesville's dramatic season bids fair to outdo any previous one since the erection of the Weller Theatre. Among the pleasant surprises of the opening was the engagement of Wm. V. Mong as the Clay Baker in his play of the same name. Entirely unknown here before his first appearance, the remarkable acting of this young player made for him a host of friends. There is some talk of reopening the old Schultze Opera House this season with a strong stock company. A. H. LEVY.

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Maxim Gorki at Home

A correspondent who paid a flying visit to Maxim Gorki has this to say of the home life of the patriot, who is said to be slowly dying of consumption:

"An hour's journey by train from St. Petersburg brought me to Kukkaro, one of those little groups of dachas or country houses which are to be found for many miles from the capital along the coast. Here, where shadowy woods of pine and birch half hide the wooden houses, and a long stretch of sands slopes to the pale waters of the Gulf of Finland, Maxim Gorki has been spending the summer.

"Certainly one of the most delightful houses in Kukkaro is the Villa Lintoula, where Gorki has been staying, a beautiful white house in a shady wood, with a field for tennis and games beyond. It has become a place of pilgrimage for the strangers who flock to see him, but in spite of the demands they make upon his time he gives a definite part of the day to writing. After luncheon, which is served at 12 o'clock, he goes to his study, a great room upstairs, to write for two or three hours. Gorki follows the common Russian custom of retiring very late, seldom earlier than 2 o'clock in the morning, and little is seen of him before luncheon. Before dinner, which is at 6 o'clock, he strolls about the little wood surrounding the house.

"Gorki is keen about outdoor amusements, although not strong enough to take much part in them himself. He realizes that if his countrymen are to be roused from their supine state they must be taught to take part in vigorous athletic games.

"On approaching the house I discovered that the noted man has a faithful guardian to shield him from unwelcome visitors and interviewers.

"It was Mme. Andreeva, the great and beautiful actress, Maxim Gorki's devoted disciple and adviser. She told me in French that M. Gorki would be delighted to see me. We went into the house, which showed all the little touches which speak of a woman's presence, and I found Mme. Andreeva's twelve-year-old daughter. The little one was sitting at a table in a dainty white frock, reading a book. I asked if I might smoke a cigarette, and received permission.

"'When I lived with papa,' she explained, 'he always smoked; and now I live near M. Gorki—he smokes.'

"As she was finishing her supper—a glass of milk and a little plate of honey—Maxim Gorki came into the room with a man who had brought him a packet of letters. He shook hands with me without saying a word, then sat down at the end of the table and opened his letters, occasionally turning to his companion and speaking with great earnestness. Although he is only thirty-eight or thirty-nine (he does not himself know which), he had the air of a much older man. I sat in silence for about ten minutes, then suddenly he turned to me, gave me a piercing glance, and began to talk.

"'All I have to say,' he told me, 'has been said, it has been printed; there is nothing more that I can tell you.'

"And then Mme. Andreeva, who had come in, interrupted: 'M. Gorki is not ashamed of his principles, but what he says is true, and, then, the times are very difficult. He must be very careful, and we have others to think of as well as ourselves.'

"There was a tender look in her dark eyes, as though she felt herself the protectress of the patriot and his followers. I made no attempt to resist but merely told him that anything he said on the situation in Russia was read with marked attention in America.

"Mme. Andreeva looked at me with a smile, and Gorki, making no reply, resumed reading his letters. I was aware that Maxim Gorki's views had been communicated to the Russian and foreign press, and I had come to see him live, rather than to hear him speak.

"We were soon summoned to supper on the balcony. Mme. Andreeva was at the head of the great table, rather dimly lit with candles; near her were Maxim Gorki and her son, Ura Gelibouisky, a boy of sixteen. Round the table were a number of young men, all dressed in much the same fashion as the master. Politics was hardly mentioned; all were in high spirits; everyone was gay, amusing or absurd as the whim seized.

"On the table was a miscellaneous collection of cold viands; white and black bread, a great plate of German sausage, some rather melancholy-looking mutton-chops, cheese and butter, and a little dish of gooseberries.

"This was not the gloomy Gorki one hears of, but a man who has, in spite of hardships and ill-health, the eternal gift of youth in his heart."—Rothay Reynolds, in the *New York World*.



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Actors in Westminster Abbey

The great honor the English people have paid to Henry Irving by burying him in the historic Westminster Abbey recalls the fact that he is not the first player to be interred there. The number of names which have been rendered immortal in the history of England by reason of their triumphs upon the stage is by no means small. Quite a large proportion, moreover, of these have found a last resting place somewhere or other within the precincts of the Abbey.

This will come as a surprise to many who are perhaps only familiar in this connection with the well-known and not wholly effective statue of Garrick, which stands in the south transept, and possibly that also of the famous Mrs. Siddons, which occupies a rather less prominent position in the Chapel of St. Andrew. As a matter of fact, the greater proportion of the actors and actresses whose names are thus associated with Westminster Abbey lie within the beautiful cloisters.

As soon as you have entered through the West Cloister Gate, you naturally make your way along what is termed the "West Walk" of the Great Cloisters, and toward the door leading into the nave of the church. In doing this you pass over a nameless grave of the great comedian, "The Dog," who, according to Dr. Johnson, "was so very comical—no, sir, he was irresistible." Foote's greatest gift lay in mimicry, and it was his delight to please the public by means of an invitation to chocolate or tea at the Haymarket, when, under the pretense of training pupils for the stage, he and his troupe would imitate the peculiarities of various public characters. Not unnaturally such proceedings did not tend to procure friends for poor Samuel, and he is said to have died of a broken heart. He was buried in this place by torchlight on Oct. 21, 1777.

Instead of making our way straight into the Abbey, we turn along the "North Walk" of the Great Cloisters, and here we are passing over historic dust, indeed. Spranger Barry, Garrick's great rival, has found a last resting place here, while beside him, in the same grave, there lies his second wife and former pupil, Anne Crawford, who in her own day attained to the highest reputation as a tragedienne.

But we must pass on to another yet more famous personality, whose grave is situated close to that of Barry and Anne Crawford, her funeral taking place privately in January, 1766.

"Cibber? Then tragedy has died with her. Barry and I remain, but tragedy is dead on one side." Such was Garrick's exclamation of grief when he first heard the news of Mrs. Cibber's death. It is not generally known that this highly gifted tragedienne was a sister of Dr. Arne, so famous in his own day as a composer of music, and, moreover, that she herself was blessed with musical gifts of no mean order. She made her debut at the Opera, and she was so great a favorite of the mighty Handel himself that he actually wrote the contralto solos in the "Messiah" and also the part of Micah in "Samson" on purpose for her. Susannah Maria Arne married the ugly and unsatisfactory son of the celebrated dramatic manager and actor, old Colley Cibber.

In the "East Walk" of the Cloisters there are three most interesting graves, those of Thomas Betterton and his wife, better known as Bess Saunderson, and the ever-fascinating Mrs. Bracegirdle. Of all the people who lie within these hallowed walls it may safely be said that Betterton has the best claim of all to this privilege. No small measure of praise must be accorded to this gifted actor for the fact that he almost more than any one else was responsible for the resuscitation of the English drama after the stern régime of the Puritans. Mrs. Bracegirdle was either adopted by Betterton or placed under his care, and she very soon took all hearts in London by storm. She achieved her greatest successes in acting in Congreve's plays. Her artistic career, however, was a comparatively short one, for Mrs. Bracegirdle retired from the stage in dudgeon when Anne Oldfield first became her dangerous rival. She lived on in honorable retirement, and beloved by all, high and low, far and near, until the year 1748, when she was buried here beside her old friends, the Bettertons.

Only one actress has ever been accorded the privilege of a burial within the Abbey itself. This, curiously enough, was this same Anne Oldfield—in spite, moreover, of the fact that she possessed a reputation by no means of the highest. She began life as a humble seamstress, but she very soon rose to become the acknowledged queen of comedy, while her popularity knew no bounds. On her death, in 1730, she not only received this unusual privilege, but she was also permitted to lie in state in the Jerusalem Chamber.—*London Mail.*

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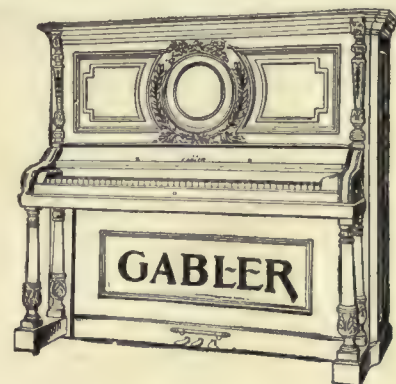
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The Theatre Everywhere

(From Our Correspondents.)

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 11.—This is the time of year when we see both the plays of New York's last season and those which are preparing to enter Broadway, but which come to us for a preliminary audience. Of the former class was "The Education of Mr. Pipp," with Digby Bell, and of the latter "An American Lord," with the delightful Mr. Crane. Representing the efforts of American playwrights, both plays were thoroughly amusing, though not significant of any eminence of our playwrights' abilities. But Albany liked them both. Marie Cahill stopped here one night in "Moonshine" before projecting her breezy personality on New York. She "made good" all the evening. A second company played "The Yankee Consul," which brought comparison between Raymond Hitchcock and Reuben Fax. Mr. Fax was very satisfactory. Alice Fischer and "The Redemption of David Corson" filled this week at the Empire. The latter is a dramatization of the book, once very popular. The plot is by Lottie Blair Parker, of "Way Down East" fame.

WILLIAM H. HASKELL.

Augusta, Ga., Nov. 10.—The season opened here about six weeks ago, but owing to the yellow fever scare a great many of the best companies cancelled their dates or had them extended until later. At the Grand we have seen "Babes in Toyland," "Miss Bob White," "The Black Crook," "The Clansman," by Thos. Dixon, Jr.; "The Woman Hater," "Sowing the Wind," also Miss Laura Millard with the Geisha Opera Co., whose splendid voice will ever be welcome here. The Star Vaudeville House reopened last week under the management of Harry Mitchell. This house engages the best vaudeville artists on the road, and their players on the opening week were especially pleasing.

W. G. HUNTER.

Baltimore, Nov. 9.—From a theatrical standpoint, Baltimore has fared very well so far, the second month of the season being rich in good attractions. At the Academy, Viola Allen in "The Toast of the Town" was followed by Maude Adams in the new Barrie play, "Peter Pan." Both of these actresses are favorites here and were welcomed by large and fashionable audiences. Another engagement of note was that of Henrietta Crosman in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," which did very well at Ford's. Miss Fiske and the Manhattan Company, presenting "Leah Kleschna," was received by large and appreciative audiences at Albaugh's. It is hardly necessary to say that the acting was finished, and the play was greatly enjoyed. In the line of musical comedy, the old-time favorite, "The Wizard of Oz," stands first. Billy S. Clifford in "A Jolly Baron," and Bickel, Watson & Wrothe in "Tom, Dick and Harry," also delighted packed houses. Miss Cecelia Loftus was a big headliner at Keith's, and played to capacity.

KENNETH M. WISONG.

Brunswick, Ga., Nov. 8.—Quarantines and fever conditions have deprived us of the usual treats that our metropolitan friends send us at the season's opening. Our little corner seems somewhat neglected so far, and were it not for "Miss Bob White," with her cleverness, life-like surroundings, pleasing music and pretty faces, and "Sowing the Wind," there would be little to chronicle this month. Al G. Field was here with a glorious display of scenery and costumes, and pleased a crowded house. Friend Reese Presser still receives the warm ovations that are his. By way of a revelation, yet in the manner of a disappointment, came "The Clansman," which was greeted by a large audience. At times the situations are intense, and although crudely staged, the play has a wonderful influence over an audience that no other production on a par in every way with "The Clansman" could have.

ALBERT C. BANKS, JR.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 11.—The all-star cast in "The Heart of Maryland" opened the Lyceum Theatre this week under the Shubert-Belasco-Fiske combination. Buffalonians are delighted with the prospects of seeing Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna," as we have been deprived of this pleasure on account of having no place for her to appear. We are also to have Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Miss Alice Nielsen, DeWolf Hopper, and many others whom we could not have seen had not this theatre been opened as an independent house. We have seen Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," Alice Fischer in "School for Husbands," and next week comes Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case." After hovering around Buffalo for two years, the "Babes in Toyland" landed this week. While not the original cast, the company was satisfactory.

ARTHUR J. HEIMLICH.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Nov. 13.—Robert Mantell appeared at Greene's Opera House for the first time in several years in "Richard III," Oct. 16. "Father and Son," Al. W. Martin's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Kilties," "Human Hearts," and "The Russian Spy," played to good audiences. Chas. B. Hanford as Shylock, Nov. 8, made one of the biggest hits that has been made here by any actor in a number of years, recalling the time in the later 80's when he played Marc Antony here to Booth's Brutus and Lawrence Barrett's Cassius. Grace Van Studdiford as Lady Teazle, made many new friends here, though the support was only fair. Jim Murphy has one of the best plays of his career in "A Corner in Coffee," which was given here Nov. 8.

L. H. MITCHELL.

Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 10.—"The Clansman" played to capacity houses at advanced prices, matinee and night. The play took well, but the cast could be improved. "Hazel Kirke," with Effie Ellzer, played to a small but pleased house. "The Telephone Girl," small business; company not up to standard. "A Son of Rest" was here with a well balanced company, and took well. "Miss Bob White" fairly pleased a good house. The leads were good, chorus rather weak. "Sign of the Four" entertained a small audience. Company only fair. "The Geisha," by the Laura Millard Opera Co., made a decided hit to a very fashionable house. Cast well balanced.

GEO. L. VAN ECHOR.

Chattanooga, Nov. 10.—This city is promised no less than three new theatres in the near future. Jacob Wells, of Richmond, Va., manager of the Bijou circuit of theatres, will shortly erect a house for the cheaper class of attractions. Prominent Chattanooga citizens have also subscribed money for the erection of a handsome popular-priced playhouse. A high-class vaudeville theatre is expected to open within sixty days. George Ade's "College Widow" and "County Chairman" both made the usual tremendous hits this fall, both appearing in October. "The Eternal City," with W. E. Bonney, Jane Kenark and others, played to good business October 16. Master Gabriel as Buster Brown and George Ali as Tige (Oct. 23) were excellent, but the rest of their company was weak. "Babes in Toyland" played to a full house Oct. 25. "Way Down East," Harry Beresford, and "A Bunch of Keys" have furnished good evenings of comedy.

A. F. HARLOW.

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Erie, Pa. Nov. 5.—Park Opera House is now going on with its ninth week of "Polite Vaudeville," and it seems that the people really wanted it, as the house has been doing a fair business to an appreciative audience daily. At the Majestic Theatre we have had such attractions as Otis Skinner in "His Grace de Grammont," Paul Gilmore in "Capt. Debonnaire," Mabel McKinley in "Parson's Wife," "Babes in Toyland," "Princess Chic," etc., etc., are all doing well. **D. S. HANLEY.**

Evansville, Ind., Nov. 10.—This city was treated to two days of "Parsifal," which the people thoroughly enjoyed. Frank Daniels was received by a large and appreciative audience. Among other attractions that appeared here may be mentioned "The Forbidden Land," "The County Chairman," "The Winning Girl," "Way Down East," "Isle of Bong Bong" and "Buster Brown." Rumors of new playhouses to be built in the near future are numerous, but we are assured of at least two. The Hopkins Amusement Co. of Louisville are now building a new theatre here to be known as the Bijou, and is to be devoted to continuous vaudeville. This house will open about the first of December. The Bijou circuit of theatres will build a theatre here to be ready by next season. **ROBERT L. ODELL.**

Fall River, Mass., Oct. 12.—The theatre-goers turned out in storm to see Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King" at the Academy of Music the week of October 2d. To run this high-class, romantic drama for a full week in this city looked at first like a big and speculative undertaking, but all thoughts of fear were driven away after the first performance. On the closing night the audience would not allow the 4th act to be staged until Mr. Lorimer responded to their applause with a speech. David Harum followed "The Shepherd King" and played to a good-sized house. The vaudeville houses are drawing well. **WILLARD C. MOULTON.**

Hamilton, Canada, Nov. 10.—There has been a dearth of amusements of the better class latterly. Three pieces only stand out from the general supply of cheap melodramas. "The Genius and the Model," by W. C. DeMille, on its trial trip preparatory to entering New York, delighted local theatre-goers with three excruciatingly funny acts. Henry Woodruff as the Genius made a personal hit of large dimensions. Rose Coghlan with "The Duke of Killcrankie" pleased fair audiences. Her support was well liked. The banner house of the season so far greeted Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case." **C. W. BELL.**

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 8.—The geographical location of Manager Chas. Scott's handsome and commodious theatre in the heart of the Blue Grass, augmented by his personality, is such that many of the best attractions en tour West and South are enjoyed by local play-goers. Geo. Ade's "The County Chairman," with Theodore Babcock in the title rôle, renewed acquaintances with its old friends of last season, while Miss Grace Orr Myers in the tuneful "Fortune Teller," supported by good company, pleased houses of fair proportions. **J. F. ANNEAR.**

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 8.—At the Mason Opera House, Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann" scored a hit. The public seemed to like it because it was "something different." The performance of Robert Browning's "In a Balcony" on Wednesday afternoon was a revelation of Eleanor Robson's powers and the peculiar subtle charm of her delivery. At the Belasco Theatre the Galbraith and the Belasco Stock Company gave a splendid rendition of "Secret Service." **D. W. FERGUSON.**

Manningtown, W. Va., Nov. 10.—"Buster Brown" played to one of the largest houses of the season. The performance enjoyed by the children and grown-ups alike, and we understand that Manager Barrack, of the Walnut Street Theatre, has arranged for a return engagement some time before the close of the season. "The Village Parson" and "To Die at Dawn" played to small but appreciative audiences. Coming attractions are James E. Toole in repertoire, 13, 14, 15; Lincoln J. Carter's "Two Little Waifs," 20th; Stettson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 23d. **C. HOGAN.**

Marshalltown, Iowa, Nov. 9.—The past month has brought many first-class attractions to Marshalltown, and the patronage has been very good. "Peggy from Paris" pleased a large house, Arthur Deagon making an excellent impression. Robert Mantell appeared before a large and appreciative audience in "Richard III," it being his first appearance in this city since 1898. "Piff, Paff, Puff" played to capacity and thoroughly pleased. Tim Murphy, in his new play by Owen Davis, adapted from a story by Cyrus Townsend Brady, "A Corner in Coffee," played to a large crowd of Mr. Murphy's admirers. The play resembles the comedies heretofore used by Mr. Murphy. **JOSEPH WHITACRE.**

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 10.—Joe Welsh in "The Peddler," at the Bijou, was very successful in representing the East Side New York Jew. Messrs. Kolb and Dill were seen in "I O U" at the Alhambra. They are like Weber & Fields in style. A. H. Van Buren, of the Academy Stock Company, made his first appearance as leading man in "The Pillars of Society." Francis Wilson was seen in "Cousin Billy" at the Davidson. "Fantana" came to the Pabst and standing room was in demand at every performance. Ethel Barrymore presented her successful play, "Sunday." **C. W. HEAFFORD.**

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 12.—Minneapolis is promised a new vaudeville theatre and a Shubert house. The Auditorium, where the Independents now play, will soon produce "Lady Teazle," "The Girl and the Bandit," "The Winning Girl," and Mrs. Leslie Carter. At the Metropolitan the general run of offerings has been good. We are promised "The Bishop's Carriage," Robert Edeson, Modjeska, Sam Bernard and May Irwin, with a cluster of things not quite as good. The Bijou offers the best attractions in its history, and is doing responsive business. The Orpheum continues to fill the theatre nightly. We will not be long without a stock house. **J. WILK.**

New London, Conn., Nov. 10.—The Fenberg Stock Co. played here week of Oct. 9-14 to good houses, at the Lyceum. "The Irish Band" was here Oct. 16 for matinee and night, and "The Sign of the Cross" was well received on the 20th. On the 21st Charles Klein's latest play, "The Lion and the Mouse," with Edmund Bruse and Grace Elliston and an excellent supporting company, was presented to a crowded house, and was pronounced a dramatic triumph. The Lorne-Elwyn Stock Co. was here the week beginning Oct. 23, and did good business. On Tuesday, the 24th, Chauncey Olcott appeared in "Edmund Burke," and Henry V. Esmond's "When We Were Twenty-one" was well received on the 30th. James O'Neil, in "Monte Cristo," was greeted by a crowded house on Nov. 1. **JOHN LEARY.**

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 10.—With a lower scale of admission forced upon our two leading theatres, the Nixon and Belasco, and the high standard of attractions brought to these houses during the past month, Pittsburg is, for the first time in its theatrical history, enjoying the benefits of real competitive effort. The theatrical atmosphere is brightened by the assurance from the Independent combine that a new playhouse of exceptional beauty and size will be built here before the end of next season. "Babes

(Continued on page xxx)

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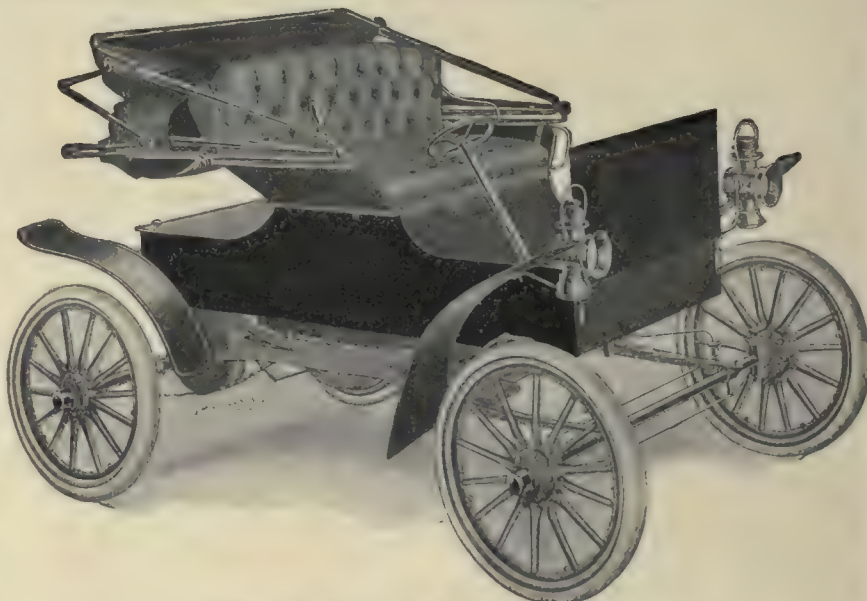
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THE THEATRE

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ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Photo by White

Grace Elliston

Edmund Breese

SCENE IN CHARLES KLEIN'S NEW PLAY "THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

This piece, which is now being performed at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, has attracted much attention, apart from its intrinsic merit, from the fact that its leading male character (the rôle played by Mr. Breese) is intended to represent a well-known figure in frenzied finance

THE CURRENT PLAYS



PETER PAN AND THE NEVER-NEVER LAND CHILDREN ON THE PIRATE SHIP

EMPIRE. "PETER PAN." Play in 3 acts by James M. Barrie. Produced Nov. 6 with this cast:

Peter Pan, Maude Adams; Mr. Darling, Ernest Lawford; Mrs. Darling, Grace Henderson; Wendy, Mildred Morris; John, Walter Robinson; Michael, Martha McGraw; Nana, Charles H. Weston; Tinker Bell, Jane Wren; James Hook, Ernest Lawford; Smee, Thomas McGrath; Starkey, Wallace Jackson; Great Big Little Panther, Lloyd Carleton; Tiger Lily, Margaret Gordon; Liza, Anna Wheaton.

"Peter Pan" is a delightful play—for the elect! This may mean you and it may not. *"Every time a baby laughs a fairy is born."* If you agree with this you will find much to enjoy in Mr. Barrie's charming idyll of child life. If, on the contrary, it conveys to you no meaning, you had better avoid the Empire Theatre and go instead to see—the Rogers Brothers.

"Peter Pan" is an epic of childish joy and fancy; it is the apotheosis of youth and all its high-colored fictions, and Barrie is probably the only writer in English letters today capable of giving this whimsical conception dramatic form. Everything that surges, unreasoning, through the childish brain, all the extravaganzas, unrealities, terrifying dangers, delights, enthusiasms—all these infantile emotions are woven by the dramatist into a spectacular entertainment that is full of exquisite tenderness, sentiment and poetry, and in the lovable, elfish Peter Pan, the boy who did not want to grow up and ran away from home rather than become President, the English poet has given Maude Adams a part that suits her better than anything she has done since Lady Babbie.

No man who does not love children could have written this play, which is redolent of the nursery, and which has the miraculous effect of rejuvenating all who witness it. Some of our superannuated, dyspeptic critics profess they are unable to comprehend this exquisite fantasy. Pity them! They could never have been young themselves. They were born old with all their teeth cut.

Mothers will like "Peter Pan" because it symbolizes Mother Love. The only regret that Peter feels when he runs away from home is because he leaves his dear mother behind, and when

he induces the Darling children to fly away with him to the Never-Never Land, he insists that Wendy, the eldest girl, shall act as Little Mother to them all.

A detailed account of the plot of this unique piece appeared in a recent issue of this magazine. It has had a long run in London, and this success should be repeated here if American theatre-goers care for dainty dramatic fare of this sort. Judging by the rapt attention with which the play was followed on the opening night, New York audiences, sophisticated as they may be, still have a corner in their hearts for the time when the sun was always smiling and the birds were always singing, and when the life of Tinker Bell—the invisible fairy whose presence throughout the play is indicated only by a dancing light—is in peril, and Peter Pan in keen distress comes down to the footlights and explains that Tinker Bell must die unless they (the audience) believe in fairies, the whole house responded to the appeal with

"We do! We do!" expressed in applause. And so Tinker Bell's life is saved!

The coming of Peter Pan to the Darling's nursery after the children have been put to bed by the faithful St. Bernard dog Nana, who officiates as nurse, the lessons in flying and subsequent flight of the children through the window to the Never-Never Land; the arrival in the Magic Country, infested with strange animals—the Monster Ostrich, the Man-Eating Crocodile, with a clock ticking in its stomach, and the Fierce Wolves, driven away by the children looking Through Their Legs—the building of the House in the Woods with a Silk Hat for a chimney and a Lady's Slipper for a door-knocker, the attack by the Savage Redskins and by the Bloodthirsty Pirates, the retreat to the Underground Cavern, the Capture of the Children, who are taken Prisoners to the Pirate Ship and sentenced to Walk the Plank; the Rescue by Peter Pan, the worsting of the pirates and the return of the Darling Children to their Anxious Mother—these are the salient



OLGA NETHERSOLE IN "THE LABYRINTH"

ent features of this novel drama of childhood. Mr. and Mrs. Darling, overjoyed at the lost ones' return, wish to keep Peter Pan, but the boy is still resolved Never to Grow Up, and returns to the little house among the flower-laden trees, where Wendy, according to agreement, visits him periodically for a House Cleaning.

The piece is well acted and in the right key. Maude Adams is not a great actress. Her frail physique bars her from ever attaining real power. But she has a sweet, lovable personality which fascinates and endears her to her audiences. Herein lies the secret of her success. There was not a flaw in her performance of the title rôle. She was, in turn, elfish, wistful, tender, joyous, sad. She danced and tripped, whistled and sang as gaily as the rest of the children, and invested the part with so much charm, poetry and atmosphere that it would be difficult to conceive of the part being better played. Mildred Morris, daughter of the late Felix Morris, played the important part of Wendy with tact. She is a trifle older than the rôle exacts, but on the whole she was satisfactory. Ernest Lawford and Grace Henderson—an old favorite of whom we should like to see more on the stage—were excellent in the respective rôles of Mr. and Mrs. Darling, and the Dog was cleverly done by Charles H. Weston.

Charles Frohman has given Mr. Barrie's play a superb setting. Nothing more beautiful than the last tableau, where Peter Pan is seen in his Woodland House, surrounded by a sea of perfumed, blossoming trees, has ever been seen on the local stage. By all means do not miss seeing "Peter Pan."

MANHATTAN. "MONNA VANNA." Play in 3 acts by Maurice Maeterlinck. Produced October 23 with this cast:

Guido Colonna, Henry Kolker; Marco Colonna, Frederick Perry; Prinziville, Henry Jewett; Trivulzio, Leonard Shepherd; Borso, Joseph O'Meara; Torello, Stanley Jessup; Vedio, Frank Lea Short; Giovanna, Madame Kalich.

It was a distinct literary surprise which Maurice Maeterlinck sprung upon his admirers when he perpetrated "Monna Vanna." The work which he had written previous to this moving drama, ostensibly for the theatre, had been so associated with the poetically nebulous, so identified with the fanciful creations of the esthetical nowhere, that to deal with living figures in a setting of vital reality was a distinct shock to those who had followed the artistic development of the so-called Belgian Shakespeare.

The theatrical temerity which induced Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske to present his new star, Mme. Bertha Kalich, in the title rôle of this "piece," as the author calls it, deserves well at the hands of those who take their drama seriously. To the credit of this great metropolis it must be said that the offering has been received with dignified appreciation, and to a considerable extent with commercial enthusiasm.

"Monna Vanna" is a combination of Elizabethan simplicity and up-to-date psychological analysis. The analytical side at times swamps the sweep of the dramatic idea, which, however potent in its tragic significance, is brief for a full evening's entertainment. However, if the literary world will accept the refined subtleties of human expression as exemplified in the works of Henry James and Edith Wharton, the stage at least should find some place for those who seriously and earnestly endeavor to lay bare those great moving influences of human conduct.

Prinziville, a mercenary in the employ of the Florentine army, conscious of the jealousy of those who would undo him, promises to relieve the starving city of Pisa if Giovanna (Monna Vanna), wife of the Pisan commander, Guido Colonna, will come to his tent "naked beneath her mantle," there to remain from midnight until dawn. Her father-in-law counsels her submission. The husband violently opposes, but for the common good, Giovanna, in a fine moment of altruism, declares the sacrifice imperative and accepts the degrading terms. This is the first act—a strenuous and ingenious exposition of the conflicting emotions which move the trio. Long it certainly is, but in addition to the nervous strength of the situation, there is so much poetry in the several

most exacting requirements. Mr. Sothern's Malvolio is a character study. He invests the vain fool with a pitiful and comic dignity amounting to a new interpretation of the character. Miss Marlowe's Viola is charming in every particular. In romantic external beauty it is a delight. If the acting of these two comely players could fill out the full measure of Shakespeare, their present productions would have to be ranked with the great achievements of our stage. But they have yet much to do to have results equal their ambition.

BELASCO. "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST." Play in three acts by David Belasco. Produced Nov. 14 with this cast:

The Girl, Blanche Bates; Dick Johnson, Robert Hilliard; Jack Rance, Frank Keenan; Sonora Slim, John W. Cope; Trinidad Joe, James Kirkwood; Nick, Thomas J. Mc-



gin (J. E. Dodson) Bill Sykes (Hardee Kirkland)

Nancy has "peached" on them

OLIVER TWIST AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE

Grane; Jim Larkens, Mr. Fred. Maxwell; "Happy" Haliday, Mr. Richard Hoyer; "Handsome" Charlie, Mr. Clifford Hipple; Billy Jackrabbit, J. H. Benrimo; Ashby, J. Al. Sawtelle; Bucking Billy, Mr. A. M. Beattie.

Once more has David Belasco proved his genius for stage craft. His latest play, "The Girl of the Golden West," is the best piece of its kind seen in a generation. It will rank among the classics of melodrama with "Jim the Penman" and "The Danites," and keep the Belasco Theatre filled for months to come. It is the plays of this calibre that make theatre-going worth while and uplift the drama from the mire in which inane musical comedy is doing its best to submerge it.

"The Girl of the Golden West" is the kind of play that grips you from the start and keeps you glued in your seat from the rise to fall of the curtain. Its characters and situations are familiar ones, but the old complications are treated in a new way and with all the scenic investment, elaboration of detail and verisimilitude in the acting that the art of Belasco can bring to it. It

is a play of the California gold rush in 1849, those wild days when adventurers from all over the world joined forces in our far Western State and killed, loved, gambled, cursed, in the mad struggle to wrest a fortune from Nature. The place is a mining camp in the mountains, and here we find the Girl, the only one of her sex, among a wild lot of miners, gamblers, and desperadoes. The Girl keeps a saloon and has earned the respect and affection of her rough companions by her virtue and *bonne camaraderie*. When the bar is closed, she keeps school for the "boys," who fairly adore her. Jack Rance, gambler and sheriff, has an even warmer regard for her and offers marriage. The wife he has already never know, he remarks, but the Girl lets him understand decisively that she is not that kind, and the sheriff goes sulkily off to capture a notorious outlaw. A stranger comes to the saloon, and his distinction of man-

ner so fascinates the Girl that she loses her heart completely. The audience is at once aware that the stranger is the much-sought outlaw, but the Girl knows it not, and in perfect innocence invites him to her cabin on the mountain top. The jealous sheriff by this time has discovered the identity of his rival, and tracks him to the Girl's hut. Confronted by a six-shooter, the outlaw surrenders, but the Girl pleads eloquently for his life. Gambler rather than law officer, Rance proposes a game of poker. If he wins he is to marry her; if he loses the outlaw goes free. The Girl accepts. She wins one "show down"; the sheriff the other. The next will decide. Rance deals himself three kings and exultingly proclaims a winning hand. The Girl, desperate, resorts to cheating. She induces the sheriff to pick up something from the floor, and while his back is turned quickly takes prepared cards from her stocking and cries, "No! I win with three aces and a pair!" A true gambler, Rance bows to the cards. He has no idea he has been cheated, and the outlaw goes free, as agreed. But the fraud weighs heavily on the Girl. She considers herself no better than the cheat who was driven from the camp with a deuce of clubs pinned to his coat as mark of his ignominy, and heavy-hearted she tells the surprised miners that she is leaving them.



Byron, N. Y.

FRITZI SCHEFF IN HER NEW OPERETTA "MLLE. MODISTE"

Suddenly the posse returns with the outlaw, who has been retaken. He is condemned to death and is about to be hanged, when he asks to be allowed to say farewell to the Girl. The scene that follows so touches the rough miners that, for the Girl's sake, they relent and again the outlaw goes free, with the Girl as his companion — to a new life.

The foregoing is the merest outline of an absorbingly interesting play, rich in incident, picturesque in color and thrilling in situation. It is splendidly acted. Blanche Bates as the Girl reaches the high-water mark of her stage career. In a rôle which runs the entire gamut of human emotion she shows herself to be an actress of considerable emotional power as well as a comedienne of more than ordinary resource and ability. Her intense scene in the cabin when she is shielding the man she loves is a forceful and convincing bit of acting, and, later, when confronted with the man's

worthlessness, she astonished every one by the vehemence and realism of her simulated rage. In her lighter moods she is natural and charming, and the native innocence of soul of this rough diamond of the Sierras was reflected in her face with admirable art. Frank Keenan as the sinister, imperturbable sheriff has added another remarkable character study to his *Hon. Grigsby* and his *Dr. Tarr*. His impersonation is a masterpiece of make-up and study; it is practically a new character that he has given to the stage. Robert Hilliard as the outlaw acted with force and authority, but displayed rather too much embonpoint for a man who has been dodging posses in the mountains, and there was a self-consciousness about his performance that jarred.

It need hardly be added that Mr. Belasco has surrounded the piece with all the atmosphere possible in the way of fine scenic effects. A special poster drop-curtain is symbolic of the Golden West. In the centre blazes a glorious sun-set, the flaming orb sinking behind a black range of mountains veined with thin streaks of gold, while on each side the giant trees of California soar to the sky, and on the stage itself is growing the real vegetation of the region. The set pieces are supplemented by a moving panorama which gives an idea of the vastness and ruggedness of the place.

WALLACK'S. "THE SQUAW MAN." Comedy drama in four acts, by Edwin Milton Royle. Produced Oct. 23 with this cast:

Henry Wynnegate, Herbert Sleath; Diana, Selene Johnson; Lady Elizabeth, Selina Fetter Royle; Lady Mabel, Katherine Fisher; Captain Wynnegate, William Faversham; Rev. Chiswick, Frederick Forrest; Bates, C. A. Carlton; Malcolm Petrie, Hugo Toland; Sir John Applegate, Cecil Ward; Bishop of Exeter, William Eville; Sir Charles, Brigham Royce; Mrs. Jones, Ella Duncan; Big Bill, George Fawcett; Shorty, Emmett Shackelford; Andy, Bertram A. Marburg; Crouchy, Mitchell Lewis; Baco White, Baco White; Tabywana, Theodore Roberts; Nat-u-rhicks, Mabel Morrison; Little Hal, Evelyn Wright; Cash Hawkins, W. S. Hart; Nick, Frederick Watson; McSorley, Mortimer Martini; Mrs. Hiram Doolittle, Lillian Wright; Mr. Hiram Doolittle, Boyd Southey; Bud Hardy, William Frederick.

When a play springs from the soil, and is nourished by the sun that shines and the winds that blow, and gets sustenance from all that is in the air and that lies at its roots, its reasons for existence combine to make it a good, true play. Such is the case with "The Squawman." Such causes make a true play of "My Partner," a diverting play of "The College Widow," and, according to report, a powerful play of "The Clansman." Your exotics painfully grown from foreign seed are not in the same class. Mr. Royle has written an honest American play. His first act, practically a prologue, is laid in England, and there the author is not only technically clumsy, but weak. The actors are weak, everything is weak, and inevitably so. It is no discredit to Mr. Royle that he knows nothing about the English aristocracy. It is really not worth knowing anything about. An elder brother has disgraced himself by speculation during the Boer war; the younger brother sacrifices himself and his love for the woman that his brother marries in order to save the family name, and betakes himself to America without the family name. To the American mind, all this is pretty much "made ground," but it is enough to erect the action on. In the troubles of a Western mining or cattle camp, a desperado attempts to shoot him, but at that very moment a shot rings out and the desperado falls, shot by a girlish squaw, who, partly because of love, protects the young

Englishman. He marries her, becomes a squaw man, and a child is born, a boy. It later develops that the older brother dies, and the younger is called upon to return to England and become his Lordship. He is unwilling to abandon the untutored creature who is the mother of his child, but consents to send the boy to England in his place. Feeling that she is in the way, the squaw shoots herself. This is all simple enough, but forceful and true and pathetic because elemental. All false and forced sentiment is avoided. Mr. Royle has managed this feature with admirable discernment. The squaw, a tender slip of a thing, has few words to say. The better informed a dramatist is of his subject or material, the less time he has for mere artifice and device; consequently, we have more detail, character and atmosphere than conventional and theatric trickery. The characters are to the life, numerous as they are. The Indians, as the Indians of the story, speak in their own tongue, with an interpreter. The Western life seems to be absolutely a reproduction of the real thing. Mr. Faversham is

hardly robust enough for the character, but he acts well, and his voice conveys sincerity and emotion. It is melodrama, but it has the uncommon merit of novelty in its situations. The details of character, manner and speech are too minute to convey by description, a proof of the genuineness of this very successful, touching and powerful play.

The Progressive Stage Society—an absurd name—inaugurated its season with the production of three one-act plays at the Berkeley Lyceum November 14. If sufficient support is given by the public, it is proposed to follow these with other dramas, which, as the President of the Society announced, are of "great literary

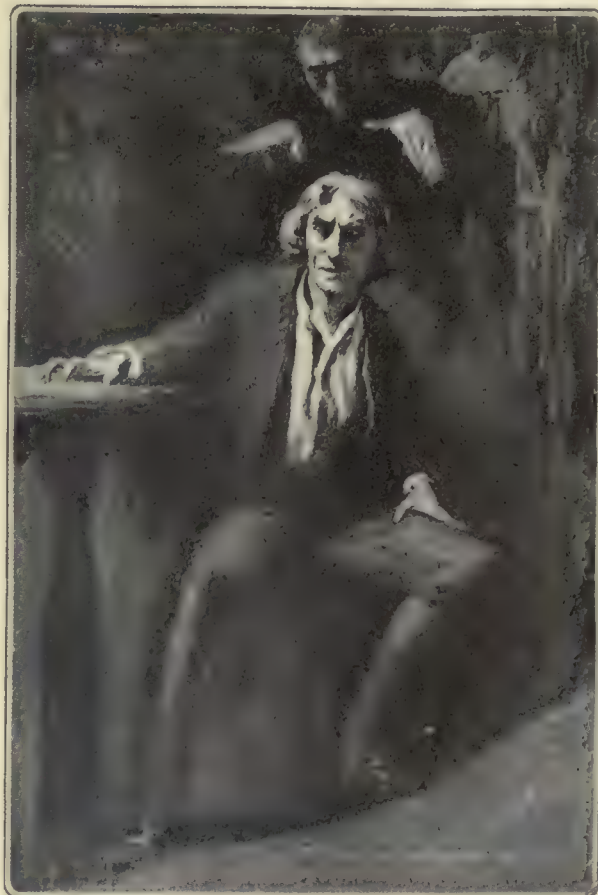
(For reviews of other new plays see page xvi.)

Irving in Westminster Abbey

With England's noblest let our Irving rest,
Beneath the Abbey's venerable shade,
'Mid blazoned memories that never fade—
With canons, saints and holy martyrs blest,
With Christian knights in all their armor drest,
With poets, sages, kings—for these he made
Our own familiars, in the parts he played,
His art epitomizing all their best.

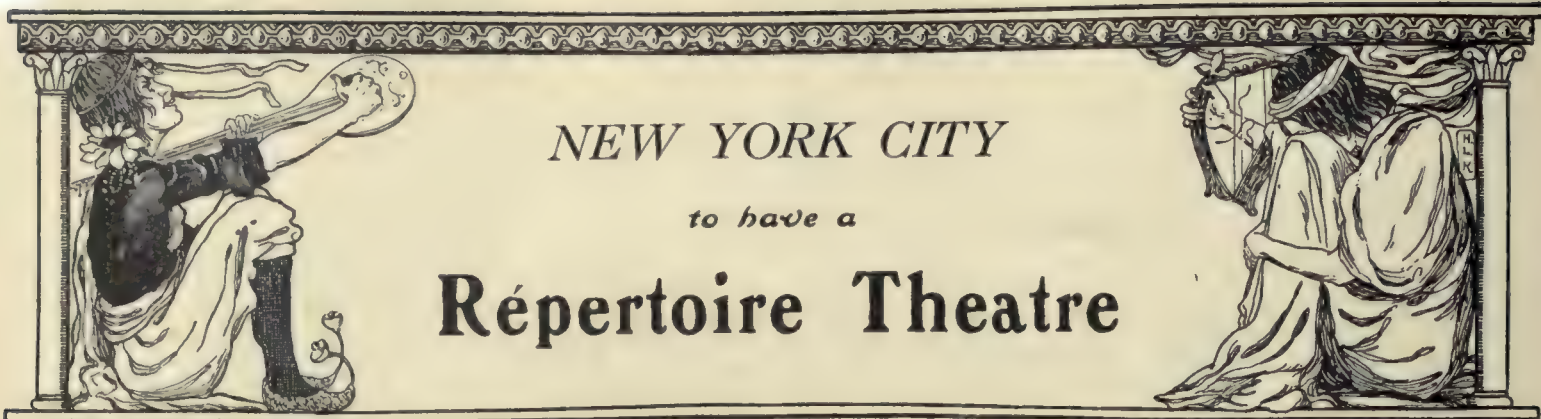
No actor ever fanned the fire divine,
But with the inspiration of the Man—
No character creation but began
With something in the player rare and fine.
These laurels to inimitable art,
O'ershadowed by the greatness of a heart!

—HENRY TYRRELL.



From *The Tatler*

Henry Irving as Mathias in "The Bells"



NEW YORK CITY

to have a

Répertoire Theatre

AT last, New York, the second largest city in the world, is to have a theatre commensurate with its size and importance. It is officially announced that a group of wealthy patrons of art, including Mr. Clarence Mackay, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Mr. James Speyer, Mr. James Stillman, Mr. Daniel Guggenheim and others, will subscribe \$3,000,000 to build a magnificent theatre to be conducted on academic lines and of which Heinrich Conried will be the director.

The projected playhouse is at present styled National Theatre—a somewhat misleading designation since, in the absence of Federal or State aid and supervision, there can be no “National” Theatre in this country in the proper meaning of the term. In the sense, however, that the new theatre will be the most beautiful Temple of Thespis American skill and money can build, with the finest stage productions American art can make—in this sense it may, perhaps, be called National. But in view of the fact that there are already “National” theatres in almost every city in the Union—here in New York even the Hippodrome styles itself “National Theatre”—perhaps it would be advisable to choose another name. Why not The New Theatre? It sounds well, is easy to remember and conveys more meaning than appears at first glance. It would also have the advantage of originality, at least as far as America is concerned.

It is promised that the new theatre shall be conducted in the same semi-educational manner as the splendid subsidized playhouses of continental Europe. The classic and standard plays will be performed regularly and frequently; there will be seats as cheap as twenty-five cents so that the poorest classes may attend the performances; there will be no long runs (the curse of the purely commercial theatre), the bill being changed, perhaps as often as three times a week, and there will be formed a fine stock company. If Mr. Conried succeeds in accomplishing this ambitious programme, and we have the utmost faith in his ability, his theatre will differ from the Comédie Française in Paris, the Hofburg Theater in Berlin, and the other famous State theatres of the old world only in receiving no subsidy from our government for its support.

All who feel a real interest in the stage, all who take an intellectual delight in seeing fine plays finely acted, every student of the drama, every man or woman who has experienced the uplifting influence of the endowed theatre as it exists in Europe, all who have long deplored the absence of such a playhouse in America, and have urged its necessity if our drama is ever to become worthy of this great country—all these will welcome Mr. Conried’s announcement. It

has long been a source of humiliation and shame for Americans to hear the belittling remarks of intelligent visiting foreigners after witnessing performances in our theatres. They concede that our theatres are comfortable, our actors well dressed, our actresses winsome, but their compliments end there. One and all, they express amazement at the lack of art, the poor acting, the mediocrity of our plays.

The new National Theatre probably will not be more successful in finding good new plays than are the speculative managers, but at least it will do what the speculative manager does not do—it will give us adequate performances of the classic and standard plays, so that the growing generation, the men and women of tomorrow, may have an opportunity of seeing well acted the dramatic masterpieces of all lands. In this lies the real value of the proposed theatre—not in the fact that it will be the most expensive and probably the most beautiful playhouse in America, if not in the world, and that society—which really cares as much about educating the drama as it does about educating the naked Hottentot—will make it the resort of wealth and fashion. And so potent and far reaching will be this educational influence of the splendid new playhouse that indirectly it will affect all our other theatres. It will improve plays and acting everywhere. It will promote theatre-going and thus help other managers instead of hurting them. Unwittingly the rival managers will try to do things as well as they do them at the National Theatre, and so the standard of plays and acting will be raised all round. That is the experience of the Comédie Française; it is the experience of all subsidized theatres where every effort is bent on making a production that is “worthy” rather than making a production that will “pay.”

This is not a new idea—this National Theatre. All our readers know that. The THEATRE MAGAZINE has advocated the establishment of such a theatre ever since it was first published, now nearly six years ago, and there were others who advocated it before we did. The THEATRE MAGAZINE, however, revived the agitation and was instrumental in organizing the National Art Theatre Society, which enrolled as many as 3,000 intelligent theatre-goers devoted to the idea. The membership of the Society embraced all classes, all the liberal professions. There

were in it poets, merchants, journalists, even policemen, for Commissioner McAdoo was one of its enthusiastic supporters. Unfortunately it included very few millionaires. Fine ideas are all right, but money is needed to give them life, and the Society failed to arouse the apathy of the moneyed men. Andrew Carnegie nibbled at the idea, but confessed that the scheme was beyond



Byron, N. Y.

HEINRICH CONRIED, WHO WILL DIRECT THE FINEST THEATRE IN AMERICA

were in it poets, merchants, journalists, even policemen, for Commissioner McAdoo was one of its enthusiastic supporters. Unfortunately it included very few millionaires. Fine ideas are all right, but money is needed to give them life, and the Society failed to arouse the apathy of the moneyed men. Andrew Carnegie nibbled at the idea, but confessed that the scheme was beyond

him. Yet, as the *Chicago Record-Herald* said: "If the National Theatre Society does nothing more than publish its Manual (in which was eloquently set forth the need of such a theatre) it will not have lived in vain." The Society, however, never claimed a monopoly of the Endowed Theatre idea. It is well known that it has been the dream of Heinrich Conried's life to himself direct such a theatre. His real ambition was not to preside over the destinies of the Metropolitan Opera House, but to establish in this, his adopted country, a playhouse modelled after the monumental state-aided theatres of the Continent. The belief, among those on the inside, is that the backers of Mr. Conried in this new venture represent an independent faction in the present directorate of the Opera, and that when Mr. Conried's present term of office expires, in about two years, he will abandon grand opera for what, after all, is his more legitimate field.

The theatre will be situated on the West Side of the city, facing Central Park, and will occupy the entire block from Sixty-second to Sixty-third street, which cost \$1,000,000. The plans call for a superb building to cost \$2,000,000, containing an immense foyer, which is to be decorated by famous painters and sculptors of this country and Europe, and to be enriched with treasures, making it the greatest art gallery of New York with the exception of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Work on the theatre will be commenced next Spring, and it will take over a year to complete it. It will be large, but only large enough to make it best adapted to dramatic performances and opéra comique. The prices will be from twenty-five cents to two dollars.

One of the gentlemen connected with the enterprise has made this statement:

"There will be thirty boxes, and in order to insure that the box shall be socially select a committee of women prominent in New York society will pass upon the names of the applicants for a box in permanency, which will cost \$100,000. As in the Metropolitan, a boxholder will own a share in the theatre property. No one will be permitted to own a box unless accepted by the committee. I may say that the entire thirty can be disposed of to-morrow.

"The company will be the best that unlimited money can command. The repertoire will comprise new and old plays of genuine worth and thorough interest, but unexceptionable in morals, using the word rightly, and played in perfect manner.

"The theatre will be an authority in its acting. It will aim at purity

in English pronunciation, passed upon, where there is difference of opinion, by a committee from Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Princeton. A committee of artists will be consulted as to scenery and costumes. Another committee will pass upon points of etiquette to root out bad manners frequently seen on the stage. These are details, but they show we have thought it all out carefully.

"The season will be thirty weeks. There will not be any long runs.

Ten plays will be produced the first year; ten each year following. And on two nights each week there will be opéra comique—not 'comic opera,' as Broadway unhappily knows it, but genuine, delightful opéra comique, with artists drawn from Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other foreign cities, as well as home singers and a contingent from the Metropolitan Opera House.

"The plan is not to build a theatre especially for the sake of American plays. In presenting plays from all countries, it will aim to do for the drama in America what has been done here for the other arts. The best works, both contemporary and ancient, will be produced, and neither the plays of Shakespeare nor of Ibsen, the Greek tragedies, or such modern dramatists as Hauptmann or Suderman, Pinero, or Augustus Thomas would be excluded. The size of the theatre will not be particularly gigantic. Its capacity will be about 2,000. This comparative smallness will be of the greatest advantage in the production of light opera. At present, owing to the large size of the Metropolitan Opera House, we either do not get light opera at all or hear it occasionally so disguised as not to be recognized. When 'Mignon' was given, for instance, it was not successful because the dialogue had to be bawled so as to be heard all over the enormous house. In the new theatre we can do things better."

It is amusing to note

how the Philistine press, which scoffed at the promoters of the National Art Theatre Society as wild, long-haired dreamers are crawling on their bellies now that they find the millionaires really mean business. Before, it was merely a dream fit only for derision; now, it is a public-spirited enterprise worth columns of space, simply because the money bags are opened!

Of Mr. Conried's fitness to direct a theatre of this importance there can be no question. We have always insisted that Heinrich Conried was the only man in sight whose peculiar equipment fitted him for such a post. In our August issue we wrote:

"It would be difficult to find a man better suited than Mr. Conried for the directorship of such a theatre. He is as familiar with the practical side of the stage as with its literature. He is a man of culture and fine literary taste. He has also remarkable executive ability and knows good acting when he sees it. More than this, he has proved his competence, not only by his success as head of the most important opera house in the world, but by the high standard of his German performances in the Irving Place Theatre."



Marceau

MISS DORIS KEANE

As she appears in the second act of "De Lancey"

THE PEOPLE *vs.* GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

IN interdicting further performances of George Bernard Shaw's play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Police Commissioner McAdoon did no more than his duty. All right thinking men and women commended his action. The offence against public decency was flagrant. Bad enough in the library, the play is wholly unfit for public representation. We have no official censor of the playhouse—perhaps it would be undesirable to create one—but a free stage does not mean unbridled license. Anarchy is as intolerable in the drama as on the stump, and all such impudent attempts to corrupt the morals of the community and poison the air of our theatres should properly receive drastic treatment at the hands of the authorities. Considered merely as a business proposition, Arnold Daly's ill-advised action will work incalculable harm to theatres everywhere. Religious and other prejudices have for years kept thousands from the theatre. Of recent years this prejudice had been to some extent overcome, thanks largely to improved conditions within the playhouse itself, but the ill-effects of this nasty Shaw play are likely to be felt for a generation.

It is not a question of barring plays which deal frankly with social problems, as Mr. Shaw speciously would have us believe. We are not among those who regard the theatre as a place of amusement only. We have ever urged the power of the stage as a social educator, and those writers of unquestionable sincerity who have used this medium to address the people have had our attention and respect. Such dramatists are, in Norway, Ibsen and Bjornson; in France, Dumas fils, Becque, Brieux; in Germany, Hauptman, Sudermann, Fulda; in Russia, Tolstoi and Gorki; in England, Henry Arthur Jones; and in America, the late James A. Herne. Among the plays breathing a noble spirit of altruism there is no finer example than Herne's "Margaret Fleming," in which a mother takes to her breast the innocent bastard offspring of her adulterous husband. Such plays, sad as they may be in theme, are ennobling, while Shaw's are only degrading. Our quarrel with Shaw, therefore, is not because he deals with social problems, but because his own system of philosophy—if, indeed, he has one—is tainted and dangerous for weak minds. There is no worthy motive in any of his plays. He tears down without rebuilding. There is no compensation. Most of his characters are vile, with detestable views of life. It is impossible to see one of his plays and feel the better for it. The effect is just the other way, and herein lies the danger of their public presentation. Shaw is a literary anarchist, and, like the political anarchist, he has no better world to substitute for that he attacks and would destroy.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE, almost alone among

the American press, sprung the first alarm on the occasion of the production of Shaw's other piece, "Man and Superman." While conceding the brilliancy of its satire, we insisted that the play was anarchistic in tendency and abhorrent in its teaching, and this view is upheld by that distinguished sociologist, Dr. Felix Adler, who denounced the play at the meeting of the New York Ethical Society on November 5 last. In regard to "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the New York press was in complete accord. "The limit of stage indecency," says the *Herald*; "Of vicious tendency in its exposition, but also depressingly stupid," says the *Times*; "Pestilential!" says the *American*; "An affront to decency and a blot on the theatre," says the *Tribune*; "A humorous contemplation of some of the vilest and most repulsive ingredients of human nature," says the *Evening Post*. We are loath to pollute these pages with a detailed description of this play, but as a matter of stage history the following brief outline of its unsavory story and repulsive characters is given here:

Mrs. Warren, a child of the slums, has become a courtesan and owns disreputable houses all over Europe. Her profession has brought her wealth. She has a daughter, Vivie, educated in England in ignorance of her mother's real character. This clever young daughter of a vile mother is in love with Frank, the flippant, good-for-nothing son of a clergyman. The mother goes to England to visit Vivie, and with her are two men, Praed, an artist, with weak morals, and Crofts, a dissolute baronet, who is the business partner of Mrs. Warren in her "profession." Crofts would like to marry Vivian, but is in doubt about her parentage. He is not sure but that she is his own daughter. Nevertheless, he presses his suit through three acts. Then it develops that the clergyman was a former intimate of Mrs. Warren, and Crofts asserts that he must be Vivie's father. When the girl rejects his suit in favor of Frank he blocks the match by telling the young couple they are brother and sister. Mrs. Warren tells her daughter all the revolting details of her life of shame, and glories in it, as it saved her and "Liz," her sister, the drudgery of menial labor. The daughter is in no way shocked at this revelation. Her views coincide with those of her shameless parent, and Vivie admits that in the circumstances she, herself, would have considered licentiousness and sin quite the better choice. The clergyman, who is not made a deposed or unfrocked clergyman, but the spiritual and religious head of a large and prominent church, confesses himself to be a debauchee and a rake—a subject which father and son familiarly discuss and laugh over. The clergyman sits up all night with Crofts and becomes bestially intoxicated; then he starts in to write his sermon for the following day. Frank, in love with Vivie, makes advances to her mother. Finally Vivie casts her mother off and leaves her forever.

Shaw, in the guise of a moral reformer, is certainly grotesque. We are told that we are not to take him seriously, that he does not mean what he says, that he sets up a theory only to knock it down, that it is all a play of exuberant wit, that he is laughing at his audiences. Nothing could be



A NEW PORTRAIT OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A study of this face, with its many characteristics of a satyr, may perhaps enable physiognomists to explain Shaw's strange teachings

wider of the mark. His purpose is earnest and deadly, not the less so in that he is congenitally incapable of seeing the whole of any question. There is absolutely nothing new in his theories; but his manner, force and facility of expression are distinctly his own. A number of his plays are harmless, entertaining and available for production. In all his plays he is wholly cynical, and his treatment admits of no sentiment, romanticism or idealism. His technical process is the true one, not in use, to any extent, by any other English dramatist. On his artistic side, he heads a revolution that is salutary and welcome, but as a moral and social philosopher he is as weak as he is pretentious.

It is all the worse in that the Shaw faddist has totally lost his moral point of view. What is a faddist? He is a grafter. He hopes to get the benefit of a distinction that he has not earned. He does not care for the facts and the truth in the case. It is enough that he can get into the picture. Any expert who understands the process of playwriting could convict Mr. Shaw in the matter of his intent. He could not deny the charge of intentional immorality. The heart of a play is its highest situation, or turning point. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was written in order to have Mrs. Warren make her defense. The play is not Vivie; it is Mrs. Warren. We have said he is a scientific playwright. We have few of them. Most playwrights are empiricists. They have no philosophy back of them. They are helpless until they get, in one way or another, a situation. They treat that situation from the romantic and conventional point of view. That is not Shaw. He is not writing for the sake of uncleanness; we must acquit him of that. It is true that while he does not present pleasing vileness as a pander in the usual sense, he is often salacious in what he regards the cause of truth. With "Mrs. Warren's Profession" Shaw is not aiming to offend decency, for decency with him is a negligible quantity, but he is aiming at the heart of society with his philosophy—which is worse. His whole purpose was to prove that Mrs. Warren was right in choosing her mode of life, that society was wrong and not she. How does he prove it? By her impassioned argument and Vivie's assent. Does he prove it? No. He simply begs the question. That society is defective in its organization, no one doubts. All of us look with a pang on the fallen woman of the streets, recognizing that, here and there, iron circumstances of hunger and desperation may have played a part. The virtuous woman who passes her life in unmarried solitude is also a victim. But Mr. Shaw denies morality and makes his choice of which class to exalt. It is the argument of every thief, law-breaker and moral pervert.

How can anyone say Shaw is not in earnest? If he had never set forth his philosophy fully in essays, we might let the whole matter pass without fastening on its abhorrent aspect. But he does not deny anything. He even cables over a confirmation of all that is not already clear to the stupidest man and the silliest woman. The preacher in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" represents Mr. Shaw's belief that all religion is hypocrisy. The son upholds his theory that no individual owes anything to parents. The Life Force should recognize no parentage or authority. One has only to read his book, "The Irrational Knot." There is no room for misunderstanding. Mr. Shaw believes that marriage is legalized prostitution, that for man or woman the home is servitude and imprisonment, that the Life Force, strangely enough discovered in the world for the first time by Mr. Shaw, a Cyclops with but one eye, is a sufficient justification for every contact. Morality and virtue are so absurd to him that he will not tolerate their possession by man or woman in his plays. The final impression left by *Candida* is that if she had been fifteen years younger she would have run away with the poet. To Shaw all women are prone to evil or, at least, liberty. In "The Philanderer" a man abandons a woman of advanced views who believes that marriage is an irrational knot. She marries someone else in the play. In the three plays indicated practically all are vile. There is a vista of vileness for those who are untouched in the action.

If Mr. Shaw thinks he can walk through the United States with his theories, we might commend to him the reply of a Yankee

officer at Key West to the Spaniard who boasted that he could take ten thousand men and walk through the whole country. "Yes, if the police do not stop you." This is a pretty big country. Mr. Shaw is among such Englishmen who do not think so. We shall eventually solve all the questions he is stumbling over. We will go over the bosses and the iniquitous thieves with a steam roller and flatten them out. We do not need his kind of help. Let Mr. Shaw listen to reason, and provide us with the clean satire of which he should be so capable.



Hall

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS PETRUCHIO



Hall

Lady Kitty (Grace George) Geoffrey Cliffe (Ben Webster)

SCENE IN THE STAGE VERSION OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NOVEL, "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE"

"My Plays Advocate Moral Reform!" Says Shaw

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION"

BETWEEN the busy and noisy Strand, with its incessant stream of restless humanity, and the mighty Thames, rolling its slimy waters, there is, like an oasis in the desert, a quiet spot called the Adelphi, with narrow and dull streets, lined with tall and gloomy-looking houses, which seem to have been lulled to sleep by the faint roar and hubbub of the great city. Here lives George Bernard Shaw, the dramatist whose plays, "Man and Superman" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," have been the object of violent and bitter attacks on your side of the water.

I had not seen George Bernard Shaw for some years. I found the same genial smile and greeting, the same willowy form, the same rather long hair and bushy beard, maybe a little more tinged with gray; the same twinkle in the bluish gray eyes, the same brown suit and boots.

I asked Mr. Shaw if he had seen the THEATRE MAGAZINE's criticism of his play. He replied that he had not, although he had read extracts of it in the London papers. I handed him the magazine. He sat down and turned over the pages, and, looking at Miss Mary Mannerling's portrait, he exclaimed:

"Where do I come in? That is not like me."

I had to admit it was not.

After he had glanced at the article and the pictures, while I examined the very handsome room, the three wide windows of which looked on the Embankment, the walls ornamented with pictures and engravings, the fine book-case and the small writing table, the polished floor with strips of bright red carpet, I asked:

"Now, Mr. Shaw, what have you to say in your own defense?"

"Well," said he of the willowy but not by any means weeping form, "I have no doubt the writer is right from his point of view. But let him buy a copy of 'Man and Superman,' let him read it carefully, and then, after six months, let him take it up again, and then let him read it once more three months later, and let him keep on reading the play every three months for ten

years, and then perhaps he will understand." I said, "Perhaps!"

"But in the meantime?" It was an adroit move to draw him out.

Mr. Shaw looked at me in an amused sort of way and went on:

"You know I am an old Socialist, and it is as a Socialist as well as a dramatist that I write. Now, I am convinced that the old idea that Socialism is an economic financial movement is an exploded one. The object of Socialism ought not to be the reform of the economic conditions of the world and a change in the distribution of wealth. The true object of Socialism ought to be moral reform. The old notions of morality have had their day; they are now obsolete and must make way for a new morality—a morality more humane and more in accordance with the new conditions of things, with the necessities and the wants of the modern world. The fact is, that so-called good people are all wrong; and bad people, or people reputed as such, are right. This is no joke," insisted Mr. Shaw, noticing an incredulous smile on his listener. He tossed the THEATRE MAGAZINE on the luxurious sofa on which he was reclining and went on:

"I mean what I say. It is time we had a revolution. Oh! I do not advocate a revolution because a revolution is considered wrong by most people; but I want to educate the people up to a point where it will be recognized that there is nothing wrong in a revolution. My plays advocate moral reform."

"But when the people's education has been perfected to that extent, will not revolutions be a superfluous luxury?"

To this Mr. Shaw assented, and gave his views of morality as understood by his American critics.

"I am attacked," he said, "by Mr. Comstock, who evidently knows more about morality than any man living, because he has destroyed some 93 tons of postcards! Why, I am overwhelmed, I am crushed, by that enormous weight of postcards. But this is neither here nor there. I see Mr. Comstock says he will have every actor and actress playing in 'Man and Superman' and 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' put in prison. I have no doubt he will

if he is allowed to have his way, and I am certain he would like to clap me in jail, too. Well, he won't."

Mr. Shaw chuckled as if the idea amused him immensely.

"Morality, it seems," continued the dramatist, "is an affair of longitude; the farther west you go, the more people claim to be more moral and more virtuous than their eastern neighbors. The Dutch think the Germans are immoral; the English deplore the depravity of the French; and the Americans, in their turn, look upon us, English, as monsters of iniquity and immorality. And so goes the wave of virtuous indignation until it reaches the Pacific."

"But in your play, 'Man and Superman,' your hero, John Tanner, who denounces marriage, becomes Ann's betrothed. Is not this running away from your point? May it not be looked upon as a contradiction, this marriage? It almost seems as if you had not the courage of your opinions."

"Not a bit of it. I am a Socialist, but I am also a playwright. As a Socialist, I have a doctrine to preach, a theory to expound, principle to uphold, ideas to proclaim and to defend until they prevail. As a dramatist, I have to construct and write a play. Whatever may happen at the end is not in contradiction with what took place before. That the hero is married does not detract from what has been said earlier in the play. All the ideas, all the opinions, all the sentiment, all the theories expressed before by the various characters remain. The marriage does not make them any less true. It destroys nothing, upsets nothing."

"Of course, my critics may say that I contradict myself, that I have not the courage of my opinions, as you said a moment ago; but I know my business. People can say 'Coward!' if they please. I am not going to oblige them by spoiling my play, though I may seem inconsistent."

As he leaned back on his sofa, Mr. Shaw certainly did not look as if the 93 tons of postcards weighed very heavily on his manly form, or the denunciation of the "Comstockers," as he called his American critics, on his mind.

"I don't care what is said about me," he went on. "I do not complain when my books are withdrawn from public libraries in the United States, or when my plays are prohibited by the po-

lice. I simply tell the American people that they are making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world, and that should bring them to their senses. Our old ideas of morality—and this does not apply to America only, for my plays were not meant specially for the transatlantic stage—must be altered and brought up to date and made to fit in with the present social conditions, and to harmonize with the changes that are ever wrought in the social communities of the world. What I fight against is the immorality of the old morality; and I look upon as immoral what 'good people' think right."

Here the interview ended, and the Socialist-playwright bowed your representative politely out. There is no doubt that George Bernard Shaw is absolutely sincere in his opinions and that he really believes what he preaches. At the same time, one cannot help thinking in this connection of a pungent remark in Lord Goschen's recently published book on economic questions. "The Socialist 'ethical' man," says Lord Goschen, "is an hypothesis just as the older economic man was an hypothesis. I am afraid that the one hypothesis will find as little its counterpart in this world of ours as the other hypothesis, and if the economic man is a monster, the ethical man, as pictured by the Socialists, is an angel who will not walk on this terrestrial globe."

Your correspondent failed to detect any wings or even pinions sprouting in the shoulder-blade region of Mr. Shaw's anatomy, nor do I think that there is anything of the apostle about him, or that he has a vocation for martyrdom.

And when I plunged from the snug and brilliantly-lit rooms into the dark and misty streets of the Adelphi, it seemed to me that from some unreal region I had suddenly returned to a practical and work-a-day world, where right was right and wrong was wrong; and I wondered, as I went along, whether things really alter when seen under a different light, or whether principles change when clothed in specious, brilliant and witty language; and it seemed to me that, after all is said and done, our harsh rules of morality and propriety are better for the whole community than would be the more lax, free, convenient and so-called natural code of morals of George Bernard Shaw.

London, Nov. 4. 1905.

P. V.



Hall

Eddie Hilston (Mcrtimer Weldon)

Lady Kitty (Grace George)

Geoffrey Cliffe (Ben Webster)

SCENE IN THE STAGE VERSION OF "THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE"

LETTERS FROM PLAYERS

IN a rosewood box, a package of letters lie; some yellow and stained with age; creased and recrease with many foldings; thumbd and rethumbd with many readings. Others so smooth and white, and clear, that one can scarcely credit the many years which have passed since the ink dried upon them. All their writers have long since gone the way of all things mortal. Of some, hardly a memory remains; but all were players who in their day played many parts, and these letters, grave or gay, stilted in tone or easy of expression, seem somehow an echo of the vanished past, and, for an instant, bring us into close, familiar touch with their half forgotten writers.

The little note on the top of the pile was written by a great actor; one of the greatest the stage has ever seen. There are only a few lines, but the combination of stately diction and dry wit make it worth preserving:

MY DEAR ESTE:

You have my leave to excuse yourself. Our meeting is on no useful design, and our only business will be making ourselves fools, and, some of us, beasts.

The moment you show me how to be useful in your affair, be sure of all and the best in my power.

Yours,

J. P. KEMBLE.

Michael dines with our roaring party—he will, perhaps, be able to moderate any overboiling effervescence in one of our guests.

Few of us associate the name of John Howard Payne with the stage. Yet, during his meteoric career as an actor, he was the idol of audiences on both sides the Atlantic, and his London appearance marked the beginning of the ever lengthening procession of American actors who have become favorites with the British public. At the Drury Lane Theatre, on the evening of June 4, 1813, the play was "Douglas," and Norval was enacted by a "Young Gentleman (Being his first appearance in London)." The "young gentleman" was Payne, then twenty-two, and his performance was received with much applause. For a time he was quite a fad with London society, and then, after a season of petting and being made much of, this same fickle society found another toy, and poor Payne was dropped. For a time he struggled against fate, and then, finding his efforts hopeless, he very wisely left the stage and took up dramatic writing. The follow-

April 1.
74.
Dear Sir -
In reply to your
note asking for my
autograph I beg to
say I never give one
Yours much
Dundreary.

Characteristic response of the elder Sothorn ("Lord Dundreary") to a request for his autograph

THEATRE.

FIRST NIGHT OF WALLACE.

Friday Evening, Nov. 16, 1821,

Will be presented, (first time here) a celebrated new Tragedy, in 5 acts, called

WALLACE;
Or, the Hero of Scotland.

New Scenery, Dresses and Decorations.

With a favourite Scotch Overture, & Scots' Music during the Evening.

SCOTS.

Wallace, Regent of Scotland, } Mr. Wood.
Comyn, Thane of Cumberland, } Mr. Warren.
Stuart, Thane of Butr. } Mr. Johnston.
Douglas, } Mr. H. Wallack.
Monteith, } Mr. Darley.

Ramsay, } Mr. Greene.
Angus, } Mr. Parker.
Athol, } Mr. Murray.
Kierly, } Mr. Burke.
Fergus, } Mr. J. Jefferson. *My Uncle John*
Allan, } Mr. Jones.
Officers, Soldiers, &c.

ENGLISH.

Clare, Earl of Gloster, } Mr. Hathwell.
Lord de Clifford, } Mr. Wheatly.
Sir R. Fitz Eustace, } Mr. Scrivener.

Bracy, } Mr. Martin.
Helen, Wife of Wallace, } Mrs. Wood.

After which the Musical Farce, called

Of Age To-Morrow.

Baron Wellington, } Mr. Jefferson.
Baron Piffleberg, } Mr. Burke.
Molkus, } Mr. Blissett.
Servant, } Mr. Parker.

Fritz, } Mr. Hathwell.
Lady Van Brumbach, } Mrs. Francis.
Sophia, } Miss Seymour.
Maria, } Mrs. Burke. *My Mother*

On Saturday, (in obedience to the wish of many Ladies and Gentlemen) the Musical Play of *ROB ROY MACGREGOR*, with other Entertainments.

The grand Melo-dramatic Romance of VALENTINE & ORSON, will be speedily most splendidly produced—Also, *THERESE*, the Orphan of Geneva. The new Tragedies of *DAMON & PYTHIAS*—*MARINO FALERO*, by Lord Byron, and various other novelties, will be immediately produced.

Gentlemen holding Season Tickets are respectfully requested to write their names at the Box door, or leave a card; the Managers particularly solicit the attention of the Stockholders to this necessary regulation during the season. Every right of admission will be certified by George Davis, Esq. Secretary to the Stockholders.

Places in the Boxes may be taken of Mr. Johnston, at the Box Office, from 10 until 1; and on days of performance from 10 until 4 o'clock.

Cheques not transferable. Proper officers are appointed who will rigidly enforce decorum.

BOX, ONE DOLLAR—PIT, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS—GALLERY, FIFTY CENTS.

The doors will be opened at half past 5 o'clock, and the curtain will rise at half past 6, precisely.

Old playbill on which appear the names of several members of the Jefferson family. The written annotations are in the late Joseph Jefferson's own handwriting

ing letter, written soon afterwards, hints that this, too, was a thorny path for the author of "Home, Sweet Home":

29 Norton Street, Portland Place.

MY DEAR SIR:

As I can get no answer from Mr. P—, and silence will not pay bills, I shall feel obliged by your saying whether you will purchase the Italian Opera from me, with all its chances of every kind, and the French one, at an honest sum? And what will you give for the two? Say, so much in hand, and so much on delivery of both manuscripts complete?

Will you think me troublesome in asking you, besides, for a couple of double oratorio orders by the 2d penny post? Yours very truly,

Wm. Hawes, Esq.

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

The passing of Joseph Jefferson seems to have severed, if not the last, certainly the strongest link which connected the modern drama with what is popularly, though vaguely, known as the "good old times." Undoubtedly, we have made vast strides in many directions, and in the matter of *mise en scene* alone, have achieved things undreamed of years ago. But we have to-day nothing to take the place of the old stock company. How many of the "all star casts" blazoned upon the modern playbill can compare with the ordinary, every day excellence of the Fifth Avenue Theatre company, or that brilliant aggregation of talent which Lester Wallack gathered together in the early seventies?

The playbill reproduced in this article, and which was given to this present writer by the late Joseph Jefferson, takes one further back into the past. In itself, it is a curious and refreshing contrast to the present day playbill, with its illprinted medley of vulgar advertisements and stale jokes. How quaint the heading, too, in these days of multitudinous play houses; simply "Theatre." This theatre was the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, managed by W. B. Wood and William Warren, that famous old time partnership which did so much to advance the cause of the drama in America. Both Wood and Warren appear in the tragedy "Wallace," which heads the bill, and in the support we find Mr. J. Jefferson—"My Uncle John," as Jefferson has written in his own hand after the name—who—says William



Player Parents Who Have Daughters on the Stage

(1 and 2) Madge Carr Cooke and her daughter, Eleanor Robson. Mrs. Cooke is now playing Mrs. Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Eleanor Robson is on the road playing in "Merely Mary Ann." (3 and 4) Marie Bates and her daughter, Blanche Bates. Mrs. Bates was seen recently as the Foxy Woman in "The Darling of the Gods." Miss Bates is playing in "The Girl from the Golden West." (5 and 6) Dorothy Russell and her mother, Lillian Russell. Both are now in vaudeville. (7 and 8) Maude Adams and her mother, Annie Adams. Miss Adams is playing Peter Pan. Mrs. Adams is in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." (9 and 10) Louis James and his daughter, Millie James. Mr. James is now on the road playing "Virginus." Miss James was seen last season as the Little Princess. She has since been married. (11) Louise Drew and her father, John Drew. Miss Drew is now playing in "Strongheart." Mr. Drew is playing De Lancey. (12 and 13) Leslie Allen and his daughter, Viola Allen. Both are now appearing in "The Toast of the Town."

Winter, was the most talented member of the family, and who, had he lived, would have had a brilliant career. In the farce which followed, the principal part was taken by Joseph Jefferson, senior—the finest comedian of his time. Though born in England, he came to America when barely twenty-two, and for nearly forty years did more than his share in raising the tone of the American stage. Jefferson's mother, then Mrs. Burke, also had a part in the play.

The part which first brought Jefferson before the public as an actor of more than ordinary ability was that of Asa Trenchard, in "Our American Cousin," produced by Laura Keane and her stock company in 1858, and which ran for 140 nights. The rôle of Lord Dundreary was assigned to E. A. Sothorn. It was a small part and he was reluctant to accept it, but finally made the best of a bad bargain, and gradually added to the lines and elaborated the "business" until it took rank with the leading characters and, in the end, made his name famous through the civilized world. Here is a whimsical note in the elder Sothorn's hand:

DEAR SIR:

April 1, '74.

In reply to your note asking for my autograph, I beg to say I never give one. Yours Much,

DUNDREARY.

The writer of the next letter, John T. Ford, for many years the leading spirit in theatrical management throughout the South, was a close friend of Jefferson, and was associated, in a tragic way, with "Our American Cousin," since it was while witnessing that play from a box of Ford's Theater, Washington, that Lincoln met his death on that fateful evening of April 14, 1865. The letter was written from Baltimore, four years after assuming the management of the Holliday Street Theater, and is amusing in its rather stilted tone:

BALTIMORE, MD., June 28, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your favor received. In reply, Jefferson stated to me that he thought his sister "would be the very one for Ariel." She is quite small and very neat, and sings well. I designed her for the chambermaid also. You can formally tender any of those that I mentioned, the salary I affixed to each of their names. In regard to the prompter, he is quite a young man, and has only acted as prompter during the present season, yet he is quite proficient and attentive. I have no objection to giving him nine rather than lose him. His name is Marshall. I have a very good corps de Ballet.

My intention is to commence on Sept. 5th with the Florences, to play them three weeks and then produce "The Tempest," which will give us ample time for rehearsals. I propose offering an engagement to Chas. Wheatleigh for Caliban and Bottom, as I desire to do "Midsummer" during the Christmas holidays.

Your views about the casts of pieces I entirely agree with, and I desire to exact from each and every one that deference to the stage manager, making him the best judge of the character that suits the person. I have the music of "The Tempest." I have also a prompt book prepared by you for me some two years ago and received through E. L. Davenport. From it our artist Getz has gotten up the scenery.

About the company, aside from those I have, I know we will have ample time to fill up. Miss Devlin sings; Mrs. Proctor sings some little; Miss Jefferson sings very well. Mrs. Stoddart, formerly Mrs. Conover, sings very well. My Ballet sing fairly. And now I want a young lady, pretty and young, to play small Walking Ladies, etc. Can you secure me one?

*which I shall only have a brief respite
towards the middle of next month.
But I must request you to make the
acquaintance of Mrs. Macready in
my absence, and she will do her best
to supply my place.*

Believe me, my dear Sir,

*Yours most sincerely and cordially
W. C. Macready.*

A letter from W. C. Macready

*To come at as Goldshed's
disinterestedness and
benevolence —
If you can slip
my cognomen in for
four feet square in J.R.H.
I'm most eternally obliged
Yours truly,
Dion Boucicault*

An autograph of Dion Boucicault. Note the early spelling, "Boucicault"

Mr. Barron is only good for Walking Gents. He is quite youthful, in fact, boyish in appearance, but very attentive and quite well featured. I will give him \$12 per week, which you can offer him for Walking Gents, etc. Spackman, I do not care about. He is very extravagant (Western), and in serious parts frequently provokes laughter, but has an immense study, and is willing. Do as you think best.

To Mr. Wright.

Truly yours,
JNO. T. FORD.

Charles Kean, fiery as he could be on the stage, was naturally a retiring, bashful man and in the following letter he shows considerable trepidation at having been asked to preside at a theatrical dinner:

ATHENÆUM CLUB,
March 15, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have been induced, much against my inclination, and for the first time in my life, to become the Chairman of the General Theatrical Fund Dinner, which will take place on 4th April at the London Tavern. You may imagine my nervousness on such an occasion, and my anxiety to see around me some of my friends. Let me hope you will, therefore, join the party, and if possible, bring with you some "good men and true." If you will allow me to enclose you a ticket for the Dinner, I should feel it as a personal favor conferred on

Yours most sincerely,

CHARLES KEAN.

P.S.—You will hear excellent music and a speech from Dickens. If some of your ladies would like to visit the gallery, I will procure them tickets.

Another letter from the same actor in regard to engaging Couldock for his company. This letter is curious for the mention it makes of the newly invented telegraph:

June 5, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR:

Couldock is the man for the first actor, if he would do it, and he is a great fool if he does not. I will give him five pounds and all his expenses paid from London to Windsor and back, which you will explain. There is no time to lose, so I will at once engage him if he accepts the part. Just arrange it all with him for me and get him, for he would speak those important lines excellently. As it is essential I should know this by tomorrow morning, send me off an electric message merely "yes" or "no," which I shall understand in reference to Mr. Couldock. Find him out as soon as you read this—settle the business and despatch my message by telegraph to No. 3 Torrington Square, where they will be on the lookout for it, and forward it to me wherever I may be. Let me know what you pay for it, and on Monday I will send you a Post Office order for the amount. Should there be any bother, you must explain all and talk him over.

Yours truly,

C. KEAN.

(Continued on page xii.)

*as a personal favor
conferred on yours
most sincerely
Charles Kean
Whenaway Club.
15 March
1849.*

*P.S.
You will hear excellently
music & a speech
from Dickens.*

A letter from Charles Kean inviting a friend to a dinner at which he will hear a speech from Dickens

Encoritis: A Protest

THE encore fiend, with his huge maulers and silly giggle, his bubbling, thumping, ear-splitting appreciation of everything that assails his lack-lustre eyes from the stage, has become such a nuisance in our places of amusement on first nights, second nights and all other nights that we think the time is ripe for a fuller appreciation of this most extraordinary specimen of the *homo imbecilis*.

There he squats in all his brazen glory. He has come to enjoy the "show," not, mark you, in the manner in which as a normal human being he would enjoy anything else, by finely discriminating between what he likes and what he does not like; but he has come to enjoy—"take in"—this particular part of his day's more or less diverting experiences by a solemn compact with himself, not to be bamboozled, cozzened, or thimble-rigged out the equivalent for the two dollars he laid down at the box-office. And if the play is execrable, if the actors are doing their unspeakable worst, if there is in all the dreary stuff never a smile or a real emotion—no matter. Go to! He'll have his penny'orth of excitement willy-nilly. He'll have his hands do the work that his judgment ought to be doing, if judgment the good God had given him. And while the rest of the audience wants to cool its heels in the lobby and its throat at the replenishing station next door, this maudlin vulgarian, exquisitely titillated by the work of his marvelous palms, has the curtain up again and again until the players themselves sneak knowing winks at one another, and even the manager looks at the arabesques in the carpet to keep a straight face. The Briareus of the stalls—who will deliver us from the body of this iniquity!

All our theatres are now equipped with opera glasses and acousticons. Why not hang from the back of each seat a box containing a huge watchman's rattle? Ah! that would be worth while. For a dime the fist-yammerer could then make Rome howl—even if they had not succeeded in doing so on the stage; make each particular hair on each particular bald head to stand on end like javelins upon the fretful elephant, and drive each decent and self-respecting playgoer into the street, leaving the auditorium wholly in the hands of the high priests of hubbub.

Have you never been awakened out of a sound sleep at the end of act three when all the air a solemn stillness holds by "Speech!" "Speech!" "Speech!"? That is the tertiary stage of encoritis. Nobody wants to deliver a "speech," nobody wants to hear a "speech," nobody who is anybody asked for a "speech"—but behold! the Palm has annexed a larynx, and tongues have sprouted on the night. The author, the manager, the star, anybody, will satisfy this unfortunate who has come among us. Just to see a real live man appear between the footlights and the fallen curtain, and hear those inspiring words: "Ladies and gentlemen, in the name of the company and myself—," and all the rest of the platitudinous palaver that goes by the name "speech"—just to hear that and nothing more, brings the bliss that passeth understanding to the soul of the encoritic and satisfies him until the last act, when, emerging from his trance at seeing particeps criminis before the curtain, he will yet linger for a good-night love-tap.

Applause—the real simon pure article—is something that brings as much joy to the auditor who never applauds—we all know him, the fellow whose face is pipe-jointed to his Dignity, and who is afraid to let out a link in his macadamized attitude—as to the players on the stage. In the third act of "Zira," when Margaret Anglin spins the web of despair all about her to break it in a whirlwind of defiance and then collapses into a heart-splintering confession, or when James K. Hackett in a splendid outburst pronounces his now famous anathema maranatha on the lady cigarette smokers and the finely upholstered man-killers of Mayfair, and in mighty vocables and unsterilized staccato smashes the smart set to infinitesimal flinders that pretty nearly knocks down the Coca-Cola sign in Long Acre Square, the audience is

(Continued on page x.)



Hall

MISS MAUDE LAMBERT IN "THE WHITE CAT"

How Augustus Thomas Writes His Plays

INTERVIEWS WITH AUTHORS—No. 2

THERE are three ways of writing plays," said Augustus Thomas, as he helped himself to a round of well browned toast. "The first kind of writer starts with a story he can get anywhere—it need not necessarily be his own—and then he sets to work to give life to that story. The second kind of writer is the one who finds or conceives a very strong situation, and writes up to that and down from it. The third type is the one who starts with a set of characters or with one character, and lets them work out their own story."

We were sitting in the cosy breakfast-room of Mr. Thomas' picturesque home, "The Ramble," at New Rochelle, on a rainy morning, the day before the first performance of "De Lancey," which Mr. Thomas wrote for John Drew. Outside the wind blew dismally, September's prophecy of what November might bring, and little gusts of stinging rain blew sharply against the broad window panes. The leaves of the clinging woodbine shivered, and the shrubs in the garden looked woefully bedraggled and forlorn. But within there was the delicate aroma of new-made coffee and crisp, brown toast, while the bowl of golden oranges added a glowing bit of color to the breakfast table, with its service of old blue china and silver. Mr. Thomas was a late arrival for the morning repast, for he had been busy for three weeks with "De Lancey" rehearsals and said he was a bit tired.

Through an open doorway, his two children, a handsome boy of eleven and a bright-eyed little girl of seven, were playing an amateur game of pool, and the music of their childish voices and gay young laughter brought a pleasant light to the father's eyes that was good to see.

"And which type of man are you, Mr. Thomas?" asked the interviewer; "which of the three methods do you employ in writing a play?"

"The third," he replied laconically, as he buttered a second slice of toast. "I begin with a group of characters and let them live together for a while, and they make their own story. If the public is disappointed, I'm not, for I have no idea how the thing will end. I haven't thought how it will work out—they develop their own story, you see. Under these conditions if a man tried to bind his characters by conventions they would smell of the theatre."

"How long do I think about my characters? Oh, that depends; sometimes a year, sometimes two, sometimes not longer than six months. The work of a play is all done when the writing is commenced. That is the mere mechanical part."

After Mr. Thomas has his drama well in mind—when his dream-people have lived together, had joys and sorrows, and developed, through situations, a plot, he sketches the story orally to the manager for whom he is writing the piece. If this résumé proves satisfactory he then writes a scenario, a composite



Photo Rosch

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

picture of the piece, and then follows the play in detail, scene by scene, act by act, in regular sequence.

"The divisions into scenes and acts? Oh, it isn't a question of division, but of construction. Scenes are a necessity. They are the anatomy of the thing. You can't measure them off with a yard stick."

"Does not your environment affect your work?"

"Other things being equal, it does not. I can work and write anywhere. As for incidents which suggest my plays, as a man gets along in life he draws on his own observation; every bit of experience, of travel, is valuable to him, and he never knows when he is going to need it."

The length of time for writing a play after the mental construction is complete differs, of course, depending upon circumstances. Mr. Thomas has been known to write an act in one

night, while sometimes he is busy on one as long as a month.

"Do you like writing to order, or would you prefer to follow your own inclination?"

"Yes, I like it," answered Mr. Thomas thoughtfully. "If I am writing it for an actor with a strong, inspiring personality, John Drew, for instance. It is a great pleasure to write a play for him. His personality is so strong, so full of inspiration."

"While writing a play for some particular actor must be a great guide to you in the matter of character work, do you not find it a restriction that sometimes hampers you?" I asked.

"Yes, I do, of course, but one offsets the other; it's a compensating thing," replied the playwright.

Asked if, when actively at work on one play, he ever gives thought to another, the dramatist replied:

"Sometimes an alien character comes to me, but I never allow it to obtrude itself too forcibly upon my imagination, or to intrude into the work in hand. I'm no great dab at psychology; they talk a lot about the subjective mind; I don't know much about it," he laughed.

When writing a play Mr. Thomas does not give his characters literal names. He leaves the christening as one of the finalities. Instead, he designates his hero as "A Man," his heroine as "A Woman," while a secondary male character might appear in the first draft as "His Friend," and the opposite female character as "Her Friend." These names bear the same relation to the people they stand for as a modiste's dummy models do to the frocks which are draped and fitted upon them. They serve for the fittings and the drudgery.

"What do you consider the relative strength of a dramatized novel and a play which has been a drama from its first inception?"

Mr. Thomas thought for a moment, and then he answered:

"There is a disposition to be weaker when the piece has been in book form. Now mind, I do not say necessarily weaker—many



ROBERT MANTELL AS RICHARD III.

of them are not—but there is that tendency—one is apt to crowd in more extraneous stuff because it was in the book."

"How do playwrights feel on a first night; are they excited and nervous, or calm and cool?"

"I do not know how playwrights feel on a first night," replied Mr. Thomas with a quiet smile, "I know only how one playwright feels. It is, of course, an occasion of very great anxiety. Nat Goodwin gave the best definition of a first night when he said, 'As far as excitement goes, it is a horse race that lasts three hours.' The success of a first night does not necessarily mean the success of the piece, however; some of the most terrific failures have had all of the color of success the first night.

"When is one sure that his play is a go? Well, one has more confidence if it goes well on the second night, but one can't be sure it is a real success for two or three weeks."

"Do you get as much pleasure out of a big hit now as you did the first time?"

"Well, it is different," he answered, fingering his orange knife nervously. "At first the pleasure is like that felt in a successful 'stunt' of any kind, but after a while you get used to it, and look at it more as a plain business proposition."

Speaking again of his characters "working out their own salvation," Mr. Thomas cited the case of "The Earl of Pawtucket," which was written for Lawrence D'Orsay.

"Naturally," said the dramatist, "you take an Englishman of D'Orsay's pronounced type. Then you associate him in your

mind with a girl. Next the question arises, 'Who is she?' 'What is she?' and the story begins to work itself out."

Mr. Thomas says that he is always looking ahead about a year and keeps working ahead of the market at least that time. The past two years he has spent the greater part of the time in Paris, and he expects to return there this winter, after the production of his new play, "The Embassy Ball," which was also written for D'Orsay. The past summer Mr. Thomas and his family spent at their summer place at East Hampton, on Long Island.

"In what are you interested, apart from your work, in which you are particularly interested?"

"I do not know of anything, aside from my work, in which I am not interested," answered the dramatist, smiling.

"Not a fad, or (an aside)—a relaxation?" I asked vaguely. If he had been secretly laughing before, he was smiling this time openly, and such a pleasant smile it is that comes to the usually grave lips, that it helps to dispel that feeling of awe which envel-

ops one when in presence of Men Who Have Done Things.

No, Mr. Thomas hasn't a fad, if by fad one means the collecting mania. He does not collect candlesticks nor teapots, nor old armour, nor even trousers, like d'Annunzio. He is not unreservedly addicted to paintings, though he is fond of art, is a good judge of it and has several particularly fine canvases on his walls. Augustus Thomas has no fad acknowledged as such, and is a very robust, normal man, but I fancy his fondness is for the sea—a wide expanse of tumbling green water with blue



REV. JOHN SNYDER
Pastor of a Congregational Church at Wellesley Hills, Mass., and author of the melodrama "As Ye Sow," successfully produced in Chicago



SCENE IN "BABES IN THE WOOD," CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME WHICH IS COMING TO THE CASINO, NEW YORK

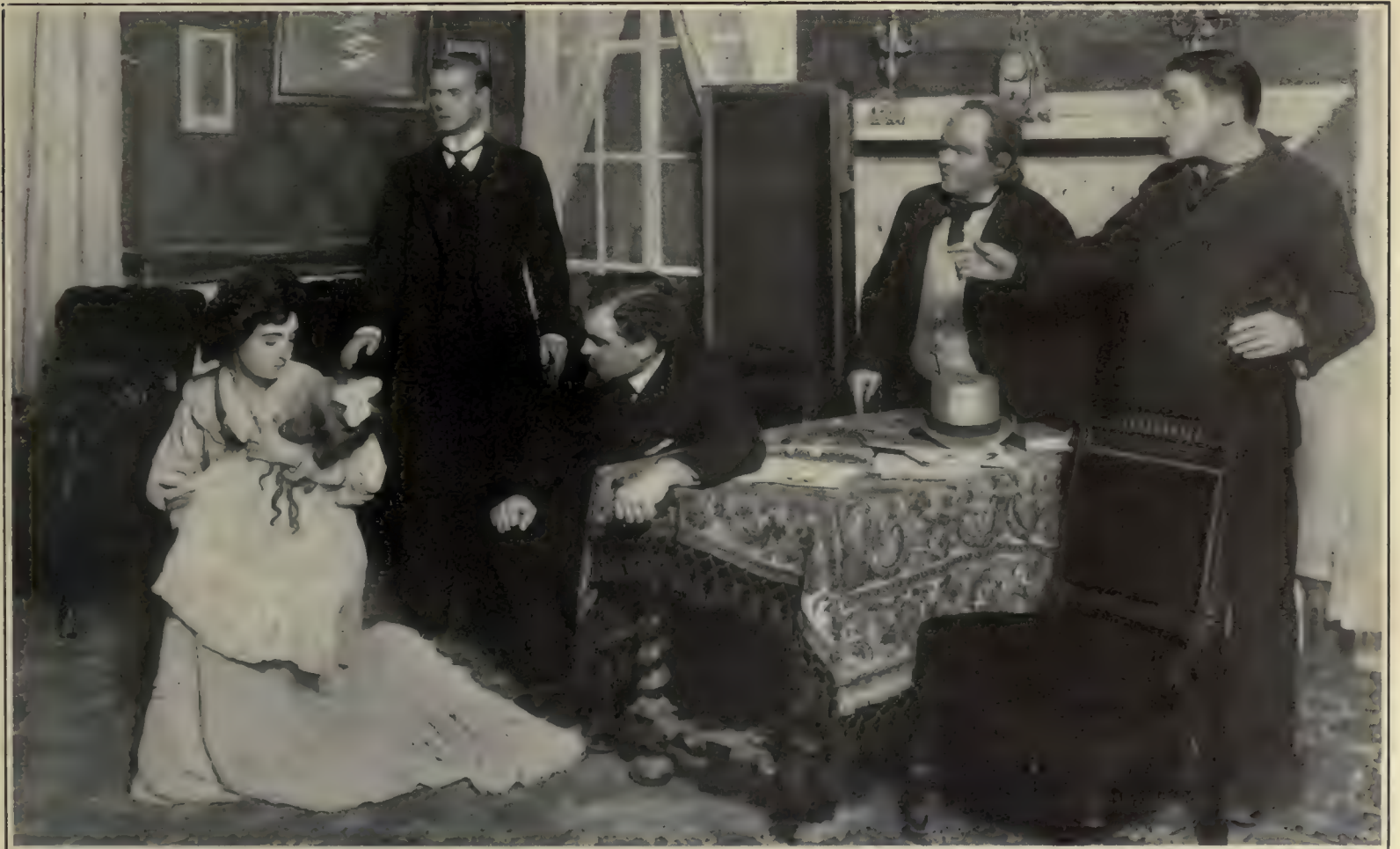
lights in it, and white crested waves, and spray-dashed cliffs; the freshness of salt breezes, the wild cry of the sea bird. He said nothing about his love for the sea, but I noticed that his finest art gems are marines, one beautiful surf scene having been painted by Simpson for the broad space it occupies over the wide-throated fireplace in the living room. Over it is this quotation from "Snowbound:" "What matter how the north wind wave." Another superb canvas in the blues and greens that an artist loves is the brush work of Lionel Waldon, an American artist living in Paris. This picture was quite the rage in Paris last year, and won a medal at the 1904 Salon. Then, too, the playwright's summer home is on the water, and aquatic sports appeal to him strongly. He is very fond of sailing, rowing and swimming, and his cat-boat, "Kibosh," has taken him many a pleasant trip.

Strong, sturdy Americanism is the keynote of Augustus Thomas' life and character. He expresses it in the ample lines of his thick-set figure; in the set of his shoulders; in the firm, determined contour of chin and nose and brow. The clear, gray-blue eyes are practi-



Helen Mac Gregor (the wife) Frank Gillmore (the good brother) Little Olive Wright (the child)
ACT III. "AS YE SOW." THE SHADOW IN THE HOME

cal eyes; there is in them no element of the languorous dreamer or the dilettante. They are keen, businesslike sort of eyes—eyes that have a way of looking you squarely in the face and taking your measure at a glance. They are not eyes that depend on other eyes for their life or expression. They are independent eyes. One feels instinctively when in the presence of this man that his taste is for the unlimited out-of-doors rather than the restrictions of the drawing-room, and this is strongly reflected in his work. Those of his plays that have succeeded best have dealt with the open. He admits that he never feels quite happy in the drawing-room. He much prefers a cross-country ride to hounds, a tussle with wind and wave in his faithful cat-boat, an afternoon on the links—for his is the active, rather than the passive, the self-assertive rather than the submissive nature. He is of the strong, robust build, with a head set very firmly upon a pair of broad shoulders. He is clean shaven, and has the prognathous jaw and determined mouth of the man who "gets there." If his eyes do not reveal what is behind



SCENES IN THE MELODRAMA, "AS YE SOW," WRITTEN BY A MASSACHUSETTS CLERGYMAN AND PRODUCED IN CHICAGO WITH SUCCESS
The play deals with the two sons of a Cape Cod minister. One is upright; the other is wayward, with a wife and child whom he abandons. The wife falls in love with the good brother and, believing her husband drowned, is going to church to be married when the missing husband turns up. Complications ensue until the husband goes away to die as an enlisted soldier in Cuba

them, quiet merriment lurks in their depths, spiced not infrequently with just a dash of sarcasm. One feels that this man can be very sarcastic.

Like most authors and dramatists, Augustus Thomas served his apprenticeship in daily newspaperdom, and for a time his dramatic work was carried on hand in hand with journalism. He was born in St. Louis, and his education, after his boyhood days, was completed in the limitless school of the world. For a time he was traveling reporter for the *New York World*, and he also did illustrating for that paper, for he has considerable talent as an artist. He was a reporter for the *Post-Dispatch*, and for a time was with the *Kansas City Times*. Later he owned and conducted the *Kansas City Mirror*. He also wrote short stories.

"I liked newspaper work," he said, "and I did not give it up

Later he came to New York and became attached to the Madison Square Theatre, under A. M. Palmer, in a literary capacity, and here he made his first real hit, with a one-act play called "A Man of the World," which he wrote for Maurice Barrymore. This little piece was so successful that it encouraged Mr. Palmer to try something longer by the same author. The Palmer fortunes were even at that time (1889) on the receding tide, and when the young dramatist from St. Louis offered "Alabama" to Mr. Palmer, the manager had no great faith in it. It was certainly unlike anything New York had seen before, and was so quiet, atmospheric, idyllic that he feared it was beyond the blasé metropolis. But Mr. Palmer had nothing else ready. It was a case of kill or cure, so "Alabama" was produced, with Agnes Booth, J. H. Stoddart, Maurice Barrymore, and other favorites in the cast.



Byron

ACT III. The return of Monna Vanna from the camp of the barbarian, accompanied by Prinzevalle
"MONNA VANNA" AT THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

when first I did dramatic work, for one must have a pretty good foothold before one can make a living at playwriting."

His first dramatic effort was done in the late 70's and early 80's, the piece being "Alone," which was given a semi-amateur performance. "The Big Rise" was another early play. Mr. Thomas says he began writing dramas in preference to stories because he felt that the dramatic is the simpler form. His first play to be presented by professionals was called "Combustion," and this had its initial performance at Polk's Theatre, in St. Louis, in 1883, with Frank David, a comedian now dead, in a leading rôle. Others in the cast, now well known, were Della Fox, then a little girl, and Edgar Smith, now a prominent dramatist. At this early period of his career Thomas produced his own plays.

and scored an immense success. From then on, Thomas was the man of the hour, and the most promising American dramatist since Bronson Howard. Following up the idea of plays depicting American life in the various states, Thomas produced in rapid succession "Arizona," "In Missouri" and "Colorado." The first named play made a fortune for its author and producers, and "In Missouri" proved a gold mine for Nat. Goodwin. That astute manager, Charles Frohman, having failed to see anything in "Arizona," hastened to order another State play from the same author, and Mr. Thomas gave him "Colorado," a play which proved a disappointment for all concerned. Turning his attention now to work in a lighter vein, Mr. Thomas wrote "The Earl of Pawtucket," a comedy, slight in texture, but with one immensely



Guido (Mr. Kolker)

Monna Vanna (Mme. Kalich)

Marco (Mr. Perry)

ACT I. Monna Vanna departs for the barbarian's camp



Photos Byron, N. Y.

Monna Vanna

Prinzevalle (Mr. Jewett)

ACT II. Monna Vanna in Prinzevalle's tent

Maeterlinck's Poetic Drama, "Monna Vanna," at the Manhattan Theatre



DOROTHY REVELL

Engaged by Arnold Daly for a new production and for the season 1906-7. Miss Revell was lately seen as the wife in "How He Lied to Her Husband." Her début on the stage was made with Belasco in "The Darling of the Gods," and afterwards she was seen with Louis Mann in "The Second Fiddle."

amusing character—that of the insular British Earl, presented to the life by the English actor, Lawrence d'Orsay. This piece also was written for Mr. Frohman, but that manager saw no possibility in Mr. d'Orsay, so Mr. Thomas withdrew the manuscript, and with it made a fortune for Kirke La Shelle. Later pieces by Mr. Thomas have been "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "De Lancey" and

"The Embassy Ball." A new one-act piece, of which much is expected, is called "A Constitutional Point." It was recently acted at a Lambs Gambol with great success, and has since been secured by Mr. Frohman. The little piece is a skilful blend of sentiment and pathos, and shows the dramatist at his best.

GRACE HORTENSE TOWER.



Gertrude Sylva, a New York girl, who has sung successfully in Marseilles, Brussels, The Hague, and Covent Garden



Blanche Ruby, an Iowa girl and daughter of U. S. Consul, who has sung at Marseilles, Nantes and The Hague



Elvira Leverine, of Boston, in the title rôle of "Mignon," in which she made her début in Naples season of 1903



Pauline Lightstone, a New York girl who, under the name "Donalda," made so successful a début at Nice that it landed her at Covent Garden

American Singers Who Have Won Fame in Europe

PART II



Putnam Griswold who made his début in England in 1901 and engaged by Henry Savage for "Parsifal"

TO most American singers who have sought recognition abroad there is but one drawback to the European career. It is not love of home that lures them back to the United States—it is money. It looks fine to put "de l'Opéra" or "de l'Opéra Comique" on one's visiting card, as is the habit in Europe, but there is another side to it. Many a débutante has sung at the Opéra Comique for nothing, some have paid, and some have had the magnificent salary of 200 francs a month (just shy of 40 dollars). One of the most prominent débutantes at the Opéra saw 5,000 francs paid over for her début, and one of those who was there two years as a regular member of the troupe earned 6,000 francs a year (25 dollars a week), and she was con-

sidered favored. Cities like Bordeaux often get débutantes at 300 francs (60 dollars) a month, and in theatres of that sort singers provide their own costumes. So it is small wonder that having got one's education one wants to earn money in the United States. The great wonder is that everyone wants a place in America in the front rank, at very many dollars a minute, and lacking that, would rather stay in Europe on nothing. There is, of course, an explanation for this. Once bitten by the pesky microbe of continental life—well, the disease is incurable. There may come a Nemesis. Many a foreign singer has eyes turned to America and is learning English, to sing in *English opera*. Only one thing will save the situation for the Americans—the Europeans have not the voices in the rank and file.

It would require a volume to set forth the history of the American singers who in the past quarter of a century have sought, and in some cases found, a career in continental cities outside Paris, as Marion Weed did at Hamburg, Minnie Nast

at Dresden, Rose and Harriet Behnné at Breslau, and Della Rogers at Elberfeld. The latter made her début at St. Petersburg in 1894, and had three years in Italy before she devoted herself to the Wagnerian repertoire, which she has successfully sung as "guest" all over Germany. Dorré is another American who was trained in Italy and began her career there, and who now goes "guesting" in Germany. She has just finished a special engagement at the new Opera House in Berlin, where she sang such rôles as Carmen, Mignon and Santuzza, which especially fit her. In February, 1901, Enrichetta Godard made her début as Elsa at the Teatro Municipale at Modena, Italy, and, after singing Mimi and Violetta in several of the smaller towns of Northern Italy, was engaged at La Scala, Milan, where she made her début as Freia, in the production of "La Walkyre," in December, 1903.

Blanche Ruby, an Iowa girl, whose father was for years in the consular service, made her début in "Mireille" at Nantes, in the autumn of 1902. The following season she was a member of the company at The Hague, where she has as associate, a dramatic soprano, Mlle. Scalar (Miss Minnie Plummer of Maine), whom report ranks in the class with Farrar, Lindsay, Abott and Garden, as a possible coming star. Mlle. Scalar made her début as Aida in October, 1903, and in the two seasons she has sung in Holland has become a great favorite. She has one more year to sing there—her contract called for three—and then, if the opinion of Van Dyke, who has sung with her, is worth anything, she will be heard from, as she would have been before had special correspondents been as rife in The Hague as they are in Paris.

Another American who has sung with considerable success at The Hague is Gertrude Sylva, a clever New York girl, who has a remarkably sweet and well trained soprano voice. She made her début at The Hague in 1901 in the title rôle of "Lucia da Lammermoor," and then was engaged as prima donna soprano at the La Monnaie Theatre, Brussels. At Covent Garden, Miss Sylva sang in "Rigoletto" in the place of Melba.

In the autumn of 1903 the Carl Rosa company had as a

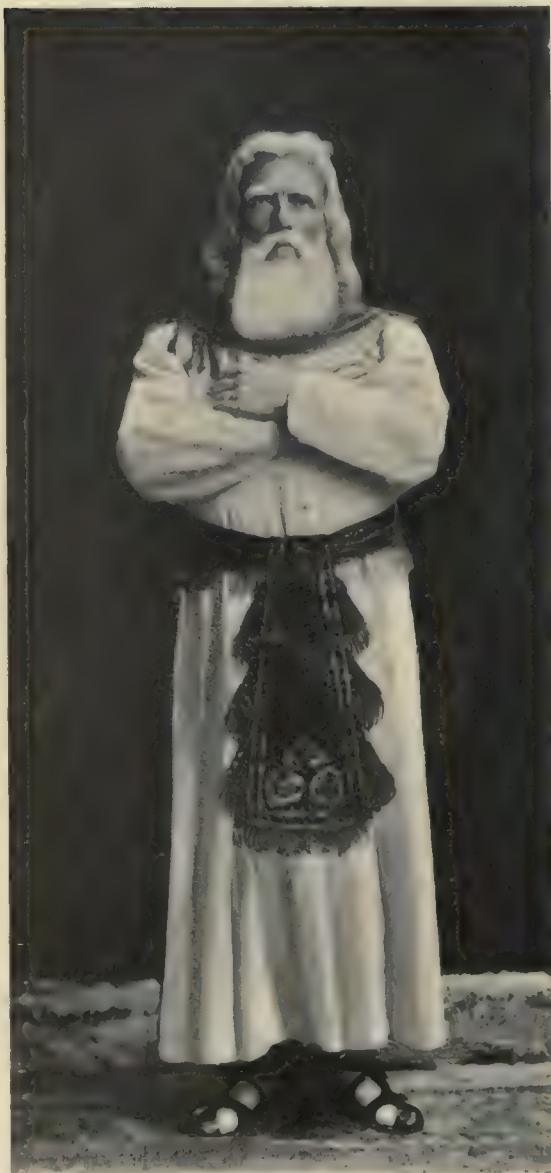
special star, Cecile Talma, of New York, who was with the company the entire season, and on her return to New York, in the autumn of 1904, was engaged as understudy in the Metropolitan company, with which she traveled, singing one of the Flower maidens in "Parsifal." In the autumn of 1902, Maria Tiziano, whom Bostonians know as Marion Titus, made her début at Varassi, in Italy, in "Traviata," singing the next season at Casena and the season of 1904-5 at the Royal Opera at Oporto. She will, it is said, be heard next season at Covent Garden.

Italy has seen a number of débuts since then, although in these days a début there is harder to secure than anywhere in the world, if you except America, and rarely is secured, save at some price, and often missed, even after the price is paid—it is so easy to reject a débutante, even at a dress rehearsal, or to arrange a failure! In one season at the Teatro Bellini, Naples, where the great Caruso sang in the days before he was famous, there were no less than four American girls who made a first appearance. In January, 1904, pretty Alice Neilsen appeared there, and in the April following three American girls appeared there inside three weeks. On March 26 Beatrice Wheeler sang Leonora in "Favorita," and just a week later Elvira Leverine, another Boston girl, appeared as "Mignon," and on April 5 Elena Kirmes sang Leonora in "Il Trovatore." In the winter of that year—December, 1904—a Mlle. Merlot made a début at Nancy, as Marguerite.

This *nom de théâtre* concealed the identity of Miss Bertha Schlesinger, daughter of Sebastian Schlessinger, and concealed it pretty effectively for a time, as she had been announced under the name of La Vallière, which she abandoned for fear of being confounded with that popular little charmer at the Variétés, which would have been a pity either way you look at it.

In February, 1904, Mrs. Morris-Black, a well-known American concert singer, made her operatic début at Nice as Orfeo. There she won applause—and a husband. She is now Mrs. Charles Cahier, and, after singing in Paris with the Colonne orchestra, will this winter go "guesting," making one of her first appearances at Budapest.

About the same time an American falcon made her début at Ghent, under the name of Regina Arta, and sang there two months. This singer, whose real name was Emma Loeffler, and who began her studies as a light soprano, is considered one of the coming possibilities.



HOWARD M. WILSON
A pupil of Sbriglia. Made his début at Darmstadt, and was at once engaged for the smaller German theatres where he sang all last season

was that of December 4, 1903, when Julie Lindsay (in private life Julie Lillie, daughter of Andrew Lillie, for many years a well known American in Paris) appeared as Constance in Mozart's "Enlèvement au Sérail," which Gailhard had been waiting years to revive if he found the voice. The revival was a failure, but the singer was a success. Miss Lindsay was born in Paris, and is in every way a trained musician. She is still a member of the company, singing rôles like Juliet, Marguerite, Elsa, and was in the original cast of "Armide." Her next rôle will be Eva. In the following season there passed almost unnoted across the stage at the Opéra Comique, a Texas girl—Claude Allbright, of Albuquerque, who has since sung with some of the Savage companies. In the following June, another singer, who, like Noria, had graduated from Savage's English company, appeared at the Opéra Comique in "Lakmé"—this was Yvonne de Tréville, who is today one of the most successful traveling stars on the continent,

During the season just ended one of the most notable débuts was that of a Canadian, so well known in New York, that she may as well be included in the list. This is Pauline Lightstone, who, under the name Donalda, made so successful a début at Nice that it landed her at Covent Garden, where, débutante as she was, she sang on some of the most important nights of the season, being re-engaged for the next two London seasons, and at the same time, signing for three years at La Monnaie, Brussels, which has seen the commencement of many a brilliant career. Miss Donalda owes the courage to start on this career to the tenor Saléza, as Garden owed hers to Sybil Sanderson, Bessie Abott hers to Jean de Reszké, and Parkina hers to Melba.

Covent Garden itself saw this season, the début of a Boston girl—who, on July 21, 1905, made her first appearance in "Un Ballo en Maschera"—under the name of Madame Thecla. This was Maude Bagley, whose marriage to Gaston Mayer preceded her début by only a few weeks.

There are a number of débutantes in sight even now, the most prominent being Katherine Goertner of New York, who is engaged at Nice for the repertoire of demi-caractère rôles, and who starts her career with everything in her favor—youth, beauty, charm, style, enthusiasm, plus a good voice.

Among the American débuts in Paris not mentioned in last month's article, and one which was possibly the most genuinely important of any for years,



Minnie Scalar (Miss Plummer of Maine), principal dramatic soprano of the Royal Opera at The Hague



Katherine Goertner of New York who made her début at Nice last month with considerable success



Photos by Hall

Valli Valli



Ruth Vincent



Kitty Gordon

THREE PRETTY ENGLISH GIRLS IN "VERONIQUE" WHO HAVE CHARMED NEW YORK

touring every year, as "guest," from Vichy to Moscow, and from St. Petersburg to Cairo.

On December 15, 1902, Elizabeth Parkinson (who has since changed her name to Parkina) made her début as Lakmé to the enthusiastic applause of the American colony, who took a tremendous interest in this début, which led to nothing here, although a year later Nellie Melba became interested in the voice—both were pupils of Marchesi—and launched the little American in London where she has sung at Covent Garden in the last two seasons, and had some success in concert.

While the female American voice is so much *en évidence* in Paris, the male voice is rarely heard. The only début in late years has been that of Clarence Whitehill, which took place on the same evening that Rose Relda appeared at the Opéra Comique. It was a début which led to nothing in Paris, but it launched a singer who has since been heard in America and gradually moved along in his career in Germany via Bayreuth to Covent Garden and New York.

In March, 1904, the first of a group of three Sbriglia pupils who were marked singers in Paris in the winter previous—Howard M. Wilson—made a début at Darmstadt, at the Hof-Theater, and was at once engaged at one of the smaller German theatres where he sang all last season, going on to a more important theatre next October. In October of the same year the second of the Sbriglia pupils, Henry Hughes, son of Admiral Hughes of the U. S. N., under the name Henry Weldon, made his début at Toulouse and sang ten rôles there during the season. At Toulouse Hughes had as an associate the only American tenor who has had a rising career of late years in Europe, David Henderson, who had made his début in that city some years before, and, although it is one of the hardest publics for a débutant to face, had become so popular there that they flattered him by entreating him to return to them, and backed it up by the best salary ever paid an American tenor in France. He goes to Italy this

winter—and from Italy—where? Perhaps to his native land.

In the early winter of 1904, another American tenor, the third of the Sbriglia pupils mentioned above, Hugh Martin, who used to be a church singer at Yonkers and is a protégé of Dr. Curtis, and a pupil of Jean de Reszké as he was of that singer's master, made two or three appearances at Nantes, and then, deciding to devote himself to Italian opera in preference to French, went to Milan to study. In April he signed to open in Odessa in December, and has passed in his rôles in the meantime with de Reszké, who is one of the hardest working men nowadays in Paris. In Russia he will call himself Richard Martin.

Another promising débutant is Edmund Burke, who, like Miss Donald, really hails from Canada, and who is engaged for Nantes, and is considered to have one of the best bass voices among the younger set.

An American singer prominent in Europe now, though he can hardly be called a débutant, is Lloyd d'Aubigné, who, like Noria and de Tréville, got his start in America, beginning at the place where most singers end—at the Metropolitan. After his American experiences as an actor, and having appeared in both of the grand opera companies, Lloyd d'Aubigné went abroad, made a successful début at Bayonne, sang at Antwerp, in Algeria, at Brussels, everywhere with improvement. This winter, with a baggage of twenty operas, he divides his season between Nantes—six months there, opening in October—and the spring season at Brussels.

MILDRED ALDRICH.

According to a Paris despatch to the *World*, Mme. Réjane has set up as a restaurant keeper in her new theatre, which, she claims, will be the gayest and most perfectly equipped in the world, resuming all the ideas, American and English, which her world-wide trips have suggested. It is to have an elaborate restaurant attached, where supper, with music, will follow the play in the same building. She hopes so to create a new form of entertainment, an all-night rendezvous for society, a meeting place for critics and "mondains"—incidentally making her own fortune.

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest have survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and

My Beginnings

By MARGARET ANGLIN

actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money, often without enough to eat, before success came.

IT is true that I have loaned my watch to a stage manager to "time the curtain," and not gotten it back for ten years; that I have had my trunks held for a hotel bill contracted by a defaulting manager; that I have occupied a dressing room where snow sifted through the roof, and I had to light matches to melt the ice around the keyhole before I could unlock my trunk. But all these things other actresses have experienced, and they undoubtedly aid in character development and an appreciation of all the phases of life.

They should be viewed optimistically, for there is a bright side to them. For instance, the stage manager who pawned my watch sent it back to me after ten years. That was good of him. And if I had not had the experience with the open roof, I might not have seen the state of Michigan. It is a magnificent state. And as for the frozen keyhole, no doubt that was a tonic to patience.

To go back to the very first beginning, if you insist, I was born in the House of Parliament, in Ottawa. My father was Speaker of the House, and it was customary for the Speaker to live in Parliament Building. My father was the owner and editor of a newspaper, published at St. Johns, N. B. It was called *The Freeman*, and was devoted to opposing the Confederation, that is the union of the Upper and Lower Provinces of Canada. Certainly I inherited neither taste nor talent for the stage from my father, for when he and my mother came to Buffalo to see me my first year on the stage, he went to the theatre, but he did not see me play, for he kept his eyes rigidly closed. My father never saw me on the stage. But my mother, while a domestic woman, had had a taste of amateur theatricals. She was a warm friend of Lord and Lady Dufferin. Lord Dufferin was a relative of Sheridan's, and he and his wife liked the things of the playhouse, and frequently gave amateur theatricals at Rideau House, the home of the Governor General, just out of Ottawa. My mother appeared in several of the little home staged plays, and enjoyed her performances, and liked the atmosphere of the stage. If, therefore, I inherited my bent for the stage it was undoubtedly from my mother.

When I was seven years old we moved to Toronto. There I fell into the habit of "speaking pieces," and the nuns encouraged me in it. Miss Jessie Alexander taught me elocution, as they called it then. She was a professional reader, and her example fired me with a desire to also be a professional reader. At thirteen I went to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Montreal to school. The French nuns would have none of elocution, but I did not forget the "pieces" I had "spoken." When I was sixteen I came to New York to seek instruction in reading, and in that way drifted into the Wheatcroft School, which was then practically the Empire Dramatic School. Mr. and Mrs. Wheatcroft



Margaret Anglin at the age of 14

were very kind to me, and I took the full course, which then consisted of one year. During that year Mr. Nelson Wheatcroft happened to say to me one day: "There's a matinee on downstairs. Why don't you go down and see it?"

The school was in the Empire Theatre Building, and I went downstairs, paid fifty cents for a seat in the top gallery, cavilling inwardly at the price, for I had been accustomed only to paying twenty-five cents for a seat in the Montreal theatres, and saw the play. Miss Viola Allen was the leading woman, and Mr. Henry Miller the leading man. I admired them both with the excessive admiration of an unsophisticated convent girl. I had had no thought of being an actress before. To be a public reader had been the acme of my ambition, but the desire to act as well as to read was born in my mind that afternoon in the top gallery. When I went upstairs, after the play, Mr. Wheatcroft asked me what I

thought of it. I answered so glowingly that he smiled and said: "Perhaps you will be leading lady down there yourself some day."

What Mr. Wheatcroft intended as a joke happened to be realized in fact, for five years later I was engaged as leading woman of the Empire Theatre Stock Company.

During my year at the Wheatcroft School I appeared in several plays. The first was "Cross Keys," and when I made my entrance I walked through a lake.

My first engagement was with "Shenandoah." Mr. Charles Frohman, when he engaged me, didn't remember that he had seen me in any of the school plays, so that I could not flatter myself that any merit of mine appealed to him. It was rather sheer good fortune, for in the distribution of half a dozen students from the school among the season's plays, I happened to fall to the cast of "Shenandoah." I played a small part called Madeline West, and it happened that Mrs. Margaret Robinson, who played the part of Mrs. Everill, fainted one night after Mrs. Annie Adams, Maude Adams' mother, who was Miss Robinson's understudy, had reported and gone home. I was thrust into the part, playing that of Madeline West also, and while doing my best for Mrs. Everill, under the circumstances, I was not reassured by hearing the voice of Alf Hayman in the corridor saying: "Take that girl off."

I was with "Shenandoah" for a year, and played every part in it. Having done this, I expected there would be something for me from the same office next season, but there was not. I went out with a repertoire company that closed in two weeks. Later that season, I went out with another that toured Michigan, and remained with it a month or so, until I was called home by my father's death.

The next season I went out with Mr. O'Neil in "Monte Cristo," and had a com-



MISS ANGLIN

When she made her début on the stage

fortable year. While I was with Mr. O'Neil, Mr. A. M. Palmer, who has been my best friend in the profession, and of more assistance to me than any one else except Mr. Miller, tried to help me, and one week took me to the theatre four times to see Mr. Mansfield, but he wouldn't see me. It was E. H. Sothorn who gave me my first chance. I was asked to go in front and look at a soubrette part in "Lord Chumley" and report that night after the play to rehearse it. I never pass Madison Square without remembering that night with a little chill. It was one of the coldest nights of the winter, and the private rehearsal was set for midnight. I left the car at Twenty-third street and crossed Madison Square, shivering partly from cold, but much more from fear. I was sure I could not play the part of a slavey, and yet I so much needed the engagement. I looked up from the frozen snow that covered the park to the icicles on the highest trees, and resolved to try for that part as girl never tried before. We had the midnight rehearsal and I joined the company. Mr. Sothorn was playing a repertoire of "Chumley," "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," and others, and one day Miss



From a painting by Muller Ury

MARGARET ILLINGTON

This interesting young actress, who had considerable success in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boats," will be seen shortly in another important Broadway production

Virginia Harned, his leading woman, was ill, and I was pressed into the part at a few hours' notice. In that emergency Mr. Sothorn let me play Lady Ursula, and so gave me my chance.

Afterwards I joined "The Three Musketeers" company. Mr. Miller was then making up his company to go to the Pacific Coast. He saw me in "The Three Musketeers," and didn't like me very much, but thought I "would do." He told Mr. Frohman so, and I was engaged at fifty dollars a week less, from the fact that Mr. Miller did not regard me at all in the light of a valuable acquisition to his company.

Among other plays that Mr. Miller put on at San Francisco was "Brother Officers," and when we came back to New York, and Mr. Frohman produced the play at the Empire Theater, he engaged me for it because I had played the part before. My services were utilized in an emergency. In fact, I seem to have been largely through my career an emergency actress. But the next play was "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and with the role

of Mrs. Dane my 'beginnings' must have ended, although one has her 'beginnings' all through her professional life.

Paul Orleneff and His Company of Russian Players

PAUL ORLENEFF, who has just inaugurated the first Russian theatre in America, is one of the most distinguished actors on the Russian stage. He is not only a splendid artist, but perhaps what is still better, he is a true idealist. He has proved this by forsaking the lucrative Russian vaudeville stage, where for ten years he was immensely successful, that he might devote himself to the classics of his own and other countries.

In stature Orleneff is not above medium height and so thin and wiry that he appears a small man. His stage career has already reached over twenty years, yet he is now but thirty-six years of age. He is a Russian, simon-pure, having been born in Moscow and without admixture of alien blood. To build a theatre where the masses might enjoy the best dramas has been the ambition of Orleneff for many years. But in autocratic Russia, where any display of altruism opens one to the suspicion and even the wrath of the authorities, Mr. Orleneff found slight encouragement. He determined to come to America, and at last in New York city, down

on the lower East Side, the dream of his life has been realized. The workers are always the natural realists, and his repertoire is markedly realistic, even socialistic, in tendency, for example, "Children of Wauishin"; Maxim Gorki's "Children of Night" and "The Night Refuge"; Cherkov's "Uncle Wania"; Ibsen's "Ghosts," "The Master Builder," "The Enemy of the People," and "Hedda Gabler"; Hauptman's "Sunken Bell," "Michael Kramer," "Lonely Souls," and "The Apostle," by Herman Behr.

Orleneff's methods are thorough. When preparing Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" he visited many Russian prisons that he might observe closely the actions of accused and condemned men in different stages of fear, madness, despair and resignation. When preparing "Ghosts" he spent many intent hours in hospitals, where he was able to become familiar with the idiosyncrasies characteristic of the affliction inherited by Oswald. When at work upon the lines of a play he walks restlessly to

(Continued on page xi.)



Otto Sarony Co.

PAUL ORLENEFF

MUSIC



Photos copyrighted by Aimé Dupont
CARUSO IN "GIOCONDA"

SEMBRICH IN "LA BOHÈME"

VAN ROOY IN "PARSIFAL"

PROMISE-CRAMMED is the most meaningful word of description that may be applied to the present opera season. The list of operas to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House this winter is a monument to the energies of its impresario, Conried. More than thirty operas and two ballets are booked to have performance in seventeen weeks of opera, which is a herculean task. Out of this number seven works are to be revivals—"La Sonnambula," "La Favorita," "Marta," "Die Königin von Saba," "Don Giovanni," "Il Trovatore" and "Der Fliegende Holländer." In addition three new operas are to have production during the season—that is, three operas new to the Metropolitan Opera House, although each of them has had performance in New York at some previous time. These three works are Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel," Puccini's "Mannon Lescaut" and Strauss' "Der Zigeuner-

Baron." The first one will in all probability be a great popular success; the second one ought to create a dramatic furore, while the last one will probably convince everybody save Herr Conried that the Metropolitan Opera House is not a stamping ground for comic light opera. This was proven beyond a doubt last season with "Die Fledermaus," but obstinacy is an attribute of the successful man, and Herr Conried is obstinately successful.

Large sums have been spent for scenery and costumes; various improvements have been made in the mechanism of the stage itself; the orchestra has been increased by eight men in the string department—which latter addition should do much to increase the volume of music, while a cork curtain that has been hung back of the regular one should, theoretically at least, decrease the volume of stage noise. Besides, a new drop-curtain of golden satin is ordered to supplant the color-mons-



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EMMA EAMES IN "LA TOSCA"



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LILLIAN NORDICA IN "LOHENGGRIN"

trosity that dates from the days of Prince Henry's visit to New York.

All this is a background against which some famous voices are to be displayed. Only the principals may be listed here, and they contain some new names. Sembrich, Nordica, Eames, Fremstad, Walker, Homer, Knote, Caruso, Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Scotti, Goritz, Blass, Journet and Plançon are names to conjure dollars across the edge of the box-office window; and this force is supplemented by Bertha Morena, a *Münchener Kindl*, who is reported to have temperamentally good looks, and by Tetrzzini, whose voice is said to be pleasing. Hertz, Vigna and Franko are to wave the big operatic sticks over the orchestra, while on the stage a Mr. Jacques Goldberg has been imported to help precipitate the scenery at its specified dramatic moment. In this latter department Mr. Conried's forces have been lacking. Anton Fuchs of Munich was an admirable stage manager, but he had not a well disciplined force at his command and he lacked the power of forceful expression in anything save the guttural language of the German Kaiser, which mode of speech does not carry the weight of King's English. So the new stage manager has a wonderful opportunity to distinguish himself and to earn critical gratitude at the hands and eyes of the opera frequenters.

There are some weak spots in the entire make-up of this vast company; but then there are weak spots in the personnel of every opera house. Some of these deficiencies can be remedied, while others cannot, so it is sheer carping to find fault in advance. The fact remains that the list of singers held under contract by Mr. Conried is probably the most formidable



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LOUISE HOMER
(Metropolitan Opera House)

collection of vocal chords assembled anywhere in the world to-day. His list of operas is equal to that of almost any foreign opera house—and his subscription list is much bigger! So New York may nonchalantly shrug its skyscraper shoulders at the charge that it is an unmusical city.

To the Broadway Theatre there has come a real comic opera, or a real musical comedy—the present day has obliterated distinctions between the two until they can be found only with a fine-tooth comb

Duval, but when its London success seemed assured an English adaptation was made by Henry Hamilton with a peppering of lyrics by Lillian Edlee and Percy Greenbank. The English version is not happy. The lyrics are rheumatic and they are wedged into the music of the lines with a crowbar in some places and a

lubricant in some others. Unfortunately, the singing company enunciated the words so clearly that it was distressing. Neither is the company a remarkable one. Ruth Vincent is rather charming and Kitty Gordon fills her part and the auditor's eye. Lawrence Rea sang unfortunately and John Le Hay was the comedian who was funny when he was not too insular. But it was heads and shoulders above most Broadway attempts at a combination of music and fun—and the impression of the music swamps all else. "Véronique" is a

and an opera glass. The opera in question is "Véronique," and its musical composer is André Messager, who, in the Irish estimation of that versatile German, Victor Herbert, is a good English composer because he is a Frenchman.

Messager is the artistic director at Covent Garden, but whatever his duties or whatever his estimable position among composers, he, at least, is the author of some charming music and some exquisitely scored pages. "Véronique" is probably not a classic among comic operas, but coming at a time when works of this *genre* are written about a leading lady's waist line and then shoemakered to fit her accent, "Véronique" worms its way into the listener's heart by way of his ears. And it does this very easily, for the music of M. Messager's music is dainty and graceful. It is tuneful without being in the least banal, and it is scored in a manner to convince one that the composer did not use a rubber stencil or tracing paper for this purpose. There are moments when the amount of originality of theme is not overwhelming, but the composer knows how to carry off his musical situations gracefully. If it were not in bad taste to employ the term, the whole musical treatment of "Véronique" might frankly be described as in excellent taste.

The libretto of this comic opera is another matter. It was originally composed to a French book by A. Vanloo and G.



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HERR BURGSTALLER
(Metropolitan Opera House)



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POL PLANÇON
(Metropolitan Opera House)



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MME. CALVÉ
The famous French Car-
men now on concert
tour in America

delightful work musically besides being a flat contradiction that it is not possible to compose comic opera seriously these degenerate days of art for box-office receipts' sake.

Another surprise, at the opposite end of the balance, was Alice Nielsen's return to Broadway. She left it about half a decade ago, when people who knew and admired her thought she was a comic opera success. She was, too—there is none so unjust as to gainsay that fact. But then the bee of impatience and ambition began to hive in her *chapeau*, and she went abroad to give her voice prima-donnica breadth and scope. She studied and sang grand opera rôles—the cables asserted that she did it with success. And then, probably prompted by defiance and nostalgia of the great white Boulevard de Broadway, she came home with a vocal method and a precocious press agent. She traipsed into upper Broadway with a company of Italians and proceeded to give Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" in the gaudy and incongruous new Casino.

Miss Nielsen's company—it is not quite fair to saddle her with the responsibility of such a vocally irresponsible lot—may be dismissed with curt verbal nods. It consists of a basso who is almost base, of a baritone who cultivated the vibration method; of a tenor who has a cupola voice, and of a prompter who has a magnificent voice, of virile and carrying qualities, magnificently resonant in all registers, and who boasts a clearness of enunciation that is unmistakable. In addition, there was an orchestra that was a collection of men of different political opinions.

As far as Miss Nielsen herself is concerned, she has poured midnight oil upon her vocal chords. She has studied much, evidently, and has added floridness to her singing speech. But with every theoretic inch that her voice has grown it has gained in metallic hardness. It is not a pleasing voice now, nor a wonderful one.

For a singer of comic opera it would be magnificent, but for a singer of grand opera there are many qualities and virtues lacking. To pitch her tent right across from the Metropolitan Opera House and give a make-shift performance of "Don Pasquale" just to further her own ambitious ends is hardly excusable. Good opera singers are almost as rare as auk eggs; and when a really remarkable singer arises on the operatic horizon she does not need a quartette of trombones or megaphones to proclaim her to the waiting world. Let it be hoped that Miss Nielsen is not yet too good for comic opera.



ELSA BREIDT
Talented young pianist
from Chicago who makes
her New York debut this
winter

Of concerts there has been an astute abundance. Most



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HENRI MARTEAU
Celebrated French violinist who makes his
reappearance in America this season

was big leadership that Mengelberg displayed in this Strauss work. His reading of the Schumann D minor symphony was sympathetic and lovely, too—and all told it would seem that he would be a great acquisition to the list of New York conductors, should the Philharmonic Society decide to satisfy itself with but a single leader during the coming season.



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MARIE HALL
English violinist who recently made her
début in New York

The soloist at this Philharmonic concert was Miss Otie Chew, who played the Brahms violin Concerto in an astounding manner. She chose her own intonation, and seldom did her reading get deeper than the cuticle of Brahms' meaning of this huge and uninviting work. Nearly all the strands of musical logic were allowed to flutter loosely. It was a sad performance and the sense of mystery was present in the choice of this soloist at the very first Philharmonic concert of its sixty-fourth season. Surely the Society is old enough to know better.

A contrast to Miss Chew was Marie Hall, the English violinist, who appeared in concert here for the first time in America but a few days earlier. Miss Hall is a pupil of the teacher of Kubelik and she has much of that glib technique. She is an extremely good violinist, one who, as a girl, promises extremely much. She is not the most finished of artists, for she lacks temperamental sweep; but she is unquestionably a fine player.

The Boston Symphony began their twentieth season in New York and displayed even a
(Continued page x.)



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HERR KUBELIK
The Hungarian violinist who returns to America for another tour this season



MME. GADSKI
Well-known German
Wagnerian singer now
on concert tour
in America



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RAOUL PUGNO
Distinguished French
pianist visiting Amer-
ica this season



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American singer who has
made a reputation in
Paris and now on concert
tour in America

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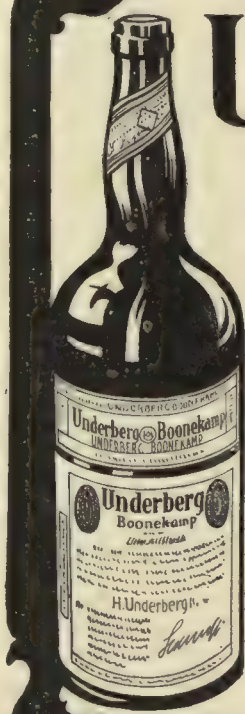


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Encoritis: A Protest

(Continued from page 303.)

carried off its feet and fairly bellows its appreciation. This is all very different from demanding of Edna June a repetition for the tenth time of "Under the Beerbohm Tree."

Then, too, this scurvy encore fellow has no regard for the actor or singer. It was long ago officially announced by Mr. Mansfield that actors have rights which the public is bound to respect. Neither age, rôle, nor previous condition of perspiration is safe from the onslaught of the encoritic. His fiendish purpose is never satiated until he has seen all the company linky-hand, then he must see each bored countenance stand in the centre of the stage and bow its approval to this ass in evening raiment. Voices are worn down, but that is nothing to him; shoe-leather worn out, but that is nothing to him—an actor, a singer encored to death, but that is nothing to him.

It was the last night of all Time. Through the infinite darkness there reigned the calm that was to precede the Final judgment. From the east there flared intermittently yellow and purple-green lights, and the last of the earth-men, seeing these things, cowered deeper and deeper into their burrows. But the end had come. Sulphur and ashes filled the universe and giant sidereal systems flashed into flaming pyres, whose flames licked the roof of the Zenith. World rattled against world, comets clove the solid earth of the younger worlds and belched their fires to the furthest spaces. And over against the east, where the first dread flashes had been seen, the Angel Gabriel rose, and on his face there lay the marmoreal silence of eternity, and upon his trumpet that reached unto the last outpost of Space he blew the three prophetic blasts. And from out that grinding war of atoms and stupendous impact of force on force, through the hellish murk and lurid lights of vanishing worlds, there emerged the figure of a man who once had dwelled on earth. As the last trumpet-call died away the man smote one palm upon another in wild applause, and, with eyes fixed upon the face of Gabriel, he called wildly thrice: "Speech!" "Speech!" "Speech!" It was the encore fiend.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

Music

(Continued from page 318.)

greater beauty of tone color inasmuch as a new bassoon has been added to the wood wind choir. Mr. Gericke unleashed the volume of tone a bit and that made some of the younger concert-goers happier. But his reading of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" was too bloodless, and his interpretation of Tschaiakowsky's Fourth Symphony was far, far too refined. The soloist at this concert was the orchestra's new 'cellist, Heinrich Warnke, late first 'cellist of the Kaim Orchestra of Munich. He played the difficult and uninteresting Dvorak concerto and earned no nimbus by so doing. He was probably nervous.

Lastly there was Mme. Calvé in concert, with a basso and a tenor to keep her vocal company. She was almost careful in her singing, and proved that not all traces of her once luscious voice had gone the way of most perishable virtues. But it was, after all, a chastely uninteresting version of the once famous Calvé and for once, at least, the sensation-seekers went home disappointed. The saner part of the audience wished that Mme. Calvé might have come to her senses a few seasons ago.

The first concert of the reorganized Symphony Orchestra was given at Carnegie Hall on November 14, under the leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch. The orchestra is vastly improved since it was last heard here, and gave abundant evidence of the careful training to which Mr. Damrosch has subjected it. The strings have good tone, the brass is virile, and the wood wind of exceptional quality. Alfred Reisenauer, a pupil of Liszt, was the first soloist, and he played Liszt's A major piano concerto with a breadth and sweep that aroused enthusiasm. He is a tremendous Liszt player. The orchestral part included Brahms' Third Symphony, Rimsky-Korsakow's "Scheherazade" suite and Debussy's Prelude to "L'Après midi d'un Faune," a work of most poetic charm that was new to this city.

The incomparable Sembrich appeared at her customary song recital on the afternoon of November 14, and Carnegie Hall was jammed as usual with her worshippers. It is too late in this issue to do more than make a mere mention of the fact.

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GEORGE L. WALLAU, 2 Stone St., N. Y.

Russian Players in New York

(Continued from page 315.)

and fro hour after hour. He can apply himself almost unbrokenly for fifteen hours a day, and what he demands of himself he expects of the other members of his company. He is intolerant of slipshod work. A realist in the truest sense, yet a realist of polish and finesse. Each action must be to the life. Every word and syllable spoken correctly. As a manager he drives his people furiously. Then in contrast to this severity in matters pertaining to his productions, in daily life he is soft-hearted almost to the point of weakness.

Mme. Nasimoff, who is the leading actress of the Orleneff company, is a handsome woman of pronounced Slavonic type. She is a thorough artist and has interpreted all the great rôles with mental grasp and power. Her method reminds one forcibly of Duse's.

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MME. NASIMOFF

and gifted players, is the whole aim of his life. Orleneff's Russian Lyceum, on East Third Street, near Third Avenue, is modeled on the famous Stanislavsky's Art Theatre in Moscow. The company which appeared in New York last spring with M. Orleneff and Madame Nasimoff has been materially strengthened by a group of players from the Moscow play-house, who have just been brought over by Orleneff. The success of this enterprise in New York depends not upon the Russian colony, but upon American theatre-goers who can appreciate a higher order of acting than they are accustomed to.

The first production, a drama in four acts by S. Naidyonoff, "Vanyushin's Children," took place on Nov. 3. This was followed Nov. 12 by a performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts," in which Mr. Orleneff gave his masterly interpretation of the unhappy Oswald.

The first play depicts Russian home life and appeals directly to a purely Russian audience. Orleneff felt that while the main purpose of his work in America is to produce the best classic dramas, which are usually rarely seen in America, that he should aim to present a short series of Russian plays at the outset in order to establish a reputation as a national Russian theatre. The "Children of Vanyushin" is such a play, with a slight thread of "heart interest" and dealing with the problem of the home of a middle class merchant, a business man, who, with his wife, hopes to direct the paths of his children, who insist upon following out their own bent even to dissipation, and marriage which does not meet with the approval of the parents. The power of Orleneff, as an actor and man of genius, had little scope in the rôle of Konstatin, inasmuch as the emotional scenes are few and slight, but the play as a whole was a familiar folk picture of the present-day Russian life. In common with many modern plays of this type, there is little action and a good deal of discussion and controversy, which appeals as strongly to the Russian mind as does action to the average American audience. The play will be produced but a few times during the winter.

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Letters from Players

(Continued from page 302.)

One of the most gifted men ever connected with the English and American stage was unquestionably Dion Boucicault. In the following letters from the actor-dramatist he makes frequent mention of the success his plays were then having all over the English-speaking world. The date of the first is probably as early as 1843, if not earlier, as his play "Woman" was produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on Oct. 3 of that year. Note the spelling "Boucicault," which he adopted at that period:

38 Maddox Street, Hanover Square.

MY DEAR SIR:

I sent my play of "Woman" to you last Monday with a note. I hope you received both. I saw afterwards that last Monday was Kean's ben., and the imposs. of granting my request. How are you off for tonight? Can you shove a few into any private box if all are not already occupied?

Damne, if you are not getting as difficult to come at as Goldshed's disinterestedness and benevolence. If you can slip my *cognomen* in for four feet square in I. R. H. you would eternally obligate

Yours very truly,
DION BOUCICAULT.

Later came the great success of "The Colleen Bawn," "Jessie Brown," and the other pieces with which his name is identified. In a letter dated London, Sept. 17, 1860, he writes:

You will be glad to hear that we appeared at the Adelphi last Monday night, Sept. 10, in "The Colleen Bawn," and made the greatest hit that has been known in London for many years. We are turning crowds from every part of the house. But, oh, do I not miss you in "Danny Man." In fact, I can reconcile myself to no other person.

With continued success came prosperity, and in a letter written a few months later he speaks of buying property:

At each city we are turning away money nightly. Tonight is the 184th night of the C. B. ("Colleen Bawn") at the Adelphi, and we have played to £200 a night—without a night's flagging all the time. I am fixed here for the next ten years—and have bought a property in Brompton. Next September I shall have a theatre of my own, and shall also continue my provincial troupe.

I am sorry to say that Mr. John Soan, who came over here, arrived so utterly prostrated with dropsy that there is little hope of his recovery. The people who came over here—I mean Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Drew, Miss Gougenheim, Mr. C. Howard, were all very unfortunate, and all have returned, I believe, to N. Y. except Drew, who was on the point of departure when I engaged him. Emery plays your part in L'pool. Drew plays mine.

I am afraid that you will find New York in a frightful condition. Theatricals gone to the dogs, and as to other places they are worse, if possible.

Yours truly,
DION BOUCICAULT.

Then comes a letter more interesting to American readers, dealing as it does with theatrical affairs on this side of the Atlantic. The letter is in regard to a play which was intended for Lester Wallack. An interesting reference is made to Charles Reade, the famous novelist:

GLASGOW, March 8.

MY DEAR H—

I am very sorry that I am not in London to give you a parting embrace. You take with you our most sincere regards—that you know, I am sure and I envy those who are able to say so instead of writing their feelings. I do hope that you will return, and very shortly, and no one will receive you more heartily than we shall. One satisfaction I have in the matter—is the presumption that your affairs in the U. S. are all satisfactorily and quietly arranged.

I am afraid that I shall not have the comedy quite finished by Saturday, but what I have done I will send to the Adelphi Hotel, L'pool, to your address. Will you see Mr. Wallack for me, and explain to him why I have not sent the piece before? My illness prevented me from finishing those alterations which I find necessary. He must feel greatly surprised at not receiving the piece before this time—and you can make him understand the matter. My parcel will contain, I hope, the 1st and 2d act and 3d act—I think he had better reserve it for the opening of his next season.

Of course, I do not wish it disposed of anywhere until W. W. has first produced it—then—I leave it entirely in your hands and to your discretion. I intend Vacil for Lester.

You will receive a few lines through C. Reade which I enclosed to him for you.

Remember me very kindly to those in New York who care to know anything about me. I am doing such rampant business here and in Liverpool that even my best London receipts begin to "pale their fires," so I fear there is little hope of my seeing N. Y. soon. God bless you—old fellow—I shall write you again from here on Thursday to Liverpool.

We are so grateful for your kindness to the children—which is doubly bestowed on us when offered to them.

Most sincerely yours,
DION BOUCICAULT.

Here is a letter written by Edwin Booth to General Badeau, the life long friend of the actor. The "beautiful baby" referred to is Edwina Booth Grossman:

DEAR ED:

Just my *cussed* luck! I was notified that the marble was finished and ready for erection, and I sent word that I would leave today in order to put it out tomorrow or the next day—so I must go. This is a sacred duty, but I must confess the interview (only postponed I hope) with Fox would, I am sure, gratify me more. You see how I am floundering about in this, it is so very warm, and I've so many things to do before I go that I can scarcely spell. Will it not be profitable for me to see her on my return? Can you not see her this time and request an interview with Mary? I know you will if

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your foot permits you to quit the house, and perhaps something might be said or done that might interest or convince me more than were I present. Do try to arrange another day if you cannot see her yourself. I will be gone a few days only, and then I'll "put" for Jamaica—I drop you a line from Boston to tell you when I come. I hope you are cooler than we are—the hottest day I ever felt.

Baby is splendid, bless her! Love to all
Thine,
EDWIN (BOOTH).

Poor Janaushek! Her fate was a sad one. After all her splendid triumphs, to breathe her last in an actors' home! A pitiful ending, truly, for the noble Lady Macbeth and Mary Stuart that theatre-goers of the early seventies well remember. In a long letter, written in purple ink in a quaint foreign hand, the tragedienne betrays resentment at a newspaper criticism:

DARMSTADT, Aug. 16, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am not going to England next season. Mapleson wanted to engage me for the provinces, but I have no confidence whatever in the taste of the English audiences—drama is for them an unknown thing—or at least it is rooted out entirely. And as I get so many offers from America, where they want me back again, I decided for coming over as soon as possible. I am sorry the *Herald* brought such a stupid, small article about my appearing at the Haymarket; and when I spoke with Mr. J. about it he said he was not present at the performance, but sent somebody; and as he had no tickets, I think he did not feel inclined to do anything for me. I was surprised to hear it, for it would have been such a little thing for me to send him a box. This Mr. M. is a most fearful manager, I assure you—weak and indolent in every way. You have seen him, spoken with him, and just like he behaved in the beginning so like was he to the last.

When I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in America again, I will tell you many nice fairy tales.

Mr. J., whose acquaintance I made at F. 's, when I told him of being very sorry not to have known him before my appearing at the Haymarket, and that I asked you for it, said he had a letter which you gave him, that he may introduce himself to me, but it was given in such a way, that he did not feel inclined to do it. If it is so, I do not know, but it certainly hurt the report, for the report was quite a false one.

Throughout the conversations with him, I understand that he is on good footing with Kate Batemen and Irving—and that party did everything to prevent my praising in the papers. But never mind, they could not hurt the excellent success I had, and was received by the Princess of Teck, Duchess of New Strelitz (both daughters of the Duke of Cambridge), and the old King of Hanover.

This little N. is a nice bit of a woman—I will tell you stories which you might be surprised at.

For the present I say good-bye and hope to hear from you as soon as possible. God bless my dear friend, all happiness to you.

Your sincere friend,

FANNY JANAUSHEK.

A letter from James E. Murdoch, written in 1875, when that actor was giving readings in Albany, reveals the fact that even in those days the industrious press agent was a useful institution:

WEST NEWTON, MASS., Nov. 29, 1875.

DEAR SIR:

"Better late than too late"—is, as you know, an old saying. The delay in answering your favor of the 22d arose from want of time, and not inclination, to write. Please accept my thanks for your kind services in the way of "audience making"—on the occasion of my late "Readings" in Albany.

I am sorry to say I have no letters of the gentleman you speak of. When I return to my home in Ohio in the spring, should I meet with anything valuable in the way of "pen manifestations" of remarkable personages, I will try to think of your request. In the meantime, please accept of the kind wishes of

Truly yours,

JAMES E. MURDOCH.

And so they run, memories of past glories! Faded little sheets of paper. Such is life!

JOSEPH B. AMES.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

A. L., Madison, N. J.—Q.—Has Florence Reed any sisters or brothers? A.—No. Where was she born? A.—In Philadelphia. Q.—When did she go on the stage? A.—Since the death of her father she made her debut. Q.—Will Malcolm Williams return to New York this winter? A.—He is now in Worcester, managing a stock company. He is not yet engaged for next season. Q.—Is Elita Proctor Otis a relative of F. F. Proctor? A.—No relation whatever. Q.—Is Grayce Scott going to remain with the Proctor stock company during the summer? A.—She is now at Joe Fields' Theatre in "Prince Chap." Q.—Does she use her correct name? A.—We believe it is her correct name. Q.—How long has Dudley Hawley been with the Proctor forces? A.—He has been with the Fifth Ave. Stock Company only this summer. Q.—Has he a brother on the stage? A.—No. Q.—Where is Minnie Radcliffe acting now? A.—She is now residing in New York. Q.—Where was she before going to Providence, R. I.? A.—She has been with many first-class stars and combinations. Q.—Has Harry Woodruff left Proctor's Fifth Ave.? A.—Yes. Q.—Where is he now? A.—In "The Genius and the Model." Q.—Can I get a photo of him with his autograph? A.—Write him care of Lambs Club, this city. Q.—How long has he been on the stage? A.—He made his debut at nine years of age.

F. L. Cowles.—Q.—Where has Helen MacGregor been playing the last couple of seasons? A.—She has been with Robert Mantell, American Theatre Stock Company, this city, "Siberia," "At Old Point Comfort" and many other first-class attractions. She has been leading lady in Providence Stock Company and this season is one of Brady's stars in "As Ye Sow."

C. C. G., Knoxville, Tenn.—Q.—What is the best time to apply for a position as supe in Mrs. Fiske's company or those of Belasco or Frohman playing in New York during the coming season? A.—Early in August. Q.—To whom should one apply for such a position? A.—The stage manager. Q.—What is the usual salary? A.—The salary is very small for a supernumerary—generally 50 cents a night.

M. C. B., Chicago.—Q.—Who is Dustin Farnum's wife? A.—Muir is her maiden name. Q.—Is Ethel Barrymore married? A.—Not yet. Q.—Is Bruce McKee to be her leading man this year? A.—No.

Dorothy B.—Q.—When was Henry Woodruff born? A.—June 1, 1869. Q.—Is that his real name? A.—Yes. Q.—In what did he play before he came to Proctor's? A.—"Charley's Aunt," "Ye Earlie Trouble," "His Wedding Day," "When We Were Twenty-One," with Mrs. Fiske, and with Amelia Bingham and "Ben Hur."

E. A. L.—Q.—Is Henry Woodruff's wife on the stage? A.—He is not married.

E. W., Brooklyn.—Q.—When did Frank Daniels open in "Sergeant Brue" in New York City? A.—April 24, 1905.

E. W., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Was Marie Tempest born in London in 1867? A.—Yes. Q.—Was Julia Marlowe born in Cincinnati in 1877? A.—She was born in England in 1867. Q.—Was her Imogen in "Cymbeline" a success? A.—Yes.

Faithful Reader.—Q.—In what will Miss Barrymore appear this season? A.—"Alice Sit by the Fire." Q.—When was she born? A.—August 15, 1880, in Philadelphia. Q.—What was John Barrymore's wife's maiden name? A.—He is not married. Q.—How long has Miss Barrymore been on the stage? A.—She made her debut in 1894 with her uncle, John Drew, in "The Bauble Shop." Q.—In what plays has she appeared? A.—"The Rivals," "Rosemary," "Secret Service," "Peter the Great," "The Bells," "Catherine," "The Liars," "His Excellency, the Governor," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "A Country Mouse," "Cousin Kate," "Carrots," "Sunday," and "Doll's House."

H. F., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—To whom should I write for a position with the opera, "The Catch of the Season"? A.—Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, this city.

A Regular Subscriber.—Q.—Where can I obtain "Shadows of the Stage" and "Iconoclasts"? A.—At Macmillan & Co., and Scribner & Sons, respectively. Q.—What was the object in enlarging the dimensions of the THEATRE? A.—To improve it. Q.—Has Mrs. James Brown Potter been married more than once? A.—Only once.

S. F. S., Cambridge, Mass.—Q.—What is Otis Skinner's address? A.—Players' Club, N. Y. City.

Lillian, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—For what paper does Montgomery Phister write? A.—The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. Q.—When did Viola Allen first appear in New York City in "The Winter's Tale"? A.—January, 1905.

M. R., Malden, Mass.—Q.—Was it Eleanor Robson who played in "Hearts Courageous"? A.—No, Maude Fealey. Q.—What is the address of "O. S."? A.—See the October THEATRE. Q.—Why not have the readers of the THEATRE vote by slips as to who is the most popular actress in America? A.—Such contests prove nothing. Thanks for your kind remarks.

Reader, Mass.—Q.—Where did Virginia Harned spend the summer? A.—In England. Q.—Where and in what will she next appear? A.—"La Belle Marseillaise," in Baltimore, Md.

G. J.—Q.—When did William Gillette open in "Clarice"? A.—September 4 at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, England. Q.—Where is he now playing? A.—Duke of York's Theatre, London, Eng.

J. G., St. Paul, Minn.—Q.—Will you give a brief outline of the career of Stephen Grattan? A.—He is the son of a clergyman, named Murphy. Has been in various stock companies in the West, also at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, season 1894-5, and quite recently was in a Western stock company. He is now in this city. Q.—Where is Maude Gilbert? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is Howell Hansell to play in Boston this season? A.—He is now the leading man at the Empire Theatre, Boston. Q.—What is the cast of "Clarice"? A.—Marie Doro played the title rôle. Judith Clancy, Lucille La Verne; Mr. and Mrs. Trent, Thomas Barns and Adelaide Prince; Dr. Denbigh, Frank Carlyle. Q.—When will it be produced in this country? A.—We do not know. Q.—Where is Ben Johnson playing? A.—Nowhere at present. Q.—What is Harold Heaton's address? A.—In care of Daniel Frohman, Lyceum Theatre, this city. R. H. E., Denver, Colo.—Q.—When and in what did Blanche Walsh make her professional debut? A.—Small part at Windsor Theatre, this city, in "Siberia,"

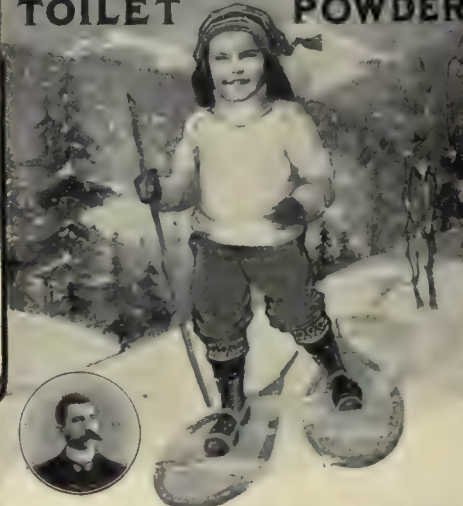
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season 1891-2. Q.—When is her birthday? A.—January 4. Q.—What are May Buckley's plans for the coming season? A.—We do not know. Q.—Who will be featured in "Mizpah"? A.—The company has not yet been engaged. Q.—Will Ethel Barrymore retire from the stage upon her marriage? A.—She says No. M. J. H.—See answer to "Theatregoer, N. Y.," in our September issue.

A. C. M., Jersey City.—Q.—Will you publish large pictures of Aubrey Boucicaut and E. J. Morgan? A.—We have published a large picture of E. J. Morgan in the September issue. We have published several of Mr. Boucicaut. Q.—Will you interview them? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Would an actor or actress send me their autograph upon request? A.—Professionals object to sending autographs to strangers.

L. L., San Francisco, Cal.—Q.—In what is Cecilia Loftus appearing? A.—In vaudeville. Q.—Will George Alexander remain in England this season? A.—Yes.

Constant Reader, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—When have you had a picture of Viola Allen on the front cover? A.—December, 1903, and January, 1902. Q.—Will any company play "Nancy Stair"? A.—Not that we know of. Q.—Will Eleanor Robson play in this country this season? A.—Yes. Q.—Who is her leading man? A.—H. B. Warner, son of Charles Warner. Q.—When will William Faversham start on the road? A.—He opened at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, October 2, and is now at Wallack's Theatre.

Aquila, Chicago.—Q.—Where did Viola Allen spend her vacation? A.—At her country place, Tidaldean, near Greenwich, Conn. Q.—Where can I address a letter to her at any time? A.—In care of Charles Allen, Knickerbocker Theatre, this city. Q.—When will she come to Chicago again? A.—Probably after Christmas. Q.—In what production? A.—"The Toast of the Town." Q.—Has she any relatives in Chicago? A.—None that we know of.

Penelope.—See answers to "Aquila, Chicago," and "Constant Reader, South Bend." Q.—Where will a letter reach Lillian Kemble and Edna Archer Crawford? A.—See answer to A. G. A. Q.—Could I obtain a list of all the places where Miss Adams plays this season? A.—Yes, by watching the route list in the dramatic weekly papers.

G. O. C.—Q.—Where can I get a book on how to make grease paints? A.—At Siegman and Weill, 77 Wooster St., this city.

A. G. A.—Q.—Where can I address a letter to Madge Crichton? A.—N. Y. Mirror, West 42d St., this city.

F. M. Mc., Denver, Colo.—Q.—What is considered May Buckley's greatest success? A.—We cannot say. Q.—What are J. Henry Kolkar's plans for the winter? A.—He is in this city with Mme. Kalich at the Mannatnan Theatre. Q.—Is that his correct name? A.—Yes. Q.—Will Bruce McKae continue with Miss Barrymore this winter? A.—No.

Eaton H., Chicago, Ill.—See Edna May's interview in last issue. Q.—Will Edna May play in Chicago during the coming season? A.—Yes. Q.—Where is "Honeysuckle" going to be played this fall? A.—Is now in Chicago.

Miss Bronx.—See the interview with Edwin Arden in our September issue. Q.—Is Jessie Bonestell going to star this season? A.—She is now a member of Proctor's 125th St. theatre. Q.—What is her husband's name? A.—Alex. Stuart. Q.—Is Charles Geavy playing in stock this season? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is Charles Steadman still on the stage? A.—Yes. He is playing with Louis James.

D. D.—Q.—Have you printed photographs or a criticism of "Little Johnny Jones"? A.—A criticism appeared in our Christmas, 1904, issue. See answer to "Chicago, Ill.," in our July, 1905, issue for answers to your other queries. Thanks for kind remarks.

H. A. G., Brooklyn.—Q.—Where can I obtain pictures of Guy Bates Post and Wright Kramer? A.—At this office. Q.—In what is Guy Bates Post playing this season? A.—"The Heir to the Hoorah."

Roberta, N. Y.—Q.—Where can I obtain a picture of Robert Edeson's father? A.—We do not know; he has been dead over seven years. Q.—In what English play did Robert Edeson's wife make her debut? A.—As leading lady in Charles Dickson's company in "Incog," February 22, 1892, at the Bijou Theatre, this city. Q.—When was Robert Edeson born? A.—June 3, 1868. Q.—When did you interview him? A.—December, 1902. Thanks for your complimentary remarks.

A. A. S., Far Rockaway.—Q.—When was Tomasso Salvini last in this country? A.—March 15, 1890, when he played "Othello" and usual repertoire. See answer to G. E. P.

M. L.—Q.—How old is Cecil Spooner? A.—We do not know. Q.—When will Florence Bindley come to Brooklyn? A.—In a few weeks. Q.—Is Richard Buhler coming to Brooklyn this season? A.—We do not know. Q.—Where is William Whalley? A.—He died in this city some time ago.

A. Constant Reader.—Q.—How do you pronounce "Adrienne Lecouvreur"? A.—As spelled.

J. C., Peoria, Ill.—Q.—Where could Jane Oaker be reached by mail? A.—In care of Wilton Lackaye's Co., Broadway Theatre, New Orleans, La., Christmas week.

H. D., Great Barrington, Mass.—Q.—What is the address of Frederick Ranken and Henry Tyrrell? A.—We do not give private addresses. Address Mr. Tyrrell, this office, and we will forward. Mr. Ranken is dead.

W. H. W., Brooklyn.—Q.—Have you published a picture of Eugene Sandow? A.—Not yet.

Fenimore, Chicago.—Q.—Can you publish a short sketch of Amy Ricard's dramatic career? A.—We have no data. Q.—What are her plans for this season? A.—She was in the cast of "Mary and John" at the Manhattan Theatre, this city, and is now in vaudeville.

C. M., Boston, Mass.—Q.—Could a young man of small stature succeed on the stage? A.—Many of our most popular stars are small of stature, for example, Frank Daniels and Francis Wilson.

A. Philadelphia Reader.—Q.—Can you tell me something about the career of Marie George? A.—We cannot. Q.—Where is she at present? A.—Criterion Theatre, London, England, in "The White Chrysanthemum."

Q.—Will you publish a large picture of her? A.—Perhaps.

E. L. E.—Q.—Have you published pictures of J. H. Gilmour? A.—Not yet. Q.—Will you publish one of Frank Rushworth? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Where will W. G. Carleton be this winter? A.—He has a company on the road called "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

A Faithful Reader, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Was "The Master Christian" ever played? A.—No. Q.—What is Mrs. LeMoyné now playing? A.—At present she is at Inwood-on-the-Hudson. Her husband died recently.

H. H.—Q.—In what did Sadie Martinot last appear? A.—"Mary and John." Q.—Will you publish her picture soon? A.—We have published it often. Q.—Where can I obtain one? A.—At this office.

A Devoted Reader.—Q.—How long has Dustin Farnum been on the stage? A.—He made his debut with a Western repertoire company eight years ago. Will he play "The Virginian" the entire season? A.—Yes. Q.—Will he play in Bridgeport, Conn.? A.—Yes.

(Continued on page 22.)



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The Current Plays

(Continued from page 293.)

merit," but which our managers are too commercial to produce. It must be said that if these future works should be of no higher grade than those already performed the managers are in the right. First on the programme was "The Revolt," by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, in which a husband and wife, hopelessly at odds in tastes and ideas, harangued each other until the patience of the audience was strained to the utmost. One remark of the husband, "I don't know what she is talking about," was probably the most appreciated line in the play. The second playlet, "On the Road," was not, as might be supposed, a drama of the "profess," but probably intended to be a "soul drama" by its author, Clara Ruge, who promptly appeared from the wings at its close to bow to the audience which had laughed happily at the sentiments, and not even the only good work of the evening, that of Hilda Englund in the rôle of the Socialist who "wore a red shawl because she was an anarchist," could redeem it. Then followed the most pretentious part of the bill, Oscar Wilde's "Salomé." The genius of a Duse could hardly make this a good acting play, and the leading part was entrusted to Mercedes Leigh, who, though presenting an attractive appearance, was hopelessly crude. Her gestures were awkward, and the attempt at dancing almost ludicrous. The support was still worse, one character playing a Roman with a strong Yankee accent, while the King might be termed Celtic. The play contains many frankly suggestive lines, but these were not as noticeable as they would have been had not the audience found so much that was involuntarily amusing. Nor can there be any excuse for the remarkable abuse of the English language on the part of the actors. "Drowning" is a pronunciation to which a New York audience in the vicinity of Fifth avenue is hardly accustomed, to say nothing of other vagaries. While the aims of the society are undoubtedly such as should meet with the sympathy of a cultured public, plays such as these, presented in such a manner, are hardly entitled to much support.

FIFTH AVENUE. "OLIVER TWIST." Play in four acts, founded on Charles Dickens' story by J. Comyns Carr. Produced Nov. 13, with this cast:

Mr. Brownlow, William Norton; Mrs. Bedwin, Mabel Crowley; Harry Maylie, H. Dudley Hawley; Grim-Wig, Gerald Griffin; Mr. Bumble, Edmund Lyons; The Artful Dodger, Chas. Abbe; Charley Bates, J. Gunnis Davis; Tom Chitling, Arthur Shaw; Barney, Harold Hartsell; Bill Sikes, Hardee Kirkland; Nancy Sikes, Amelia Bingham; Oliver Twist, Agnes Scott; Fagin, J. E. Dodson; Rose Maylie, Frances Starr.

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The characters created by Charles Dickens are as true and virile today as when they left the master's hand, and, apart from the merely sentimental interest centering in the familiar types we loved in our adolescence, one accepts these fictitious personages of the novelist's brain as imperishable types. The idea that Dickens is old-fashioned and out of date is altogether a mistaken one. The recent successful revival of "Oliver Twist" makes this very clear. Mr. Carr's new version was prepared for Beerbohm Tree, who scored a personal triumph in it in the rôle of Fagin. It is to be presumed that the English actor-manager gave the piece a production infinitely superior to that which Mr. Proctor provided for it in New York. The mere fact that the well-worn situations held one's interest in spite of cheap stage settings and poor stage management shows the vitality of the play itself. The scenery was astonishingly inadequate and crude. Fagin's Den and the London Bridge scene were effective enough, but the drawing-room interiors and the grounds of the Homelie residence were tawdy in the extreme. But if Mr. Proctor has failed to give the piece as handsome a frame as it deserves he has provided a really remarkable cast. J. E. Dodson gave a superb performance as Fagin the Jew. Made up as a species of human spider with greenish hues hovering over his sallow skin, bleary eyes and unkempt beard, he presented a figure of genuine horror. It was a masterpiece of acting, and in the prison scene, when the Jew goes mad, the power and truth of the impersonation made the scene almost revolting in its realism. What greater tribute could any actor aspire to? What a Shylock Mr. Dodson could bring to the stage! The Bill Sykes of Hardee Kirkland also was notable, being almost photographic in its fidelity to the popular conception of the ruffianly house-breaker. Amelia Bingham was less satisfactory as Nancy. She was too healthy looking, and her efforts to make stage pictures were far too obvious. Often she was entirely out of the picture. Why a girl should be cast for Oliver Twist is inconceivable. The part is that of a slim, half-starved boy. To see a girl with plump outlines impersonating the shrinking little Oliver spoils the illusion completely. It must be said, however, that Miss Agnes Scott acquitted herself intelligently. The Artful Dodger of Charles Abbe, and the Charley Bates of J. Gunnis Davis, were excellent bits of artistic character acting. The Grim-Wig of Gerald Griffin was excellent, and Edmund Lyons impersonated a Parish Beadle to the life. Frances Starr was an attractive and sympathetic Rose.

The lights were very badly managed. For example, in the scene where Fagin tells Bill Sykes that Nancy has "peached" on them, the sinister faces of the two worthies are illuminated by a light thrown up from the table on which they are leaning. The rest of the stage being dark, the effect of this is most striking. Nancy comes in and a blundering stage hand turns a strong calcium light full on her face. The artistic beauty of the scene was thus spoiled. Again, when Bill murders Nancy, stupid stage management provoked the audience to laughter. Nancy goes to an inner room, followed by Bill with a bludgeon. Immediately one hears a blow, followed by a shriek from Nancy; then another blow followed by another shriek. At this point someone in the gallery shouted out, "Give her another whack!" and everybody howled. It was inartistic to have the blows audible. Nancy's scream, followed by silence and the stealthy reappearance of Sykes would have been more effective. The old saying, "God sends the food, but the devil sends the cooks," may be paraphrased: "We have the plays and the players, but where are the stage managers?"

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE WHITE CAT." Musical spectacle in three acts, by J. Hickory Wood and Glen Collins. Adapted by Harry B. Smith. Lyrics by Harry B. Smith and William Jerome. Music by Ludwig Englander and Eugene Schwartz. Produced Nov. 2. Cast:

Methuselah, William Macart; Jonah the Thirteenth, William T. Hodge; Simeon, Hugh J. Ward; Prince Paragon, Edgar Atchison-Ely; Prince Plump, Herbert Corthell; Prince Peerless, Maude Lambert; Hecate, Harriet Worthington; Migone, Seymour Brown; Princess Chiffon, Luth St. Clair; The Fairy Queen, Harriette Cropper; Cupid, Maida Snyder; Populo, Monte Elmo; Aristio, Helen Lathrop; The Mother, Inez Shannon; Court Herald, Robert Harold; First Nurse, Sarah Hollister; Knocko, Patrick Dawe; Jocko, Harry Seymour.

Klaw and Erlanger have been so munificent in previous seasons in making gorgeous productions of Christmas pantomime regardless of cost, that they have educated the public to expect more, perhaps, than is reasonable. This, doubtless, explains why "The White Cat," this year's spectacle, seems hardly up to the standard of former shows of the kind. Certainly this piece suffers by comparison with "Humpty Dumpty" and "The Beauty and the Beast." The tableaux are not as elaborate,

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the costumes are not as rich, and the comedians are not as funny. Ludwig Englander's music is melodious, and the ladies of the ballet—if hardly eligible for prizes at a beauty show—are nimble and well trained. There is, however, a lack of snap to the whole thing that causes it to drag wearily at times. William T. Hodge, who has rapidly acquired a reputation as one of the funniest men on the stage, fails to raise a single smile as Jonah XIII. He is not amusing in the least, and, in fact, proved a disappointment. William Macart, as a superannuated fairy, is the only real funmaker. It is worth seeing "The White Cat" to see him bathe the baby. Maude Lambert is statuesque, as usual, as Prince Peerless, and Helen Lathrop, a vivacious, shapely girl, gave distinction to the rôle of Aristo. Maida Snyder also pleased as Cupid. There is a Dutch ballet in the piece, made up of a bevy of the prettiest rosy-cheeked lassies that ever graced the stage.

CASINO. "THE EARL AND THE GIRL." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Seymour Hicks. Lyrics by Percy Greenbank. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced Nov. 4. Cast:

Jim Cheese, Eddie Foy; Dick Wargrave, Victor Morley; Hon. Crewe Boodle, Templar Saxe; A. Bunker Bliss, J. Bernard Dyllan; Mr. Downham, W. H. Armstrong; Hazell, W. H. Denny; Dudley Cranbourne, John Peachey; Bellam, Dudley E. Oatman; George, Allan Campbell; Elphim Haye, Georgia Caine; Eliza Shodham, Zelma Rawlston; Mrs. Shimmering Black, Amelia Summerville; Daisy Fallowfield, Nellie McCoy; Miss Virginia Bliss, Violet Hollis.

The Casino, remodelled and renovated, has again reopened its doors, and, being now a ground-floor house, it ranks as one of the safest as well as one of the handsomest theatres in the city. Eddie Foy is a favorite comedian and he manages to extract a good deal of fun out of this piece, in which he takes the part of Jim Cheese, a dog trainer who assumes the position of an earl. The music is bright and there are plenty of pretty girls who do much to induce one to overlook a rather feeble libretto. Georgia Caine's songs and Nellie McCoy's dancing are decidedly agreeable features. Some of the numbers, "How Would You Like to Spoon with Me?" and "I Want a Man Made to Order for Me" made distinct hits. There is also a swing chorus that was well received.

LIBERTY. "MOONSHINE." Musical play in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edwin Milton Royle and George V. Hobart. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced Oct. 30 with this cast:

Lord Dumgarven, Roy Atwell; Hon. Lionel Longacre, Dick Temple; Lady Gweneth, Frances Gordon; Earl of Broadlawns, J. Ward Kett; Countess of Broadlawns, Leona Anderson; Molly "Moonshine," Marie Cahill; Sadie Short, Sadie Harris; "Plunger," Dawson, William Ingersoll; Marcel Barbier, George Beban; Lola Charmion, Clara Palmer; Terence O'Fogg, H. R. Roberts; General Moroff, H. Guy Woodward; Baron Hosaki, Frederic Paulding.

As "musical plays" go, this piece is good of its kind, and it provides an excellent vehicle for Marie Cahill, who is a second edition of Fay Templeton, and almost as clever. The Hon. Lionel Longacre has been robbed of a report which he is carrying to the British Government. Molly Moonshine, with whom he is in love, is accused of the theft, but in the second act Molly recovers the missing documents and fastens the crime on someone else. There are plenty of clever lines in the piece, as might be expected of two such expert librettists, and the songs are particularly tuneful. In one song, "Robinson Crusoe," Marie Cahill scored a well-deserved hit.

MAJESTIC. "WONDERLAND." Extravaganza in three acts. Book by Glen MacDonough. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced Oct. 24. Cast:

Dr. Fax, Sam Chip; Phyllis, Eva Davenport; Gladys, Aimée Angeles; Hildegard Figgers, Lotta Faust; Prince Fortunio, Bessie Wynn; Captain Montague Blue, Charles Barry; James, George McKay; King of Hearts, J. C. Marlowe; Leander, Doris Mitchell; Margot, Sue Kelleher; Gertrude, Hulda Halvers; Rollo, James Harris and William Cohan; Chief of Gendarmes, William McDaniels; Margaret, Emily Fulton.

Julian Mitchell's productions are always worth seeing, and no matter how dull the book there is usually enough to appeal to eye and ear. "Wonderland" is staged with the customary lavish expenditure in scenery and costumes, and the company includes some of the comeliest girls that have been on exhibition in this town for some time. The story deals with a love philter that causes the eight daughters of the King of Hearts to fall in love with the same number of princes who live in an enchanted castle. Mr. MacDonough's lines are bright and Mr. Herbert's music is tuneful, and there is a capital cast including such favorites



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as Eva Davenport, Aimée Angeles, Lottie Faust and Bessie Wynne. As Dr. Fox, Sam Chip, a diminutive comedian, made a distinct hit.

It is curiosity, largely, that has drawn audiences to the Ben Greet productions of Elizabethan Shakespeare at Mendelssohn Hall. These English players are obviously serious students of the drama, and there is considerable interest in seeing how Shakespeare's plays were done under the stage limitations of his day. It is certainly instructive, and no one with scholarly instincts or with any curiosity as to the circumstances of the original productions will fail to avail himself of the opportunity afforded to get an essential point of view. "Henry V" has never succeeded on the modern stage without great scenic display. The play is full of gaps and narratives, the herald often appearing to tell what has happened, all going to make it visually formless. It is interesting, at least, to accept the conditions under which the people of three hundred years ago exercised their imagination in helping out the action. The individual acting is the same as it would be on the modern stage. Mr. Greet has also produced "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth."

A Novel Theatre Fire-Escape

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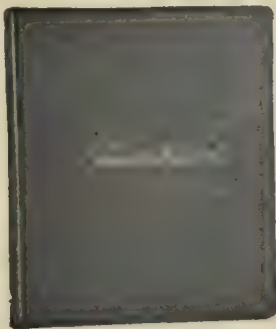
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Playwright, New York.—Q.—Where is John E. Henshaw playing? A.—With the "Sho-Gun" Company.

U. B., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Where can I buy a souvenir book of "Merely Mary Ann"? A.—Liebler Company, Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg., this city. Q.—What is Miss Robson's real name? A.—See our July issue. Q.—Where are Julia Dean, Elliot Dexter, John Westley and Lulu Glaser? A.—Julia Dean was with the "In the Bishop's Carriage" company and Lulu Glaser is in "Miss Dolly Dollars." What is Julia Dean's real name? A.—See the September THEATRE. Q.—Will Maxine Elliott play in New York at Christmas time in "Her Great Match"? A.—Yes, if business keeps good.

V. L. R., New York City.—Q.—Where are Adele Block and Grace Reals playing? A.—Adele Block is in San Francisco and Grace Reals is traveling with "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

R. A. N., Minneapolis, Minn.—Q.—Did any company produce a dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland" last season? A.—We do not know.

A. B. C., New York City.—Q.—Will you publish Dudley Hawley's picture? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Will he be in the Proctor Stock Co. this season? A.—Yes. Q.—Is he an Englishman? A.—No. Q.—What was the date of his souvenir photograph matinee? A.—We do not know. Q.—How could I get one now? A.—Write to J. Austin Fynes, Proctor's Theatre. Q.—How much would it cost to get the entire edition of THE THEATRE? A.—The prices of the bound copies are as follows: 1901, \$20; 1902, \$10; 1903, \$8; 1904, \$5. Each year adds to the value of the early volumes, and very soon they will be out of print.

Miss Angelus, Los Angeles, Cal.—See answers to "A. C. M.," "Reader, Mass.," and "Penelope." Q.—Where will a letter reach Clyde Fitch? A.—Dramatists Club, 114 West 40th St., this city.

An Admirer of Miss Allen.—Q.—What are Miss Allen's plans for the coming season? A.—See answer to "Aquila, Chicago."

A Reader.—Q.—Where is Malcolm Duncan now? What is his status as a player? A.—He is a promising young actor, and now a member of Thomas Jefferson's company. W. S., Mt. Pleasant, Texas.—Q.—Have "Man and Superman" and "A Maker of Men" been published? A.—The first-named play is published in America by Brentanos, New York. The other is not published.

M. R.—Q.—Where can I obtain pictures of Elizabeth Washburn, Edna Phillips, Eleanor Browning and Mace Greenleaf? A.—At this office.

C. A. K., Lancaster, Pa.—Q.—To whom would I have to apply for a position in a stock company or in a musical company? A.—The stage manager.

A Reader, Spring Park, Minn.—Q.—What is Julia Marlowe's greatest rôle? A.—Her best characterizations were Parthenia, Juliet, Mary in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," Rosalind, Lydia Languish, Collette and Barbara Frietchie. Q.—Has Norman Hackett ever starred? A.—No. Q.—Will Miss Marlowe visit Minneapolis or St. Paul, Minn., this season? A.—Yes, she will visit your city late in the season. Q.—Do you expect to publish a picture of "Much Ado About Nothing"? A.—Perhaps.

R. I. J.—Q.—Will you soon have an interview with Mr. W. Kelly? A.—Possibly. Q.—When was Edwin Arden born? A.—See THE THEATRE for August. Q.—Will Jessie Bonestelle star this year and in what play? A.—She is a member of the Proctor Stock Company for the winter.

A. M. T. S. F.—Q.—In what theatre has Lucia Moore played? A.—In the Portland, Oregon, Stock Company.

W. B. H.—Q.—Were John Westley and Julia Dean playing "The Bishop's Carriage" this winter? A.—Yes. Q.—What is Elliot Dexter going to play in this winter? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Where can I get a souvenir book of Eleanor Robson in "Audrey"? A.—Liebler Bros., Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg., this city.

H. A. W.—Q.—Where may I obtain photographs of Guy Bates Post and Wright Kramer, who recently played in "The Heir to the Hoorah"? A.—Hudson Theatre, this city.

B.—Q.—Will "The Heir to the Hoorah," "Sunday," "Strongheart," "The Walls of Jericho," "Her Great Match," and "The Toast of the Town" come to Birmingham this season? A.—No.

I. D., Somerville, Mass.—Q.—Where is Thomas MacLarnie playing now? A.—He is at present idle. Q.—Will "In the Bishop's Carriage" be seen in Boston this season? A.—Yes, about Christmas week. Q.—Will Edmund Breese continue with Robert Edson? A.—He retired, and is playing in "The Lion and the Mouse."

A. B. M., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Q.—Where is George M. Cohan's summer residence? A.—Boston.

D. I. G.—Q.—With what stock company is Lester Lonergan this season? A.—Lyric Stock Company, New Orleans. Q.—Will you publish scenes from the "Ham Tree"? A.—Probably.

E. E. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Can an inexperienced person secure a position as assistant treasurer? A.—One does not require any former experience, but he must be a good accountant.

(Continued on page xxvi.)

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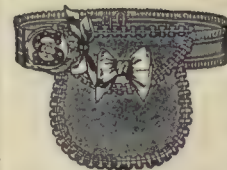
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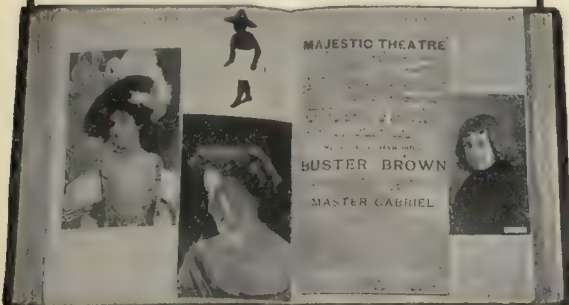


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S. H. S.—Q.—Will Paul McAllister appear in Springfield, Mass. this winter? A.—We do not think so, as he is with the Proctor Stock Co., this city, presumably for the season. Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of H. C. de Mille's and David Belasco's play "The Lost Paradise"? A.—It was not an original piece, but an adaptation from a German play called "Der Verlorene Paradies".

L. M.—See answer to "J. W. M., Weekapaug, R. I." Q.—What is Charlotte Walker's maiden name? A.—That is her correct name. Q.—Does she play in "The Prodigal Son"? A.—She was in "The Prodigal Son," but left the cast to go with Lawrence O'Driscoll's company. Q.—With what company will Malcolm Duncan be this season? A.—Thomas Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" Co. Playwright, New York.—Q.—Where is John E. Henshaw playing? A.—With the "Sho-Gun" Company.

U. B., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Where can I buy a souvenir book of "Merely Mary Ann"? A.—Lieber Company, Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg., this city. Q.—What is Miss Robson's real name? A.—See our July issue. Q.—Where are Julia Dean, Elliot Dexter, John Westley and Lulu Glaser? A.—Julia Dean was with the "In the Bishop's Carriage" company and Lulu Glaser is in "Miss Dolly Dollars." What is Julia Dean's real name? A.—See the September THEATRE. Q.—Will Maxine Elliott play in New York at Christmas time in "Her Great Match"? A.—Yes, if business keeps good.

V. L. R., New York City.—Q.—Where are Adele Block and Grace Reals playing? A.—Adele Block is in San Francisco and Grace Reals is traveling with "Mrs. Temple's Telegram."

R. A. N., Minneapolis, Minn.—Q.—Did any company produce a dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland" last season? A.—We do not know.

A. B. C., New York City.—Q.—Will you publish Dudley Hawley's picture? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Will he be in the Proctor Stock Co. this season? A.—Yes. Q.—Is he an Englishman? A.—No. Q.—What was the date of his souvenir photograph matinee? A.—We do not know. Q.—How could I get one now? A.—Write to J. Austin Fynes, Proctor's Theatre. Q.—How much would it cost to get the entire edition of THE THEATRE? A.—The prices of the bound copies are as follows: 1901, \$20; 1902, \$10; 1903, \$8; 1904, \$5. Each year adds to the value of the early volumes, and very soon they will be out of print.

Miss Angelus, Los Angeles, Cal.—See answers to "A. C. M.," "Reader, Mass.," and "Penelope." Q.—Where will a letter reach Clyde Fitch? A.—Dramatists Club, 114 West 40th St., this city.

An Admirer of Miss Allen.—Q.—What are Miss Allen's plans for the coming season? A.—See answer to "Aquila, Chicago."

A Reader.—Q.—Where is Malcolm Duncan now? What is his status as a player? A.—He is a promising young actor, and now a member of Thomas Jefferson's company. W. S., Mt. Pleasant, Texas.—Q.—Have "Man and Superman" and "A Maker of Men" been published? A.—The first-named play is published in America by Brentanos, New York. The other is not published.

M. R.—Q.—Where can I obtain pictures of Elizabeth Washburn, Edna Phillips, Eleanor Browning and Mace Greenleaf? A.—At this office.

C. A. K., Lancaster, Pa.—Q.—To whom would I have to apply for a position in a stock company or in a musical company? A.—The stage manager.

A Reader, Spring Park, Minn.—Q.—What is Julia Marlowe's greatest rôle? A.—Her best characterizations were Parthenia, Juliet, Mary in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," Rosalind, Lydia Languish, Colinette and Barbara Frietchie. Q.—Has Norman Hackett ever starred? A.—No. Q.—Will Miss Marlowe visit Minneapolis or St. Paul, Minn., this season? A.—Yes, she will visit your city late in the season. Q.—Do you expect to publish a picture of "Much Ado About Nothing"? A.—Perhaps.

R. I. J.—Q.—Will you soon have an interview with Mr. W. Kelly? A.—Possibly. Q.—When was Edwin Arden born? A.—See THE THEATRE for August. Q.—Will Jessie Bonestelle star this year and in what play? A.—She is a member of the Proctor Stock Company for the winter.

A. M. T. S. F.—Q.—In what theatre has Lucia Moore played? A.—In the Portland, Oregon, Stock Company.

W. B. H.—Q.—Were John Westley and Julia Dean playing "The Bishop's Carriage" this winter? A.—Yes. Q.—What is Elliot Dexter going to play in this winter? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Where can I get a souvenir book of Eleanor Robson in "Audrey"? A.—Lieber Bros., Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg., this city.

H. A. W.—Q.—Where may I obtain photographs of Guy Bates Post and Wright Kramer, who recently played in "The Heir to the Hoorah"? A.—Hudson Theatre, this city.

B.—Q.—Will "The Heir to the Hoorah," "Sunday," "Strongheart," "The Walls of Jericho," "Her Great Match," and "The Toast of the Town" come to Birmingham this season? A.—No.

I. D., Somerville, Mass.—Q.—Where is Thomas MacLarnie playing now? A.—He is at present idle. Q.—Will "In the Bishop's Carriage" be seen in Boston this season? A.—Yes, about Christmas week. Q.—Will Edmund Breece continue with Robert Edeson? A.—He retired, and is playing in "The Lion and the Mouse."

A. B. M., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Q.—Where is George M. Cohan's summer residence? A.—Boston.

D. I. G.—Q.—With what stock company is Lester Lonergan this season? A.—Lyric Stock Company, New Orleans. Q.—Will you publish scenes from the "Ham Tree"? A.—Probably.

E. E. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Can an inexperienced person secure a position as assistant treasurer? A.—One does not require any former experience, but he must be a good accountant.

(Continued on page xxvi.)

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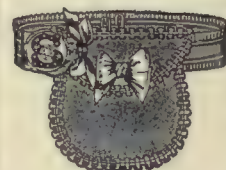
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Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 500 words. Letters published must be regarded as expressing the personal opinion of each correspondent. The Editor does not necessarily endorse the statements made and disclaims all responsibility.

Not Practicable

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 20, 1905.

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In your section on the current plays, won't you please arrange your articles in chronological order, according to the date of production of the play, and not skip around in any old order? Also please keep your readers posted on the number of performances each play has run, so that we can get a fair idea of their popularity, as, for instance, such and such a play has reached its 50th or 100th performance, etc.

Can you not also give your readers a few photos of prominent French and English actresses and actors performing at present in their own countries, and a brief note of the plays they are playing in?

Yours truly, A. D. W.

It is not practicable to place the reviews of new plays in the order of their respective productions, for the reason that the pages that should contain reviews of the earliest plays go to press last, and *vice versa*. Such suggestions sound easy to the outsider, but a little experience in editorial difficulties would soon make him less exacting. We doubt that portraits of foreign actresses, not known here, would prove of palpitating interest to the majority of our readers.

Read by Indians

MUSCOGEE, I. T., Nov. 3, 1905.

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

What do you think? Here in the Indian Territory I found copies of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and the Indian Territory is e'en a long way from Thirty-third Street. But, then, this is what they call a "live" town. I tried to find out what had created the boom, but nobody seems to know, but everything is flourishing; two good hotels and a lovely little theatre—the house is all sold out. I didn't believe that there were any Indians in the Territory, thought it was just a name, but the man I asked about the cause of the boom talked a lot about "the Five Nations," "the Katy" and the 'Frisco System.

They have two trains in this part of the country, one called "the Katy Flier" and the other the "Cannon Ball," and they vie with one another as to which one can lose the most time.

It was immensely funny to see a disreputable looking old squaw, in a dirty blanket and cheap beads, gravely turning over the illuminated pages of your splendid magazine.

Your devoted reader,

CLARA MAURICE.

An Honor to Journalism

The THEATRE MAGAZINE is a periodical that gains steadily in merit and is an honor both to journalism and the stage.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unfortunate to Miss It

The brilliant November issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE offers one of the most attractive collections of stage articles and portrayals that ever found its way between the covers of a book in this country. The magazine fairly groans with delicious treats, and unfortunate indeed is he who fails to secure it.—Providence, R. I., Telegram.

Charlie Frohman

He's the man that runs the show,
He's the show-man!
He's the man that's all the go,
A good omen!
And he wanders to and fro,—
Charlie Frohman!

He's a man that's in the know,
Not a slow man!
He is guarded here below,
As by Yeoman!
And he has just cause to crow,—
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To the opposition Co.,
He's a foeman!
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K.—a Roman!
Are these jingles apropos,—
Charles Frohman?

H. S.



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(Continued from page vi.)

in Toyland" and "Loveland," exceptionally good musical shows, delighted us at the Belasco. Mrs. Fiske's engagement at the same house proved a brilliant event. This splendid company, in "Leah Kleschna," was welcomed by capacity audiences representing the best intelligence and social prestige of the city. We gave Wright Lorimer, in "The Shepherd King," due personal homage, but the play itself was not liked by local playgoers.

HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Portsmouth, O., Nov. 10.—Good houses are the rule here. Many excellent attractions have been booked. Mildred Holland in "The Triumph of an Empress," a frequent visitor to this city, scored a success. She was preceded by Alberta Gallatin in "Cousin Kate." Among the companies seen later were "The Royal Chef," "Out in the Cold," "Why Girls Leave Home," Al G. Field's Minstrels, and the Verna May Stock Co. Yale's "Devil's Auction" played to fair business Nov. 13. O. G. Murray and Gus San will open a vaudeville theatre here in Kendall Hall, Block 30. Three performances will be given daily. Millbrook Casino has closed. H. A. LORBERO.

Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 14.—The cooler weather has very materially increased the crowds at all the theatres. The management of the Wieting Opera House has offered some fine productions, among them being "In the Bishop's Carriage," with Mabel Taliaferro in the leading rôle; "The Isle of Spice," E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in "The Taming of the Shrews," Marie Cahill in "Moonshine," Crestor Clarke, Lawrence D'Orsay, E. S. Willard, Otis Skinner and Alice Fischer. The Bastable Theatre invariably has big houses. Some especially big drawing cards were Nat Wills, Elsie Fay, Yorke and Adams, "The Street Singer," "In New York Town" and "Sherlock Holmes." Vaudeville continues to increase in popularity at the Grand. E. C. HEISS.

Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 7.—Large and enthusiastic audiences witnessed the initial production of "Ben-Hur" in "The City of Destiny," being closely followed by two comic opera successes, "The Tenderfoot" and the "Sultan of Sulu," which were pronounced "better than ever." At the Star Theatre the Allen Stock Company continues to present an excellent line of plays, while the Grand has the latest in vaudeville. F. KIRBY HASKELL.

Texarkana, Ark.-Texas, Nov. 10.—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" was well received here. They were followed by Joseph DeGrasse on the 26th in "The Conspiracy." "Buster Brown," with the original Gabriel, drew the best house of the season so far on November 1st. Al. Field's Minstrels on the 2d packed the house as usual. The Jeffersons presented that old-timer, "The Rivals," to an appreciative audience on the 8th. November 9th, "The County Chairman" was well received. November 10th and 11th the Albert Taylor Stock Co. held forth; November 13, "Hoity Toity"; November 15th, Louis James in "Virginius"; Nov. 16th, "As Told in the Hills"; Nov. 17th, "Woodland"; Nov. 18th, "Josh Perkins." W. LIONEL MOISE.

Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 10.—The Edward Milton Royle show, "The Squaw Man," made much the same impression here that it has since made in New York. Mr. Faversham received a large personal ovation. "The Isle of Bong Bong" played to small houses. John W. Ransome, of "Prince of Pilsen" fame, is the star and deserves something better than this Chicago musical comedy. John Blair in "The Crossing" drew very small houses. Mabel Bert was the one redeeming feature of the play. "In the Bishop's Carriage," with an excellent cast, played to good business. Richard Mansfield opened here in "Don Carlos." He had one of the largest houses ever seen in Toledo. The production is a stupendous one and the company excellent. Fuller Mellich, as Philip, almost divided the honors with Mr. Mansfield. Alice Fischer in the "School for Husbands" had small houses. The play had been seen here before and was not well received at that time. Jane Kennark, supported by a weak company, presented "The Eternal City." Miss Kennark's work was very good. HARRY S. DRAGO.

Toronto, Can., Nov. 7.—Probably no actor commands a greater personal following in this city than E. S. Willard, who played a two-weeks' engagement at the Princess Theatre recently. Besides appearing in a repertoire of his old plays, with which we are all familiar, he gave us a full week of "The Fool's Revenge" and two performances of "The Brighter Side," both new to Toronto. Digby Bell in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," an excellent comedy, accorded a splendid reception. Winston Churchill's book-play, "The Crossing," was not over-enthusiastically received. Such plays as "Me, Him & I," Joseph Murphy's "Kerry Gow," and "Shaun Rhue" and "The Little Duchess" continue to please patrons of the Grand Opera House. Mme. Calvé's first concert tour commenced Oct. 30th at Massey Hall, and a large audience was present to pay tribute to the famous singer. Cool Burgess died in the General Hospital here Oct. 20th. Twenty years ago he was known all over the United States and Canada as one of the best negro impersonators on the stage. AUSTIN A. ARLAND.

Troy, Ala., Nov. 9.—Folmar's Theatre is deservedly popular in this section with both performers and patrons. Recently we have had Al. G. Field's Minstrels, magnificent attendance and splendid satisfaction; Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys," good attendance; Lillian Lawson's work much admired; "Sign of the Four," good audience, much pleased; "Old Homestead Quartette," everybody delighted; Barlow's Minstrels, well attended and satisfactory. E. M. WRIGHT.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 9.—The acquisition of the Lafayette Opera House by the Belasco and Shubert forces has revolutionized theatrical conditions here. We are to have one new theatre this month to play the popular-priced combinations formerly seen at the Lafayette, and the impetus given to theatrical affairs has caused negotiations to be opened which may lead to the construction of two more playhouses by next season. The Belasco opened Oct. 23 to a fashionable audience with Blanche Bates in "A Girl of the Golden West," followed in weekly succession by "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," "Darling of the Gods," "Loveland," and "Heart of Maryland." Business has been uniformly large. "Peter Pan," with Maude Adams, was presented at the National on Oct. 17. The audience heartily approved the piece. On the ensuing week, Hervieu's powerful drama, "The Labyrinth," was seen for the first time in America, with Olga Nethersole as the star. KENNETH P. CLARKE.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 9.—The manner in which the attractions here are patronized shows that the theatre-going public is only too willing to attend good performances providing the management would book them here. Among the recent attractions at the Nesbitt were Primrose's Minstrels, Lyman Howe's Moving Pictures, "Message from Mars," Richard Carle in "Mayor of Tokio," Eva Tanquary, Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," and "Simple Simon Simple," West and Vokes in "A Pair of Pinks," and Julian Rose played to crowded houses at the Grand Opera House. S. W. LONG.



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in the musical comedy success

SERGEANT BRUE**OLGA NETHERSOLE**

in

DRAMATIC REPERTOIRE**ROBERT LORAIN**

in Bernard Shaw's Comedy

MAN AND SUPERMAN**MAXINE ELLIOTT**

in Clyde Fitch's Comedy

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(Continued from page xx.)

T. E. A., Providence, R. I.—Q.—Where is Walter E. Hitchcock? A.—In Lawrence D'Orsay's play, "The Embassy Ball."

J. C. W., New York City.—Q.—Where is Sydney Ayres? A.—With a Texas company.

M. M. G., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—What part did Norman Hackett play in "Romeo and Juliet"? A.—Mercutio. Q.—Will Julia Marlowe, Viola Allen, Maude Adams, Ada Rehan, Mary Mannering, Otis Skinner, Frank Daniels, Robert Edeson, and William Gillette appear in Atlanta this year? A.—We are not advised as to their dates ahead.

F. L. W.—Q.—Is David Warfield coming to Brooklyn this season? A.—Probably.

An Admirer.—Q.—Where can I obtain a large poster of Maxine Elliott in her gypsy costume? A.—See our November issue.

R. E. C., Nova Scotia.—Q.—Where was Henrietta Crossman born? A.—Wheeling, West Va. Q.—When did she play "Madeline"? A.—Feb. 25, 1895. Q.—What will Robert Mantell play this season? A.—Shakespearean repertoire, "Othello," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," etc.

H. E. E.—Q.—Who produced "Arms and the Man" in America? A.—Richard Mansfield, Sept., 1895, at the Herald Sq. Theatre. Q.—Will Mr. Hackett and Mary Mannering be in New York Thanksgiving? A.—No doubt they will. Q.—Will "Raffles" be played this season? A.—Yes.

An Interested Reader.—Q.—Where is Viola Allen's home in New York? A.—In Harlem. Q.—Is her mother still on the stage? A.—No, but her father is and appearing with her. See page 30, this issue.

A Theatre Lover.—Q.—Where are Donald Bowles, George Bloomquest, and George Stuart Christie at present? A.—In the Northwest. Q.—Where and in what is Florence Roberts playing? A.—She is traveling with a company in the Northwest called "Ann la Mont," a problem play. A.—When will Marlowe and Sothern play in San Francisco? A.—Late in the season. Q.—After her marriage, will Ethel Barrymore leave the stage? A.—It is stated now that she will not retire after marriage.

J. L. O.—Q.—Is Howell Hansel now on the stage? A.—He is at Proctor's Theatre, this city. Q.—When will Mr. Willard be in Chicago? A.—Early in December. Q.—Is Forbes Robertson coming to Chicago this season? A.—No.

F. A. W.—Q.—What is the best theatrical paper published? The THEATRE MAGAZINE, published at 26 West 33d St., N. Y.

B. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—Q.—Is Laura Nelson Hall playing this season? A.—She is in New Orleans. Q.—Is there a good school of acting in Cleveland, O.? A.—None that we know of.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Is James Young playing with Viola Allen this year? A.—Yes. Q.—What is her new play? A.—"The Toast of the Town." Q.—Are Hackett and Mary Mannering going to appear together in another play besides "The Walls of Jericho"? A.—Early in December Miss Mannering retires from the cast of "The Walls of Jericho" and goes on a starring tour with another play. Q.—Is Dustin Farnum going to appear in a new play this year? A.—We cannot say. Q.—Is Henry Miller acting this winter? A.—No, not yet. He is now manager of the Princess Theatre, New York. Q.—Are you going to publish pictures of Sothern and Marlowe in the THEATRE MAGAZINE? A.—We have published many. See back issues. Q.—What play is Ethel Barrymore playing in? A.—"Sunday." Q.—In what play does Eleanor Robson appear? A.—In a new play by Clyde Fitch. Q.—Is she going to play with Kyrle Bellew this year? A.—No. Q.—In what play is Otis Skinner playing? A.—"His Grace de Grammont."

H. L. T.—Q.—What is William Gillette playing this season? A.—He is in London, England, appearing in a play written by himself entitled "Clarice." Q.—Is Lawrence D'Orsay playing "The Earl of Pawtucket" this season? A.—He has a new play by Augustus Thomas called "The Embassy Ball." Q.—Is "Home Folks" booked for Rochester, N. Y.? A.—Yes, about Christmas. Q.—Who is Mrs. James K. Hackett? A.—Mary Mannering. Q.—Is Dustin Farnum still playing "The Virginian"? A.—Yes. Will Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna" visit Rochester, N. Y., this season? A.—Probably. Q.—Who took the part of Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew"? A.—Mr. Sothern.

Charlotte, Boston, Mass.—Q.—Will you publish a large picture of E. H. Sothern, also of Julia Marlowe? A.—We have; see back numbers; also present issue.

J. B.—Q.—In what will Henry Woodruff play this season? A.—He is now in "The Genius and the Model."

W. K.—Q.—In what theatre and town is Adelaide Keim now appearing? A.—The Bush Temple Stock Company, Chicago, Ill.

G. F. N.—Q.—Where is Frank Moulan now? A.—He is with Klaw & Erlanger's "Humpty Dumpty."

E. M. S.—Q.—Where is Helen MacGregor's home? A.—Castleton, Staten Island. Q.—Will you publish scenes from "As Ye Sow"? A.—See the present issue.

E. F.—Q.—When did Adelina Patti last sing in New York and South America in public? A.—Mme. Patti's last appearance was at the West End Theatre, matinee, Nov. 29, 1903. Her last appearance in the United States was at Little Rock, Ark. Her last appearance in South America was in July, 1889.

J. E. L., Pittsburgh.—Q.—Where will William Ingersoll play this season? A.—In "Moonshine." Q.—Where is Miss Eva Taylor? A.—A letter will reach her if addressed to 2142 81st St., Bensonhurst, L. I. Q.—When will Mrs. Leslie Carter play in Pittsburgh? A.—Probably the New Year.

A Loyal Reader, Columbus.—Q.—When was "Sherlock Holmes" published? A.—First acted by Gillette in Brooklyn, season of 1899-90; next acted at Garrick Theatre, this city, Nov. 6, 1899.

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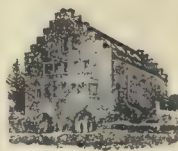
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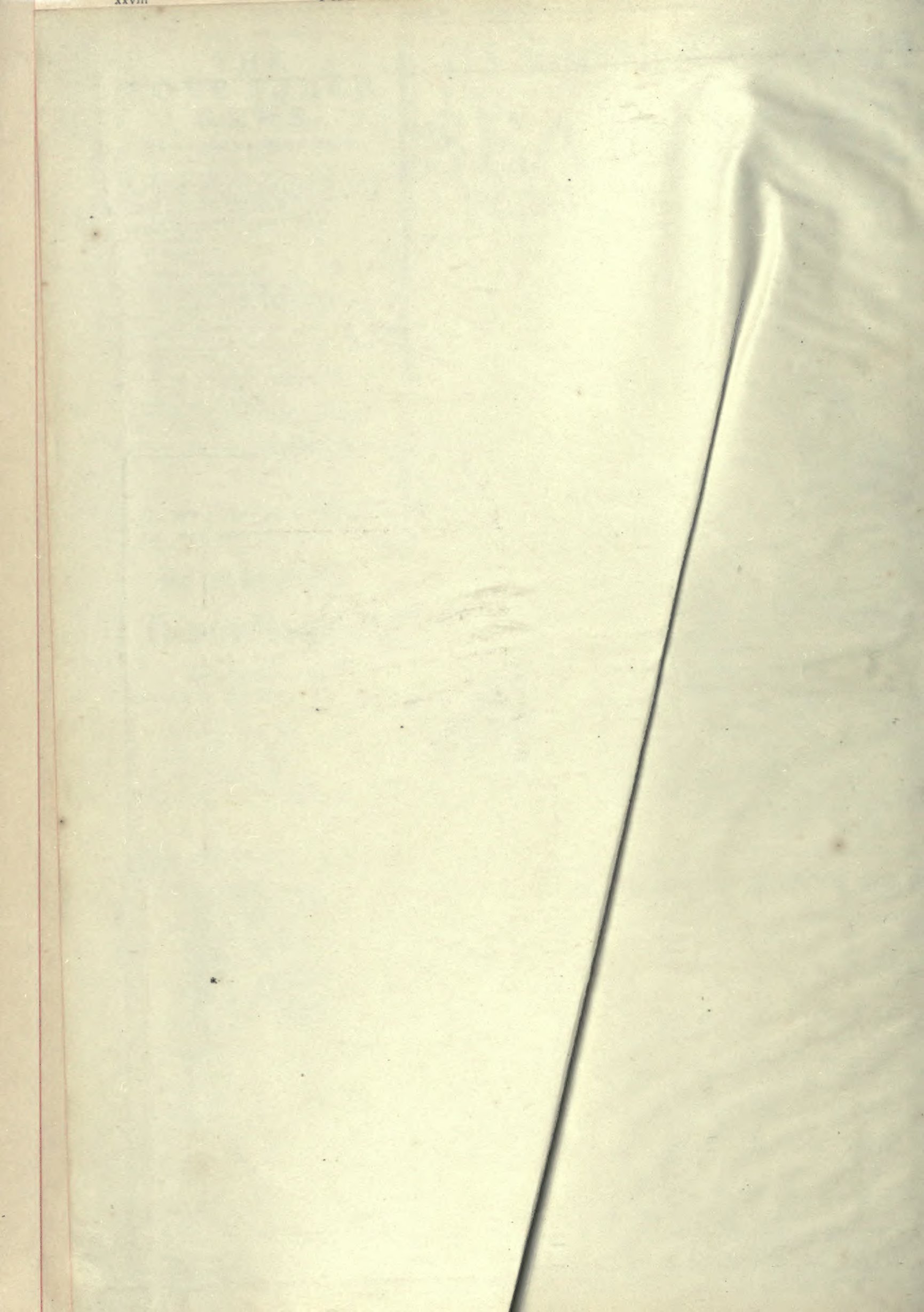
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